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TO MISS A. C. WALKER.

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DARLING NELLY GRAY

SONG and CHORUS

Words & Music by

B. R. HANBY.



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DARLING NELLY GRAY.

B. R. HARRY.

CON ESPRESSIONE.

There's a
low green valley on the old Kentucky shore, There I've whiled many happy hours a - - way, A
sitting and a singing by the little cottage door Where lived my darling Nel - ly Gray.

8503

4

CHORUS.

Oh! my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away And I'll never see my darling any more, I'm

Oh! my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away And I'll never see my darling any more, I'm

The musical score for the chorus is written for four staves. The first two staves are vocal parts (soprano and alto) with lyrics. The third staff is a piano accompaniment. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is in a minor key.

sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day, For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day, For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

The musical score for the verse is written for four staves. The first two staves are vocal parts (soprano and alto) with lyrics. The third staff is a piano accompaniment. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is in a minor key.

8503

5.

2d Verse. When the moon had climb'd the mountains and the stars were shining too, Then I'd take my darling Nelly Gray,

And we'd float down the river in my little red canoe, While my ban - jo sweetly I would play.

3.
One night I went to see her but she's gone! the neighbors say,
The white man bound her with his chain,
They have taken her to Georgia for to wear her life away,
As she toils in the cotton and the cane.

Chorus.

4.
My canoe is under water and my banjo is unstrung,
I'm tired of living any more,
My eyes shall look downward and my songs shall be unsung
While I stay on the old Kentucky shore.

Chorus.

5.
My eyes are getting blinded and I cannot see my way,
Hark! there's somebody knocking at the door—
Oh! I hear the angels calling and I see my Nelly Gray,
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

Chorus, to the last verse.
Oh! my darling Nelly Gray, up in heaven there they say,
That they'll never take you from me any more,
I'm a coming—coming—coming, as the angels clear the way,
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.