If you have not yet heard Crooked Still’s cover of this tune, RUN to get a copy. It is haunting.

D
Wake up, wake up, darling Corey.  
   A
What makes you sleep so sound?  
   D
The revenue officers are coming  
   A  D
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.