

Sugar in the Hold

I wish I was in Mobile Bay,
Screwing cotton all of the day
But I'm stowing sugar in the hold below,
Below, below, below

Chorus

Hey, ho, below, below
Stowing sugar in the hold below <unh>
Hey, ho, below, below
Stowing sugar in the hold below

The J.M. White, she is a new boat
Stem to stern she's mighty fine
Beat any boat on the New Orleans line
Stowing sugar in the hold below

The engineer shouts through his trumpet
"Tell the mate we got bad news.
Can't get any steam for the fire in the flue"
Stowing sugar in the hold below

Well here I am, I've got the Delta blues
Stowin' sugar without shoes
I stamp my foot, I've got a boat to tow
Stowin' sugar in the hold below

The captain's on the quarter deck
Scratchin' 'way at his old neck
And he cries out, "Heave the larboard lead"
Stowing sugar in the hold below

<Repeat verse 1 starting with "So">
<Chorus x2> †