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Dancing On The Levee

Words & Music by
WILLIAM J. Mc KENNA

Moderato

Little Pick-a-ninny, Mammy calls her babies,

Starry night in June, Gazes at the

pats each kink-y head, Fond good-night is

moon, And then he softly hums a tune,

And then she tucks them into bed.

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Little feet start shuffling on the river shore,
Sleepy Pickaninnies on the cabin floor,

While his mammy vainly calls him from the cabin door,
Strain their ears just to hear the happy folks down on the river shore.

CHORUS

Dancing on the Levee while the moon looks down;

Hear the steam-boats pounding, whistles sounding, Banjos softly plunking

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Sweet old dark-ie tunes; River ripples gently heath the moon, oh! Rastus!

Songs of Swanee River, old Kentuck-y home, While they're Pigeon wing-ing,

hear them sing-ing 'Way down South in Dix-ie, on a sum-mer night,

Dancing in the Bright Moon light.