

Sugar hill

If you want to get you eye knocked out
If you want to get your fill
If you want to get your head cut off
Just go to sugar hill

Jay bird on the mountain top
And a red bird on the ground
Black bird in the sugar tree
Shaking that sugar down

They said she got mighty sick
And what do you recking ailed her
Drunk three quarts of sugar top
And then ther stomach failed her

Then cents in my pocket book
And don't you hear it jingle
I'm going to court them pretty gals
As long as I stay single

Yonder comes my own true love
And how do you think I know
Tell her by her shoe fly dress
That comes from sugar store

Get your banjo off the wall
Grap your fiddle, Bill

Hitch the horses to the sleigh
We're going to sugar hill