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"Waiting For The Robert E Lee"

Words by
L. WOLFE GILBERT

Music by
LEWIS F. MUIR

Allegro moderato

Way

The
down on the levee in old Alabama, There's
whistles are blowin', the smokestacks are showin',

The
daddy and mamma, there's Ephriam and Sammy, On a
ropes they are throwin', excuse me, I'm goin' to the

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moonlight night you can find them all, While they are waiting
place where all is harmonious, Even the preacher

in' the banjos are syncopating! What's that they're saying
er, he is the dancing teacher. Have you been down

in? What's that they're saying in? While they keep playing
there? Were you around there? If you ever go

in' hummin' and swayin' It's the good ship
there you'll always be found there, Why dog gone,

Waiting For The Robert E Lee
Robert E. Lee—That's come to carry the cotton away,
here comes my baby On the good old Robert E Lee.

Chorus
Watch them shufflin' along
See them shufflin' along
Go take your best gal
real pal, Go down to the levee, I said to the levee.
-ee-- and Join that shuff-lin' throng,

Hear that music and song. It's simply great,

mate, Wait-in' on the levee, Wait-in' for the


2. Lee.

Waiting For The Robert E Lee