

Christy Moore, The Ballad Of Timothy Evans

Tim Evans was a prisoner down in his prison cell
And those who read about his crime condemned his soul to hell

Go down you murderers go down

For the killing of his own dear wife and murder of his child
The jury found him guilty and the hanging judge he smiled

Tim Evans walked around the yard and the screws they walked behind
He saw the sky above the wall but he knew no peace of mind

The screws they came to his cell and they hammered on his door
Get up you dirty murderer the screws at him did roar

The governor came to his cell with the chaplain by his side
Saying your appeal has been turned down prepare yourself to die

They took Tim Evans to the place where the hangman did prepare
They tied the rope around his neck with the knot behind his ear

A thousand lags were screaming and banging on their doors
Tim Evans didn't hear them he was dead forever more

They sent Tim Evans to the drop for a crime he did not do
Dr. Christie was the murderer, the judge and jury too.