

Little Huckleberry - song lyrics

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LITTLE HUCKLEBERRY.

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Words and Music by Fay Templeton

Out all day a-hoein' corn,
Ain't I happy when I get back home
And see dat sassy little baby
Standin' at the door;
Little Huckleberry, dat's her pretty little name,
She love me, an' I feels de same;
An' for dis feelin' I'se not ter blame,
Good Lord! I'se not ter blame, for don't yer

Chorus.

Know she's ma prize,
With her little kinky head an' chiny eyes;
Little Huckleberry from Savannah,
An' for short I calls her Hannah,
An' she truly dotes on me.

Came home late the other night,
Goodness me, but I had a flight;
Fer no little coon stood at de door
To welcome mammy home.
Look'd all around, an' I felt like lead,
Ma legs was shaking, I was nearly dead,
When a sweet little voice from under de bed,
A voice from under de bed said, "Mammy,

Chorus.

Here Is your prize.
With ma little kinky head and chiny eyes;
Little Huckleberry from Savannah,
An' for short yo' calls me Hannah,
An' yo' always dote on me."

Grabb'd her out from under de bed,
Pull'd her 'round by de hair ob de head;
I beat her so she won't sit down
Again for many a day,
But I felt so bad when she began to cry,
Pick'd her up and wiped her eye;
I hugged and kissed her little brown, face,
An' in her ear did sigh, 'Ma precious.

Chorus.

You Is ma prize,
With your little kinky head an' chiny eyes;
Little Huckleberry from Savannah,
An' for short I calls her Hannah,
An' yo' truly dote on me."