

That Great Big Yaller Coon From Baltimore - song lyrics

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THAT GREAT BIG YALLER COON FROM BALTIMORE.

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Words and Music by Billy Johnson.

When you turn out on a Sunday at the hour of half-past nine,
If the weather is not cloudy and the sun does brightly shine,
You can step out on the avenue, but keep your eyes ahead,
And you'll see a great big darkey, who has just turned out of bed;
He is right dead up to snuff and wears a monstrous diamond pin;
He calls himself the ladies pet and always drinks his gin;
If any one should ask him for his name, 'twould make him sore;
But he'd wink one eye and whisper, "I'm that coon from Baltimore."

Chorus.

For he's that coon from Baltimore, you must have heard of him before;
You'll see his name in print upon his door,
But he says he's not to blame, because his father did the same,
And he's that great big yaller coon from Baltimore.

Now, this coon took in a party that was given in a flat;
There were other darkies shining, but he didn't cure for that,
And he mashed a sawed-off wench, who wore a wig upon her head,
And, as she was very, very dark, her dress was made of red;
Everything was running very smooth 'till one coon pulled a knife.
And said he didn't like no man to make love to his wife;
This coon was spoiling for a fight, but always watched the door.
For he didn't like the looks of that big coon from Baltimore-

Chorus.

For he's that coon from Baltimore, you must have heard of him before;
The fellow whom the ladies all adore:
And if they start a light, he'll use his left as well as right,
For he's that great big yaller coon from Baltimore.

Just at one o'clock the hostess asked the party down to dine;
All the wenches bristled to the front, the gents fell dead in line,
Then this strange coon said he wasn't there to kick up any muss,
But if he "got left" on chicken, there would surely be a fuss;
Then they all began to holler, and the neighbors made a kick;
The landlord came around next day and put them on the bricks;
They went and got a warrant, and it made the darkey sore;
He is now in jail and wishing he was back in Baltimore.

Chorus.

For he's that coon from Baltimore, I know you've heard of him before;
He says his name is John Elijah Noah;
When his time is done up there, if he can only raise the fare,
He'll catch the first train that pulls out for Baltimore.