

# Climbing Up The Golden Stairs - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

Climbing Up the Golden Stairs.  
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Come all you little niggers,  
Now watch your cues and figures,  
Climbing up the golden stairs-  
If they think you are a dude,  
They will treat you rather rude,  
When you're climbing up the golden stairs.

Chorus.  
Then hear them bells a-ringing,  
'Tis sweet, I do declare;  
Oh, hear them darkies singing,  
Climbing up the golden stairs.

Old Peter looked so wicked  
When I asked him for a ticket,  
Climbing up the golden stairs;  
If I give him a half dollar,  
He will grab me by the collar  
And fire me up the golden stairs.-Chorus.

Old Satan he's a dandy "  
He'll not feed you on mixed candy,  
When you're climbing up the golden stairs;  
Brimstone is good enough,  
No tobacco, beer or snuff,  
When you're climbing up the golden stairs.-Chorus.

They'll lock you in a stable,  
Make you tight for Cain and Abel,  
Climbing up the golden stairs;  
Old Adam and his wife  
They will play the drum and fife,  
To greet you on the golden stairs.-Chorus.

Go tell the Jersey Lily  
That the sights would knock her silly,  
Climbing up the golden stairs;  
And tell John L. Sullivan,  
He'll have to be a better man,  
If he wants to climb the golden stairs.-Chorus.

Bob Ingersoll's respected,  
But I think he'll be rejected,  
Climbing up the golden stairs;  
Oh, won't he kick and yell  
When they fire him into-well,  
Climbing up the golden stairs.-Chorus.