"Tempo di Jig-walk"

Piano

VOICE

Look at me, look at me, And you'll see a gal, With a heart bowed down with woe, Because I'm all alone, Far from my Southern home, Dixie

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Dan, dat's de man took me from de land of cotton to de cold, cold mind-ed North.

threw me down, Skipped dis town And I ain't nev-er seen him hence-forth.

Jus' cause I trust-ed, I'm broke and dis-gust-ed, I got de Cotton Belt Blues.

CHORUS

1. Dat man has left me in an aw-ful hole,
you see what a nast-y muddle I'm in,
I knew jus' where dat rap-scal-ion went,
trif-lin' man was us' a pleas-ure hound,
Cot-ton Belt is call-in' me right now,
I say he left me in a low-down
Can't you see what a mud-dle Ma-ma's
If I knew jus' where dat rap-sca-ion
Dat trif-lin' man was jus' a pleas-ure
Dat Cotton Belt is call-in' me right

hole,
De day I catch him Ma-ma's gon-na ruin his
in,
When my shoes wear out I'll be on my feet a-
went,
I'd find de sher-iff put de blood-hounds on his
hound,
When dey mess with me ma-ma kicks their dog-house
now,
I'll ride de rods and get my-self back home some-

1. soul.
2. Can't soul.
3. gain.
4. If scent.
5. Dat down.
6. Dat how.