

Ain' No Mo' Cane on de Brazis

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It ain' no mo' cane on de Brazis

Oh...

Done groun' it all in molazzis,

Oh...Better git yo' overcoat ready,

Well, it's comin' up a norther.

Well, de captain standin' an' lookin' an' cryin',

Well, it's gittin' so col',my row's behin'.

Cap'n doncha do me like you did po' Shine,

Drive dat bully till he went stone-blin'.

Cap'n, cap'n, you mus'be blin',

Keep on holl'in' an' I'm almos' flyin'.

One o' dese mornin's an' it won' be long,

You gonna call me an'I'll be gone.

Ninety-nine years so jumpin' long'

To be here rollin' an' cain' go home.

Ef I had a sentence like ninety-nine years

All de dogs on de Brazis won' keep me here.

I b'lieve I'll go to de Brazis line,

Ef I leave you here' gonna think I's flyin'.

B'lieve I'll do like ol' Riley,

Ol' Riley walked de Brazis.

Well, de dog-sergeant got worried an' couldn' go,

Ol' Rattler went to howlin' 'cause de tracks too ol'.

Oughta come on de river in nineteen-O-fo',

You could fin' a dead man on every turn row.

Oughta come on de river in nineteen an' ten,

Dey was drivin' de women jes' like de men.

Wake up, dead man, an' help me drive my row,

Wake up, dead man, an' help me drive my row.

Some in de buildin' an' some on de farm,

Some in de graveyard, some goin' home.

I looked at my Ol' Hannah' an'she's turnin'red,

I looked at my podner an' he's almos'dead.

Wake up, lifetime, hold up yo' head,

Well, you may get a pardon an' you may drop dead.

Well, I wonder what's de matter, somepin' mus' be wrong

We're stil I here rollin, Shorty George done gone.

Go down, Ol' Hannah, doncha rise no mo',

Ef you rise any mo' bring judgment day.

From American Ballads and Folk Songs, Lomax
collected from Mexico, Lightnin' and Dave Tippin at Central State
Farm, near Houston