

# Nettie Moore - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

NETTIE MOORE.

Sung by Hooley's Minstrels.

In a little white cottage,  
Where the trees are ever green,  
And the climbing roses blossom at the door,  
I've often sat and listen'd  
To the music of the birds,  
And the gentle voice of charming Nettie Moore.

Chorus.

Oh, I miss you Nettie Moore,  
And my happiness is o'er,  
While a spirit sad around my heart his come;  
And the busy days are long,  
And the nights are lonely now,  
For you're gone from our little cottage home.

Below us in the valley,  
On the river's dancing tide,  
Of a Summer eve I'd launch my open boat;  
And when the moon was rising,  
And the stars began to shine,  
Down the river we so merrily would float.-Chorus.

And often in the Autumn,  
Ere the dew had left the lawn,  
We would wander o'er the fields far away;  
But those moments have departed,  
Gentle Nettie, too, is gone,  
And no longer sweetly with her can I stray.-Chorus.

Since the time that you departed,  
I have long'd from earth to rise,  
And join the happy angels gone before;  
I can not now be merry.  
For my heart is full of woe,  
Ever pining for my gentle Nettie Moore.-Chorus.

You are gone, darling Nettie;  
I have mouru'd you many a day;  
But I'll wipe all the tears from my eyes;  
For as soon as life is past,  
I shall meet you once again,  
In heaven, darling, up above the skies.-Chorus.