

I's A Little Curly-headed Coon - song lyrics

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I's a Little Curly-Headed Coon.
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Words and Music by Alb. H. Fitz.

I's de happiest little nigger in de town,
And I's living just to pass de time away,
Is a little dash of sunshine, 'deed I is,
I But a wicked little coon de people say,
Ma old mummy tells me dat I isn't good,
And I'll never get to Heaven very soon,
But it don't cut any figger wid die sassy little nigger,
For I's a little curly-headed coon.

Chorus.
I's a little curly-headed coon, I's little curly-headed coon.
Born down in old Virginny, and I's mammy's pickaninny,
I's a little curly-headed coon, I's a little curly-headed coon,
Born by de light of de moon, 'way down in old Virginny,
And Is mammy's pickaninny, Is a little curly-headed coon.-[Dance]

When de days am awful hot and time is slow,
And I wants to keep a-hidin' from de sun,
I goes over in de alley wid de other little nigs.
It is dere we sing and dance and hub some fun,
It Is seneben come eleben, t'row dem dice,
I's twine to have your money mighty soon,
Get down dere, man, And patter, and I'll do de "Cincinnati,"
I's a little curly-headed coon.- Chorus.