

# Doc Watson, Maggie Walker Blues

My parents raised me tenderly,  
They had no child but me.  
My mind being placed on rambling,  
With them I couldn't agree  
Just to leave my aged parents  
And them no more to see.

There was a wealthy gentleman  
Who lived there very near by.  
He had a beautiful daughter,  
On her I cast an eye.  
She was so tall and slender,  
So pretty and so fair.  
There never was a girl in this whole wide world  
With her I could compare.

I asked her if it differed  
If I crossed over the plain.  
She said, "It makes no difference  
If you never return again."  
We too shook hands and parted,  
And I left my girl behind.

I started out in this wide world  
Strange faces for to see.  
I met little Maggie Walker  
And she fell in love with me.  
Her pockets all lined with greenback  
And her labor I'll grow old,  
Now if you'll consent to marry me  
I'll say I'll roam no more.

I traveled out one morning,  
To the salt works I were bound.  
And when I reached the salt works  
I viewed the city all around.  
Work and money were plentiful  
And the girls all kind to me.  
But the only object to my heart  
Was a girl in Tennessee.

I traveled out one morning  
Down on the market square.  
The mail train being on arrival,  
I met the carrier there.  
He handed me a letter,  
So's I could understand  
That the girl I left in Tennessee  
Had married another man.

I drove on down a little further  
And found that it was true.  
I turned my horse and buggy around  
But I didn't know what to do.  
I turned all around and about there --  
Bad company I'll resign;  
I'll drive all about from town to town  
For the girl I left behind.