MIDNIGHT SPECIAL

This arrangement is from the song as rendered by midnight prowlers in Dallas and Fort Worth, Texas. It is impressionistic in style, delivering the substance of two lives in brief array. We see the man behind the bars looking out toward Roberta, who carries a document given her by some politician or precinct worker. The warden tells her, probably, the day is not Visitor's Day. As her man considers that he has twenty years yet to serve, he cries out that he would rather be under the wheels of a fast midnight train.



MIDNIGHT SPECIAL



Yonder come Roberta! Tell me how do you know?

By de color ob her apron and de dress she wo'.

Umberella on her shoulder, piece o' paper in her han',

She says to de cap'n: "I want my man!"

Let de Midnight Special shine a light on me,

Oh twenty long years in de pen-i-ten-tiar-y!

MOONLIGHT

- 4 I wish I had never been born
 Or had died when I was young.
 I would never have saw your sweet face
 Or heard your lyin' tongue.
- 5 If I had a-minded my mother I had been with her today, But I was young and foolish And you stole my heart away.

- 6 I have three ships on the ocean All laden with silver and gold; And before my darlin' should suffer I'd have them all anchored and sold.
- 7 If I had the wings of an eagle
 Across the wide sea I would fly.
 I would fly to the arms of my darling
 And there I would stay till I die.

MIDNIGHT SPECIAL. (2)

A fast train, such as "The Midnight Special," means a getaway, outside air, freedom. They sing about it in the Houston, Texas, jailhouse, and elsewhere. The verses here can with little or no practice be adjusted to the tune of Midnight Special (1) in our folio of Dramas and Portraits.

1 If you evan go to Houston,
You better walk right;
You better not gamble
And you better not fight.
T. Bentley will arrest you,
He'll surely take you down;
Judge Nelson'll sentence you,
Then you're jailhouse bound.

Refrain:

O let the Midnight Special Shine a light on me, Let the Midnight Special Shine a evah lovin' light on me!

2 Every Monday mawnin', When the ding-dong rings, You go to the table, See the same damn things; And on the table, There's a knife an' pan, Say anything about it, Have trouble with a man.

3 Yondah come Miss Rosy;
Oh, how do you know?
By th' umbrella on her shoulder
An' the dress that she woah!
Straw hat on her head,
Piece of paper in her hand,
Says, "Look here, Mr. Jailer,
I want's my life-time man."

