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The Noel Girl

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'Twas in the city of Pineville,
I owned a floury mill,
'Twas in the city of Pineville
I used to live and dwell.

One day I saw a pretty fair maid,
On her I cast an eye,
I told' her I would marry her
And she believed a lie.

I went unto her sister's house
At eight o'clock that night,
I ask her if she'd walk with me
A little ways away

So arm in arm we walked along
Till we came to a lonely place,
There I took a rail from off the fence
An' struck her in the face.

She fell down on her bended knees,
An' loud for mercy cried,
For heaven's sake don't murder me
For I'm not prepared to die.

I paid no attention to what she said,
But kept on strikin' her more,
Until I saw the innocent looks
That I never could restore.

I run my fingers through her coal black hair
To cover up sin,
I drug her to the river side
An' there I plunged her in.

When I returned unto my mill
I met my servant John,
He ask me why I looked so pale
An' yet so very warm.

An' what occasion so much blood

Upon my hands an' clothes?
The sad an' only answer was
A bleedin' from the nose.

I lit a candle an' went to bed
Expectin' to take some rest,
But it seemed to me the fires of hell
Was a-burnin' in my breast.

Cone all young men an' warnin' take,
That to your lovers prove true,
An' never let the devil get
The upper hand of you.

From Ozard Folk Songs, Randolph
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