

Poor Ellen Smith

[Laura Cantrell](#)

Poor Ellen Smith, how was she found
Shot through the heart lying cold on the ground
Her body was mangled, and all cast around
A blood marks the spot where poor Ellen was found
They picked up her body, and carried it away
Now she's a-sleepin' in some lonesome grave
Who had the heart, and who had the brain
To shoot my little darling on that cold lonesome plain
They picked up their rifles, and hunted us down
They found us a loafin' all around town
The judge my convict me, and God knows he can
But I know I died as an innocent man
I've been in this prison for seven long years
Each night I see Ellen through my bitter tears
I got a letter yesterday I read it today
The flowers on her grave have all faded away
The warden just told me that soon I'll be free
To go to her grave 'neath that old willow tree
I'm free from the walls of that prison, at last
But I'll never be free from my sins of the past
Poor Ellen Smith, how was she found
Shot through the heart lying cold on the ground

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