

Cindy

Tuning: D-F#-A
Key of D
Brightly

(ca. 1840)

Traditional
Arr: Merv Rowley/Ruth Randle, 2012

1. You ought to see my Cin-dy, she lives a-way down South. Now

she's so sweet, the hon-ey bees, they swarm a-round her mouth. The

first I seen my Cin-dy, A-stand-in' in the door, her

shoes and stock-in's in her hand, her feet spread 'round the floor.

Get a-long home, Cin-dy, Cin-dy, Get a-long home, Cin-dy,

21

Cin- dy, Get a-long home, Cin - dy, Cin-dy, I'll mar - ry you some day,

TAB 0 0 3 3 3 | 3 3 0 | 3 3 3 | 4 4 4 | 4 4 0 |

3 3 3 3 5 5 7 4 3

2. *I wish I was an apple, a hangin' on a tree,
And every time that Cindy passed she'd take a bite of me.
If I were made of sugar, a-standin' in the town,
Then every time that Cindy passed, I'd take my sugar down.
CHORUS: Get along home, Cindy, Cindy...*

3. *My Cindy got religion; she had it once before,
But when she heard my banjo, she leaped upon the floor.
She took me to her parlor. she cooled me with her fan.
She said I was the purtiest thang, the shape of mortal man.
CHORUS: Get along home, Cindy, Cindy...*

4. *Now Cindy is a sweet girl, my Cindy is a peach.
She threw her arms around me tight and hugged me like a leech.
She kissed me and she hugged me, she called me sugar plum.
She hugged so tight I couldn't breathe; I tho't my time had come.
CHORUS: Get along home, Cindy, Cindy...*

5. *If I had thread and needle; if I knew how to sew,
I'd sew that girl to my coattail, and down the road I'd go.
I want my Cindy, Cindy... her lips and arms and feet.
I never seen another gal that Cindy couldn't beat!
CHORUS: Get along home, Cindy, Cindy...*