

# Git Along Home, My Yaller Gals.

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One day, just at de set ob sun,  
When all my work was did an' done,  
I took my banjo an' I played  
'Twixt de sunshine an' de shade.

CHORUS—Git 'long home, my yaller gals,  
De eb'ning sun's declining,  
Git 'long home, my yaller gals,  
For de dew on de grass am shining.

I cast my eyes up to above,  
An' saw de light ob heavenly lub;  
De comet set de clouds on fire,  
Lord, how dese n [REDACTED] did suspire. (CHORUS.)

De zephur cum from out de south,  
De bull-frog caught him in his mouth,  
De bull-frog grabbed him by de tail,  
De wirgin moon hung down her wail. (CHORUS.)

A 'possum on a 'simmon tree,  
Wid one eye looked right down on me;  
Fast by his tail de critter hung,  
An' in de chorus sweetly sung. (CHORUS.)

De alligator in de brake,  
Plays fass asleep when he's wide awake,  
He wants to suck some n [REDACTED] in,  
As massa does a glass ob gin. (CHORUS.)

If I did own an ole gray hoss  
I would de Alleganie cross,  
I'd cross de mountain an' de plain,  
An' neber hoe de corn again. (CHORUS.)

Oh! tired hab grown de weary hours,  
Dey're gone to bed among de flowers,  
My own true lub I'll go an' see,  
An' wid her drink some ginger tea. (CHORUS.)