

Ralph Stanley

"Katy Daley"

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With her old man she came from Tipperary
In the pioneering days of '42
Her old man was shot in Tombstone City
For the making of his good old mountain dew

Oh Come on down the mountain Katy Daley
Come on down the mountain Katy do
Can't you hear us calling Katy Daley
We want to drink your good old mountain dew

Wake up and pay attention Katy Daley
For I'm the judge that's gonna sentence you
All the boys in court have drunk your whiskey
To tell the truth I like a little too

So to the jail they took poor Katy Daley
And pretty soon the gates were open wide
Angels came for poor old Katy Daley
Took her far across the great divide

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