When The Henry Clay Comes Steaming Into Mobile Bay

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Weep no more—my Honey,
Sunshine Moses is dancin',
Every-one's happy
Happy his sweet-

-py in Mobile to-day,
-heart is comin' to town,
Cheer up, child, be
Deacon Jones is
Sunny, Put on your glad rags and hustle away,
prancin' He grabs the Parson and bobbles around,

See those darkeys runnin',
Just watch Sister Eva,

Beat it, ma hon, for the shore, To day's the day that the
Just like a lady she sits, And Broadway Jones he done

Henry Clay, Comes a-steamin' in once more:
grabs the bones, And remarks, I'll shoot two bits.
CHORUS

When the Henry Clay comes steaming into Mobile

Bay, What-cha say, what-cha say, what-cha say, When the

Henry Clay comes ploughing thro' the foam and

spray, On her way up the bay, Hip, Hur-ray!
Bandannas are a-wavin',

How those dar-kies are behavin', When the


say, Henry Clay, When the Clay.