

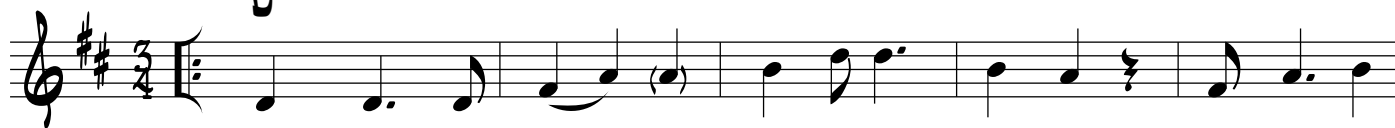
(MED. WALTZ)

# CORA IS GONE

- ODELL McLEOD

## VERSE

D



1. Winds through the night, \_\_\_\_\_ blow - in' so lone - some, sing - in' to  
ring that she wears \_\_\_\_\_ I bought for her fin - ger, pur - chased her  
3. Drift - ing a - long \_\_\_\_\_ like brush on a riv - er, car - ing not

A

D



me a song. \_\_\_\_\_ The whip - poor - will's call \_\_\_\_\_ is just a re -  
rai-ment so fine. \_\_\_\_\_ Gave her my to last \_\_\_\_\_ green - back  
where I roam. \_\_\_\_\_ Go - ing to live \_\_\_\_\_ in the deep

A

D



mind - er pret-ty girls have hearts made of stone. }  
dol - lar, and \_\_\_\_\_ now she's left \_\_\_\_\_ me be - hind. }  
for - est, dark \_\_\_\_\_ hol-low will be \_\_\_\_\_ my new home. } ----- I

## CHORUS

G

D

G



wake with the blues \_\_\_\_\_ at dawn. \_\_\_\_\_ My dar - lin' Cor - ey is

D



gone. I \_\_\_\_\_ don't know why \_\_\_\_\_ she told me good - bye, \_\_\_\_\_ but my



dar - lin' Cor - ey is gone.

2. The dar - lin' Cor - ey is gone.  
3.