**DARLIN' COREY**

Traditional Bluegrass (early 1900s)

TablEdited by James Kuder

The first time I saw darlin' Corey,
She was standin' in the door;
Her shoes and stockin's in her hands,
And her feet all over the floor.

The next time I saw darlin' Corey,
She was standin' by the banks of the sea;
She'd a pistol strapped around her body,
And a banjo on her knee.

The last time I saw darlin' Corey,
She had a wine glass in her hand.
She was drinkin' that sweet pizen likker,
With a low-down gamblin' man.

Dig a hole, dig a hole in the meadow,
Dig a hole in the cold, cold ground.
Go and dig a hole in the meadow
Just to lay darlin' Corey down.