AT THE GRINDIN' OF THE CANE
(A Louisiana Plantation Paean)

BY CLARENCE WAINWRIGHT MURPHEY

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To B---- who lives where the Sugar Cane grows.

At the Grindin' of the Cane.
(A Louisiana Plantation Paeon.)

Words by
FRANK STANTON

Music by
CLARENCE WAINWRIGHT MURPHEY B.A.

Con animato

Moderato assai

There was moonlight on the
I remember all a
The boys all had their
Oh, the ridin' an' the

meadows there was shades in the lane,
Bout it like as if it was today,
Sweethearts when the cane was took to mill,
Walkin' an' the talkin' with the girls,

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driv' a-long with Bes-sie to the grind-in' of the cane; It was
go-in' an' the com-in' how we took the long-est way; An'
made the most of moon-light when the eve-nin' was so still; They could
star-light on the meadow's an' the star-light on their curls; Oh: the

jest a-bove the vil-lage in a lit-tle spot of ground That was
how I wished the moon-light would-not make her lips so plain I could
hear their hearts a beat-in' with a pleas-in' sort of pain As they
night winds soft-ly creep-in' 'cross the val-ley an' the plain An' the

bright-er than the coun-try for a hun-dred miles a-round.
find them in the dark-ness, at the grind-in' of the cane.
walked an' talked to-geth-er, at the grind-in' of the cane.
sweet dreams of house-keep-in' at the grind-in' of the cane.
REFRAIN

An' twas drip, drip, drip, Oh! the juice was sweet to sip but

noth-in' to the sweet-ness of a ro-sy lean-in' lip, An'twas
drip drip drip, Oh the juice was sweet to sip, but

noth-in' to the sweet-ness of a ro-sy lean-in' lip.

At the G. 3

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