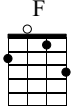
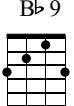
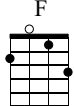
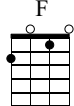


Delia's Gone

Words & Music by Traditional
Arranged by Spencer Gay


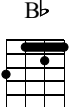

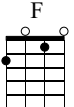

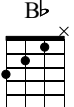
♩ = 120

1 2 3

mf
De lia was a gam bler, gam bled all a round
Rub ber ti red bug gy, dou ble sea ted hack,
Cur tis said to the judge, "What might be my fine?"
Cur tis' in the jail house, drinking' from ol' tin cup
De lia, Oh De lia how can it be?

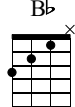




T 3 3 0 3 3 3 3 0 3 5 3 0
A 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
B 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2

4 5 6

She was a gam blin' girl, She's llaid her mon
takin' Delilia tothe grave yard It aiin' goin' bring
"I done told you poor boy and she got nine
Delia's in the grave yard boys, and she ain't get
You love them roun ders And you nev er didt

8 8 5 3 0 3 1 0 1 1
8 6 3 1 3 0 0 2 1 1
9 5 0 0 0 0 0 2 1 1
10 7 0 2 2 0 2 3 1 1

7 8 9

ey down She's all I got is gone
her back. She's all I got is gone
ty- nine." She's all I got is gone
ting up All the friends I ever had are gone
love me. She's all I got is gone

3 1 1 3 0 1 1 0 3 1 1
2 2 3 0 0 0 0 3 2 2 0
3 3 2 2 2 3 3 3 3 2 2