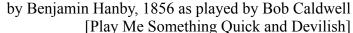
Darling Nellie Gray





Where I've whiled many happy hours away, A-sitting and a-singing by the little cottage door, Where lived my darling Nelly Gray.

Oh! my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away, And I'll never see my darling any more; I'm sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day. For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore

There's a low, green valley, on the old Kentucky shore. When the moon had climbed the mountain and the stars were shining too. Then I'd take my darling Nelly Gray,

And we'd float down the river in my little red canoe, While my banjo sweetly I would play.

One night I went to see her, but "She's gone!" the neighbors say. The white man bound her with his chain; They have taken her to Georgia for to wear her life away, As she toils in the cotton and the cane