

Mammie's Little Black-faced Child - song lyrics

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Mammie's Little Black-Faced Child.

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By Sam Devere.

Oh, sway down South, where de niggers pick de cotton,
Dar's a happy little black-faced boy;
Oh, be sits all day on his mammy's knee a-trotting,
He's his papy's little pride and joy.
When de work am done and de niggers leave de cotton field.
You'll see a pair of darkies that will smile,
When they see over yonder in de corner of de kitchen-

(Spoken: Who?)

Why, mammy's little black-faced child.

Chorus

And when I say he looks like his mammy,
Dis little huckleberry-headed coon,
He'll sing and dance, while his mammy keeps a-patting,
And his daddy he whistles this tune.- Whistle.

Oh, de coons all say dat this little picaninnie
Is de idol of de old man's heart:
Wid his coal black face and his little eyes a-shining,
You can bet we will never part.
Oh, I works all day totin' wood down to de lever,
And I stacks it in a great big pile;
But when I git home, who you s'pose I'll see awaiting?

(Spoken: Who?)

Why, mammy's little black-faced child.- Chorus.