

# Down in the Cane Brake

from Frank Crumit

Down in the cane brake, close by the mill,  
there's where I'll go,  
some hap - py day,  
there's where I'll stay,

there lives a pret - ty gal, her name is Nan - cy Dill, I told her that I loved her, I  
down where the yel - low moon is hang - in' might - y low, I know that she'll be wait - ing be -  
you'll hear the wed - ding bells a - ring - in' might - y gay, There's gon - na be a cab - in, and  
'long - side my Nan - cy Dill till we are laid a - way, And when we get to Hea - ven and

loved her ver - y long, I'm gon - na ser - e - nade her and this will be my song:  
side the cab - in door, and she'll be might - y happy when I tell her once — more:  
in the trun - dle bed, there'll be a dar - lin' ba - by, and all be - cause I said:  
Pet - er lets us in, I've got my wings a - flap - pin' and sing to her a - gain:

Come a - long, come, my boat lies low, she lies high and dry on the O - hi - o,

Come a - long, come, won't you come a - long with me, and I'll take you down to Ten - nes - see. —