

Hey, Nellie, Nellie

Words & Music:
Sam Brown(?)

C Am C Am C
Hey, Nellie, Nellie, come to the window.

C Am C Am G Am
Hey, Nellie, Nellie, look at what I see.

Dm Am
He's ridin' into town on a sway-back mule.

Dm Am
He's got a tall black hat and he looks like a fool.

Dm F G Am G Am
But, he sure is talkin' like he's been to school, and it's 1853.

Hey, Nellie, Nellie, listen what he's sayin'.
Hey, Nellie, Nellie, he says it's gettin' late.
Says all them black folks should be free,
To walk around the same as you and me.
He's talkin' about a thing they call democracy, and it's 1858.

Hey, Nellie, Nellie, come to the window.
Hey, Nellie, Nellie, hand me down my gun.
For the men are cheerin' and the boys are too,
They're all puttin' on their coats of blue.
And I ain't got no time to sit and talk to you, and it's 1861.

Hey, Nellie, Nellie, come to the window.
Hey, Nellie, Nellie, I've come back alive.
My coat of blue is stained with red,
And the man in the tall black hat is dead.
But we sure will remember all the things he said, and it's 1865.

Hey, Nellie, Nellie, come to the window.
Hey, Nellie, Nellie, look at what I see.
There are white folks and colored walkin' side by side,
A-marchin' in a column that's a century wide.
It was a long and a hard and a bloody ride, and it's 1963.