

# Hurt Mississippi John, Louis Collins

Mrs. Collins weeped, Mrs. Collins moaned,  
to see her son Louis leavin' home  
The angels laid him away  
The angels laid him away,  
they laid him six feet under the clay  
The angels laid him away  
Mrs. Collins weeped, Mrs. Collins moaned,  
to see her son Louis leavin' home  
The angels laid him away  
Oh, Bob shot once and Louis shot too,  
shot poor Collins, shot him through and through  
The angels laid him away  
Oh, kind friends, oh, ain't it hard?,  
to see poor Louis in a new graveyard  
The angels laid him away  
The angels laid him away,  
they laid him six feet under the clay  
The angels laid him away  
Oh, when they heard that Louis was dead  
all the people they dressed in red  
The angels laid him away  
The angels laid him away,  
they laid him six feet under the clay  
The angels laid him away  
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to see her son Louis leavin' home  
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