Nick Cave, Oxford Tragedy (Traditional version)

Cave Nick
Miscellaneous
Oxford Tragedy (Traditional version)
From English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, Sharp. Collected from Mary Wilson and

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.