

Ella Rhee - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

ELLA RHEE.

Oh! Ella Rhee, so kind and true,
In the little church yard lies;
Her grave is bright with drops of dew,
But brighter were her eyes.
Then carry me back to Tennessee,
There let me live and die
Among the fields of yellow corn,
And the land where Ella lie.

Chorus.

Then carry me back to Tennessee,
There let me live and die
Among the fields of yellow corn,
And the land where Ella lie.

Her pretty eyes and gentle form,
Methinks I yet can see;
I love the spot where she was born,
'Way down in Tennessee.
Then carry me back to Tennessee,
There let me live and die
Among the fields of yellow corn,
And the land where Ella lie.-Chorus.

The Summer sun will rise and set,
And the night-birds thrill their lay;
And the 'possum and coon so softly step
Round the grave of Ella Rhee.
Then carry me back to Tennessee,
There let me live and die
Among the fields of yellow corn,
And the land where Ella lie.-Chorus.