Nobody Knows The Trouble I See - song lyrics

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Nobody Knows the Trouble I See.
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Good folks, listen, listen to me right,
I'm chuck full of trouble from morning until night;
Fell down stairs with my head full of bother,
If I'd fell another step, I'd went a step farther,
Oh, sisters, won't you come?
Brothers, won't you come along too?
Come along and jine us, without a boot or shoe,
For nobody knows the trouble I see.

Chorus.
Nobody knows the trouble I see,
Nobody knows, nobody but me,
Nobody knows the trouble I see,
Nobody knows, nobody but me.

Young Hannah Beasely, an' ole Jim Brown,
Hitch up do horse and take 'em in to town;
Made some mistake in regard to the hitch,
The horse got unruly, and throwed 'em in the ditch,
Kicked so high with the Injun rubber switch,
He throwed Hannah Beasley in the middle of the ditch,
Old Jim Brown in the middle of the street,
And nothing sticking up but Hannah Beasley's feet.-Chorus.

Took my gal to a dance in the town,
Ten feet in the cellar on the bare ground;
She done a double shuffle that she never done before,
Her feet grew so large she couldn't get them out the door.
Now I'm married, an' my troubles have begun,
With a sassy, fat wife and homely little son;
I could stand all this, and wouldn't care a straw,
If I didn't have to board my mother-in-law.-Chorus.