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Walk Along John

Author Unknown

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WALK ALONG JOHN,

Johnny Brock, from Chickalaw,
De strangest chap I eber saw,
put his coat on before his shirt,
'cos he has no shirt to wear.

Yar, yar, yar!

So walk along John, walk along John
Arnt you bery glad your days works done

Boss gave him oats to feed de hoss,
He eat 'em himself, and march off
'What Dobbin had,' said Boss, you flat?
'Nothing at all, and not quite dat.'

Yar, yar, yar!

So walk, John, &c.

John took turnips to feed de sheep
But gib 'em instead green 'bacca leaf;
What you do wid de turnips, you hungry
glutton?

why, keep 'em till I get some mutton.

Yar, yar, yar!

So walk, John, &c.

Boss, going out to a place of note,
Orders John to beat his coat,
What do you tink John do dat minit?
Beat de coat wid de master in it.

Yar, yar, yar.

So walk, John, &c.

Johnny lay on de railroad track,
De engine come straight on his back;
Johnny did'nt cry, not whince, nor whine
But cried "Do dat again you'll hurt my
spine"

Yar, yar, yar.

So walk, John, &c.

Boss gave John a pound ob tea,
A sort of stuff niggers don't often see;
Johnny could not make tea by any means
But put it in de pot to boil like greens,

Yar, yar, yar!

So walk, John &c.

Boss wop Johnny—he run away;
They ne'er found him, till t'other day,
Put him to work in a double gang
And give him cowskin instead of ham.

Yar, yar, yar!

So walk along John, walk along John
Arnt you bery glad your days works done