

A

Wake up, wake up, darlin' Corey,

What makes you sleep so sound ?
The revenue officers are comin'
Gonna tear your still-house down.

Go 'way, go 'way darlin' Corey,
Quit hangin' around my bed,
Pretty women run me distracted,
Corn liquor's killed me most dead.

Oh yes, oh yes my darlin',
I'll do the best I can,
But I'll never give my pleasure,
To another gamblin' man.

The first time I saw darlin' Corey,
She was standing on the banks of the sea,
She had a pistol strapped around her body,
And a banjo on her knee.
The last time I saw darlin' Corey,
She had a dram glass in her hand,
She was drinkin' down her troubles,
With a low down gamblin' man.

Dig a hole, dig a hole in the meadow,
Dig a hole in the cold, cold ground,
Go and dig me a hole in the meadow,
Just to lay darlin' Corey down.

Don't you hear them blue-birds singing ?
Don't you hear that mournful sound ?
They're preachin' Corey's funeral,
In the lonesome graveyard ground.

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