

The Kingston Trio, Poor Ellen Smith

Chorus:

Poor Ellen Smith. How was she found? Shot through the heart lyin' dead on the ground.
Her body was mangled and all cast around and X marks the spot where poor Ellen was found.

They picked up her body, carried it away and now she's a-sleepin' in some lonesome old grave.
Who had the heart and who had the brain to shoot my little Ellen on that cold lonesome plain?

(Chorus)

They picked up their rifles and hunted us down. They found us a-loafin' all 'round town.
The judge may convict me and God knows he can but I know I died as an innocent man.

(Chorus)

The warden has told me that soon I'll be free to go to her grave near that old willow tree.
I'm free from the walls of that prison at last but I'll never be free of my sins from the past.

(Chorus)