

# In De Louisiana Lowlands - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

In de Louisiana Lowlands.

'Way down In Louisiana, not many years ago,  
There lived a color'd gemblem, his name was Pompy Snow,  
He played upon de banjo, and on de tamborine,  
And for rattling ob de bones, he was de greatest ever seen  
In de Louisiana lowlands, lowlands low, in de Louisiana lowlands low.

Chorus.

In de Louisiana lowlands, lowlands low,  
In de Louisiana lowlands, low.

One night, old Pompey started off to play for Caesar Clum,  
But afore he went he fortified, with a good, stout glass of rum;  
When on de road ho thought he saw a darkey, tall and grim,  
So Pompey laid de banjo down, to break de darkey's shin;  
In de Louisiana lowlands, lowlands low.-Chorus.

Says he, old chap, just move along, or else I'll spoil your face,  
But dis darkey didn't seem to move from out his hiding-place;  
So, drawing back, he crooked his head, and down at him-cachunk.  
But Pompey made a sade mistake, for 'twas nothing but a stump.-Chorus.

De stump it proved a little hard, too hard for Pompey's wool,  
For when he struck, de hickory knot went through de darkey's skull; \*  
Dey found his banjo by his side, and Pompey lying dead-

Spoken-And ladies and gentlemen, dis is de first time upon record, dat  
It was ever known of a darkey's ever coming to his death

By de breaking of his head.

Chorus.

Den dey buried in de lowlands, low,  
Den dey buried in de lowlands, low.