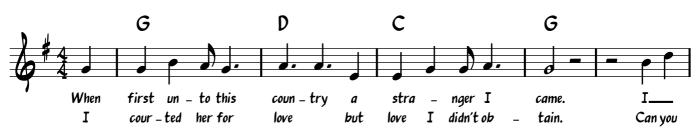
When First Unto This Country

American Folk





I rode to see my Nancy, I rode both night and day. And I stole me a fine horse, And then I rode away.

The sheriff's men had followed, And overtaken me. And they carted me away, To the penetentiary.

They opened up the door, And then they threw me in. And they cut off my beard, And they shaved off my chin. They beat me and they banged me, They fed me on dry beans. Til I wished to my own self I'd never been a thief.

When first unto this country,
A stranger I came.
I courted a fair maid,
And Nancy was her name.

I courted her for love, But love I didn't obtain. Can you think of any reason, Or why I should complain?