

Evangeline

CHORUS

G D
E-vangeline, E-vangeline,
A D
Curses the soul of the Mississippi queen
A A7 D
That pulled her man a-way.

D
She stands on the banks of the mighty Mississippi
A
Alone in the pale moon-light.

Waiting for a man, a riverboat gambler
A7 D
Said that he'd return to-night.

They used to waltz on the banks of the mighty Mississippi
A
Loving the whole night through.

'Til the riverboat gambler went off to make a killing
A7 D
And bring it on back to you.

CHORUS

D
Bayou Sam, from the South Lousianne,
A
Had gambling in his veins.

Evangeline, from the Maritimes
A7 D
Was slowly going in-sane.

CHORUS

D
High on the top of Hickory Hill,
A
She stands in the lightning and thunder.

Down on the river the boat was a-sinking,
A7 D
She watched that queen go under.

CHORUS