The Lawson Murder

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It was on last Christmas Evening;
A snow was on the ground.
His home in North Carolina
Where the murderer was found
His name was Charlie Lawson,
And he had a loving wife.
But we'll never know what caused him
To take his family's life.

They say he killed his wife at first,
And then the little ones did cry,
"Please, Papa, won't you spare our life?
For it is so hard to die!'
But the raging man could not be stopped;
He would not heed their call,
And he kept on firing fatal shots
Until he killed them all.

And when the sad, sad news was heard
It was a great surprise.
He killed six children and his wife,
And then he closed their eyes.
"And now farewell, kind friends and home;
I'II see you all no more.
Into my breast I'll fire one fatal shot;
Then my troubles will be o'er."

They did not carry him to jail;
No lawyers did he pay.
He'll have his trial in another world

On the final judgment day.
They were all buried in a crowded grave
While angels watched above.
"Come home, come home, my little ones.
To the land of peace and love."

From North Carolina Folklore, Henry
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