Down In The Co'n Fiel' - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

DOWN IN THE CO'N FIEL'.
By Will & Hays.

I see de black smoke rollin' high,
'Way down yonder in de corn-field;
Dat boat am comin' by and by,
'Way down yonder in de corn-field;
I hear dem engines belchin' steam;
She's a-comin' whoopin' up de stream:
She's gettin' warm when de whistles scream,
'Way down yonder in de corn-field-Den

Chorus.
Hanna wake me airly in de morn,
I'm a-gwine down yonder to de shuckin' ob de corn;
I'll nebber come home till I hear de dinner horn
From 'way down yonder in de corn-field.

I hoe de corn to de end of the row,
'Way down yonder in de corn-field;
When you get to de fence den lay down your hoe,
'Wav down yonder in de corn-field;
Get on de fence an' you'll see her come;
Dem big wheels fillin' de rinbber wid foam;
It's de Baton Rouge, and she's gwine home,
'Way down yonder in de corn field-Den- Chorus.

Dem Anchor Line boats am fast an' fine
'Way down yonder in de corn-field;
But Bixby's boat am de boss ob de line,
'Way down yonder in de corn-field;
Look at de smoke and de steam she make;
Catch all de fast boats-gib 'em de shake;
No use talkin', for she sails for de cake,
'Way down yonder in de corn-field-Den-Chorus.