

George Collins

3/4

1 **G** 2 **C** 3 **G**

George Col - lins came home one cold win - ter

4 5 6 7 **C** 8 **D**

night, George Col - lins rode home so fine

9 10 **G** 11 **C** 12 **G**

George Col - lins rode home one cold win - ter's

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George Collins

Traditional
Ballads & Songs

13	14	C	15	D	16	G	17	D
night,	Was	ta	-	ken	sick	and	died	.
3	3	6			2	2	3	
3	3	6			3	3	3	
3	5	7	6	5	4	5	4	3

Complete lyrics:

George Collins rode home one cold winter night,
 George Collins rode home so fine,
 George Collins rode home one cold winter night,
 Was taken sick and died.

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

She followed him up, she followed him down,
 She followed him to the grave;
 And there she sat on a cold, cold stone,
 She wept, she mourned, she prayed.

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

"O daughter, dear daughter, why do you weep so?
 There's more young men than one."

"O mother, O mother, George has my heart,
 His day on earth is done."

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

O, don't you see that lonesome dove,
 There, flyin' from pine to pine;
 He's mournin' for his own true love,
 Just like I mourn for mine.