

# Mississippi Mud

Harry Barris • 1927

When the sun goes down, the tide goes out, the peo-ple gath-er 'round and they all be-gin to shout:

"Hey, hey, Un-cle Dud,— it's a treat to beat your feet on the Mis-sis-sip-pi mud, it's a

treat to beat your feet on the Mis-sis-sip-pi mud." What a dance— do they do,—

lord - y, how I'm tell - in' you,— They don't need no band, they keep

time by clap-pin' their hand, Just as hap-py as a cow chew - in' on a cud when the

peo - ple beat their feet on the Mis - sis - sip - pi mud.

Lord - y, how they play it, Good-ness how they sway it, Un cle Joe, Un cle Jim, how they

pound the mire— with vig-or and vim. Joy, that mu-sic thrills me, boy, it real-ly kills me, What a

show when they go, say, they beat it up eith - er fast— or slow.