The Barbers' Barbecue - song lyrics

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THE BARBERS' BARBECUE.
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Words and Music by Joe Flynn.

Sim Dimpsey am a barber, a saffron-co'ered coon.
He's gwine to run for Congress, and de 'lection's mighty soon;
So de barbers' aid society done go make up dheir minds
To have a dandy barbecue, of de good old ginger kind;
Dar'll be some roasted chickens, lots of ham din's sweet and fine;
To keep your eye-balls rolling, watermelons off de vine;
Oh! Sally, sling your garments on, git in de push, now do;
Don't lose no time, but fall in line, for de barbers' barbecue.

Chorus.
Den come and jine de celebration,
Put on your stylish mantle, too;
De train am waitin' at de station,
Hear dem shoutin', "All aboard," for de barbers' barbecue.

Sim Dimpsey does de speech in' and brings along de band;
De members will have razors lyin' handy to dheir hands;
Just in case de wenches squabble, dey'll be ready for to flash;
And every time dey glisten, den some coon will cut a gash;
De wet goods will be plenty, but you must'nt get too full;
For de old Kentucky liquor don't agree wid nigger wool;
Oh, glory, Hannah, shake your hoof, shove up de line now do;
Don't charge no pay, come, git away to de barbers' barbecue.-Chorus.

Den come and jine de meetin', just place your arm in mine;
Bring all de pickaninnies, promise you a happy time;
Oh, Mandy, bring your honey boy, and hurry quickly do;
Don't miss de sage and onions at de barbers' barbecue;
Den git a move on, chillin, come and shake your bones and dust;
Bring on your appetite And eat and drink until you bust;
Oh, Lindy, smack your liver lips; don't wait to tie your shoe;
Come fill your face wid possum at de barbers' barbecue. - Chorus.