Away down Souf

Stephen Collins Foster (1826 - 1864)

1. We'll put for de Souf, ah! dat's de place for de steeple chase and de bul-ly hoss race, Come a long to Cu-ba and we'll dance de pol-ka-ju-ba.

2. My lub she hab a very large mouf, One cor-ner in de Norf, tud-der corn-top blos-som and do cane brake grown, Way down Souf, whar de corn grow.

Po-ker, brag, euch-er, sev-en up and loo, Den chime in nig-gas, won't you come a long too?

No use talk-in' when de nigga wants to go Whar de corn top-blos-som and do cane brake grown, Den

www.cipoo.net  -  Copyleft: this work of art is free, you can redistribute it and/or modify it according to terms of the Free Art license http://artlibre.org