

LITTLE MARY PHAGAN

Sung and Played by Fiddling John Carson,
of Blue Ridge.

Little Mary Phagan went to town one day,
And went to the pencil factory to see the big parade.
She left her home at eleven,
And kissed her mother good-bye,
Not one time did the poor child think
That she was going to have to die.

Leo Frank met her, with a brutally heart we know,
He smiled and said, "Little Mary,
Now you will go home no more."
He sneaked along behind her,
Till she reached the metal room,
He laughed and said, "Little Mary, you have met
your fatal doom!"

She fell upon her knees, and to Leo Frank she pled;
He took his stick from the trash pile
And hit her across the head.
The tears rolled down her rosy cheeks,
While the blood flowed down her back.
But still she remembered telling her mother
What time she would be back.

He killed little Mary Phagan—it was on a holiday—
And called on old Jim Conley to take her body away.
He took her to the basement,
She was bound hand and feet,
And down in the basement little Mary lay asleep.

Newt Lee was the watchman—when he went to wind
his key,
Down in the basement, little Mary he could see,
He called for the officers—their names I do not
know,
They came to the pencil factory
Says "Newt Lee, you must go."

They took him to the jail-house,
They locked him in a cell,
But the poor old innocent negro
Knew nothing for to tell.

I have a notion in my head that when Frank comes
to die,
And stands the examination in the court-house in
the skies,
He will be astonished at the questions
The angels are going to say
Of how he killed little Mary on one holiday.
Come all you good people wherever you may be,
And supposing little Mary belonged to you or me.

Her mother sat a weeping—she weeps and mourns
all day—
She prays to meet her darling in a better world
some day.

Little Mary is in Heaven, while Leo Frank is in jail,
Waiting for the day to come when he can tell his
tale.

Judge Roan passed the sentence—
And you bet he passed it well;
Solicitor Hugh M. Dorsey
Sent Leo Frank to —

Now, God bless her mother.