

The Martins and the Coys

Submitted by Riley Diffie

Gather round me, children, while I tell a story
Of the Ozark hills in days when guns were law;
When two families got to feudin, there was sure to be some shootin,
Now just listen, and I'll tell you what I saw.

Oh the Martins and the Coys, they were reckless mountain boys,
And at shootin and a'killin they were sweet.
They would shoot you quicker than it takes your eye to flicker,
They could knock a squirrel's eye out at 90 feet.

It all started on one early Sunday morning
When ole Grandpa Coy was full of Mountain Dew...
Just as quiet as a churchmouse, he slipped into the Martins' henhouse
For the Coys they needed eggs for breakfast too.

Oh, the Martins and the Coys, they were reckless mountain boys,
But Ole Grandpa Coy has gone where angels live...
When they found him on the mountain, he was bleedin like a fountain,
For they punctured him till he looked like a sieve.

Then they really started out to fight in earnest,
And they scarred the mountain up with shotgun shells...
There were uncles, brothers, cousins, yes they bumped them off by dozens,
Just how many bit the dust it's hard to tell.

Oh the Martins and the Coys, they were reckless mountain boys,
And at shootin and a'killin they were deft...
They all knew they shouldn't do it, but soon before they knew it,
On each side they only had one person left.

The sole remaining Martin was a maiden,
and as pretty as a picture was this Grace,
While the sole remaining boy was that handsome Henry Coy,
And the folks all know they soon met face to face.

Well they finally met upon the mountain pathway
And ole Henry Coy he aimed his gun at Grace...
He was set to pull the trigger when he saw her purty figger,
You could tell that love had kicked him in the face.

Oh the Martins and Coys they were reckless mountain boys,
But the ghosts in them thar hills don't fuss no more...
Cause since Grace and Henry wedded, they fight worse than all the rest did,
And they carry on the feud just as before!