Copper Kettle

Jump, Little Children

Get you a copper kettle Get you a copper coil Fill it with new made cornmash And never more you'll toil.

You'll just lay there by the juniper While the moon is bright Watch the jugs a'filling In the pale moonlight.

My daddy, he made whiskey And my grandaddy did too We ain't paid no whiskey tax Since seventeen ninety-two.

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Make you're fire with hickory Hickory, ash, and oak Don't use no green or rotten wood They'll catch you by the smoke.

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