

An' Harvey, hot with licker,
Drewed an ugly lookin' knife,
An' he stabbed him quick as lightnin' in the side.
But the deed it made him sober
When he sees that Benjie's life
Was a-goin', an' he wrung his hands an' cried.

An' he give up to the sheriff,
An' he never tried to run,
An' he never even ask to git him bail;
Jest a-moanin' to his mammy
'Bout the awful deed he done,
An' his mammy prayin' with him in the jail.

Ev'ry heart is full of sorrow,
For the hearse is at the door,
An' a solemn sort of stillness fills the air.
All the birds have left the branches
Of the oak and sycamore
An' the gloom of death is heavy everywhere.

An' there's Benjie's little children,
As will foller him no more,
Nor will feel him clasp each stubby little hand
As he leads them down the holler,
Headin' for the country store—
It's a sorrow that they hardly understand.

Oh, there's weepin' up the holler,
For they're lettin' Benjie down
In the grave they've been diggin' on the hill;
An' poor Harvey settin' sobbin'
In the dark jail up in town.
Oh, I tell you, takin' life's a bitter pill.

LAUGHIN' UP THE HOLLER.

Oh, there's laughin' up the holler,
An' they got a right to laugh;
But they wasn't laughin' jest a week ago.
For some fellers see a panther,
An' he carried off a calf;
Leastwise, they give their word that it was so.