

N E L L Y B L Y

Words and Music by S. C. FOSTER.

MODERATO.

p

Nelly Bly! Nelly Bly! bring de broom a-long, We'll

sweep de kitchen clean, my dear, and hab a little song. Poke de wood, my lady lub, And

make de fire burn, And while I take de banjo down, Just gib de mush a turn.

1st Soprano.

Heigh! Nelly Ho! Nelly, listen lub to me, I'll sing for you play for you, a

2^d Soprano.

dulcem me_lo_dy. *p* Heigh! Nelly, Ho! Nelly, listen lub to me, I'll

p

sing for you, play for you a dulcem me_lo_dy.

2^d Verse.

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 cup ob tea, And bigger dan de sweet potato down in Tennessee. Chorus.

3^d Verse.

Nelly Bly shuts her eye when she goes to sleep,

When she wakens up again her eye-balls gin 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. Chorus.

4th Verse.

Nelly Bly! Nelly Bly! 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 punkins plenty lub a lyin in de barn. Chorus.