

# Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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## George Collins

George Collins

George Collins came home last Friday night  
And there he take sick and died;  
And when Mrs. Collins heard George was dead,  
She wrung her hands and cried

Mary in the hallway, sewing her silk,  
She's sewing her silk so fine,  
And when she heard that George were dead,  
She threw her sewing aside.

She followed him up, she followed him down,  
She follow-ed him to his grave,  
And there all on her bended knee  
She wept, she mourned, she prayed.

Hush up, dear daughter, don't take it so hard,  
There's more pretty hoys than George.  
There's more pretty boys all standing around,  
But none so dear as George.

Look away, look away, that lonesome dove  
That sails from pine to pine;  
It's mourning for it's own true love  
Just like I mourn for mine.

Set down the coffin, Pick up the lid,  
And give me a comb so fine,  
And let me comb his cold, wavy hair,  
For I know he'll never comb mine.

Set down the coffin, lift up the lid,  
Lay back the sheetings so fine,  
And let me kiss his cold, sweet lips,  
For I know he'll never kiss mine.

Child #85

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