

Nelly Bly

by Stephen Collins Foster (1850)

C
Nelly Bly! Nelly Bly! bring de broom along,
C^(1/2) **F^(1/2)** **G7^(1/2)** **C7^(1/2)**
We'll sweep de kitchen clean, my dear, and hab a little song.
Poke de wood, my lady lub, and made de fire burn,
And while I take de banjo down, just gib de mush a turn.

C^(1/2) **F^(1/2)** **C^(1/4)** **D7^(1/4)** **G7^(1/2)**
Heigh! Nelly Ho! Nelly, listen lub to me,
C^(1/2) **F^(1/2)** **G7^(1/2)** **C^(1/2)**
I'll sing for you, play for you, a dulcem melody.
C^(1/2) **F^(1/2)** **C^(1/4)** **D7^(1/4)** **G7^(1/2)**
Heigh! Nelly Ho! Nelly, listen lub to me,
C^(1/2) **F^(1/2)** **G7^(1/2)** **C^(1/2)**
I'll sing for you, play for you, a dulcem melody.

Nelly Bly hab a voice like de turtle dove,
I hears it in de meadow and I hears it in de grove
Nelly Bly hab a heart warm as a cup ob tea,
And bigger dan de sweet potato down in Tennessee,

Nelly Bly shuts her eye when she goes to sleep,
When she wakens up again her eyeballs goin to peep
De way she walks, she lifts her foot, and den she brings it down,
And when it lights der's music dah in dat part ob de town.

Nelly Bly! Nelly! nebber, nebber, sigh,
Nebber bring de tear drop to de corner ob your eye,
For de pie is made ob punkins and de mush is made ob corn,
And der's corn and pumpkins plenty lub a lyin in de barn.