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STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







NELLY WAS A LADY









# NELLY WAS A LADY

Written and Composed

BY

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED



BOSTON  
TICKNOR AND COMPANY  
211 Tremont Street  
1889

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FROM NATURE BY CHARLES COPELAND.



**Ornaments**

BY FRANK MYRICK.



*Drawn, engraved, and printed under the supervision of*

A. V. S. ANTHONY.









# NELLY WAS A LADY.

---

**D**OWN on de Mississippi floating,  
Long time I trabble on de way,  
All night de cotton-wood a-toting,  
Sing for my true-lub all de day.

## CHORUS.

Nelly was a lady,  
Last night she died ;  
Toll de bell for lubly Nell,  
My dark Virginny bride.

Now I'm unhappy and I'm weeping,  
Can't tote de cotton-wood no more ;  
Last night, while Nelly was a-sleeping,  
Death came a knockin' at de door.

CHORUS.

When I saw my Nelly in de morning  
Smile till she open'd up her eyes,  
Seem'd like de light ob day a dawning,  
Jist 'fore de sun begin to rise.

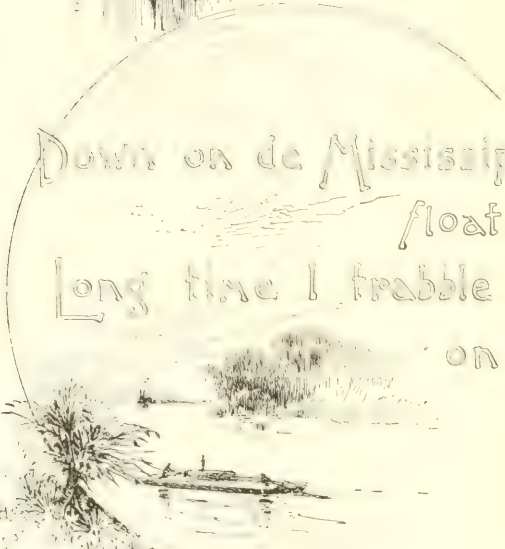
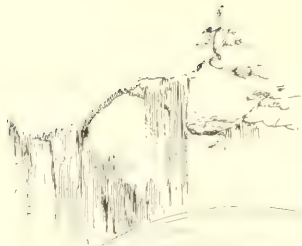
CHORUS.

Close by de margin ob de water,  
Whar de lone weeping-willow grows,  
Dar lib'd Virginny's lubly daughter ;  
Dar she in death may find repose.

CHORUS.

Down in de meadow 'mong de clober,  
Walk wid my Nelly by my side ;  
Now all dem happy days am ober,  
Farewell, my dark Virginny bride.

CHORUS.

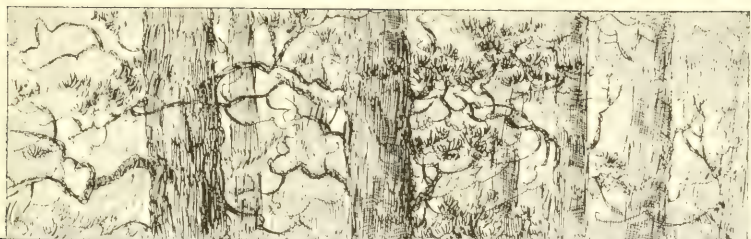


Down on de Mississippi

floating,

Long time I trabble

on de way,

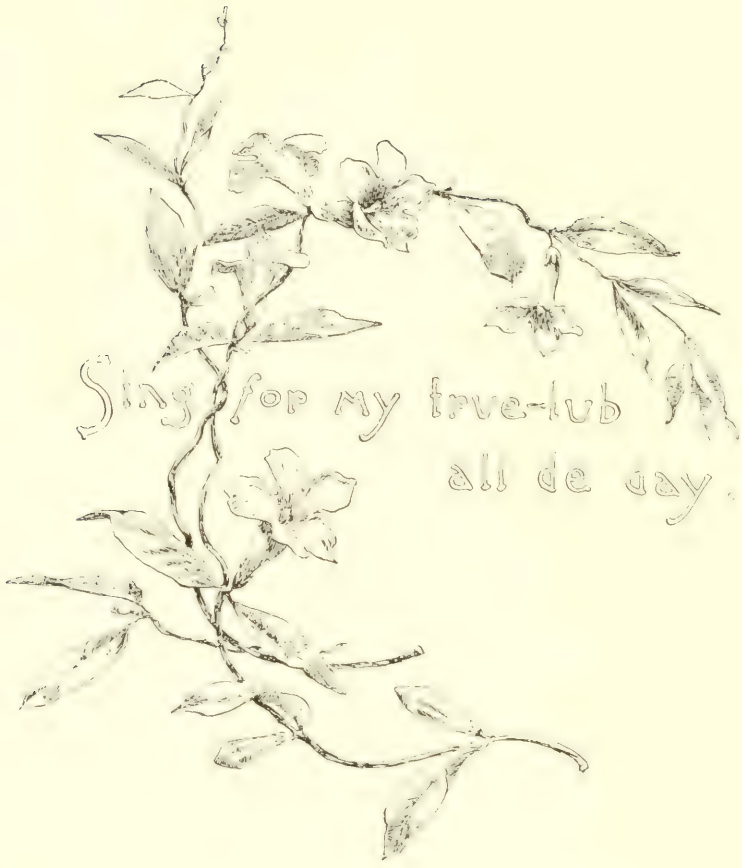




All night de cotton-wood  
a totting,








Sing for my true-lub  
all de day.



Copeland 38

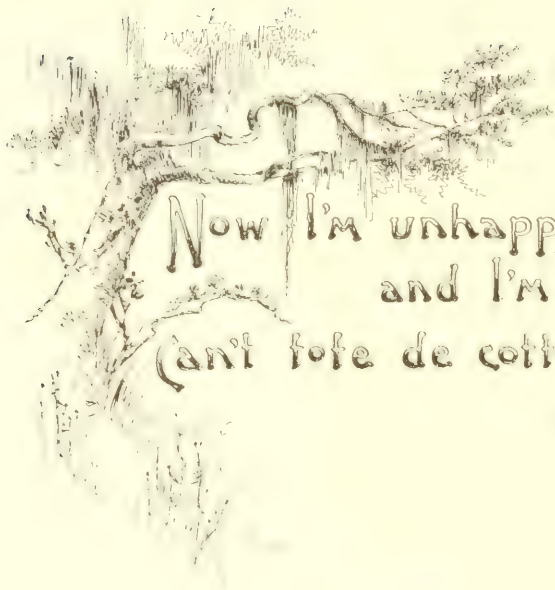


Nelly was a lady,  
Last night she died;  
Toll de bell for lubly Nell,  
My dark Virginny bride.

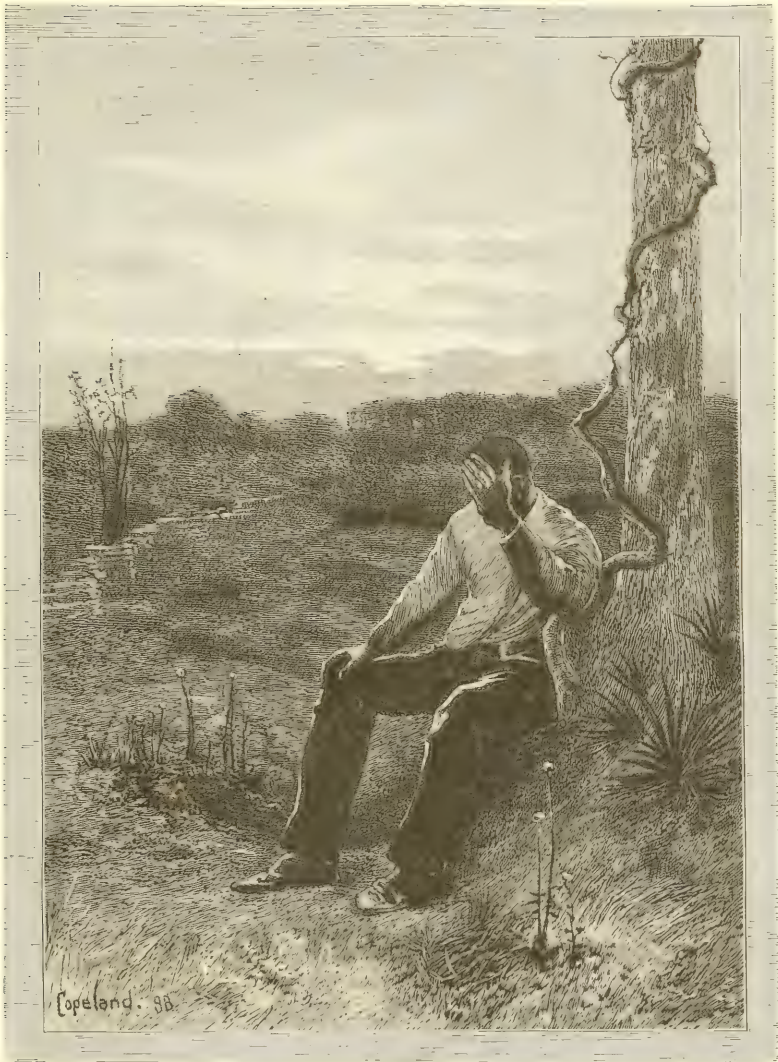




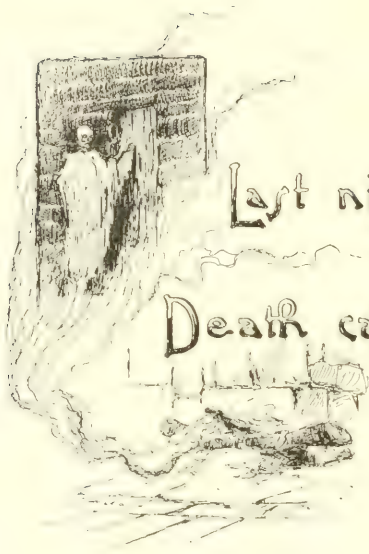




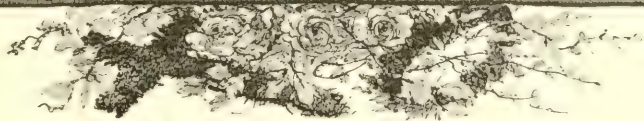
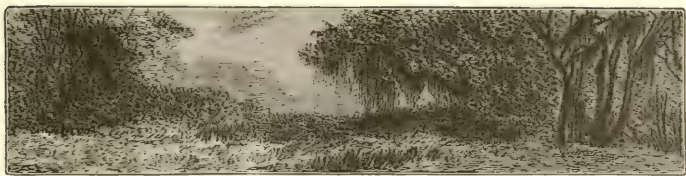
Now I'm unhappy  
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Can't tote de cotton-wood  
no more ;



Copeland. 98.



Last night, while Nelly  
was a-sleeping,  
Death came a knockin'  
at de door.

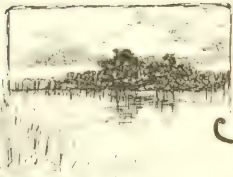




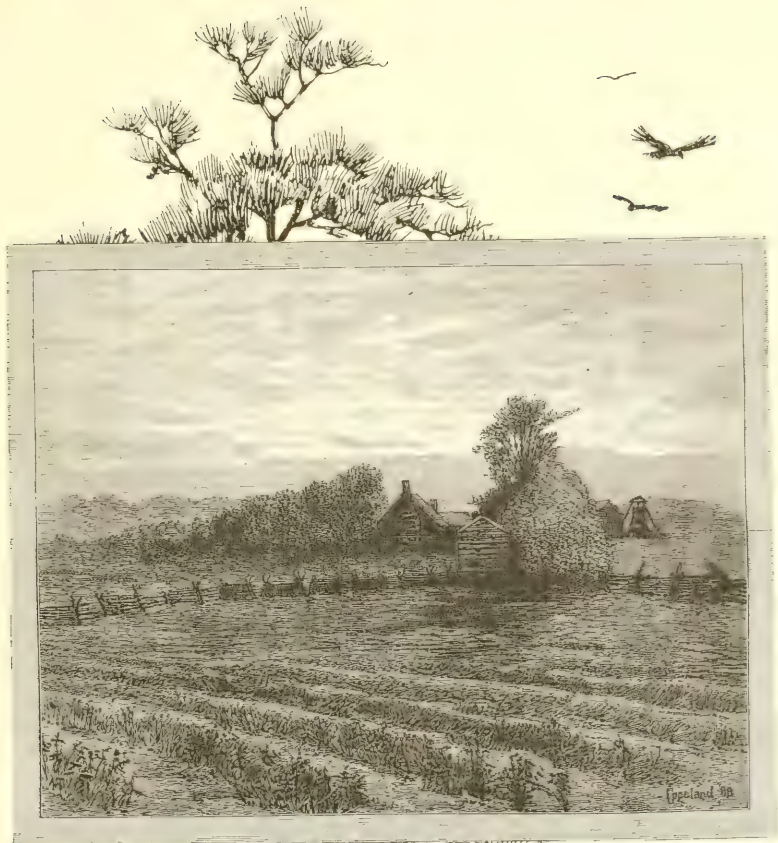
When I saw my Nelly  
in de morning  
smile till  
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Seem'd like de light ob  
day a dawning,  
Jist fore de sun  
begin to rise.






Close by de margin  
ob de water,  
Whar de lone  
weeping-willow grows.







Dar lib'd Virginny's  
lubly daughter;  
Dar she in death  
may find repose.





Copeland 88



Down in de meadow

'mong de clober,  
Walk wid my Nelly  
by my side;

Now all dem happy days  
am ober,

Farewell, my dark Virginny  
bride.





# NELLY WAS A LADY.

*Adagio*

Down on de Mis - sis - sip - pi float - - ing,

Long time I trab - ble on de way,

All night de eat - ton food to - tung,

Sing for my strug - lub all de day

**CHORUS**

Nel - ly was a la - dy - Last night she died.

*Repeat Chorus*

Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell - My dark Vir - gin - ny bride.











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