The Pickaninnies Paradise.

Words by
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Music by
NAT OSBORNE.

What's the matter Hon-ey there's a tear in your eye, Do
Run and play my Hon-ey by the mul-ber-ry 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 win-dow where your mam-my can see now don't you feel so blue For

don't you fear I will tell where col-ored chil-dren go when they leave here,
I love you and the white folks told me Hon-ey, that they love you too

There's a hap-py land a-bove the sky so blue And lis-ten child what's wait-ing for you.
If they speak a-bout the skies up o-ver head Just tell them dear what your mam-my said.
Chorus.

You lay your black kink-y head in a bed on a pil-low of white. When you sleep tight

the an-gels watch o-ver you ev-ry night The griddle cakes pop from the ground With sweet mo-lass-es all a-

round Old Un-cle Joe is play-ing tunes up-on his old ban - jo The streets are all paved with gold I am
told ev-ry bird in the skies has dia-mond eyes now ain't that nice so ver-
y
	nice Ev-ry lit-tle kink-y head-ed girl and boy has the cut-est sil-ver po-ny

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