

Miss Marcy

Johnny Horton

Billy boy, Billy boy, sit on the porch
Pa married Miss Marcy when I was just six
Ma died when I was just two
Without her, us young'uns would have been in a fix
She cared for us like mammy's do

Billy boy, Billy boy, sit on the porch
Do you know what went on at the still?
Joe Wilson is dying, Tom Jenkins is dead
And they say that pa done shot uncle Will

Billy boy, Billy boy, sit on the porch
Do you know what started the fight?
'Twas an hour passed milkin' when Marcy got home
Miss Marcy done stayed out all night
Miss Marcy done stayed out all night

Dad was a strange one, he hated the dance
He never did go for such frills
Marcy went with Joe Wilson when she got the chance
Or Tom or sometimes uncle Will

Now pa got more jealous, day after day
Today at the still they all made their play
On account of Miss Marcy, they're dead

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Joe Wilson is dying, Tom Jenkins is dead
And they say that pa done shot uncle Will
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Billy boy, Billy boy, sit on the porch
You're shaking boy, what's ailing you?
The blade of your knife is all stained crimson red
Miss Marcy well, she's dying too
Billy boy, Billy boy, sit on the porch