

He Cert'ny Was Good To Me - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

HE CERT'NY WAS GOOD TO ME.

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Words by Jean C. Haver. Music by A. H. Sloane.

Jes' gimme piece O' paper, gwine to mak-a mah will,
Gwine to leab all ma money to ma sweetheart a-Bill.
When de odder niggahs fool aroun' uh gib 'em all a shove,
For dere's only one black man dat I luv,
I had anoder papa, but I shook him a-quick.
For I heard about a-how he had a sweetheart, thick.
When dey comes aroun' a-courtin' all I says is "Don't annoy,"
Gwine to stick right close to ma honey boy

Chorus.

For he cert'ny was good to me, 'deed he cert'ny was good to me.
When I was sick he paid ma bill,
I loves dat man an I always will.
For he cert'ny was good to me, 'deed he cert'ny was good to me.
I love dat coon an' I always will,
'Cause he cert'ny was good to me.

Ma sweetheart got arrested 'bout a week ago,
An' he last all his money on de police row.
So I sent him down de money an' dey let him out again,
Nebber git my black boy in de pen.
Last night I done a-wanted some a-chlcken a-stew.
An' I wanted it so bad I didn't know what to do.
When I said "I had no idea where to git de money at,"
He said "Niggah gal, doan' you worry 'bout dat."

Chorus.

Oh, he cert'ny was good to me, 'deed he cert'ny was good to me.
He done come around wid a bar'l full of game,
I doan' know wnar he got it, but I eat it Jes' de same,
For he cert'ny was good to me, 'deed he cert'ny was good to me,
I love dat coon an' I always will,
'Cause he cert'ny was good to me.

He took me out a-skatin' on de pond one night,
Not a cloud in de sky and the moon shone bright;
Done mention to mah baby not to handle me rough,
Ah's a little bit scared o' dat slippery stuff.
Done lef' me fer a moment fer to tie his skate,
Kep' a tryin' mah best fer to stand up straight.
But I done awobble dis way and done awobble dat,
in less dan haf a minute didn't know where I was at.

Chorus.

But he cert'ny was good to me, he cert'ny was good to me.
Done set down so hard I was bleeding at de nose.
But de niggah had liniment in his clothes,
And he cert'ny was good to me, he cert'ny was good to me.
I love dat coon and always will,
'Cause he cert'ny was good to me.

He said to me look hyah, gal, dere's a niggah ball to-night,
En lse a-gwine to take you, but you doan' want ter light,
Las' time you done went out wid me you beat Miss Mandy Brown,
If you does it any moan lse goin' to trow you down.
I said I would be good and woh my Sunday clo's.
But the niggahs go to lighten as dey always does.
Bliss Brown she done mention I was poor trash from de South,
And mah foot it had to be detached from out de lady's mouth.

Chorus.

But my baby was good to me, he cert'ny was good to me;
At fast he said he'd shake me, 'cause I pasted Mandy Brown,
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Den he dug up fo'ty dollars for to get me out of town,
And he cert'ny was good to me, he cert'ny was good to me;
I love dat coon and I always will,
'Cause he cert'ny was good to me.