

The Ringtail Colored Band - song lyrics

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THE RINGTAIL COLORED BAND

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

Down in Johnson's cellar meets de ringtail colored band;
Dey turn out just once a week, make all de noise dey can,
Dey all march on so stiff and gay,
Don't say a word; get out ob de way,
Fo' dey own de town many miles around,
When de band turns out.

Chorus.

Den oh, my honey, kiss me nice, kiss me twice;
Um-um, honey, come again just de same,
Den you see de niggers get in line and shape der figures,
When de ringtail colored hand begins to play.

Taller gals all 'long de line are dressed up for to kill;
When dey hear dat music chime dey really can't keep still,
While eb'ry coon, whose cane can twirl,
Den marches front with his honey girl;
All de kids in de street dey get lost fo' a week,
When de hand turns out.- Chorus.