

All Hell Broke Lucy

Cold Chisel

A winter cold, eighteen, forty-three.
In a whiskey rage, and a heart would bleed.
She found a fancy-man, that would do the deed.
And take old Henry's life and set Lucretia free.

She said she hated him unless they both were drunk
She swore she'd leave him cold, in the corner slumped.
Before his eyes were cold, they had the body dumped.
And at the break of day Lucretia came undone.

The hangman told her the truth,
She could dance with the devil at the end of a noose
She felt the pain inside from the very start,
All hell broke Lucy, it tore her apart.

Well a spot of blood by the bed was found,
It was hers not his, she was heard to shout.
And as they hauled her away and her hands were bound
Lucretia's eyes were cold, as the cold, hard ground

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The trial was short the lovers had confessed,
And the rope was tied and slipped around their necks
And left the holy ground where they would never rest
And not a tear was shed the night Lucretia left

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