

Unknown

"Darling Corey"

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DARLING COREY

Wake up, wake up, Darlin' Corey.
What makes you sleep so sound?
Them revenue officers a'commin'
For to tear your still-house down.

Well the first time I seen Darlin' Corey
She was settin' by the side of the sea,
With a forty-four strapped across her bosom
And a banjo on her knee.

Dig a hole, dig a hole, in the medder
Dig a hole, in the col' col' groun'
Dig a hole, dig a hole in the medder
Goin' ter lay Darlin' Corey down.

(above verse frequently used as chorus)
The next time I seen Darlin' Corey
She was standin' in the still-house door
With her shoes and stockin's in her han'
An' her feet all over the floor.

Wake up, wake up Darlin Corey.
Quit hangin' roun' my bed.
Hard likker has ruined my body.
Pretty wimmen has killed me mos' dead

Wake up, wake up my darlin';
Go do the best you can.
I've got me another woman;
You can get you another man.
Oh yes, oh yes my darlin'
I'll do the best I can,
But I'll never take my pleasure
With another gamblin' man.

Don' you hear them blue-birds singin'?
Don' you hear that mournful sound?
They're preachin' Corey's funeral
In some lonesome buryin' groun'

This isnt quite the version in Folksong U.S.A.,
but it's what I sing. E.L.

@banjo
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