America's Pickaninny Twins - song lyrics

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AMERICA'S PICKANINNY TWINS.
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Words and Music by Jno. I. Mulroy.

Down yondah, in the suthin part of Gawgia,
Whar de cotton an' de sugarcane does grow;
Tha' was bawned a pair of little pickaninnies.
And it's jest that six or seven yeahs ago.

Spoken-Yes, it is.

Tha' was twenty-seven niggahs in the family,
Every one was named from Jeffeson to Jo,
Then to name the kids ole mammy tried so mightily,
But at last she said. I'll have to let it go.

Spoken-Po' mammy!

Not long ago she had a mighty gatherin',
Massa Johnson, Cook and Jackson all cum in.
Then without a-half a-tryin'. Mars' Jackson says, Aunt Dine,
We's a-gwine to name the pickaninny twins.

Chorus.
Mars' Johnson named me Dewey, Mars' Jackson called me Miles,
With white folks we jest kills it with our new American styles;
We're not like common niggahs, we weahs de swellest things,
We're the Suthin'-'bredded, fuzzy-headed, pickaninny twins.

We's runned away from home to go a-travelin',
We're a-gwine to visit all the biggest towns;
We will mingle in the swellest of society,
And we'll have the blak fo' hundred show us 'round.

Spoken-'Deed we will.

Now we's lookin' for two culled gals of 'bilities
To walk fo' cakes an' cut de pigeon wing;
We will ovahlook their sassafras proclivities.
But for style they'll have to be the propah thing.

Spoken-No lie, honey!

Thar's gwine to be a passemla this evenin',
An', of course, these kids am gwine to take it in.
All the coons will take a fit, we'll make an awful hit,
As the patriotic pickaninny twins.-Chorus.