Parson Johnson's Chicken Brigade - song lyrics

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

Parson Johnson's Chicken Brigade.
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Words and Music by Lee Johnson.

Oh, de moon am shinin' bright,
An' de coons am out to-night,
An' we'll rob de deacon's hen-roost fo" de dawn;
If we coons don't work too slow.
An' de roosters do not crow.
We'll hah a chicken pot-pie in de morn.
Parson Johnson am our leader,
He's de boss old chicken stealer.
An' he tote's his razor an' he car's a pun;
Dar's gwine to be some fun
If de chickens dey do run
From de Parson's Chicken Brigade. Now!

Chorus.
Fall in, you black coons, jine de Parson's fatgate:
We'll rob all de hen roosts wid dis dark-town brgade.
So, coons, draw yo' razors now an' don't work too slow,
An' bag dem big roosters, fo' dey am sho' to crow.

Now you black coons all fall in,
An1 we'll hah some nigger gin.
Den I'll call de roll ob dis dark-town patrol.
Now ma 'structions to ma leaders,
An' dis band oh chicken stealers,
Dat bags de noblest bird dat squats de roost.
You mus' sneak dem roosters quietly.
Or dem birds will crow precisely
When you niggers boos' yo' brudders to de roost;
Swar to me dat you will land,
Wid yo' trusty blade in hand.
On de niggers not in dis band. Now!- Chorus.

Oh! de church bells dey do ring.
An1 de black coons all flock in.
And de lamb of God will preach dis Sunday morn,
He will preach on chicken stealin'.
Now, you wicked Coons, be kneelin'
When de pa*son climbs de pulpit ob de Lord;
Now, you niggers, I'm a-squealin',
Fo' I'se 'cused oh chicken stealin';
Now. den, draw yo' razors, dar's gwine to be a fight,
Fo' I'se gwine to take a hand;
Wid dis razor I will land
On de niggers ob dis coon church.-Chorus.

Ebery coon did draw his steel,
An' de parson he did peal,
An' de deacons an' de wenches dey did squeal.
Dar waz blood upon de moon.
An' ded wenches and ded coons.
But de Parson he waz leader ob de race.
He had drawn de winnin' hand,
Wid his razor he did land;
Chillun chillun, how he made dem black coons squark;
He's a tough ole sparrow hawk,
An' de boss cock ob de walk,
An' de Parson ob dis coon church.- Chorus.

Now de church am draped in mornin'
On dis solom Sabbath mornin',
An' de parson, he am full ob nigger gin,
He am on anudder lark,
An' hah lost his golden harp.

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And de niggers say he am no lamb of God.
All de deacons dey am sighin'.
An' de wenches am a-cryin'
Fo' dere lubbed ones dal was slaughtered in de fight;
Now the funeral starts at three;
What a dark sight it will he
Fo' de Lord an' debbil to see.- Cho.

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