

40 Tranquilly

40-46 7 BOOTH:

Damn my

48

49 50 51

soul if you must, Let my bo - dy turn to dust, Let it

52 53 54 55

ming - le with the ash - es of the coun - try. Let them

56 57 58 59

curse me to hell, Leave it to his - tor - y to tell: What I

60 61 62 63

did. I did well, And I did it for my coun - try. Let them

64 65 66 67 *rall.*

cry. "dir - ty trai - tor!" They will un - der - stand it la - ter The

68 69 70

coun - try is not what it was (gunshot)

Segue as One

#2A-The Ballad of Booth (Pt. 2)

2B The Ballad of Booth (Pt. 3)

A

(to 1) BALLADEER:

1

John - ny Booth was a head - strong fel - low, —

2 3

E - ven he be - lieved the things he said.

4 5

Some called him no - ble, some said yel - low. — What he was was off his

6 7

head. How could you do it, John - ny. —

8 9

Call - ing it a cause? You left a leg - a - cy Of butch - er - y And

10 11

trea - son we Took ea - ger - ly. And