

## The Fateful Belle

### Chorus

Where the Greybull River Runs  
In Meeteetse's sun

### Verses:

Bill Gallagher he was lean and oh so very mean - always carried a gun.  
He'd shoot you where you'd stand, he was that kind of man - he never thought to run.

Belle Drewery she was fair each man knew her there - the prettiest girl in town.  
If beauty was her charm, her loyalty would do harm - siding with the worst around.

Gallagher he'd done well, for he loved pretty Belle - he was her kind of man.  
But she would not stay true, loved another that she knew - for Bill Wheaton she had plans.

Gallagher he was crazed said he'd drop them in their graves - his jealousy was undone  
She wooed him and cajoled that he would let them go - but gave Wheaton a loaded gun.

Bill Wheaton he took aim rested on the old door frame - he shot him in the back.  
Gallagher he lay dead, "I'll get them," Blind Bill said - and suffered the same attack.

His crime was plain to see, 8 years he'd not be free - he languished in a cell.  
T'was then he got the word in a gunfight so he heard - they'd shot his loved one Belle.

10<sup>th</sup> August 2017

Notes: Meeteetse Wyoming (above Lander) on the Greybull River.  
1891 Gallagher's arrival. 1893 loved Belle. Bill Gallagher shot dead Marh 15<sup>th</sup> 1894  
by Bill Wheaton