

Louis Collins  
Mississippi John Hurt  
C position, capo 1

Miss Collins weeped, Miss Collins did moan,  
To see her son Louis leave his home  
The angels laid him away

The angels laid him away,  
They laid him six feet under the clay  
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

*Interlude*

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

*Interlude*

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

*Interlude*

Mrs. Collins weeped, Miss Collins moaned,  
To see her son Louis leave his home  
The angels laid him away

The angels laid him away,  
They laid him six feet under the clay  
The angels laid him away