

# High Daddie - song lyrics

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

HIGH DADDIE.

The sun's gone down to take a little sleep,  
The moon's come out to take another peep;  
Then wake up, boys, for master's gone to bed,  
We'll have a spree if we haven't got a red.

Chorus.

Then, darkie, never die, black face and china eye,  
Go down to the barnyard, boys, the owl's on the roos';  
High Daddie won't come nigh, he's choked on chicken pie,  
'Tis all " O. K.," I say, and right upon the goose.

I know'd a darkie, and his name it was Joe.  
I know it was, for he once told me so;  
He used to hoe and dig up all the land,  
Hut now he says that work is contraband.-Chorus.

He drank skimmed milk from morn 'till night,  
Somebody said that it would make him white;  
But let him drink until he gets his fill,  
He's always bound to be a darkie still.-Chorus.

His color will stick, but that's not a sin,  
To wash it off you're compelled to rub it in;  
For darkie will be darkie, as I have said before,  
To the end of the world, and for two days more!-Chorus.

The black man is a very curious thing.  
His jay-bird heel can shuffle, cut and wing;  
But till him up with gin and lay him in the shade,  
He'll work verv well, especially if he's made!-Chorus.