

To Lizzie

By
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They are hunting you to death,

Lizzie Borden;

They would like to take your breath,

Lizzie Borden;

But their case is not so clear,

And you need not have a fear

That they'll hang you up, my dear

Lizzie Borden.

There's no evidence of guilt,

Lizzie Borden,

That should make your spirit wilt,

Lizzie Borden;

Many do not think that you

Chopped your father's head in two,

It's so hard a thing to do,

Lizzie Borden

You have borne up under all,
 Lizzie Borden,
With a mighty show of gall,
 Lizzie Borden;
But because your nerve is stout
Does not prove beyond a doubt
That you knocked the old folks out,
 Lizzie Borden.

You have suffered quite enough,

Lizzie Borden;

An acquittal is the stuff,

Lizzie Borden;

Nothing else will satisfy

Justice, dear, and truly I

Would not wish to see you die,

Lizzie Borden.

There is life and hope ahead,

Lizzie Borden,

Though your parents are both dead,

Lizzie Borden;

They are bound to set you free;

And you'll not adorn a tree

At a private hanging bee,

Lizzie Borden.

You'll be glad when you escape,
Lizzie Borden,
From this wearisome red tape,
Lizzie Borden;
From expounders of the law
With their everlasting jaw
Oh! E pluribus gobraugh!
Lizzie Borden.