When The Robert E. Lee
Arrives In Old Tennessee, All The Way From Gay Paree

Words by
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Music by
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Brightly (Not too fast)

You re-mem-ber how the Robert E. Lee,
Wait un-till we hear that old whis-tle blow,

Used to be the ship that sailed the Mis-sis-sip-pi;
Last Sep-tem-ber she left
Then we'll go a rush-ing-down a-round the le-vee;
To each Dix-ie dark-ey

Old Ten-nes-see, She's a trans-port sail-ing the sea,
we used to know, What a wel-come we're goin' to show!

She'll bring them back home a-gain, and then!
Wait till they yell "Ship A-hey!" Oh, boy!

car-ried o-ver thou-sands of men,
ev-ry-body danc-ing with joy,
REFRAIN

When the Robert E. Lee arrives in Old Tennes-see, There's goin' to be some jubi-

lee;

You'll see gray-haired Mammy Jimsy, Wait-ing

for their soldier pic-nin-nes. And when each 'quaky Yank Stops on that old riv-er bank,

Oh, how happy we'll be! There'll be dark-ies par-ley-voo-ing all a-bout the

war, There'll be chick-en stew-ing like they nev-er had be-

fore. When the Robert E. Lee arrives in Old Tennes-see, All the way from Gay Par-

eel When the ree!