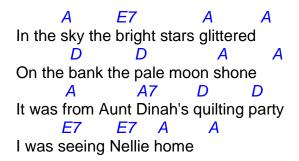
Seeing Nellie Home traditional





On my arm a soft hand rested Rested light as ocean foam It was from Aunt Dinah's quilting party I was seeing Nellie home

> On my lips a whisper trembled Trembled till it dared to come It was from Aunt Dinah's quilting party I was seeing Nellie home

On my life new hopes were dawning And those hopes have lived and grown It was from Aunt Dinah's quilting party I was seeing Nellie home