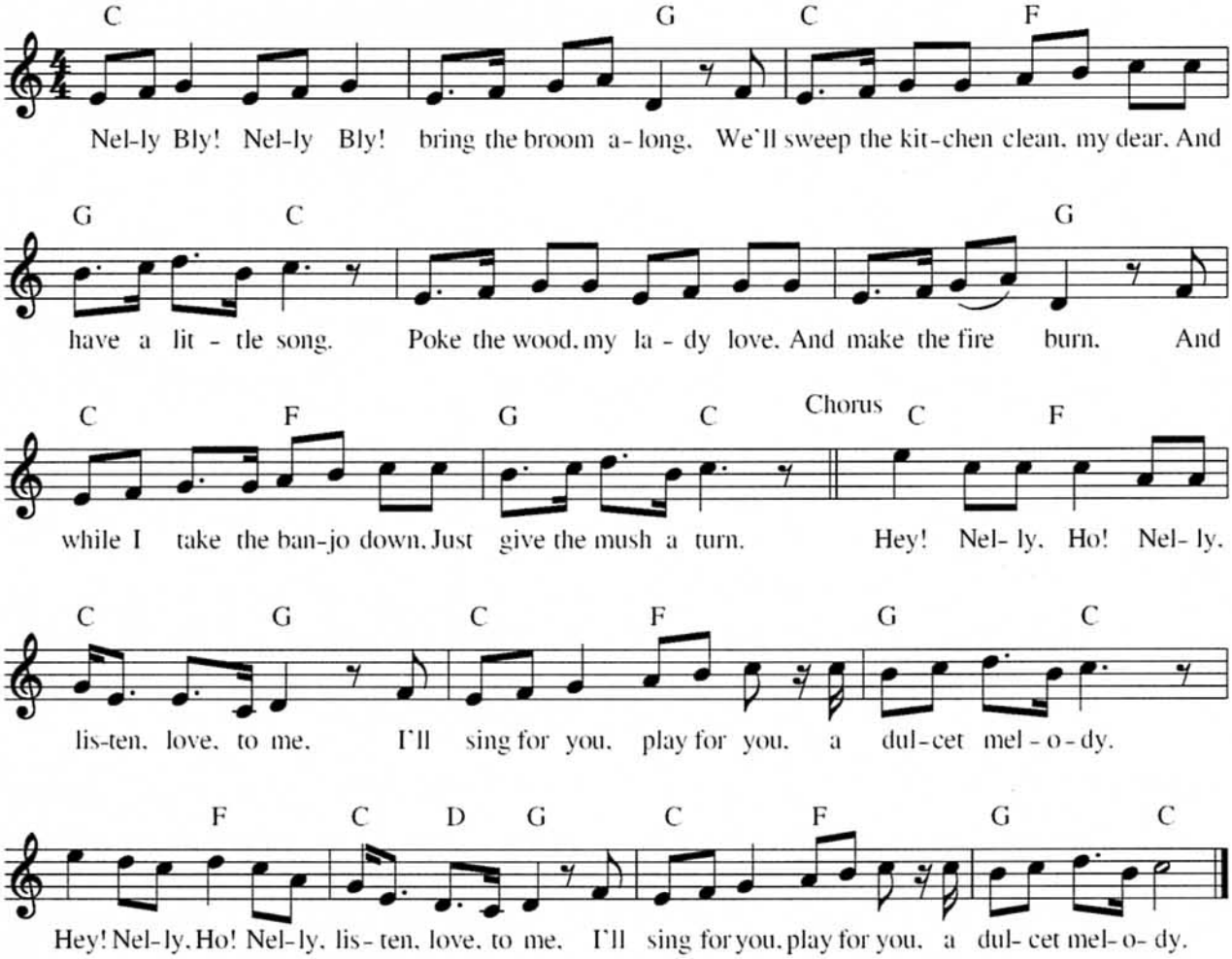
Nelly Bly



Nelly Bly! had a voice like the turtle dove,
I hear it in the meadow, and I hear it in the grove;
Nelly Bly had a heart
Warm as a cup of tea,
And bigger than the sweet potato
Down in Tennessee.

Nelly Bly! Nelly Bly! never, never sigh,
Never bring the tear drop to the corner of your eye;
For the pie is made of pumpkins,
And the mush is made of corn,
And there's corn and pumpkins plenty, love,
Lying in the barn.

Nelly Bly! shuts her eye when she goes to sleep,
When she wakens up again her eyes begin to peep;
The way she walks, she lifts her foot,
And then she brings it down,
And when it lights there's music there
In that part of the town.

History

Stephen C. Foster wrote this song in 1849, and tune was sung and played for dancing on the Oregon Trail.