

## **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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