

## Poor Ellen Smith

The Kingston Trio

Poor Ellen Smith. How was she found?  
Shot through the heart lyin' dead on the ground.  
Her body was mangled and all cast around  
And 'X' marks the spot where poor Ellen was found.

They picked up her body, carried it away  
And now she's a-sleepin' in some lonesome old grave.  
Who had the heart and who had the brain  
To shoot my little Ellen on that cold lonesome plain?

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They picked up their rifles and hunted us down.  
They found us a-loafin' all 'round town.  
The judge may convict me and God knows he can  
But I know I died as an innocent man.

The warden has told me that soon I'll be free  
To go to her grave near that old willow tree.  
I'm free from the walls of that prison at last  
But I'll never be free from my sins from the past.

I said 'X' marks the spot where poor Ellen, was found.