

Annie, Who Played The Banjo - song lyrics

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

Annie, Who Played the Banjo.

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There's a charming girl, I know she's fond of music very,
When I call to see her she will always sing and play for me
Selections from the "opera bouffe," and marches military,
Each dainty little finger's filled with sweetest melody;
Talk about the music made by orchestra or band,
She can make the sweetest music in the land.
Plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk plunk, plunk!
Plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk!

Refrain.

Annie who plays the banjo, plunk, plunk,
So fine, plunk, plunk,
She's mine, plunk, plunk!
Annie who plays the banjo, plunk, plunk,
Her touch, it is something divine,
Annie who plays the banjo, plunk, plunk!
Best yet, plunk, plunk,
You bet, plunk, plunk!
Under her window I softly go,
While Annie plays on the banjo, plunk, plunk!

When her dad was fast asleep I used to serenade her,
Then she'd raise the window just to let me know she was there;
I'd sing the sweetest songs I know and everything I played her,
'Till her old dad would show his foot, a number eleven pair.
Say, young man, who do you seek, speak out without delay?
To her father then these words I'd have to say:
Plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk!
Plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk!-Refrain.

Now we're wed and in our home we have a little cradle,
I'm the father of a very sweet and bouncing girl,
I know she's found of music, for she bawls when she is able,
I walk the floor till early morn, my brain is in a whirl.
What made me seek this wedded life, that's what I'd like to know?
Then Annie answers back so sweet and low:
Plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk!
Plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk!-Refrain.