

Emma's Grove

Taylor Posey

The Stillwater Hobos

Across gol - den fields at Em - ma's Grove, we've thrown a
Wring out your dress in a mountain fold. Then steal my
A - cross a vale so fair and long. I know a

co - ver for the one I love. And the rain comes
ban - jo with its burd'n of gold. For your braids are
store - house of vic - try songs. So I'll carry my

down from a wea - ry loom. The clou - dy de - nim, the cot - ton
shy, like a co - vey flown. And rust - ling o - ver your wed - ding
step through yarrow and fern. Through yell - ow pop - pies for - get what I've

moo - n. So I'll sing o'er til you catch your breath. The night - ly
go - wn In lil - ting rhymes, a sto - ry I'll tell. A black - bird
lear - ned. But mem - ory's honey, and I know a song. Be true, my

la - bor like night was deaf. And if you're wea - ry, If you want
call - ing you know him well. And if you were mine. I'd tie a
blos - som, don't tar - ry long. Though my yoke is hard It's not far I'll

love, come lie in the fields at Em - ma's Grove.
bow round ev - ry tree at Em - ma's Grove.
rove from fields of gold - en at Em - ma's Grove.