

When First Unto This Country

American Folk

When first un - to this coun - try a stra - nger I came. I
I cour - ted her for love but love I didn't ob - tain. Can you

cour - ted a fair maid and Nan - cy was her name.
think of a - ny rea - son or why I should com - plain.

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

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.

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

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

They opened up the door,
And then they threw me in.
And they cut off my beard,
And they shaved off my chin.

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