Down On De Banks Ob De Mississippi Ribber - song lyrics

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DOWN ON DE BANKS OB DE MISSISSIPPI RIBBER.
(A Mississippi Cat-fish Nig.)
Copyright, 1896, by Frank Tousey.
Words by R. A. Browne. Music by Chas. Coleman.

Once a little yaller nigger sat afishin' on a dock,
Afishin' for de fishes down below,
And he waited fo' an hour but he nebber got a bite,
De catchin' it was mighty, mighty slow;
Den dis little yaller nigger got disgusted with his luck,
As he felt a drowsy feeling o'er him creep.
So he tied the line onto his foot to wake him up in time.
Den he curled himself up And he went to sleep.

Chorus.
Down on de banks ob de Mississippi Ribber,
Down on de ribber shore;
Dere is just anudder nigger gone to Hebben, daft all,
An' he'll nebber go aflshin' any more.

On de bottom ob de ribber snoopin' round about de mud,
Was a daddy fish ob most de biggest size; .
Nebber thinkin' ob de little nigger fishin' up above,
'Till he saw de bait before his very eyes.
Den he flipped his tail And fins and gaily winked his other eye.
And he said "Dere is my dinner sure as sin,"
Den he gave a little nibble an' he swallow'd book and all.
And be pulled so hard be pulled de nigger in.- Chorus.

When de mornin' came de neighbors walkin' down de ribber shore,
Found de fish and found de little nigger, too.
Tangled up and both together in de Mississippi mud,
How it happened no one ever really knew;
And a question's nebber answer'd in dat little darkey town,
Tho' to solve it is each neighbor's earnest wish,
The conundrum, if the fish had caught de little yaller nig,
Or de little yaller nig had caught de fish.- Chorus.