The Story of the Mississippi
written by Kelly Harrell, recorded by Ernest Stoneman

Way out in the Mississippi Valley
Just among those plains so grand
Rolls the flooded Mississippi River
Destroying the works of man

With her waters at the highest
That all men have ever known
She came sweeping through the valleys
And destroying lands and homes

There were children clinging in the tree tops
Who had spent a sleepless night
And without a bit of shelter
Or without a spark of light

With our prayers going up to the Father
For the break of day to come
That they would see some rescue parties
Who would provide for them a home

There were some of them on the house tops
With no way to give alarm
There were mothers wading in the water
With their babies in their arms

Let us all get right with our maker
As he doeth all things well
And be ready to meet in judgment
When we bid this earth farewell