

[Songtoseed.com/ballad-workshop](http://Songtoseed.com/ballad-workshop)

**I used to wear my apron low** *Mae Phillips, Cocke Co TN (via Bobby McMillon)*

I used to wear my apron low

My love follerd me through frost and snow

Now my apron's to my chin

He passes my door but he won't come in

He goes down to yonder's town

Gets him a chair and he sets down

He takes some other girl on his knee

Tells her the things that he once told me

I wish to the lord my baby was born

And setting on his papa's knee

And me poor girl, all dead and gone

And the green grass growing over my grave

He passed my door, and he made to run (x3)

But he didn't outrun my doberman

Now he goes down, to Yander's town (x3)

Has him a chair, but he cain't sit down.

**I had a little rooster** *Donna Ray Norton, Sheila Kay Adams*

I had a little rooster, and my rooster loved me  
and I fed my rooster on the bay berry tree  
my little rooster said Cock-a-doodle-doo-dee-doodle-ee-  
doodle-ee--doodle-ee- aye.

I had a little pig, and my pig loved me  
and I fed my pig on the bay berry tree  
my little pig said \*snort snort snort\*  
my little rooster said Cock-a-doodle-doo-dee-doodle-ee-  
doodle-ee--doodle-ee- aye.

I had a little \_\_\_\_\_, and my \_\_\_\_\_ loved me  
and I fed my \_\_\_\_\_ on the bay berry tree  
my little \_\_\_\_\_ said \_\_\_\_\_  
my little pig said \*snort snort snort\* (*continue adding previous animals in a  
longer and longer list*)  
my little rooster said Cock-a-doodle-doo-dee-doodle-ee-  
doodle-ee--doodle-ee- aye.

*Continue to add to your list of animals as you go along. Feel free to get creative!*

**Jimmy Ransome** *Lou Brookshire via Bobby McMillon*

Oh where you been rambling? Jimmy Ransome my son  
Oh where you been rambling? My handsome young dun?  
I been to the wildwood, mother make my bed down  
For I'm wearied with hunting And I want to lie down

And who did you meet there?[...]I met with my true love...

What'd you have for your supper?[...]Had eels fried in brew...

What'd you do with your leavings?[...]Fed them to my greyhounds,

What became of your bloodhounds?[...]They swelled and they died mother,

I fear you are poisoned, [...]Oh yes I am Pie-zoned,

What'd you leave your brother?[...]My wagon and team

What'd you leave your mother? [...]My house and my lands,

What'd you leave your father?[...]My Hawk and my Hounds

What'd you leave your sister?[...]My Silver and Gold,

What'd you leave your sweetheart?

Hellfire and brimstone to bake her bones down  
For she was the reason that I'm laying down.

## **Wild Bill Jones** *Mae Phillips via Bobby McMillon*

One day when I was a walkin' A-round  
I met up with the Wild Bill Jones  
He's walkin' and a talkin' by my luler's  
side  
I forbid him to leave her alone

He said "young man, my age is 23,  
Too old for to be controlled."

I pulled my revolver from my side  
And I killed that poor boys soul

\*\*

He reeled he rocked  
And He fell to the ground  
He give one dying moan  
He places his eyes on my lulu's face  
Says' darlin you're left alone

Soon the The handcuffs are placed  
Tight around my arm  
I was marched to the Franklin jail  
No friends or relations

Standing 'round,  
nobody for to go my bail

I wrote my luler a letter boys  
And this is what it said  
Won't you take back a word or two  
Oh honey won't you go my bail

She answered my letter in a sad reply  
And this is what it said  
"I guess you're in **trouble** now poor  
boy  
But never hang down your head."

Got forty-nine dollars in my pocket  
And forty-four in my hand  
If you want to go boys with a rowdy  
crew  
Then go with a gamblin man.

*Bobby actually came across a lyric from another obscure version that fits in between there, but I preferred to do the song the same way as Maw Maw and Bobby. In case you want to learn this version (and I hope you do), and feel like there should be another verse before the "He reeled, he rocked" verse--here is the lyric:*

\*\*Wild Bill Jones was a very bad man  
He carried two pistols every day  
I beat him to mine, and killed him in time  
and I blowed that boy away

**Georgie** *Bobby McMillon*

As I walked over London Bridge  
All in the morning early  
I thought that I heard some pretty fair  
maid  
Saying spare me the LIFE of Georgie

Go saddle me up my milk white steed  
Go a bridle him so gayly  
I'll ride away to the kings high court  
and plea for the life of Georgie

She rid all day and she rode all night  
Til she was wet and weary  
Then combing back her long yellow  
locks  
She plead for the life of Georgie

She taken out a purse all filled with  
gold  
Just like you've never seen any  
And she said come lawyers unto  
yourselves  
And plead for the life of Georgie

Then George rode up for to plea for  
hisself  
Says I never did murder any  
But I stole sixteen of the king white  
steeds  
And I stole them in Boheemie

Then the oldest lawyer at the Bar  
Says George I'm sorry for ye  
But your own confession has  
condemned you to die  
May the Lord have mercy on ye

As Georgie was walking through the  
town  
He bid farewell to many  
Then he bid farewell to his own true  
love  
Which grieved him more than any

Georgie was hung with a golden chain  
Just like you've never seen any  
For he were a member of the royal  
race  
And courted him a virtuous lady

If I were over on yanders hill  
Where kisses i've had many  
With my sword and my true love by  
my side  
I'd fight for the life of Georgie