

Roll the Woodpile Down

Way down south where the cocks do crow

'Way down in Florida

Them gals do dance to the old banjo

As we roll the woodpile down!

Rollin'! Rollin'! Rollin' the whole world 'round

That brown girl o' mine's on the Georgia Line

And we'll roll the woodpile down!

When I was a young man in me prime

I chased them pretty gals two at a time.

But now I'm old and going grey

Them girls turn around the other way

Oh rouse and bust 'er is me cry

A shellback's wage is never high.

O Curly goes on the old ran-tan

That Curly's just a down-east man.

We'll roll 'em high and we'll roll 'em low

We'll heave 'em up and away we'll go.

O one more heave and that'll do

For we're the boys to see 'er through.