

Dar's A Watermelon Spoilin' Down At Johnson's - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

DAR'S A WATERMELON SPOILIN' DOWN AT JOHNSON'S.

Copyright, 1894, by Spaulding & Gray.

Words and Music by J. W. Wheeler.

Tell de darkles all to hustle, for de whistle's gwine to blow,
Send de little picaninnies for to wake up Uncle Joe;
Tell de wenches dot de steamer's getting ready for to go.
And a watermelon's spoiling' down at Johnson's.

Chorus.

No more this season, 'tis the last of the crop,
Creep low, for if that gun shoots, some one's gwine to drop;
Go slow, be careful darkies, look out, don't stop,
Dar'e a watermelon spoilin' down at Johnson's.

Get Miss Liza Anna Bonaparte to fetch old Uncle Joe,
He's de coon to make de music with his fiddle and his bow;
He can call off nigger figures best of any one I know.
While we scoop that watermelon down at Johnson's.- Chorus.

We will dance de double shuffle, while de moon am shining bright.
And we'll keep de music ringing 'till de middle of de night;
When de boat goes up de river, just before de morning light,
They'll be shy a watermelon down at Johnson's.-Chorus.