

# Is Your Lub True, Ma Honey - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

Is Your Lub True, Ma Honey?

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Words by Oscar Castro. Music by John Kramer.

Is your lub true, ma honey, when I ain't got no money,  
To prove It, come kiss me,  
I know all darkies are after you for bein' de hottest wench in view,  
Both sosisety and break-down jamboree.  
To a color'd hop will -take you, Sallie, 'cross de street ob Clabber Alley,  
It's dere I'll roll de dice if dere's  
No hoodoo nigga in de place, will dress you in silk and lace,  
And make you look like a queen, Liza.

Chorus.

Oh, my baby, tell me quick, does you lub me dearly?  
Oh, my baby, am gitin' sick from thinkin' ob you sincerely;  
Oh, my baby, come right away, am fadin' inch by inch;  
Oh, my baby, don't delay, but fall in my arms and clinch;  
Oh, my baby, your a-sunshlne. all the niggers you're puttin' in a trance;  
Oh, my baby, from South Carolina,  
With your pasmalala wing and kutchey kutchey movement dance.

You may talk 'bout your raggin' bowery dance and cake walkin',  
None will compare wid dis neer one;  
There'll be music called for free, and written by a man from Ten'see,  
I tell you dere'll be fun.  
It is dare I'll treat my turtle dove, my sweetest and only love,  
On ice cream, jelly cakes, dat's fly;  
When I clop both my hands, you'll see my gal do de midway dance,  
And through de hall will hear dis reply:-Chorus.