Little Maggie

Red Allen

Oh, yonder stands little Maggie
With a dram glass in her hand
She's drinkin' away her troubles
She's a-courtin' another man

Last time I saw little Maggie
She was sittin' on the banks of the sea
With a forty-four all around her
And a banjo on her knee

Pretty flowers were made for bloomin'
Pretty stars were made to shine
Pretty women were made for lovin'
Little Maggie was made for mine

Lay down your last gold dollar
Lay down your gold watch and chain
Little Maggie's gonna dance for daddy
Listen to that ol' banjo ring

Go away, go away, little Maggie
Go and do the best you can
I'll get me another woman
You can get you another man

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