

Dells, The

"Waste Of Good Corn Liquor"

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I have lost my blue-eyed darling,
Now I sit with a broken heart By my cabin in the
Carolina hills

Oh I loved a shiner's daughter Loved her true with
all my heart Till she fell into her pappy's liker still

(CHORUS)

Oh what a waste of good corn liker From the still they
pulled the plug

All the revenueers snickered 'cause she melted in the
liker And they had to bury poor Lilly by the jug

Cousin Cale upon the juice harp Played a mighty
mournful
tune Kinfolks bowed their heads and gathered round

Then I heard the parson sing Drink me only with thine
eyes As we watch them pour poor Lilly in the ground

CHORUS

Now I'm sitting in the twilight Neath the weeping willow
tree The sun is slowly sinking in the west

And I'm clasping to my bosom A little jug of Lilly
Mae With a broken heart I'm longing for her kiss

CHORUS

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