On The Mississippi

Words by
BALLARD MACDONALD

Music by
CARROLL & FIELDS

Tempo di Marcia

In my dreams I seem to hear a whistle shrill,
I just have to close my eyes to see that sight,

Like the whip-poor-will of the whip-poor-will
River all aglittering in the bright moonlight.

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In my ears I hear it ringing, And the
With my gal again I'm strolling, And her

Past to me it is bringing, It reminds me of the dear old
eyes at me they are rolling, All along the levee see those

Mississippi When I loaded cotton on that stern wheel ship,
darkies prance Listen to the music watch that shuffle dance,

Roustabout, Lord y me, knocked about
can't you see

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They were the happy days there's no doubt.
That there is only one place for me?

CHORUS

On the Mississippi, On the Mississippi,

Where those boats go puffin' a-long,

Mississippi, darkies all go dip-py When they hear a

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little bit of rag-time melody. It seems I hear them sing-ing, see them

buck and wing-ing To the ban-jos ring-ing, Oh, my heart is cling-ing

To the Miss-iss-ip-pi, dear old Miss-iss-ip-pi, That's where

I was born...