

Nelly Bly - song lyrics

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NELLY BLY.

Nelly Bly! Nelly Bly! bring de broom along;
We'll sweep de kitchen clean, my dear, and hab a little song;
Poke de wood, my lady lub, and make de fire burn;
And while I take de banjo down, just gib de mush a turn.

Chorus.

Heigh! Nelly, ho; Nelly, listen, lub. to me,
I'll sing for you, play for you, a dulcem melody.

Nelly Bly hab a voice like de turtle-dove,
I hears it in de meadow and I hears it in de grove;
Nelly Bly had a heart warm as cup of tea,
And bigger dan de sweet patatoo down in Tennessee.
Heigh Nelly, ho! &c.

Nelly Bly shuts hereye when she goes to sleep,
When she wakens up again her eye-balls gin to peep;
De way she walks she lifts her foot, and den she brings it down,
And when it lights, der's music dah in dat part ob de town.
Heigh! Nelly, ho! &c.

Nelly Bly! Nelly Bly! nebber nebber, sigh,
Nebber bring de tear-drop to de corner ob your eye;
For de pie is made ob punkins, and de mush is made ob corn,
And dere's corn and punkins plenty, lub. a lyin' in de barn.
Heigh! Nelly, ho! &c