The Prisoner's Song

Ballad

With Violin Obligato

Words and Music by

Guy Massey

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The Prisoner's Song
MALE QUARTETTE

By GUY MASSEY
Arr.by Jack Glogan

1st TENOR
1. Oh! I wish I had some-one to love me
2. Oh! please meet me to-night in the moon-light
3. I'll be car-ried to the new jail to-mor-row
4. Now I have a grand ship on the o-cen-all
5. Now if I had wings like an an-gel

2nd TENOR
(Lead)
one to call me their own
meet me to-night all a-lone
For I have a sad sto-ry to
my poor dar-ling a-lone
With the cold pri-son bars all a-
mount-ed with sil-ver and gold
And be-fore my poor dar-lin' would
these pri-son walls I would fly
And I'd fly to the arms of my poor

BARITONE
live with 'Cause I'm ti-red of liv-in' a-lone,
tell you it's a sto-ry that's nev-er been told
round me And my head on a pil-low of stone
suf-fer Oh! that ship would be an-chored and sold,dar-lin' And there I'd be will-ing to die,

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The Prisoner's Song

With Violin Obbligato

A violin solo is suggested between the third and fourth stanzas

GUY MASSEY

Allegro moderato

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Voice

1. Oh! I wish I had someone to love me.
3. I'll be carried to the new jail tomorrow.
5. Now if I had wings like an angel.

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Sotto Voce

Someone to call me their own.
Leaving my poor darling alone.
Over these prison walls I would fly.

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Oh! I wish I had some one to live with.
With the cold prison bars all around me,
And I'd fly to the arms of my poor darlin'.

'Cause I'm tired of livin' alone:
And my head on a pillow of stone:
And there I'd be willing to die:

2. Oh! please meet me tonight in the moon-light.
4. Now I have a grand ship on the ocean.

The Prisoner's Song 3
Please meet me tonight all alone
All mounted with silver and gold

For I have a sad story to tell you
And before my poor darlin' would suffer

It's a story that's never been told. D.S. al Fine
Oh! that ship would be anchored and sold.
Try this over on your Piano

The Convict And The Rose

WITH VIOLIN OBLIGATO

Words and Music by
BETTY CHAPIN

Allegro moderato

1. Within my prison cell so dreary,

2. She wrote "I took it from the garden where

3. Good-bye sweetheart, for in the morning I

Placently

lonely I sit with weary heart

Once we wandered side by side

Meet my Maker and repose

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