

# Rich Man's Daughter

**Women:** All my life I've been a poor man's daughter  
All my life I've had a poor girls hand  
'Til the day came that I was promised  
For my beauty to a rich young man  
Days they passed and nights they followed  
'Til the day came that I should go  
Off in my ragged skirts for the last time  
To my wedding down in Mexico

**Women:** All my life I've been a poor man's daughter  
Never have I known a day of rest  
On my journey to my rich young bridegroom  
How my heart beat in my breast  
I was born a poor man's daughter  
I've been a raggamuffin all my life  
Long white dresses, lace and flowers  
Oh I'll be happy as a rich man's wife

**Women:** Fast your horses, raced with my carriage  
Oh the faster beat my heart  
To my lover and my marriage  
Then my carriage gave a lurch and stopped  
How I paced, and how I waited how I wanted to continue on  
How I hated for to waste one hour  
In that dirty little border town

**Women:** Men have said that women are fickle  
Changeable as birds in flight  
Men have said that women are fickle  
And I think perhaps that men are right  
Strong and handsome was the one who helped me  
Right my carriage and get on my way  
Strong and handsome, poor the stranger  
I have loved ever since that day

**Women:** I arrive at my bridegroom's door  
I pulled his hair and kicked his knee  
Dirtied my face and I wore no shoes  
Oh, no fine gentleman shall marry me  
Now my carriage is turned around  
On the Mexican border I live my life

**Women:** I was born a poor man's daughter  
I'll be happy as a poor man's wife