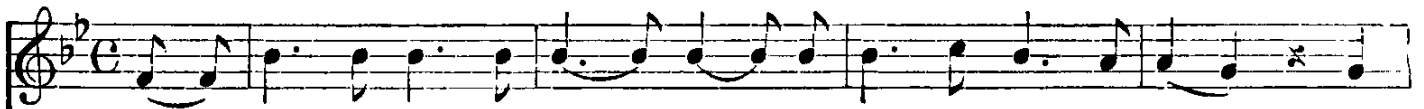
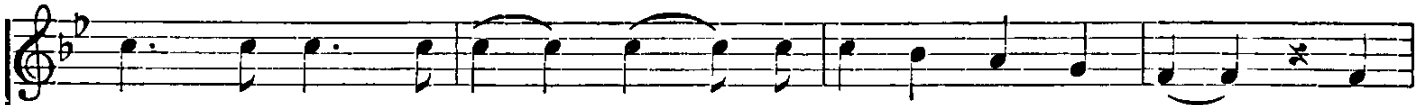


## A Little More Cider

A. HART



1. I love the white girl and the black, And I love all the rest, I  
 2. When first I saw Miss Snow - flake 'Twas on Broadway I spied her, I'd  
 3. Oh! I wish I was an ap - ple, And Snow-flake was an - oth - er, Oh!  
 4. But now old age comes creep - ing, We grow down and don't get bigger, And



love the girls for lov - ing me, But I love my - self the best; O,  
 give my hat and boots, I would, If I could have been be - side her; She  
 what a pret - ty pair we'd make, Up - on a tree to - geth - er; How  
 ci - der sweet and sour then, And I am just de nig - ger; But



dear, I am so thirst - y, I've just been down to sup - per, I've  
 look'd at me, I look'd at her, And then I cross'd the street, And  
 bad the dar - kies all would feel, When on the tree they spied her, To  
 let the cause be what it will, Short, small, or wi - der, She





drank three pails of ap - ple jack, And a tub of ap - ple but - ter.  
 then she smil - ing said to me, "A lit - tle more ci - der sweet."  
 think how lus - cious we would be, When we're made in - to ci - der.  
 am de ap - ple of my soul, And I'm bound to be be - side her.



CHORUS



A lit - tle more ci - der too, A lit - tle more ci - der too, A



lit - tle more ci - der for Miss Di - nah, A lit - tle more ci - der too.

