Hannah's Done Stuck On A Coon - song lyrics

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Hannah's Done Stuck on a Coon.
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Dar's a heap ob trouble I'm obliged to tole,
An' my heart am full of woe;
Dis wool am changin' from its cold black hue.
It am turnin' just as white as snow.
An' de cause ob all my tribulations,
My brothers I'll tole you soon,
Dar's been no cherrybubs about dis house,
Since Hannah's got stuck on a coon.

Chorus.
Hannah's done stuck on de coon,
Hannah's done stuck on de coon;
She's gone on de figger ob a big swell nigger,
Yes, Hannah's done stuck on de coon.

I raised dat gal in de Baptis' camp,
To trabel in de righteous way;
No low down niggah could come nigh dat chile.
She was sweeter than de new mown hay.
But she's gone and went wid a yallar moke
And lef me to sing dis tune:
Dar's great commotion in de ole man's mind,
Since Hannah's done stuck on a coon- Chorus.

I would not worry if his hide was black,
My mind would be at ease;
But she's done skedaddled wid a Washed out coon,
As yallah as a hunk of cheese.
But I've got a club, and a razor, too,
Gwine to spile dat honeymoon-umph!
Dar'll be trouble in de family shuah
When de ole man finds dat coon.-Chorus.