## I'm Going to Georgia

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I'm going to Georgia, I'm going to roam;
I'm going to Georgia to make it my home.

I once loved a young man as dear as my life
And he oft-times did promise to make me his wife.

The promise he fulfilled and he made me his wife;
And you see what I've come to by believing his lies.

Come all ye fair ladies, take warning by me
Never cast your affections on a green growing tree.

The leaves they may wither, the flowers may die
Some young man may fool you as one has fooled I.

Collected from Stella Shelton by Sharp, 1916 (Folk Songs ofd the Southern Appalachians)