

Hank Snow

"The Prisoned Cowboy"

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Kind friends you have heard the story,
And the song called Twenty One Years,
All of how two lovers parted,
Of their sorrow, pain and tears.

I am another who's heartbroken,
And I'm in this lonesome jail;
I was the honest ranger,
Tried for fame but soon I failed.

I was a cowboy singer,
And I played the old guitar,
But my mind was set on roaming,
I started out for lands a-far.

Soon fell with bad companions,
And we robbed the Western mail;
Shot and killed some helpless lady,
as i think my face grows pale.

I had a pretty sweet heart,
and she though the world of me,
But we parted at the station,
Down in sunny Tennessee.

Last night from her I got a letter,
Saying, "I can never be your
bride;"
As the moon shone through my window,
I bowed my head and cried.

Never more we'll stroll together;
Down in dear old Lover's Lane,
I must spend my life in prison,
I pray on high we'll meet again.

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