Don't Fool, Dat Black Gal's Mine - song lyrics

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DON'T FOOL, DAT BLACK GAL'S MINE!
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Words and music by Harry Macdonoagh.

High-tone coon jus' arrived in town,
Said his name was Persimmon Brown;
He look'd sheep's eyes at the gal I like.
Dat Zulu thought he would make a strike,
Done hab heaps of fun;
I went fo' him wid a great big gun;
Oughter see him run! Wough!

Chorus.
'Low no foolin' wid a gal of mine!
Coons, remember, she ain't in yo' line;
Fo' I'se de only one wid her can shine,
To' nigger! yo' nigger! don't fool! dat black gal's mine!

When dat coon found me on his track,
Draw'd a razzer from down his back;
I aimed dat gun an' he 'gin to squawk.
Den out of town be done took a walk;
"Honey," den said she,
"To keep me safe, 'spose yer marry me!"
We's enigaged, yo' see. Wough!- Chorus.

Weddin' day am a-comin' soon,
Done invite ev'er yaller coon;
When Parson Jones be done make us one,
I'll hab no use fo' to keep a gun;
Happy all de day!
Dem nigh-tone coons dey mus' keep away,
An' no more I'll say, Wough!-Chorus.