

Macon Jones

*Oh tether please my milk white steed
And tether please my mare
For I have ridden from a Northern town
Many miles from here
I have ridden from a Northern town
With my ponies half asleep
With my clothes in rags
and my hair strewn 'round
And my heart in sorrow deep*

*I was once a rich man's bride
Sorrows had I none
I rode the pastures far and wide
Golden in the mornin' sun
I rode the pastures far and wide
And never thought to fear
Till Macon Jones the stable hand
Said come on with me dear*

*Come on in to the stable dark
Dismount your milk white steed
For lady I would ask of you
To soothe me in my need
Lady I would ask of you
To loose your golden gown
For I have longed to kiss your lips
With your hair strewn all around*

*I shan't dismount my milk white steed
And I won't come inside
For Macon Jones you know full well
I am the rich man's bride
I am the rich man's wedded wife
And I am the rich man's friend
But still I would not lay with you
If I were a maid again*

*Now Macon Jones turned fierce and dark
Calumny! He cried
Well may a woman break my heart
But she may not wound my pride
He threw me down to the stable ground
Till I feared my back would break
And what I would not freely give
He did freely take*

*I know not how long I did ride
To reach my home at last
But my husband frowned from a window high
And the door was shuttered fast
So now you have come home my girl
And now I set you free
For you have lain with the stable hand
And you're no more use to me*

*Oh father take me in I pray
Into my home of old
For my husband's barred the door to me
And the night is bitter cold
Your husband's barred the door to you
And that will serve you fine
For you have lain with the stable hand
And you're no child of mine*

*So tether please my milk white steed
And make for me a bed
For weariness flows over me
And I must rest my head
Make for me a place to sleep
Until the break of day
For in the morning I must ride
My respects to pay*

*Oh I shall ride to the northern town
Where I was the rich man's wife
And my father's door I will break down
And take my father's knife
And off through the pastures I will ride
And I will ride alone
And the stable floor will run bright red
With the blood of Macon Jones*

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