



I'll work all night in the wind and storm, I'll work all day in the rain,
Till I find myself on the levee dock
In New Orleans again.

They make me mow in the hay field here And knock my head with the flairl, I'll go where they work with the sugar and the cane, And roll on the cotton bale. My lady love is as pretty as a pink, I'll meet her on the way, I'll take her back to the sunny old south, And there I'll make her stay.

So don't you fret, my honey, dear, Oh, don't you fret, Miss Brown, I'll take you back 'fore the middle of the week, When the Glendy Burk comes down.