

Zeb Tourney's Girl

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Down in the Tennessee mountains,
Far from the scenes of the world,
Old Don Kelly's son there he loaded his gun,
A-thinking of Zeb Tourney's girl.

Don was a hot blooded youngster,
His Pap raised him thrifty and wild.
He had the boy sworned from the day he was borned
To shoot ev 'ry Tourney on sight.

"Powder and shot for the Turneys,
Don't save a hair on their head,"
Old Don Kelly cried, as he layed down and died,
With young Don there by his bed.

Don made a vow to his Pappy,
He swore he would kill every one.
His heart in a whirl with his love for the girl,
He loaded his double barrel gun.

The moon shining down on the mountain,
The moon shining down on the still,
Young Don took a sip, swung his gun to his hip,
And set out to slaughter and kill.

Over the mountains he wandered ,
The son of a Tennessee man,
With fire in his eye, and gun by his side,
A-looking for Zeb Turney's clan.

Shots ringing out through the mountains,
Shots ringing out through the trees,
Old Don Kelly's son, with the smoke of his gun,
Put the Turneys all down on their knees.

The story of Don Kelly's deeds
Has spread far and wide through the world,
How Don killed the clan, shot them down to a man,
And brought back old Zeb Turney's girl.

From Traditional American Folk Songs, Anne and Frank Warner

Collected from Frank Proffitt, 1941

note: A song by this title was copyrighted in 1925 by Carson Robison, Shapiro, Bernstein. Feudin' was widely discussed in those days as a "hillbilly" avocation. This one of the very few songs we've found about a feud so far. Anyone remember The Hatfields (or Martins) and the Coys (or McCoys)? RG

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