Although this song at first appears to be a straightforward 12-bar blues, its structure involves fairly complex variations on this form. As is frequently the case for blues, the notated melody is also deceptively simple. Readers should note that neither rhythm nor pitch are precisely as notated here, since these are varied with a subtlety that is beyond my capacity to transcribe accurately. It is this subtle shading that gives this song its power, and those interested in the song are strongly encouraged to seek out the original recording. [Michael Pollock]
He was just hurt-in' with them ol' rooster blues. Got himself a hen to come and make it right. And eggs got laid in the house that night! Sure as five and five make ten, I ain't gon' dust my broom a-gain.

No matter if I am rich or poor, I ain't gon-na dust my broom no more, [twelve bar blues] [twelve bar blues] Well I ain't gon' dust my broom no more, Ain't gon-na dust my broom no more, (choke that chicken no more.)

Babe, Ain't gon-na dust my broom no more. 'Cause I made that gal my wife & friend & I ain't gon' dust my broom a-gain. Ain't gon'

Five and five, baby that make ten and I ain't gon' dust my broom a-gain. Made that gal my wife & friend & I ain't gon' dust my broom a-gain. I'm her most-er

She's my hen ain't gon' dust my broom a-gain.