

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Push Boat

Push Boat

Going up the river,
From Catlett'sburg to Pike,
Working on a push boat,
For Old Man Jeffery's Ike.

Working on a push boat
For fifty cents a day;
Buy my girl a brand-new dress
And throw the rest away.

Working on a push boat,
Water's mighty slack;
Taking sorghum 'lasses down
And bringing sugar back.

Pushing mighty hard, boys,
Sandbar's in the way;
Working like a son-of-a-gun
For mighty scanty pay.

Going down Big Sandy
With Pete and Lazy Sam;
When I get to Catlettsburg,
I'll buy myself a dram.

Going down the river,
I live in Buffalo;
Lordy, lordy, Cynthia Jane,
Don't I hate to go.

I wish I had a nickel,
I wish I had a dime;
I'd spend it all on Cynthia Jane
And dress her mighty fine.

The weather's mighty hot, hoys,
Blisters on my feet;
Working on my push boat
To buy my bread and meat.

Working on a push boat,

Working in the rain;
When I get to Catlettsburg,
Good-bye, Cynthie Jane!

From Treasury of Mississippi River Folklore, Botkin

note: pushboats plied the rivers, traveling downstream being steered by a
long pole pushed against the bank.Labor-intensive. RG

apr96