

Doc Watson, Little Sadie

Went out last night to take a little round,
I met my Little Sadie and I blowed her down.
I run right home and I went to bed,
A forty-four smokeless under my head.

I begin to think what a deed I done,
I grabbed my hat and away'd I'd run.
I made a good run, just a little to slow,
They overtook me in Jericho.

Standing on the corner a-ringing a bell
And up stepped the sheriff from Thomasville,
Says, 'Young man, is your name Brown?
Remember the night you blowed Sadie down.'

'Oh, yes, Sir, my name is Lee,
I murdered little Sadie in the first degree,
First degree and second degree,
Got any papers, will you read 'em to me?'

Took me downtown and dressed me in black,
They put me on a train and they sent me back,
Had no one for to go my bail,
Crammed me back in the county jail.

Judge and the jury took their stand,
Judge had his papers in his right hand.
Forty-one days, forty-one nights,
Forty-one years to wear the ball and the stripes.