

Poor Ellen Smith

Billy Strings

Poor Ellen Smith how she was found
Shot through the heart lying cold on the ground

They picked up their rifles and hunted me down
And found me a-loafing in Mount Airy town

Poor Ellen Smith how she was found
Shot through the heart lying cold on the ground

Her clothes were all scattered and thrown on the ground
And blood marks the spot where poor Ellen was found
I got a letter yesterday and I read it today
The flowers on her grave have all faded away

Poor Ellen Smith how she was found
Shot through the heart lying cold on the ground

I've been in this prison for twenty long years
Each night I see Ellen through my bitter tears
The warden just told me that soon I'll be free
To go to her grave near that old willow tree

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