

Hiram Hubbard

Hiram Hubbard (we pronounce it H'arm) is a true tale about a local happening. The killing took place a few miles from home and the song travelled abroad and was popular for many years. To this day, some believe that "H'arm Hubbard was not guilty," though others say that he was. It might be that he was. Songs have a way of taking up for bad men. I learned the

song from Dad Ritchie, who told me that he gathered it up from three or four people who remembered bits of it, and then he put it back together. Within my lifetime, I have not heard anyone else sing it but him, Balls Ritchie.

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Hi - ram Hub - bard_ was not_ guil - ty, I

heard great man-y_ say_ Hi- ram Hub- bard_ was not

guil-ty_ I heard_ great man-y say. He was_

_ not in this_ coun-try_ He was nine-ty miles_ a - way.

While travelling through this country
 In sorrow and distress,
 While travelling through this country
 In sorrow and distress,
 The rebels overhauled him,
 In chains they bound him fast.

They led him up the holler,
 They led him up the hill;
 They led him up the holler,
 They led him up the hill
 To the place of execution;
 He begged to write his will.

They wound the cords around him,
 They bound him to the tree;
 They wound the cords around him,
 They bound him to the tree;
 Eleven balls went through him,
 His body shrunk away.

Hiram Hubbard was not guilty
 I've heard great many say;
 Hiram Hubbard was not guilty
 I've heard great many say;
 He was not in this country,
 He was ninety miles away.

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(This is said to be an incident of the Civil War.)

HIRAM HUBBERT

Margaret Combs

(Written in Cumberland Mountains.) August 1908

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Combs: not to be
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A sad and mournful story,
'T sants you I now will tell,
Concerning of Hiram Hubbert,
And about the way he fell.
(Repeat all four lines in each stanza)

He's travelling through this country,
Through sorrow and distress,
The rebels overhauled him,
With chains they bound him fast.

They driv him on before them,
Till the road was stained with blood,
They swore so hard against him,
They took his precious life.

They took him to Cumberland River,
To try him for his life,
They swore so hard against him,
They took his precious life.

They drove him up the hollow,
They drove him up the hill,
To the place of execution,
He begs to write his will.

Come all my friends and neighbors,
Who I do love so well,
I'll leave this letter with you,
For 'tis my last farewell.

Come all my friends and neighbors,
Likewise my little child,
I'll leave this letter with you,
For I am going to die.

They lashed the cord around him,
They bound him to a tree,
Eleven balls went through him,
His body shrunk away.

Hiram Hubbert was not guilty,
I've heard great many say,
He was not in this country,
He was ninety miles away.

