

Kitty Coltrain (Ron Baxter)

In a boarding house on the Barb'ry Coast
Where seamen did reside
In the days of the Cape Horn trade,
As they waited for the tide,
The tide to take them back to sea –
When their money was all spent
On those 'flash girls and the whisky too,
Then back to sea they went.

Now Kitty Coltrain she ruled that place
All 'shellbacks' knew her name
'Cause from Galway to 'Frisco Bay
She'd played the whoring game.
With her rosy cheeks, her ruby lips
Her waist so neat & trim
Her flaming hair, and emerald eyes
She'd seduce a saint to sin.

Now staying there was Lars the Dane
A good, but simple man was he,
And Savannah Joe, as black as coal,
Once a slave but now set free.
And around his neck upon a chain
He wore his precious charm,
A little golden crucifix,
That keeps a man from harm.

But Kitty desired that golden cross
And demanded that he sell
But he refused "That I dare not loose-
For it keeps me safe & well".
So Kitty went to Lars the Dane
And sobbed [as women can]
"O the brute! O he's hurt me!"
And thus the fight began.

A dance of shadows on the wall

A knife thrust upward sped
A crimson plume sprayed round the room
And Savannah Joe lay dead.
Kitty Coltrain then turned & screamed
“O murder you have done!
And the alarm is raised, so you must go
If you’re caught then you’ll be hung!”

“I did not mean that he should die
Though I know that’s no excuse
Now I must flee far across the sea
To escape the hangman’s noose”.
And as he fled Kitty she smiled
At what lay in her palm,
A little golden crucifix
That keeps a man from harm.