

Pompey's Honeymoon - song lyrics

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POMPEY'S HONEYMOON.

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Words and Music by Edward J. Virtue.

I'm gwan to old Kentucky to spend my honeymoon,
To be congramulated, like a high fallut'n coon,
I saunt a 'ram by de grapevine to 'spect me berry soon,
For I'm gwan to dear Kentucky to spend my honeymoon.

Chorus.

Yah, yah, yah, yah, yah, yah, Ain't I a happy coon?

I'm gwan to old Kentucky to spend my honeymoon.

My wife she am de lubliest gal dat eber you did see.
She beats the rose of Texas and belle of Tennessee;
Her nose am like a punkin, her mouf from ear to ear,
And eb'ry time she sees me she calls me Jugum dear.-Chorus.

When we arrived in dear Kentucky we heard a bully cheer
From de crowd on the platform, fo' we uns dey did steer,
Dey shout'd loud and wav'd dar hats and rais'd us by de bar.
Den slam'd us down side by side in a Rush'n bottom char.-Chorus.

Do c'm'ittee of derangements knock'd us down to de *Mar,
Who 'spress'd his gratulations from de hall outside de stars,
Den we all sot down to sup'r of t stage-planks and lem'nade,
We dane'd all night till daylight, den home did slamenadc.-Chorus.

* Mayor, t Giner-bread.