

Wake up, wake up, Darling Cory
What makes you sleep so sound
The revenueers are a-coming
Gonna tear your still house down

Dig a hole, dig a hole in the meadow
Dig a hole in the cold cold ground
Dig a hole, dig a hole in the meadow
We're gonna lay Darling Cory down

Well, the first time I seen Darling Cory
She's lookin' out on the sea
She had a forty-four buckled around her
And a banjo on her knee

Wake up, wake up, Darling Cory
And bring to me my gun
I ain't no man for trouble
but I'll die before I run

Go away, go away, Darling Cory
Go do the best you can
I'll get me a no-drinkin' woman
You get you another man

Don't you hear them bluebirds singin'
Don't you hear that mournful sound
They're preachin' Cory's funeral
In the lonesome graveyard ground

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