

Ma Caroline - song lyrics

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MA CAROLINE.

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Words and Music by Lee Johnson.

I'se won & cullud lady, she's de belle of Mobile,
Um, um, ma honey:
Dem sporty nigs and high-toned coons my gal try to steal,
Um, um, ma honey;
Every Sunday with my gal I'm out,
The wenches and de coons all shout,
When I do the promenade on de high-tone boulevard,
With my own sweet Caroline. Yes,

Chorus.

She's my Caroline, my sweetness divine,
Dressed in satin gowns ma honey looks fine,
When she passes by coons all heave a sigh,
Ann they shake bye bye as she passes down de line.

Next Sunday at de cullud church of Zion I'll wed,
Um, um, ma baby;
All decked in orange blossoms and a swell gown of red,
Um, um, ma baby;
Then our wedding bells will sweetly chime,
with my honey gal I'll full in line,
Den de jealous coon will see Parson Jackson give to me
My own love, my Caroline.- Chorus.