# Bye, Bye, Mistah Jackson - song lyrics

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

BYE, BYE, MISTAH JACKSON.
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Words by Ed. Gardenier. Music by Chas. Kohlman.

I called at ma baby's house, 'twas on a Sunday night.
When I peeked frew de wlndah pane, why I got an awful fright.
I seen de wench what promised fo' ter marry me in June,
She wuz spoonin' in de pariah wid a lemon cullud coon.
Den I got zasperated an' yanked de bell so hard
Dat out come ma lady lub an' handed me a card.
She slammed de doah right in ma face, it nearly knocked me dead;
I read de writin' on de card, an' dis is what it said:

Chorus.
Bye, bye, Mistah Jackson, I'se got annudder coon
Dat matches ma complexshun, I'se a high-class octocoon.
Ob course it wouldn't matter if you'd been a mullatter,
but as it is you see.
It's no use, cut loose! you're too black for me.

'Twas mighty tantalizin' ter tink dat Hannah Brown
She objected to ma cullah. and delib'rate frew me down.
Ma dandruff kep' a-risin", I wuz thirstin' for de gore
Ob dat low-down valler nigger, so I busted in de doah.
I wanted heaps of troubbel, was itchin' for a fight,
I got it in a minute an' soon I wuz a sight:
I landed in de guttah, as dey carted me away,
De last ting I remembah wuz I heard Miss Hannah say:-Chorus.