

# Mississippi Delta Blues

Rodgers & Neville • 1933

With friends a-round and ev-en pals that I know are true,  
I long to hear the old folks sing them old melo-dies,

Still I'm lone-ly, home-sick and blue, There's no one—  
"Swanee Riv-er," "Sweet and Low," That sweet mag-no-lia

who can cheer me when I'm a-lone, Long-ing for my Miss-iss-ipp-i  
per-fume float-ing on the breeze, Way down south is where I long to

home. go. Way down in the del-ta on that Missisip-pi shore,—

In that muddy wat-er, I long to be once more. When night shad-ows

creep a-bout and the whippoor-wills call, You can hear old Gran-ny shout—

"Come in here you all." Way down on the lev-ee, stroll-ing in the pale moon-light,—

You can see those steamboats and the fields of snow-y white, There's a feeling I can't lose,— That muddy

water in my shoes, When I get that Mis-sis-sip-pi Del-ta Blues.—

De o de lay ee hee, o lay ee hee, de yo de lay ee ee ay hee—