



Roll the Cotton Down

Oh, away down south where I was born.

Roll the cotton down

Oh, away down south around Cape Horn.

We'll roll the cotton down

Away down south around Cape Horn,
You'd wish to God you' never been born.

Oh, we're outward bound for Mobile Bay.
Oh, we're bound away at the break of day.

Oh, Frisco town is far behind
And the girls down south are free and kind.

An' when we gets to Mobile town,
All hands will roll the cotton down.

Oh, a dollar a day is hoosier's pay
So bring yer screws and hooks this way

Oh tier by tier we'll stow 'em neat,
Until the bloody job's complete.

Oh we'll floor her off from fore to aft
Five thousand bales for this 'ere craft

Oh, around Cape Horn we're bound to go,
Oh, around Cape Stiff through the ice and snow.

Oh rock 'n shake her is the cry.
Oh the bloody topm'st sheave is dry.

Oh stretch yer backs and haul away.
We'll make the port an' take our pay.

Oh, Mobile Bay's no place for me,
So I'll pack my bags and go to sea.