

# Charlie Louvin, Darling 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 on the banks of the sea  
Had a forty-four around her body  
And a banjo 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 cold ground  
Dig a hole dig a hole in the meadow  
Gonna lay darling Corey down

Can't you hear those bluebirds a singing  
Don't you hear that mournful sound  
They're preaching darling Corey's funeral  
In some lonesome graveyard ground

Wake up wake up Darlin Corey  
And go get me my gun  
I ain't no man for fightin'  
But I'll die before I run