

Finley Preston

Clint Howard

A great crowd has gathered
Around the jail today,
To see my execution
And hear what I have to say

I am to hang this morning,
For the murder you will learn,
For the murder of poor Lilly,
And her body so shamefully burned.

Interlude

I was taken to prison,
For the murder I did own.
And by the court was sentenced,
To hang for the murder done.

The cries of poor Lilly,
Again was in my sight.
Her lovely form consuming,
In a fire that burned so bright.

Interlude

I bowed down to Jesus
In painful grief and prayed.
I prayed that he might save me,
As he did the dying thief.

God bless my dear old parents,
Who now my fate must mourn.
God bless my wife and baby,
Who'll be left all alone.

Interlude

God take care of my baby,
I'll never see again.
I pray that he will keep him,
From danger harm and sin.

Lyrics submitted by Kirk DiVietro.

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