If Every Star Was A Little Pickaninny

Words by
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Music by
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Moderato con moto.

Till ready

Two little kinky tots,
They rolled their big black eyes

Just like two inky spots, Sat a-gazing at the yellow moon up yonder,
Up to the great blue skies, Just in time to see a shooting star a-falling,

One said. I heard there are Somebody in each star,
One says: That goes to prove, Something makes those stars move,

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And I'm guessing what is in the moon, I wonder! Tother said: No one knows,
Guess that pick-a-ninny heard the chicken calling. Spose, honey, when we die,

But, honey, just suppose, This is the way things were. If
We go up in the sky, Up near the chicken moon. If

CHORUS

every star was a little pick-a-ninny, And there

was a little chicken in the moon, — Say there'd be no light, Cause
early some night, Each eon would take a knife and fork and spoon. Then soon they'd
cook him in the dipper on the milky, milky way, And we'd have
chicken dinner morning, night and noon. Oh! if ev'ry star was a
little pick-a-ninny, And there was a little chicken in the moon.