

# ALABAMA HISTORY PLAY LYRICS

## Canoe Song

My paddle's keen & bright, flashing with silver.  
Follow the wild goose flight. Dip, dip, and swing.

Dip, dip and swing her back, flashing with silver.  
Swift as the wild goose flies. Dip, dip, and swing.

## You're a Grand Old Flag

You're a grand old flag, you're a high flying flag;  
And forever in peace may you wave.  
You're the emblem of the land I love,  
The home of the free and the brave.

Ev'ry heart beats true under red, white, and blue,  
Where there's never a boast or brag.  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
Keep your eye on the grand old flag.

## The Capitals

First was St. Stephens, a real uptown place.  
Then there was Huntsville before the space race.  
Down by the river, old Cahaba is three.  
Tuscaloosa is number four. Is there more? Is there more?  
Last came the one that was built on Goat Hill.  
It was in Montgomery, and it's there still.  
Oh, honey, these are the capitals  
Found in Alabama's history.

## Follow the Drinking Gourd

Follow the drinking gourd. Follow the drinking gourd.  
For the old man is a-waiting for to carry you to freedom  
If you follow the drinking gourd.

When the sun comes back and the first quail calls,  
Follow the drinking gourd.  
For the old man is a-waiting for to carry you to freedom  
If you follow the drinking gourd.

Refrain: Follow...

Now the riverbank will make a very good road;  
Dead trees will show you the way.  
And the left foot, pegfoot, travelin' on,  
Just you follow the drinking gourd.

Refrain: Follow...

## The Boll Weevil

The boll weevil am a little black bug from Mexico they say.  
Come all the way to Bama just to find a place to stay.  
Just a looking for a home.

The first time I saw Boll Weevil, he was sitting on the square  
The next time I saw Boll Weevil,  
He had his whole family there.  
Just a looking for a home...

The boll weevil to the farmer said,  
"You'd better leave me alone.  
I done eat all your cotton, Now I'm starting on your corn."  
Just a looking for a home...

The merchant took half the cotton.  
The boll weevil took the rest.  
He only left the farmer just a single ragged vest.  
Just a looking for a home...

## Alabama State Song

Alabama, Alabama, We will aye be true to thee,  
From thy southern shores where groweth,  
By the sea thy orange tree.  
To thy northern vale where floweth,  
Deep and blue thy Tennessee,  
Alabama, Alabama, We will aye be true to thee.

## Tuxedo Junction

Way down south in Birmingham  
I mean south in Alabam's  
An old place where people go to dance the night away  
They all drive or walk for miles  
To get jive that southern style  
An old jive that makes you want to dance till break of day

It's a junction where the town folks meet  
At each function in a tux they greet you  
Come on down, forget your care  
Come on down, you'll find me there  
So long town, I'm heading for Tuxedo Junction now.

## Musical Interlude

Come on down, forget your care  
Come on down, you'll find me there  
So long town, I'm heading for Tuxedo Junction now.

## Sweet Home Alabama

Big wheels keep on turning.  
Carry me 'round old Alabam'.  
Let's sing a song about our great state,  
From the flowing Gulf to our dams.  
Get ready to jam!

Well, our favorite flower's the camellia.  
The yellowhammer is our bird  
Well, I do hope you all are listening  
We're in the Heart of Dixie, haven't you heard?

Sweet home Alabama,  
Where the skies are so blue.  
Sweet home Alabama,  
Lord, I'm comin' home to you.

In Birmingham, we had the steel mills.  
In Mobile, the first Mardi Gras.  
The space center's up in Huntsville.  
In Montgomery, they pass our laws.  
That's the truth.

Sweet home Alabama,  
Where the skies are so blue.  
Sweet home Alabama,  
Lord, I'm comin' home to you.

Ah, ah, ah, Alabama (4x)

Down in Auburn, we've got the Tigers.  
Tuscaloosa's got Bama, too.  
We cheer them on with our spirit.  
Roll Tide and Orange and Blue.  
Which one are you?

Sweet home Alabama,  
Where the skies are so blue.  
Sweet home Alabama,  
Lord, I'm comin' home to you.

Sweet home Alabama,  
Where the skies are so blue.  
Sweet home Alabama,  
Lord, I'm comin' home to you.