

## **The Ballad of Billy Magruder**

Young Billy joined the Buckner Guards  
when he was seventeen.  
With fire in his heart he rode  
out reaching for his dream.

It wasn't long before they fell,  
surrendered and chained up  
but Billy slipped his chains and fled,  
holding his Lady Luck.

By Johnston' side at Shiloh rode,  
he fired his pistol high  
but Johnston, they did gun him down  
with Billy by his side.

Once more, young Billy slipped his ropes  
and rode to Kentucky.  
His soldier's life was over now,  
he rode out fierce and free.

With Quantrill, Mundy and Medkiff,  
they settled with the gun,  
and when the law came hunting them,  
they hid out on the run.

Guerrilla Hollow, Billy hid,  
told tales beside the fire,  
with Mundy, James and Quantrill's men  
they fanned the flames up higher

and when the ladies looked at him  
with passion in their smiles,  
Young Billy made the old and young  
wish they could be more wild.

But Billy's luck would soon run out  
upon a Home Guard's gun  
and though he hid for two weeks more,  
his time was almost done.

The doctor treated Billy's wounds  
but Yankees found the barn.  
Sue Mundy asked for soldiers' terms  
but Wilson meant them harm.

Mundy swung from the public noose  
and Wilson he smiled on.  
Medkiff bargained for his parole  
but Billy he hung on.

In hospital they lay him down,  
a bullet in his lung.  
And there he watched as Quantrill died,  
his rebel song now sung.

But Billy's luck it still held out,  
his life would not give in.  
With Father Brady by his side,  
Young Billy told his sins.

Billy's mother, she begged the judge  
to let her son go free —  
her wagon soon would carry him,  
a grave no one would see.

When Billy he could walk alone  
that long and lonesome mile,  
Old Wilson marched him down the road  
with glory in his smile.

Young Billy knelt down with the priest  
and prayed his life away  
but saved a wink for the women  
who watched his final day.

They put a noose around his neck,  
the last of his nine lives.  
His luck at last it had run out.  
T'was Billy's time to die

and when the crowds had all gone home,  
the judge his sentence seen,  
a grieving mom laid her son down,  
the stars to watch his dreams.

No stone marked Billy's resting place  
but tears his mother shed,  
the secret of its whereabouts  
was lost once she was dead.

Some say Young Billy's bones came back  
to haunt Guerrilla Caves,  
and some did say they put him down  
amongst The Hill Top graves.

Wherever lay Young Billy's bones,  
his still rides wild and free  
and when the wind comes blowing down,  
you hear him in the trees.

Billy Magruder joined the war  
at age just seventeen.

By 1865 he lay  
in the dirt ground unseen.

Young Billy, he wanted glamour,  
Young Billy wanted fame.  
The gun would lay his body down  
in a grave with no name

yes, Young Billy wanted glamour,  
Young Billy wanted fame  
The only thing the bullets gave  
was a grave with no name.