

Ethel Waters

"One Man Nan"

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One-Man Nan, a gal from Alabam,
Never loved but Good Man Sam,
Good Man Sam slipped off the levee one day;
He fell into the river, then he faded away;
When One-Man Nan got the news,
She started down the road and sang these weary
blues:

I'm going down to the levee
Where the water's heavy,
Gonna find my good man Sam,
I made a vow when I got him,
That I'd never drop him,
When he was in a jam.
Somebody told of Sam's sinkin',
That's my cup,
It's gonna be my place to pick him up.
I'm going down to the levee
Where the water's heavy,
Gonna find my good man Sam.

One-Man Nan,
Levee-bound,
Keeps slip-sloppin' on the ground,
Ripped up trees,
Roots and all,
Just like a cannon ball;
She outran her shadow,
Left it far behind,
Got it runnin' sideways
Just to keep from flyin',
Folks for miles round about,
Heard old Nanny shout:

I'm going down to the levee
Where the water's heavy,
Gonna find my good man Sam,
I made a vow when I got him,
That I'd never drop him,
When he was in a jam.
Somebody told of Sam's sinkin',

That's my cup,
It's gonna be my place to pick him up.
I'm going down to the levee
Where the water's heavy,
Gonna find my good man Sam

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