The Pickaninnies Paradise.

Words by
SAM EHRLICH.

Music by
NAT OSBORNE.

Piano.

What's the matter Honey there's a tear in your eye,— Do
Run and play my Honey by the mulberry tree,— Just
white folks say you don't know where you go when you die?— come to your mam—my dear,— Now
stay right near the window where your mam—my can see—now don't you feel so blue,— For

Don't you fear I will tell where colored children go when they leave here,
I love you,— and the white folks told me Honey, that they love you too—

There's a happy land above the sky so blue,— And listen child what's waiting for you.
If they speak about the skies up over head,— Just tell them dear what your mam—my said.

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Chorus.

You lay your black kink-y head in a bed on a pillow of white

When you sleep tight

—the angels watch over you ev'ry night The griddle cakes pop from the ground With sweet molasses all around

Old Uncle Joe is playing tunes up on his old banjo The streets are all paved with gold I am told ev'ry bird in the skies has diamond eyes now ain't that nice so very nice

Ev'ry little kink-y headed girl and boy—has the cut-est sil-ver po-ny

for a toy In the place they call the Pick-a-ninnies Par-a-dise You lay your dise.

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