

## **Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds**

### **"Oxford Tragedy"**

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From english folk songs from the southern  
appalachians, sharp. collected from mary wilson and  
mrs. townley, kentucky, 1917

Once there was a little tailor boy

About sixteen years of age;

My father hired me to a miller

That i might learn the trade.

I fell in love with a knoxville girl,

Her name was flora dean.

Her rosy cheeks, her curly hair,

I really did admire.

Her father he persuaded me

To take flora for a wife;

The devil he persuaded me

To take flora's life.

Up stepped her mother so bold and gay,

So boldly she did stand;

Johnny dear, go marry her

And take her off my hands.

I went unto her father's house

About nine o'clock at night,

A-asking her to take a walk

To do some prively talk.

We had not got so very far

Till looking around and around,

He stooping down picked up a stick

And knocks little flora down.

She fell upon her bended knees,

For mercy she did cry:

O johnny dear, don't murder me,

For i'm not fit to die.

I took her by her lily-white hands

A-slung her around and around;

I drug her off to the river-side,

And plunged her in to drown.

I returned back to my miller's house

About nine o'clock at night,

But little did my miller know

What i had been about.

The miller turned around and about,

Said:" johnny, what blooded your clothes?"

Me being so apt to take a hint:

By bleeding at the nose.  
About nine or ten days after that,  
Little flora she was found  
A-floating down by her father's house  
Who lived in knoxville town.

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