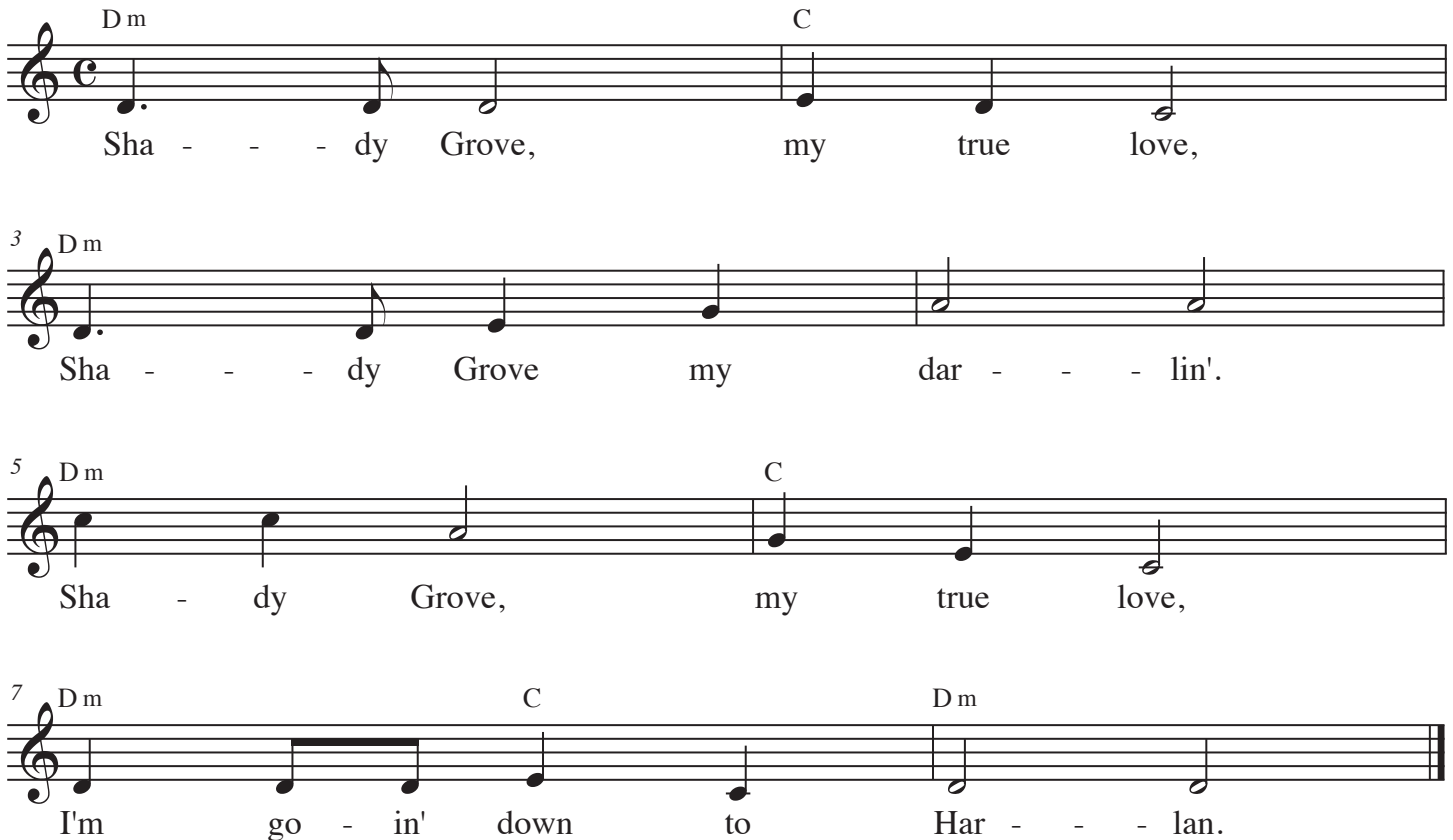


Shady Grove

Appalachian Traditional
From the singing of Jean Ritchie



Dm C

Sha - - - dy Grove, my true love,

³ Dm

Sha - - - dy Grove my dar - - - lin'.

⁵ Dm C

Sha - dy Grove, my true love,

⁷ Dm C Dm

I'm go - in' down to Har - - - lan.

Went to see my Shady Grove,
She was standin' in the door.
Shoes and stockin's in her hand,
Little bare feet on the floor.

Coffee grows on the white oak tree,
Rivers run with brandy.
Boys as mean as a lump of coal and
Girls as sweet as candy.

Peaches in the summer time,
Apples in the fall.
If I can't get the one I love,
I won't take none at all.

Went up on the mountaintop
To give my hown a blow.
Thought I heard some pretty girl say,
"Yonder comes my beau."

Wish I had a big white horse,
Corn to feed him on.
Pretty little girl to stay at home and
Feed him when I'm gone.