

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Nancy Brown

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In the Hills of West Virginia lived a girl named Nancy Brown,  
And you never saw such beauty, in country or in town;  
Well, one day the village deacon was a-lookin' for a thrill  
So he took our little Nancy away up in them hills

cho 1: She came rollin' down the mountain  
Rollin' down the mountain,  
Rollin' down the mountain mighty soon  
And that poor old village deacon  
Didn't get what he was seekin'  
And she's still as pure as West Virginia moon.

Well, along there came a trapper with his musket and his furs  
He took her in the mountains, but she still kept what was hers,

cho 2: She came rollin' down the mountain  
Rollin' down the mountain,  
Rollin' down the mountain on the sly,  
And despite that trapper's urgin'  
She remained the local virgin  
And she's still as pure as West Virginia sky  
(spoken) And that's no lie!

Well the next one was a cowboy, with his guitar and his song  
He took her in the mountains, but she still knew right from wrong,

cho 3: She came rollin' down the mountain  
Rollin' down the mountain,  
Rollin' down the mountain mighty like a lamb,  
And like the trapper and the deacon  
He didn't get what he was seekin'  
And she's still as pure as West Virginia ham.  
(spoken) God damn!

Well along there came a slicker with his hundred-dollar bills  
And she jumped into his Cadillac, they rode up in the hills,

cho 4: Well she stayed up in the mountains,

Stayed up in the mountains,

Stayed up in the mountains all that night;

She came down next morning, early  
More a woman than a girlie

And her daddy kicked that hussy out of sight.

(spoken) Damn right!

Now she's livin' in the city, livin' in the city  
Stayin' in the town and doin' well:  
She's a-winin', she's a dinin'. On her fanny she's reclinin'  
And those West Virginia hills can go to Hell.

Note: learned ca. 1946 on streets of Brooklyn. RG  
RG