

Driving Levee [Textual Transcription]

2599 B1

DRIVING LEVEE

Oh, I b'lieve I git religion an' jine de church; I'll be a black-jack preacher, an' not have to work.

Louisiana is a murderer's home; It may be a graveyard, but it's my home.

Goin' to Oklahoma, git behind de sun; I don' mind rollin'; got to roll so long.

I been down jumpin' long; Well, I don' mind rollin', Cap'n; I roll so long.

There ain't but one thing worries my mind; I hate to go leave my Willie behind.

If ever I git back in de country; Gwine tell de boss, "Don't come for me."

Only one thing I done wrong; Stayed in Texas one day too long.

Oh, what can it be? Heart full o' sorrow an' misery.

I been down to Georgy an' Tennessee; Lookin' for de woman what's crazy 'bout me.

Sung by a group of Negro convicts, Clemens state farm, Brazoria, Texas, April 16, 1939.