Wilkes Lovell

Wilkes Lovell

'Twas on the fourteenth day of March, as you will plainly see
We broke the locks of Springfield jail, our liberty to get
We broke them, yes, we broke them, swung open wide the door
Resolved to leave old Springfield town and get in jail no more.

Wilkes Lovell's wife she heard the locks as they fell upon the floor
She hastened to the courthouse to let Wilkes Lovell know
She hastened to the courthouse to let the sheriff know
Young Lot and I then hadn't been gone but an hour and a half ago.

Wilkes Lovell mounted his white horse and through the streets did fly
Shouting, "I'll bring those prisoners back with me or in the chase I'll die"
He followed us and he captured us, which made our hearts grow cold
He shackled us both together, my boys, and marched us off to jail.

Come all of you young greedy lads and take advise from me
But I hope that you will never do the deed Young Lot and I have done
For if you do, 'twill ruin you, you'll be as bad as we
For six long years to serve your time in a cottage by the sea
And six long months to serve your time in old Rutland on the hill.

DT #759
Laws E9
From Flanders, Ballard, Brown, and Barry, New Green Mountain Songster
Collected from Mrs. Blodgett of Springfield, VT
Lovell was sheriff in Windsor County VT in 1890s. The prisoners were
gypsies who had stolen a harness. [HF]
SOF
oct96