Along The Mississippi Shore

Words by
HOWARD JOHNSON

Music by
WALTER DONALDSON

Allegro moderato

Till ready

Folks, if you're
No doubt, you've

feeling blue,
been around
Just look at me!
And seen a lot,

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You see my sunny smile,
In all those foreign climes.
You've had some all the while,
Dandy times.

Don't think you've seen it all,
Down home where I belong.

It's always gay,
I disagree.
Why don't you

Come a long?
See the world.
We'll start to day.
Till you come with me.
CHORUS

When we get to Missisippi, it’s goin’ to set you dippy, The way they treat you there, Just think of all the fun we’ll share; All the gals are your pals, what do you think they care? You’ll see the fields of cotton, Pickaninny trot-tin’! 
round the cabin door; Back home, where I used to be,
Dipping corn bread in my tea, we're goin' to stick it over heavy, dancing on the levee a-
long the Mississippi shore. When we shore.

D.S.