

# THAT NIGGER TREADED ME ALL RIGHT

AS SUNG BY  
**FLO IRWIN**

WORDS AND MUSIC BY  
Walter Housley  
AUTHOR OF  
FLO I LOVE YOU SO  
HE CARVE DAT NIGGER WHEN  
WE MEET



FLO IRWIN

MUSICAL SUPPLEMENT  
TO THE  
**SUNDAY EXAMINER**

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# "THAT NIGGER TREATED ME ALL RIGHT."



Arr. by LEWIS REITERMAN.

Words and Music by  
Walter Hawley.


Intro.



1. My ba-by gone and left me and my heart's done broke, He took all my mon-ey put my clothes in soak. He  
2. Last summer we was rid-ing on a pic-nic boat, Just to make it pleasant, why we took a float: But



e-ven stole my chickens and my sweet po-ta-to pie, And gived em to a-noth-er gal, now dat aint no lie, But I  
when we was re-turn-ing, dat's de-time we had a row Raz-ors, pistols and lead pipe was used, I'll al low. And a



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certainly must remember how good he's been to me. Took me to the circus all the fun-ny things to see; And  
 big Mis-ter nig-ger tried to walk all o-ver me. He grabbed him by the collar and chucked him in the sea; Just

says, "altho' youse shady, youse my on-ly colored lady." Den dat nigger went and shook me, but I know he loved his baby,  
 den dey started bit-ing, and the worst kind of fighting, In less than half a min-ute we was found without a fight, sa'

Dat nigger treated me all right, Deed, he cert'nly treated me out o' sight. I  
 Dat nigger treated me all right, Deed, he cert'nly treated me out o' sight. Ho

saw the ze-ber-ee and the monkeys drinking tea, And all the oth-er an-i-mals in that me-na-ge-rie; Yes, dat  
 start-ed in to kiss dis here dainty lit-tle miss, Right then I was mighty sure I had him on my list, For dat

nigger treated me all right, If you dared to in-sult me he would fight. Of  
nigger treated me all right, If you' dared to in-sult me he would fight. I'

1st. course he stole my cloes, and wreck'd dis darkie's heart, Still, dat nigger treated me all right. Dat'  
2nd. D.C. know' he stole my cloes, and crush'd dis darkie's heart, Still, dat nigger treated me all right.

D.C.

2. We went out one evening to a watermelon patch,  
We came across a hen coop, so we lifted up the latch;  
Inside was some chickens dar a roosting on a stick;  
Goodness me! I can't see how dat nigger was so thick.  
Here come the farmer, had a gun long as dat;  
Done pulled the snapper and away went my hat.  
Oh my! I wanted chickens, but dat farmer raised the dickens,  
But I was glad to get away without those lovely pickens.

Chorus. Dat nigger treated me all right, deed, he certainly treated me out o' sight.  
When he come from that hen coop round his neck he had a hoop,  
Twas filled with hens and roosters. So we had some chicken soup.  
Yes, dat nigger treated me all right, If you dared to insult me he would fight.  
He robbed me of my clothes and tampered with my heart,  
But dat nigger treated me all right.

4. Now I want to tell you how we first fell in love,  
He called to see me, his little turtle dove.  
My mammy didn't like it, so we planned to elope;  
Dat man got a plank and a long piece of rope;  
Well, just at midnight, when everything was still,  
Here come my baby a drivin' up der hill.  
Of course we didn't tarry, so assisted by my Harry,  
The plank was fixed for me to slide, then we was gwine to marry.

Chorus—That nigger treated me all right, deed, he certainly treated me out o' sight.  
I was quiet as a snail, I was scared and I was pale.  
I slid down upon that plank, but in the middle was a nail;  
Yes, dat nigger treated me all right, when I got off dat plank I was a sight!  
I tore my bestest cloes, I was bleeding at der nose,  
And dat nigger treated me all right.