

Br5-49

"Knoxville Girl"

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I met a little girl in Knoxville down beyond the well
And every Sunday evenin out in her home I dwelled
We went to take an evenin walk about a mile from town
I picked a stick up off the ground and knocked that fair
girl down
She fell down on her bended knees for mercy she did
cry
"Oh Willard dear don't kill me here Im unprepared to
die
"She never spoke another word, I only beat her more
Until the ground around me with it her blood did flow
I took her by her golden curls and I drug her round and
round
Throwing her into the river that flows through Knoxville
town
Go down go down you Knoxville girl with dark and rollin
eyes
Go down go down you Knoxville girl you can never be
my bride
I started back to Knoxville got there about midnight
My mother she was worried and woke up in a fright
Saying "Dear son what have you done to bloody your
clothes so"
I told my anxious mother I was bleeding at my nose
I called for me a candle to light myself to bed
I called for me a handkerchief to bind my aching head
Rolled and tumbled the whole night through as troubles
was for me
Like flames of hell around my bed, and in my eyes
could see
They carried me down to Knoxville and put me in a cell
My friends all tried to get me out but none could go my
bail
I'm here to waste my life away downb in this dirty all jail
Because I murdered that Knoxville girl, the girl I loved
so well!

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