Dat Cin'omatograph - song lyrics

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

DAT CIN'OMATOGRAPH.
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Words by Levin C. Tees. Musio by Prof. Harry Pabet.

I got Into a scrape one day while out enjoying life,
Down at Atlantic City with another feller's wife;
Her front name was Susannah, her t'other name was Birch,
Her husband was a friend ob mine, a pillar ob de church,
I treated her to peanuts, coldslaw, and oyster stew,
I rode her on a carousal gave her watermelon, too:
I bathed her and I floated her, I tickled her till she laughed,
When a feller snapped our picture wid his cin'omatograph.

Chorus.
Hal ha! ha! Ho! ho! he!
Didn't dem niggers get onto me;
Dar was I, a member of de church,
Sitting on de sand a-huggin' Sister Birch,
When a man came along, gib a grin an' a laugh,
Snapped our pictures wid his cin'omatograph.

Now six months passed away, and then our church it held a fair.
And Brudder Birch and his good wife, my wife and me were dar;
We all sat down together eating cakes and lushing cream,
While de parson did a dance dat made de people yell and scream.
But de feature ob de show dat made de people laugh,
Was dat old photographer wid his cin'omatograph;
De picture dat he struck at fast came like a thunder clap,
Was me a-sitting on de sand wid de sister on my lap.-Chorus.

Oh, dar was trouble in de church, as you might all suppose,
When up like mad Jumped Brudder Birch an' hit me on de nose;
I went to hit him back, but de parson jumped on me,
Up rose de congregation, Just as far as you could see.
Dar was swearin', dar was flghtin', dar was tearin' ob de hair,
Dat was de end of harmony at de old church fair;
Oh, dar was tears and tribulations de only one to laugh
Was dat cussed photographer wid his cin'omatograph,-Chorus.