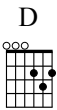
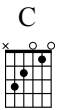
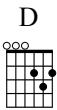


Dropped D Tuning
D Modal Tune

Little Maggie




Traditional
Arr. Steve Eulberg

A   **D** 

Yon-der stands lit-tle Mag-gie _____ with a dram glass

Guitar TAB






7	7	5	5	5	5	5	5	7

6   

in her _____ hand She's drinkin' a - way all her trou- bles _____

Gtr.





5	6	5	7	7	7	7	5	5	5	5

12    **B**  

_____ She's a - court - in' a - no - ther _____ man. Last time I

Gtr.

5	7	7	5	5	6	5	7	0	0	0

18    

18 saw lit-tle Mag-gie _____ She was sit-tin' on the banks of _____ the sea

Gtr.

2	2	2	2	0	0	2	2	2	3	2	0	0
				3	3	3	3					



24

With a for - ty - four all a - round her _____

Gtr.

28

And a ban - jo on her _____ knee

Gtr.

Chord diagrams: D (000232), A (020202), D (000232)

Kingston Trio

Little Maggie (Ricky Skaggs)

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

Dave Guard

Chorus:

Oh, well, yonder stands little Maggie
 with a dram glass in her hand.
 She drinkin' away her troubles, oh, Lord,
 And foolin' another man.

How could I ever stand it,
 just to see them two blue eyes.
 They shine just like the diamonds,
 like the diamonds in the sky.

Pretty flowers were made for bloomin'.
 Pretty stars were made to shine.
 Pretty girls were made for boys to love.
 Surely Maggie was made for mine.

(Chorus)

Well, they marched me down to the station
 with my suitcase in my hand.
 I'm going away for to leave you, my love.
 Goin' to a far distant land.

Oh, well, sometimes I have a nickel (oh, Lord)
 and sometimes I have a dime
 and sometimes I have ten dollars (oh, Lord)
 Just to pay little Maggie's fine.

(Chorus)