

## Nelly Bly

Nel-ly Bly! Nel-ly Bly! bring the broom a-long. We'll sweep the kit-chen clean, my dear, And  
have a lit - tle song. Poke the wood, my la - dy love, And make the fire burn. And  
while I take the ban-jo down, Just give the mush a turn. Hey! Nel- ly, Ho! Nel- ly,  
lis-ten, love, to me. I'll sing for you, play for you, a dul-cet mel - o - dy.  
Hey! Nel-ly, Ho! Nel-ly, lis-ten, love, to me. I'll sing for you, play for you, a dul-cet mel-o- dy.

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.