

Flatt And Scruggs, Darlin' Corey

Wake up wake up darling Corey
What makes you sleep so sound
The revenue officers are coming
They're gonna tear your still-house 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 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 preaching darling Corey's funeral
In some lonesome graveyard ground.