



Well it sure was a pity
The way Bill Dalton's wife
Lay up there on Bull Creek
And suffered out her life

Well the old granny women Come from Bad Creek's head They come to tend the labour But they found Lizzie dead

The baby was crossed
But the doctor would not come
'cause Bill was deep in debt
And could not pay the sum

There's grieving in the holler There's weeping down the way There's sorrow in the kitchen Where Lizzie's body lay

Friends and family gathered At the churchyard in the grove Laid Lizzie and her baby In the red clay Georgia mould