

Mr Johnson - song lyrics

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MR. JOHNSON.

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Words and Music by Ben R. Harney.

T'other eb'ning when eb'ryting was still, oh, babe,
De moon was climbin' down behind de hill, oh, babe;
T'ought eb'rybody was a sound asleep,
But a old man a Johnson was a on his beat, oh, babe.
I went down into a nigger crap game.
Where de coons were a gambling wid a might and main;
T'ought I'd a be a sport and be dead game;
I gambled my money and I wasn't to blame;
One nigger's point was a little, a Joe,
Bettin' six bits t'a quarter he could make de four;
He made that point, but he made no more.
Just den Johnson junip'd through de door.

Chorus.

Oh, Mr. Johnson, turn me loose,
Got no money but a good excuse;
Oh, Mr. Johnson, I'll be good.
Oh, Mr. Johnson, turn me loose;
Don't take me to de calaboose;
Oh, Mr. Johnson, I'll be good.

Late de other eb'ning when the sun was down, oh, babe;
I went down on old man Johnson's chicken farm, oh, babe;
Climbed in the chicken loft on my knees.
Was a half way a through when the chicken sneezed, oh, babe.
I'll tell you, if you will only keep still,
'Bout a mile and a half from Louisville;
I am so nerbous dat I can't keep still,
When I think about it I can feel a big chill,
A big black coon was a-lookin' fer chickens.
When a great big bull-dog got to raisin' the dickens;
De coon got higher, de chicken got higher,
Just den Johnson opened up fire.

Chorus.

I got no chance for to be turned loose,
Got no chance for a good excuse.
Oh, Mr. Johnson, I'll be good;
And now he's playin' seben eleben,
'Way up yonder in the nigger heab'n;
Oh, Mr. Johnson made him good.