

Marty Robbins **"Matilda"**

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Matilda, with your calloused hands
Where Will goes you will follow
In search of better land.

Matilda, never mind where you have been
Forget about Missouri
Forget about your kin.

Matilda, it's too bad your baby's gone
But he's rested in his cradle by the river
Neath a simple grave stone.

Matilda, mus'nt let Will see ya cry
Covered wagons keep on rollin'
Never question or ask why.

Matilda, work your fingers to the bone
Read your Bible, pray the Indians might spare you
Till you and Will reach your new home.

Matilda, just five-hundred miles to go
Ya know Will's so proud of you
Though he never tells you so

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