

George Collins

C F C
George Collins drove home one cold winter night;

G7
George Collins drove home so fine;

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G7 C

Was taken sick and died.

His little sweet Nell in yonders room
Sat sewing her silk so fine,
But when she heard that George was dead,
She laid her silks aside.

Set down the coffin, take off the lid,
Lay back the linen so fine,
And let me kiss his cold pale cheeks
For I know he'll never kiss mine.

Oh daughter, oh daughter, why do you weep,
There's more young men than one;
Oh mother, oh mother, George has my heart,
His stay on earth is done.

Look up and down that lonesome road,
Hang down your head and cry,
The best of friends is bound to part,
And why not you and I.

Oh don't you see that lonesome dove
That's flying from vine to vine,
He's mourning for his own true love
Just like I mourn for mine.