

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Delia (2)

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Delia was a gambling girl, she gambled all around.
Yes, she was a gambling girl, she would lay her money down.
She's all I've got, is gone.

Curly was a proud man, as any fool could be.
He loved little Delia, that's all that he could see.
She's all I've got, is gone.

Delia's dear old father, he took a trip back East.
When he returned, little Delia had made her peace (alt. come to grief).
She's all I've got, is gone.

Delia's dear old mother, she took a trip out West.
When she returned, little Delia had gone to rest.
She's all I've got, is gone.

Now Delia's mother wept, and Delia's father mourned.
It wouldn't have been so bad, good people, if the poor girl had died at home.
She's all I've got, is gone.

High up on the house tops, as high as I could see,
Looking for those rounders, who were looking out for me.
She's all I've got, is gone.

The sheriff says to Curly, how did this come down?
Curly says to the sheriff, you know I'm judgement bound.
She's all I've got, is gone.

The judge says to Curly, what's this noise about?
It's all about them rounders, Judge, they're trying to cut me out.
She's all I've got, is gone.

Now Delia's in the gambling hall, eating from a silver spoon.
Curly's on the hilltop, staring up at the silver moon.
She's all I've got, is gone.

Delia's in the dance hall, drinking port and stout.
Curly's on the pavement, waiting for Delia come out.
She's all I've got, is gone.

Now Curly's looking high, and Curly's looking low.
He shot poor Delia down, good people, with a big bore forty four.

She's all I've got, is gone.

Curly says to the judge, what may be my fine?

The judge says "Poor boy, you've got ninety nine."

She's all I've got, is gone.

You can call out your rubber tired taxis, your double-seated hacks.

They took poor Delia to the graveyard, people, and they failed to
bring her back.

She's all I've got, is gone.

The people in their Sunday clothes, they come from miles around.

They come to see poor Delia slip down in the ground.

She's all I've got, is gone.

The preacher preached a sermon, the parson prayed a prayer

But all their preaching and praying, little Delia could not hear.

She's all I've got, is gone.

Now Curly's in the jailhouse, drinking from an old tin cup.

And Delia's in the graveyard, she won't never get back up.

She's all I've got, is gone.

Now Curly makes a break, and Curly tries to run.

The guard has got poor Curly in the sight of his gatling gun.

She's all I've got, is gone.

Now Curly's in the jailyard, beneath an old oak tree.

And Delia's down in hell, sitting on the Devil's knee.

She's all I've got, is gone.

Now Curly's in the jailyard, a-mouldering in the ground.

The parson and the preacher, they did not come around.

She's all I've got, is gone.

Now Curly's dear old mother, her head is old and gray.

She never taught poor Curly just how them women play.

She's all I've got, is gone.

Now Delia's dear old mother, her face is drawn and sad.

She never taught her daughter about a man who's just plain bad.

She's all I've got, is gone.

You mamas and you papas, go teach your little sons

"Don't love no easy women, Don't ever play with guns."

She's all I've got, is gone.

You mothers and you fathers, teach your daughters fair

"Don't ever break the heart of a man with curly hair.

She's all I've got, is gone.

Now it says so in the Bible, and it's very widely known,
When it comes down to your judgement day, you'll reap just what you've sown.
She's all I've got, is gone.

Delia, Delia, how could it be?
You loved all those rounders, you never really did love me.
She's all I've got, is gone.

Oh, Delia, Delia, how could it be?
You loved all those gambling men, but you never did love me.
She's all I've got, is gone.

Based on a version sung by David Bromberg. About half the
verses are the way he sings them, and I threw in the other half - Jon W.

JW

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