Alabamy Home

Ivie Anderson

I'm goin' home
Down there among the fields of cotton,
Down where the folks have not forgotten me
I feel blue just for a little girl I'm strong for,
Just for a certain one I long to see.
I'm goin' down aroun' my ALABAMY HOME
I'm gonna see the bee that makes the honey comb
The brindle cow will wag her tail,
As I fill up the pail I'll chase the flies and
I surmise she'll moo, "Thanks to you.
"I'll feed the chicks, and mix some barley with their corn
They love it so, I know they'll cluck for luck each morn
Then I will lie amid the hay
And call it all a day
Way down aroun' my ALABAMY HOME.
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