



Rakovnickéj potok

WHISTLING RUFUS

Kerry Mills

1. Down in de south whar de sly ole possum
Hides in de sycamore tree,
Dar lived a coon name o' Rufus Blossom,
Black as a nigger could be.
Rufe had a head like a big sledge hammer,
Mouth like a terrible scar,
But nothin' could touch him in Alabama
When he played on his old guitar.

Ref: Don't make no blunder.
You couldn't lose him.
A perfect wonder,
They had to choose him.
A great musician
Of high position
Was Whistling Rufus the One Man Band.

2. Miles he would tramp to a ball or party
In rainy weather or fine.
When he arrived, he was welcomed hearty.
Out came chicken and wine.
When he was froo wid de wine an' chicken,
He'd play an' whistle so grand,
You'd think dat de angels on harps was pickin',
And dey called him One Man Band.

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