

LITTLE MAGGIE (APPALACHIAN TRADITIONAL) *

D **C**
Well yonder stands little Maggie,
D **C** **D**
With a dram glass in her hand,
C
And she's drinkin' down her troubles,
D **C** **D**
And she's foolin' some other man.

Tell me how can I ever stand it,
just to see those two blue eyes.
They're shining like a diamond,
Like a diamond in the sky.

Sometimes I have a nickel,
Sometimes I have a dime.
And it's sometimes I have ten dollars,
just to buy Little Maggie some wine.

Now she's marching down to the station,
Got a suitcase in her hand,
She's going for to leave me,
She is bound for some distant land.

Pretty flowers were made for blooming,
Pretty stars were meant to shine.
Pretty girls were made for boys to love,
And Little Maggie was made for mine.

Well the first time I seen Little Maggie,
She was sitting by the banks of the sea.
Had a forty-five strapped around her shoulder,
And a banjo on her knee.

* Recorded by Dr. Ralph Stanley in 1946. As is common with folk music, verses vary.