

# HOT CORN, COLD CORN

Traditional Old-Time Song Tune; **DATE:** Earliest report-1859; **CATEGORY:** Fiddle and Instrumental Tunes; **RECORDING INFO:** New Lost City Ramblers; Holy Modal Rounders; Don Reno and Bill Harrell with the Tennesse Cutups; Flatt and Scruggs; **OTHER NAMES:** "Green Corn," "Green Corn, Come Along Charlie," "I'll Meet You in the Evening," "Barnyard Banjo Pickin';" **NOTES:** A nonsense song popular with both blacks and whites, according to Charles Wolfe. It is attributed by a least one source to singer and guitarist Asa Martin of Estill County, Kentucky, although his version seems to be from tradition. The famous bluegrass duo Flatt and Scruggs performed it under this title. African-American collector Thomas Talley, in his book *Negro Folk Rhymes*, published a version under the title "Bring on Your Hot Corn," apparently the first time it appeared in print, although Randolph (2:342-343) has a version called "I'll Meet You in the Evening." Wolfe points out it was recorded by Leadbelly as "Green Corn, Come Along Charlie."

Hot corn, cold corn, bring a - long a de - mi - john Hot corn, cold corn, bring a - long a de - mi - john

bring a - long a de - mi - john Hot corn, cold corn, bring a - long a de - mi - john

Fare thee well, Un - cle Bill, see you in the morn - ing, Yes — sir.

© 2006 by Mel Bay Publications, Inc. BMI  
All Rights Reserved.

**G**  
Hot corn, cold corn, bring along a demijohn  
**D**  
Hot corn, cold corn, bring along a demijohn  
**G**  
Hot corn, cold corn, bring along a demijohn  
**D** **G**  
Fare thee well, Uncle Bill, see you in the morning, Yes sir.

Upstairs, downstairs, down in the kitchen  
Upstairs, downstairs, down in the kitchen  
Upstairs, downstairs, down in the kitchen  
See Uncle Bill, he's a raring and pitching, Yes sir.

Old Aunt Peggy won't you fill 'em up again  
Old Aunt Peggy won't you fill 'em up again  
Old Aunt Peggy won't you fill 'em up again  
Ain't had a drink since I don't know when, Yes sir.

Yonder comes the preacher and the children are a crying  
Yonder comes the preacher and the children are a crying  
Yonder comes the preacher and the children are a crying  
Chickens are a hollering, toenails are a flying, Yes sir.