Louis Collins

Mississippi John Hurt

Mrs. Collins weeped, Mrs. Collins moaned,
To see her son Louis leavin' home
The angels laid him away
The angels laid him away,
They laid him six feet under the clay
The angels laid him away
Mrs. Collins weeped, Mrs. Collins moaned,
To see her son Louis leavin' home
The angels laid him away
Oh, Bob shot once and Louis shot too,
Shot poor Collins, shot him through and through
The angels laid him away
Oh, kind friends, oh, ain't it hard?
To see poor Louis in a new graveyard
The angels laid him away
The angels laid him away,
They laid him six feet under the clay
The angels laid him away
Oh, when they heard that Louis was dead
All the people they dressed in red
The angels laid him away
The angels laid him away,
They laid him six feet under the clay
The angels laid him away
Mrs. Collins weeped, Mrs. Collins moaned,
To see her son Louis leavin' home
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