

Darling Corey

Words & Music:
Traditional American

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.