

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Delia

Delia

Delia was a gambling girl, she gambled all around
Oh, she was a gambling girl, she would lay her money down

She's all I've got is gone

Delia's dear old mother took a trip out west
When she returned, little Delia'd gone to her rest

Delia's mammy weeped, Delia's daddy mourned
It wouldn't have been so bad if that poor gal had died at home

Call out the rubber-tired hearses, the double-seated hacks
They took poor Delia to the graveyard, boys, but they never brought her back

* * *

High up on the rooftops, high as I can be
Looking at them rounders who are looking out for me

See Curtis looking high, Curtis looking low
Shot poor Delia down, good people, with a fateful forty-four

* * *

Judge, he say to Curtis, boy, what's this noise about
It's all about some rounders, Judge, they trying to run me out

Curtis he ask the judge, tell me what might be my fine
Judge, he say, poor boy, you got ninety-nine

Curtis in the jailhouse, drinking from a silver cup
Delia's gone to the graveyard and she may not never get up

Delia, oh, Delia, how can this be
You loved all those rounders but you never really did love me

Delia, oh, Delia, how can this be
You loved all those rounders but you never really did love me

David Bromberg's first record is where I learned this and
swiped the guitar part. JN

DT #657
Laws I5
JN

apr96