

John Wilkes Booth

Tony Rice

John Wilkes Booth was a southern man
Born of an actor in Maryland
Bound for fortune on a gas-lit stage
Bound to die at a tender age Washington to Baltimore
He played the bills and he slept with whores
And he burned inside with a hatred deep
For the man who caused the south to weep Young Abe Lincoln wasn't young no more
Tired old man when he won the war
And he dreamed at night of his death by the hands
Of the bitter world and a faceless man And he saw his body in a ghastly dream
Draped in black while his widow screamed
Two silver dollars on his eyelids lay
Abraham Lincoln has died today And they said there were five and they said there were ten
Some say there was never more than just one man
Who would smile to see Mr. Lincoln dead
In the name of God and Dixie, in the name of God and Dixie Land John Wilkes Booth and his band of men
They'd failed before but would try again
When Good Friday dawned with a fickle sun
Then Booth declared the day had come And the word was passed and the guns were brought
Down to Mary Sarrat's boarding house
Sealed in a note, Booth named just four
But the gallows would sway with many more And they said there were five and they said there were ten
Some say there was never more than just one man
Who would smile to see Mr. Lincoln dead
In the name of God and Dixie, in the name of God and Dixie Land John Wilkes Booth went to his grave
With a bullet in his neck and a broken leg
A patriot and his fantasy
Of redemption, grace and bravery And those who were hanged and those who spent
Their lives behind a jailer's fence
Only Booth could have proved them free
Of the taint of the conspiracy For they said there were five and they said there were ten
Some said there was never more than just one man
Who would smile to see Mr. Lincoln dead
In the name of God and Dixie, in the name of God and Dixie Land
In the name of God and Dixie, in the name of God and Dixie Land

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