

Darling Corey  
Traditional American

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Wake up, wake up, darling Corey.

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What makes you sleep so sound?

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The revenue officers are coming

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They're gonna tear your stillhouse down.

Well, the first time I seen darling Corey,  
She was sitting by the banks of the sea.  
Had a forty-four around her body,  
And a five string on her knee.

Go away, go away, darling Corey.  
Quit hanging around my bed.  
Your liquor has ruined my body.  
Pretty women has gone to my head.

Dig a hole, dig a hole in the meadow.  
Dig a hole in the cold damp ground.  
Dig a hole, dig a hole in the meadow.  
We're gonna lay darling Corey down.

Can't you hear them bluebirds a-singing?  
Don't you hear that mournful sound?  
They're singing for darling Corey  
As we lay her in the ground.