

## **Jimmie Driftwood**

### **"Mooshatanio"**

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(Jimmy Driftwood)

Along about eighteen-hundred, I guess  
I took me a trip into the wilderness  
Crossed the Mississippi, let my rifle roar  
No white man had ever been there before

I turned my face to the settin' sun  
And I lived by my knife and I lived by my gun  
I came to a river, called the Little Buffalo  
And met a pretty maiden, called Mooshatanio

Refrain:

Mooshatanio - Mooshatanio  
I hugged her and I kissed her on the Little Buffalo  
Mooshatanio - Mooshatanio  
The Big Chief's daughter was the Mooshatanio

A brave, called Buzzard and a brave, called Crow  
And a brave called Hawk, was for Mooshatanio  
They had a big battle with the arrow and the bow  
And the Hawk shot the Buzzard and the Buzzard shot  
the Crow

The Hawk and I went a-hunting on a hill  
And I knew, it was me, he was wanting to kill  
I left him a land where the honey suckles grow  
And said goodbye to my Mooshatanio

Refrain:

I went back home, my Mother to see  
And stayed thirty years in Middle Tennessee  
When I got back to the Little Buffalo  
They showed me the grave of my Mooshatanio

The young chief's heart was brave and true  
His hair was red and his eyes were blue  
His father and his mother, he let me know  
Was the Great White Spirit and the Mooshatanio

Mooshatanio, Mooshatanio  
He was my son, but I couldn't let him know  
Mooshatanio, Mooshatanio  
The Great White Spirit and the Mooshatanio

Refrain:

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