

The Ballad of J.R. Birchall

As sung by LaRena Clark

Oh my name is J.R. Birchall and the name I'll never deny
I left my aged parents there in Woodstock for to die
For little did I ever think while in my youth and bloom
I'd be taken to the scaffold for to meet my fatal doom

Pursued along the Queen's Highway, the bloodhounds at my heels
I drew the pistol from my belt, determined not to yield
They landed me in Woodstock Jail I was condemned to die
For the murder of a merchant I would hang on the gallows high

My day of execution was a sad, sad sight to see
My aged parents they had come to mourn there over me
They said, "My son what have you done, that you should have to die
On the 10th day of November all upon the gallows high?"

As he stood on the scaffold with the rope in his right hand
He told the judge and jury that he'd murdered many a man
The judge he read the sentence and the jury wrote it down
The trap door it flew open and young Birchall he went down

LaRena repeats the first verse at the end.

This version of the ballad plays fairly fast and loose with the facts of the affair.