

The Colored Band - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

THE COLORED BAND.

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I hear de music playing.
As I came down de street,
Reminds me of a colored band
Dat used to play so sweet;
Ev'ry member was a coon,
And pop'lar airs dey played;
You ought to bear de music
At a dance or on a p'rade.

Chorus.

Turn, turn, turn, de cornet went,
Played by Jimmie Riddle:
Zome, zome, zome, de ole trombone,
Johnson played de fiddle:
Tute, tute. tute, de clari'net.
Played by Jones' wife.

Music on the fife.

When de band begins to play
Den de people march away;
Hear de foolish wenches say:
Watch den coons, give dem room,
Ain't got long to stay.

Jones' wife am tall and black.
And seven feet she stands-
She wants to be de leader
Of dat awful colored band;
She plays de drum and cymbals,
Most beautiful to see;
Her eyes was red, and de wig on her head
Was built in forty-three.-Chorus.

One evening in de Summer
Dey went out to serenade;
Dey'roused de folks for miles around
Wid discords dat dey made;
De police came to stop de row,
Dey thought dere was a fight;
Dat colored band marched band in hand
To de station-house dat night.-Chorus.