

# Bill Monroe, Roane Country Prison

In the beautiful hills in the mists of Roane County  
There's where I have roamed for many long years  
There's where my heart's been tendin' most ever  
There's where the first step of misfortune I made

It's about thirty years when I courted and married  
Armanda Gilbraith I'd soon call my wife  
My brother he stabbed me for some unknown reason  
Just three month's later I'd taken Tom's life

I was captured and tried in the village of Kingston  
Not a man in that county would speak one kind word  
When the jury came in with the verdict next mornin'  
A lifetime in prison was the words that I heard

When the train pulled out poor Mother stood weepin'  
And sister she sat all alone with a sigh  
And the last words I heard was "Willy God bless you"  
Was "Willy God bless you God bless you goodbye"

In the scorching hot sand of the foundry I'm workin'  
Toiling and working my poor life away  
They'll measure my grave on the banks of old Cumberland  
Just as soon as I finish the rest of my days

Poor Martha was grave, but Corey was better  
There's better and worse, although you may see  
Boys when you write home from this prison in Nashville  
Place one of my songs in your letter for me