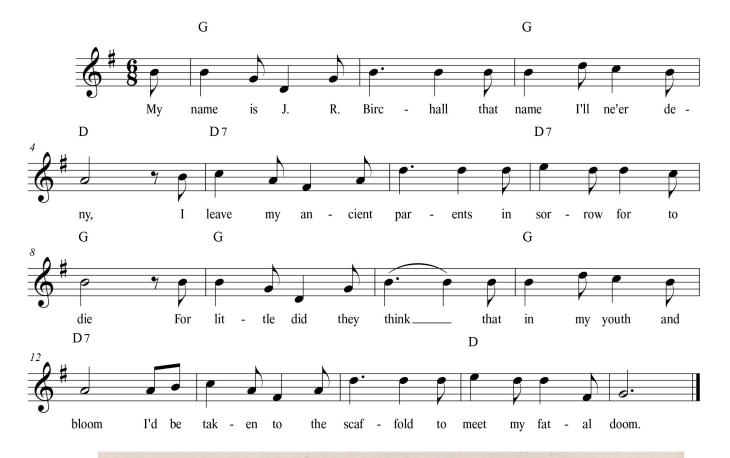
## The Ballad of J.R. Birchall

More-or-less as sung by Lamont Tilden & Woody Lambe



My name is J.R. Birchell, that name I'll never deny; I leave my aged parents in sorrow for to die, For little did they think that in my youth and bloom I'd be taken to the scaffold to meet my fatal doom.

Come all you tender Christians, wherever you may be, And kindly pay attention to these few lines from me. On the fourteenth of November I am condemned to die For the murder of F.C. Benwell, upon the scaffold high.

Now Benwell was an Englishman and had not yet a wife; He came into this country to seek an honest life. They said that I betrayed him unto a certain spot, And there with my revolver poor Benwell he was shot.

I tried to play off innocent, but found it would not do, The evidence being against me, it proved I had no show. They took me to the prison, all in my youth and boom, And there upon the scaffold I must meet by fatal doom.

My wife she came to see me, to bid her last farewell; She siad it was heartrending to leave me in the cell. She said, "My dearest husband, you know that you must die For the murder of F.C. Benwell, upon the scaffold high."

'Twas nine o'clock in the morning, and I knew my doom was near; I gathered up my courage to prove I had no fear. The last few words were spoken, the words, "Thy will be done:" The trap door it flew open--and Birchall he was hung.