

A High Old Time - song lyrics

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A HIGH OLD TIME.

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Words and Music by Harry C. Talbert.

Oh, my, don't you hear me humming?

We'll have a jolly time.

Join in the ranks, everybody's coming,

We'll have a jolly time;

Gwine to be a dancing match, give a goose away.

We'll have a jolly time,

Clear away de table, gwine to cut her loose,

We'll have a jolly time, we will.

Chor.

We'll have a jolly time, won't them wench'es shine?

Come before you're late, pull out your pencil and slate,

And make a note of the high old time.

No use talking, we'll drive away the blues,

We'll have a jolly time,

Come up a walking in your low cut shoes,

We'll have a jolly time;

Sister Jane and Mary Ellen,

We'll have a jolly time,

Gwine to cut a big watermelon,

We'll have a jolly time, we will.-Chorus.

We'll have dancing, we'll have singing,

We'll have a jolly time,

Every coon in de house keep winging,

We'll have a jolly time;

Just you keep your bright eyes glancing,

We'll have a jolly time,

All the coons and wench'es dancing,

We'll have a jolly time, we will. - Chorus.