

# Old Black Kettle

**Dolly Parton**

(Dolly Parton) Well I remember when I was just little  
Mama used to cook on an old black kettle  
On an old wood stove she'd had since she was wed  
Well the oven door was sprung a little bit  
So we propped it up with a forked stick  
But that didn't matter cause Mama kept us fed  
My mama and daddy must have loved each other  
Cause I had eleven sisters and brothers  
And the girls worked just as hard as the boys did  
There was corn to hoe then we'd go hoe it  
We might have been poor but we didn't know it  
We'd heard that word but we didn't know what it meant  
Oh we used to have such a good life  
And the days that I knew then are the happiest I've known  
And oh didn't we have such a good time  
It's sad to think the old black kettle's gone Well there was nothing that pleased us any better  
Than when we got an occasional letter  
From kin folks livin' up north in some big town  
We'd think of all the games we'd play  
And we just couldn't hardly wait  
When our city cousins said they'ze a comin' down  
Now Mama's done away with the old black kettle  
She used to cook in when I was just little  
And the door ain't sprung on her electric range  
That little farm and home we had  
It ain't there no more and that's too bad  
Folks are doin' away with the simple things And oh we used to have such a good life  
And the days that I knew then are the happiest I've known  
And oh didn't we have such a good time  
It's sad to think the old black kettle's gone

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