

Little Sadie

Traditional

Went out last night, I was mak-in' my rounds, I met lit-tle Sa-die and I blow-ed her
down, I run right home and I went to bed; A for-ty four smo-oke-less
un - der my head.

Wake up next morning 'bout a half past nine
The hacks and the buggies all standing in line
Gents and the gamblers standing all round
Taking little Sadie to her burying ground

Then I begin to think what a deed I'd done
I grabbed my hat and away I run
Made a good run but a little too slow
They overtook me in Jericho

CHORUS

I was standing on the corner, reading the bill
When up stepped the sheriff from Thomasville
He said, young man, ain't your name Brown?
Remember the night you shot Sadie down?

I said, yes, sir, my name is Lee
I murdered little Sadie in the first degree
And first degree and the second degree
If you got any papers, won't you read 'em to me?

CHORUS

They took me downtown and dressed me in black
Put me on the train and started me back
They crammed me back in that Thomasville jail
And I had no money for to go my bail

That judge and the jury, they took their stand
The judge had the papers in his right hand
Forty one days and forty one nights
Forty one years to wear the ball and the stripes

CHORUS