Katy Cline
Traditional

1. Well now, who doesn't know Katy Cline,
   She lives at the foot of the hill,
   By the shady nook of some old babbling brook,
   That runs by her dear old father's mill.

   chorus:    Tell me that you love me Katy Cline,
              Tell me that your love's as true as mine,
              Tell me that you love your own turtle dove,
              Tell me that you love me Katy Cline.

2. It's way from my little cabin door,
   Oh it's way from my little cabin home,
   There's no one to weep and there's no one to
   mourn,
   And there's no one to see Katy Cline.

   chorus:

3. If I was a little bird,
   I'd never build my nest on the ground,
   I'd build my nest in some high yonder tree,
   Where the wild boys couldn't tear it down.

   chorus: