

I met old Satan through the door, and I hit him on the head with a two by four,
And I'm going to wear that starry crown, over there.

Chorus:

Over there, over there, I'm gonna wear that starry crown over there,
For I got no skillet and I got no lid,** and the ashcakes taste like shortening bread,
And I'm gonna wear that starry crown, over there.

I met old Satan down the lane, and I hit him in the head with a walking cane,
And I'm gonna wear that starry crown, over there.

I chased old Satan round the stump, and I gave him a kick for every jump,
And I'm gonna wear that starry crown, over there.

I met old Satan through the door, and I hit him on the head with a two by four,
And I'm going to wear that starry crown, over there.

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