

# “TEMPTATION”

BY

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I done got ‘uligion, honey, an’ I ’s happy ez a king;  
Evahting I see erbout me ’s jes’ lak sunshine in de spring;  
An’ it seems lak I do’ want to do anothah blessid thing  
But jes’ run an’ tell de neighbours, an’ to shout an’ pray an’ sing.

I done shuk my fis’ at Satan, an’ I ’s gin de worl’ my back;  
I do’ want no hendrin’ causes now a–both’rin’ in my track;  
Fu’ I ’s on my way to glory, an’ I feels too sho’ to miss.  
Wy, dey ain’t no use in sinnin’ when ‘uligion ’s sweet ez dis.

Talk erbout a man backslidin’ w’en he ’s on de gospel way;  
No, suh, I done beat de debbil, an’ Temptation ’s los’ de day.  
Gwine to keep my eyes right straight up, gwine to shet my eahs, an’ see  
Whut ole projick Mistah Satan ’s gwine to try to wuk on me.

Listen, whut dat soun’ I hyeah dah? ‘tain’t no one commence to sing;  
It ’s a fiddle; git erway dah! don’ you hyeah dat blessid thing?  
W’y, dat’s sweet ez drippin’ honey, ‘cause, you knows, I draws de bow,  
An’ when music’s sho’ ‘nough music, I ’s de one dat’s sho’ to know.

W'y, I 's done de double shuffle, twell a body could n't res',  
Jes' a-hyeahin' Sam de fiddlah play dat chune his level bes';  
I could cut a mighty caper, I could gin a mighty fling  
Jes' right now, I 's mo' dan suttain I could cut de pigeon wing.

Look hyeah, whut 's dis I 's been sayin'? whut on urf 's tuk holt o' me?  
Dat ole music come nigh runnin' my 'uligion up a tree!  
Cleah out wif dat dah ole fiddle, don' you try dat trick agin;  
Did n't think I could be tempted, but you lak to made me sin!