

Little Sadie

Doc Watson

Went out one night for to make a little round,
I met little Sadie and I shot her down,
Went back home and I got in my bed,
Forty-four smokeless under my head.

Waked up the morning 'bout a half past nine,
The hacks and the buggies all standing in line,
The gents and the gamblers standing all round,
Taking little Sadie to her burying ground.

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.

I's standing on the corner, reading the bill
When up stepped the sheriff from Thomasville
And he said, "Young man, ain't your name Brown?
Remember that night you shot Sadie down?"

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

They took me downtown, dressed me in black,
To put me on the train and started me back,
Cram me back in that Thomasville jail,
And I had no money for to go my bail.

The 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.