Ketch On - song lyrics

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KETCH ON.
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Kind a folks, just a listen to dis darkey's refrain.
How he managed to ketch on to dill glory train;
How he followed dem kyars till his feet was froze.
An' how he ever got dar goodness only knows.
An' din dar was trubble, a heap, heap ob trubble,
A mighty right ob trubble on de ole man's mind,
But now dis trubble am gone to de debbil,
An' dere's no more trubble on de olo man's mind.

Chorus.
Dem kyars. dem kyars,
Dem gilded kyars to glory,
Ketch on, ketch on.
Ketch on, ketch on, ketch on.

Den dis glory train struck a powerful gate,
An' a faster hoss-time den dis nigger man made;
Over ties and trussels by de light ob de stars,
Dis coon he clinched on to dem glory kynrs.
An' den dar was trubble. a heap, heap ob trubble,
A mighty Bight ob trubble on de ole man's mind;
But now dis trubble am gone to de debbil,
An' dere's no more trubble on de ole man's mind.-Chorus.

When I'm a sailor on de Jasper sea
I want all you niggers for to look up at me;
I'll be steerin' ob de ship to de shores ob gold.
An' you coons on de banks will be badly sold.
An' den dar was trubble, a heap, heap ob trubble,
A mighty sight ob trubble on de ole man's mind;
But now dis trubble am gone to de debbil,
An' dere's no more trubble on de ole man's mind.-Chorus.