

# Sweet Corrina

Traditional

There's a weepin' willow and a mourning dove

A weepin' willow and a mourning dove

Sweet Corrina, ooh, she's the gal I love

I went down by the river and sat down on a log

I went down by the river and sat down on a log

If I can't be your sweet baby, won't be your salty dog

I'll chop your wood baby, I'll even tend your fire

I'll chop your wood baby, I'll even tend your fire

I'll tote your whiskey all the way from the Fresno line

Sweet Corrina, she's the gal I love

Sweet Corrina, she's the gal I love

Take me to heaven, child, touch the stars above

...Break...

I got no little flower, the frost has killed the vine

I got no little flower, the frost has killed the vine

The blues ain't nothin', ooh woo, Corrina's on my mind

Sometimes I think baby, you're too sweet to die

Sometimes I think baby, you're too sweet to die

Other times I think babe, you oughta be buried alive, mmmm

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Sweet Corrina, oo-oo, she's the gal I love