

Only A Little Yaller Coon - song lyrics

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ONLY A LITTLE YALLER COON.
Copyright, 1896, by E. Clark Reed.
Words and Music by Chas. Shackford.

Dah's a mighty heap ob turble
Brewin' down in Tennessee,
And it's all about a little yaller coon.
Now dis little pickaninny
Was as black as he could be
On de mornin' he was born, de fast ob June.
Now de cause ob dis commotion.
Was de fact dat ober night.
Exactly on de fullness ob de moon,
Dat dis little pickaninny
Changed his skin from black to white,
In de morn dey found a little yaller coon.

Chorus.
Sleeping by the fire, in his mammy's arms,
While she sings to him this tune:
Honey, don't yer cry, wipe yer shiny eye,
You'se gwine to be a little yaller coon.
nebbber mind yer color ir yer heart ain't black,
Better days am comin' soon;
Wipe yer shiny eye, you'll always live and die
Only just a little jailer coon.

Eb'ry darkey in de county
Came to see de wond'rous sight
When dey heard about dis little yaller coon;
And dey rolled dere eyes to heaben,
And declared he would be white,
'Cause his skin changed at de fullness ob de moon,
But at last his mammy slated
That she had a pow'ful fright,
On de evenin' dal dis little coon was born,
For an old white rooster warned her,
By his crowin' in de night,
Dat her honey boy would be a yaller coon.- Chorus.