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# The new negro forget-me-not songster

# The new negro forget-me-not songster

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**THE NEW  
...  
NEGRO FORGET-ME-NOT  
SONGSTER:**

**CONTAINING  
ALL THE NEW NEGRO SONGS  
EVER PUBLISHED,  
WITH A  
CHOICE COLLECTION OF BALLAD  
SONGS, NOW SUNG IN CONCERTS.**

---

**CINCINNATI:  
PUBLISHED BY U. P. JAMES.**

6-3-37-C. F. L. - Work Form - 1.65

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NEW SONGS,  
SEE PAGE 165.



# NEGRO MELODIES.

---

## CYNTHIA SUE.

A most popular Negro Melody, as sung by all the famous colored melodists, with unequalled applause.

Long 'fore dis time, dis nigger dwell  
In place called Tuscaloe,  
I loved a gal with tarry skin,  
Her name was Cynthia Sue!  
Oh, Cynthia, my darlin' honey,  
Oh, Cynthia, I lub you more den money.

She used to wink her heels to see  
Her Brutus when he cum,  
His jaw-bone on his solger,  
And de banjo 'tween his thumb,  
Singing, Oh, Cynthia, &c.

Brutus sleep awake all night,  
An' eat no wittals too,  
He lib on air, an' dat air,  
Was dis, oh, Cynthia Sue!  
Oh, Cynthia, &c.

One night he keep awake all day,  
An' dream a happy dream,

He felt the voice of Cynthia,  
 An' thought he saw her scream,  
 Oh, Cynthia, &c.

De darkey dealers bay me,  
 Cynthia, sighin', come,  
 She twist her hands around me,  
 Like a grape vine round a gum.  
 Oh, Cynthia, &c.

I 've been to Souf, an' ben to West,  
 An' ole Wurginny too,  
 Dar's not no whar, nor any whar,  
 A gal like Cynthia Sue.  
 Oh, Cynthia, &c.

Dey took me down ole Mississippi,  
 De flood was high, it's true,  
 But I made it five feet higher  
 When I wept for Cynthia Sue.  
 Oh, Cynthia, &c.

Dey foch me to New Orleans,  
 I try to run away,  
 But yaller fever, and valler gals,  
 Won't let me leabe nor stay.  
 Oh, Cynthia! my darlin' honey,  
 Oh, Cynthia, I lub you more den money.



## POPULAR SONGS.

### SING. DARKIES, SING.

A popular chant, as sung by all the colored minstrels  
and serenaders.

Sing, sing, darkies sing,  
Don't you hear the banjo, ring, ring, ring.  
Sing, sing, darkies sing,  
Sing for the white folks, sing!  
Since music am de meat ob love,  
Made by ole 'Pollo from above,  
De sweetest wictuals ob de kine  
Am in de darkies strains divine.  
Sing, sing, &c.

Wid 'ledious voice,  
And eber suple hand,  
Come raise de noise,  
And make de wool straight stand.  
Sing, sing, &c.

Dar 's Dandy Jim of Caroline,  
An' oder airs dat 's quite as fine,  
Dar 's Danel Tucker, Lucy Neale,  
Dat makes de frame all over feel.  
Sing, sing, &c.

Come shake de bones,  
An' scrape the fiddleine,  
Twang the banjo,  
And shake the tamborine.  
Sing, sing, &c.

**POPULAR SONGS.**

**ROSE OF ALABAMA.**

**A Negro Love-Ballad, to a sweet and genuine plantation air, fresh from the fields.**

**WRITTEN BY S. S. STEELE, ESQ.**

Away from Mississippi's vale,  
Wid my ole hat for a sail,  
I crossed upon a cotton bale  
To Rose ob Alabama.

**Chorus.** Oh, brown Rosey,  
Rose ob Alabama,  
A sweet tobacco posey,  
Is Rose ob Alabama.

I landed on de sandy bank,  
I sat upon a holler plank,  
An' dere I made the banjo twank  
For Rose ob Alabama.  
Oh, brown Rosey, &c

Oh, arter dreckley, by an' bye,  
De moon rose white as Rosey's eye,  
Den like a young coon out so sly  
Stole Rose ob Alabama.  
Oh, brown Rosey, &c.

I axe her set down whar she please,  
So cross my legs she took her ease,  
"Its good to go upon de knees,"  
Says Rose ob Alabama.  
Oh, brown Rosey, &c.

## POPULAR SONGS

7

De river rolled, de crickets sing,  
De lightnin' bug he flashed his wing,  
And like a rope my arms I fling  
Round Rose ob Alabama.  
Oh, brown Rosey, &c.

I hug so long I cannot tell,  
Fer Rosey seemed to like it well,  
My banjo in de river fell,  
Oh, Rose ob Alabama.  
Oh, brown Rosey, &c.

Like alligator arter prey,  
I plung in but it float away,  
But all de time it seemed to say,  
"Oh, Rose ob Alabama."  
Oh, brown Rosey, &c.

And ev'ry night, in moon or shower,  
To hunt dat banjo for an hour  
I meet my sweet tobacco flower,  
My Rose ob Alabama.  
Sing, oh, brown Rosey, &c.



## NEW BANJO SONG.

As sung by Mr. Whitlock.

Oh white folks I will sing to you  
Dis nigger's favorite song,  
I'll play it on de banjo  
To de tune ob Lucy Long:

Before I do get through with it,  
I'll hab you understand  
What dis nigger did observe  
In a foreign land.

So take your time old nigger,  
Take your time I say,  
So take your time old nigger,  
And make de banjo play.

I went across de ocean wide  
To see what I could see,  
But de people on de oder side  
Was not de kind for me;  
De country am a handsome one,  
And tings look very nice,  
But de English 'gainst Americans  
Have got a prejudice,  
So take your time, *de*.

De consequence of dat arè am,  
So all de people say,  
We borrowed money from dem,  
And now dose debts wont pay,  
But dat am not de reason why  
For us such hate dey feel,  
It was for holding meetings here,  
To aid the great Repeal.  
So take your time, *de*.

But de greatest ting dat happened  
To you I will relate,  
It was de Fourth of July  
Dis child did celebrate;

## POPULAR SONGS.

9

At dis ting some took umbrage,  
And got in quite a rage,  
And when I sung dat evening,  
Tried to drive me from de stage.  
So take your time, &c.

I took a walk one evening,  
A little after dark,  
And soon dis nigger found himself,  
In St. James's Park;  
So having seen all what I could,  
And hear what I could hear,  
Dis nigger den made up his mind  
For Yankee land to steer.  
So take your time, &c.

So having satisfied myself,  
As you may understand,  
I got on board a ship and came  
Back to my native land;  
So having 'rived here safe once more,  
I never wish to leave it,  
And having told you all I saw,  
I 'm sure you will believe it.  
So take your time, &c.



## LUBLY DINE.

A favorite Negro Chant, by Dan Rice.  
Oh, has she failed in her truth,  
That beautiful maid I adore,

Shall I never again hear that voice,  
 Or see dat lubly form any more.  
 Oh Dine, Dine, Dine, I dearly lubs you, Dine  
 Oh Dine, oh Dine, oh Dine, I dearly lubs my  
 Dine.

My Cato he has just gone out,  
 And now you have nothing to fear,  
 So just open the door and just step in,  
 And Dina will meet you, my dear.  
 Oh Dine, &c

My Dina, since faithful you proved,  
 I neber again will despair,  
 Since I found how truly I am lub'd,  
 I 'll ever prove constant my dear,  
 Oh Dine, &c.

My Dine let's go promenade  
 To some confectionery shop,  
 And drink a glass ob de cool lemonade,  
 Or a glass ob strong beer, gin, or pop.  
 Oh Dine, &c.



### JOLLY RAFTSMAN.

Parody on "Love's a Tell Tale," a popular Ballad,  
 and sung by the Black Apollo, in the Virginia Sere-  
 nader Band, at the Arch Street Theater, Philadelphia,  
 with deafening shouts of applause.

Oh, I was born in ole Virginia,  
 And my little gal's name was Dine,

She alw ys called me a prettier nigger  
Than Dandy Jim ob Caroline.

My raft is on de shore,  
She's light and free,  
To be a jolly raftsmen  
Is the life for me,  
And as we glide along  
Our song shall be,  
Oh, dearest Dinah,  
I lub but thee.

Oh, come, oh, come wid me my dearest lub,  
I 'll take you to the Northerine states,  
And you shall keep de oyster cellar,  
Oh, you shall hurry up dem cakes.  
My raft is on de shore, &c.

I 'll bid good bye to ole Virginia,  
And I now will take my last farewell,  
And if I marry you, my dearest Dine,  
Where nought but peace and happiness  
dwell. My raft is on de shore, &c.



### MY OLE DAD.

As sung by Barney Williams, at the Chatham Theatre,  
New York.

Oh Dandy Jim am sung to death,  
An Ole Dan Tucker 's out ob breath,  
Something new am good, although its bad,  
I 'll sing you a song about my Ole Dad.

Ole dad, ole dad, my ole dad,  
 He took a swim all alone,  
 He swims like a feather,  
 An' dives like a stone.

My ole dad went out to swim,  
 He hung his-self on a hickory limb,  
 He dived his clothes in the stream instead,  
 An' dey swimmmed away from my ole dad.

Ole dad, ole dad, my ole dad.  
 He took me to swim all alone,  
 He swims like a feather,  
 An' dives like a stone.

His great slipstake ole dad did sec,  
 An tried to pick himself from de tree,  
 But de limb broke off in de stream quite mad  
 Down to de bottom went my ole dad.

Ole dad, ole dad, &c.

He came up twice to find his clothes,  
 Den down to de bottom 'gin he goes,  
 De clothes got soaked like pickled shad,  
 An' down dey went arter my ole dad.

Ole dad, ole dad, &c.

My ole Missus 'sprest her wish  
 Dat I would go an' cotch some fish,  
 I baited my hook to ketch a shad,  
 De first fish bite was my old dad.

Ole dad, ole dad, &c



## POPULAR SONGS.

I hooked him by de under jaw,  
And near de top his wool head draw,  
An' eb'ry rag ob clothes he had  
Was on de body ob my ole dad.

Ole dad, ole dad, &c.

I pulled away with all my mout,  
To fish de poor old nigger out,  
De fish pole broke, 'kase he 'd swelled so bad  
Down like a dead hoss went ole dad,

Ole dad, ole dad, &c.

One night while Minus laid in bed  
She felt a loud smell near her head,  
She knowed well as f'yeen shad,  
She looked an' dar was my ole dad.

Ole dad, ole dad, &c.

An now de ole man's back you know,  
He 'll print his travels down below,  
But if he makes things worse den bad,  
De debil will come for my ole dad.

Ole dad, ole dad, &c.



## THE ORIGINAL JULIANNA JOHNSTON

Written, composed, and sung by the celebrated Cool  
White in the old original band of Virginia Minstrelers.

Day has gone, de night has cum,  
Ole nigger 'll take his rest,

Ob all de gals's I eber saw,  
Julianna suits me best.

*Chorus.*—Den Julianna Johnston den't you cry,  
I'm gwaine away to leabe you,  
Wait a little while, I'll cum byme bye,  
Don't let my parting grieve you

In de morning lub, we must be gone,  
I hear ole massa say,  
Sleep light, take care dont't sleep too long,  
For we start at broke ob day.  
Den Julianna, etc.

Remember what you promise me  
When we walked side by side,  
Beneath de ole persimmon tree  
You said you'd be by bride.  
Den Julianna, etc.

An' when my lub, I'm gone away,  
You sit and watch de moon,  
Oh tink ob him who cotch for you  
De possum an' de coon.  
Den Julianna, et

De morning breaka, ole massa calls,  
Poor nigger must obey,  
Good bay, my lub, I'll tink ob dees  
Forebber and a day.  
Den Julianna, etc

## LUCY NEALE.

**A Copyright Song, now sung with great applause.**

I was born in Alabama,  
My master's name was Meal,  
He used to own a yaller gal,  
Her name was Lucy Neale.  
Oh! poor Lucy Neale,  
Oh! poor Lucy Neale,  
If I had her in my arms  
How happy I would feel.

She used to go out wid us,  
To pick cotton in de field,  
And dar is whar I fell in love  
Wid my pretty Lucy Neale.  
Oh! poor Lucy Neale, &c.

Miss Lucy she was handsome  
From de head down to de heel,  
And all de niggas fell in love  
Wid my pretty Lucy Neale.  
Oh! poor Lucy Neale, &c.

De niggas gave a ball,  
Miss Lucy danced a reel,  
And none dah could compare  
Wid my pretty Lucy Neale.  
Oh! poor Lucy Neale, &c.

I axed her would she have me,  
How glad she made me feel

When she gave to me her heart,  
My pretty Lucy Neale.  
Oh ! poor Lucy Neale, &c.

Miss Lucy had a baby,  
'T was limber as an eel,  
It was de image of its dad,  
And looked like Lucy Neale,  
Oh ! poor Lucy Neale, &c.

My massa he did sell me,  
Because he thought I 'd steal,  
An that 's the way he parted  
Me and Lucy Neale.  
Oh ! poor Lucy Neale, &c.

My boat it was a pine log,  
Widout eder rudder or keel,  
And I float her down de river  
A crying poor Lucy Neale.  
Oh ! poor Lucy Neale, &c.

Miss Lucy she was taken sick,  
She eat too much corn meal,  
The Doctor he did gib her up,  
Alas ! poor Lucy Neale.  
Oh ! poor Lucy Neale, &c.

One day I got a letter,  
And jet black was the seal,  
And de words dey did tell me  
Ob de death ob Lucy Neale.

And oh ! poor Lucy Neale,  
 And oh ! poor Lucy Neale,  
 When I had her in my arms  
 How glad it did make me feel.



### MRS. TUCKER.

As sung by Tony Winemore, with great and un-  
 bounded applause.

On Nigger Hill, as I've hearn tell,  
 A darky woman dar did dwell,  
 From New Orleans dey say she came,  
 And Mrs. Tucker is her name.  
     Git out ob de way,  
     Git out ob de way,  
     Git out ob de way, Mrs. Tucker,  
     What you gwain to hab for supper

Mrs. Tucker and my aunt Sally  
 Both lib down in Shinbone alley,  
 Names on de gate, and number on de door,  
 First house ober de grocery store.  
     Git out ob de way, &c.

Mrs. Tucker is big and fat,  
 Her face is black as my old cat,  
 Her eyes stick out, her nose sticks in,  
 Her under lip hang ober her chin.  
     Git out ob de way, &c.

Mrs. Tucker is juss eighty-nine,  
 Her hair hangs down like oakwo twine,

Her face so black it shines in de dark,  
Her eyes shine like a charcoal spark.  
Git out ob de way, &c.

Mrs. Tucker went out one day  
To ride wid Dan in a one horse sleigh,  
De slay was broke, de horse was blind,  
He had no hair on his tail behind.  
Git out ob de way, &c.

She came home drunk, to de bed she reel,  
She put her night-cap on her heel,  
She blows out de light, and shut her eyes,  
And snore away until de sun does rise.  
Git out ob de way, &c.

Mrs. Tucker's heel so long  
She ploughs de street as she goes along,  
De city marshal say one day  
When she goes out she must say,  
Git out ob de way, &c.

We started jis as de clock struck one,  
De horse jumped an' begun to run,  
De horse fell down, de sleigh upset,  
I haven't seen Mrs. Tucker yet.  
Git out ob de way,  
Git out ob de way,  
Git out ob de way, Mrs. Tucker,  
What are gwain to hab for suppen

## ALABAMA JOE.

**Banjo Melody, as sung by the famed Virginia Minstrels.**

A nigger in Alabama lived,  
Dey used to call him Joe,  
Dis nigger lived to be so old  
His head was white as snow.

Dis nigga he war very rich,  
The poor one liked him well,  
Dey used to go to de Alabama house  
Some stories for to tell.  
An strike de toe an heel, my lassa,  
An strike de heel and toe,  
Miss Phillis am a waiting  
For your Alabama Joe.

This old nigger built a church,  
A minister he hired,  
Who staid with them about four years,  
And quit cause he was tired.  
Their minister good salary got,  
As all these niggers know,  
De money it war paid to him  
By Alabama Joe.

Dis made these niggers all feel bad,  
T'o think he sarved them so,  
But the one the shock fell worse upon  
Was Alabama Joe.  
In a few years after dis  
De good old nigger died,

He left three niggers all he had,  
And Miss Phillisy, his bride.



### DANDY JIM, FROM CAROLINE.

As sung by the celebrated Cool White, in the Virginia  
Minstrel Band, at the Walnut Street Theater, Phila.

I 've often heard it, said ob late  
Dat Souf Carolina was de State  
Whar a handsome nigga's bound to shine,  
Like Dandy Jim, from Caroline.

For my ole massa tole me so,  
I was de best looking nigga in de country O,  
I look in de glass and found 't was so,  
Just what massa tole me, O.

I drest myself from top to toe,  
And down to Dinah I did go,  
Wid pantaloons strapped down behind,  
Like Dandy Jim, from Caroline.  
For my ole massa, etc

De bull dog cleared me out ob de yard,  
I tought I 'd better leabe my card,  
I tied it fast to a piece ob twine,  
Signed "Dandy Jim, from Caroline."  
For my ole massa, etc.

She got my eara an wrote me a letter,  
An ebervy word she spelt de better,



## POPULAR SONGS.

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For ebery werd and ebery line  
Was Dandy Jim, from Caroline.  
For my ole massa, etc.

Oh, beauty is but skin deep,  
But wid Miss Dinah none compete,  
She changed her name from lubly Dine  
To Mrs. Dandy Jim, from Caroline.  
For my ole massa, etc.

As ebery little nig she had,  
Was de berry image ob de dad,  
Dar heels stick out three feet behi'ad,  
Like Dandy Jim, from Caroline,  
For my ole massa, etc.

I took dem all to church one day,  
And hab dem christened widout delay,  
De preacher christened eight or nine  
Young Dandy Jim, from Caroline.  
For my ole massa, etc.

An when de preacher took his text,  
He seemed to be berry much perplexed,  
For nothing cum across his mind  
But Dandy Jims, from Caroline.  
For my ole massa tole me so,  
I was de best looking nigga in de country O,  
I look in de glass, and found 't was so,  
Just w'at massa tole me, O!

THE LATEST VERSION OF  
OLD DAN TUCKER.

I cum to town de uder night,  
I heard a noise, and seed a sight,  
De folks were all a runnin roun,  
Crying, ole Dan Tucker's come to town.  
    Den git out ob de way,  
    Git out de way,  
    Git out de way, ole Dan Tucker,  
    You're too late to come to your supper,

We are de boys from ole Virginny,  
And take de shine from Paganinni,  
Wid our old banjo and jaw-bone,  
We drive all udder music home.

He war one ob de real old stock,  
And wid his head could split a hoss block,  
For de wool dat he shave off his head  
Would make a bery good feather bed.

White folks treat de niggers well,  
If dey do not cut too great a swell,  
And talk about amalgamation,  
Disgustin' ting to ebery nation.

An Indian hoosier came to town,  
He swallowed a molasses hoghead down,  
The hoops flew off, and de hoghead bust,  
An' he went up in a thunder gust.

Dan Tucker was a nice old man,  
He used to ride a steam engine,

One night he laid across de track,  
 An' de locomotive cum an' brake his back.

Our band you see is quite complete,  
 Our music, too, is berry sweet.  
 De songs we sing are all our own,  
 Composed for banjo and jawbone,

There is some folks called abolition,  
 Want to mend de nigger's condition,  
 If they will let them niggers alone,  
 The niggers will always have a home.



### JOHNNY BOOKER.

Sung with most unbounded applause by the celebrated  
 and popular Virginia Minstrels.

Oh, as I went up to Linchburgh town,  
 I broke my yoke at de carting ground,  
 I drove on to de bawling spring,  
 All for to mend my oaken ring.  
     An it's oh, Johnny Booker,  
     Help dis nigger,  
     Oh, Johnny Booker, do.

Oh, I drove to de mill to get some meal,  
 But de mud suck in my old cart wheel,  
 Den my oxen down in a horse track slip,  
 But I pull him out wid a hickory whip.  
     An 't is oh, Johnny Boo'er

I rode to de riber my boss to swim,  
 But he brush me off under a buttonwood limb,  
 I hung on de limb an hit him such a crack,  
 Till he put my legs between his back.  
 An 't is oh, Johnny Booker.

Oh, a weasel came in our duck pen,  
 But dar mother was a cross old hen,  
 Oh, she picked his eyes out to de bone,  
 And made him look nine ways for home.  
 Oh, Johnny Booker.

Oh, black Sam come to our milk house,  
 An he open de doqr as still as a mouse,  
 He stole my lizard an hoe cake meal,  
 And den he steal across de field.  
 It's oh, Johnny Booker,  
 Ketch dat nigger, etc.

De oder day old Jarsey Joe,  
 Went out wid Sue de corn for to hoe,  
 But he hoed it down wid de toe an heel,  
 Till de ground was hard, it wouldn't peel.  
 It's oh, Johnny Booker,  
 Stop dat nigger, etc.

I went to de woods to split some rail,  
 To make a stone fence on de hill,  
 I find a live snake in de log,  
 And I chop him into live bull-frogs.  
 Oh, Johnny, Bobker,  
 Help dis nigger, etc.

## POPULAR SONGS.

Gwan up de hill my horse pulls back,  
Like a locomotion up de track,  
I pull his head, but his hind legs drop,  
And he down to de bottom gin he gets to de top.  
It's oh, Johnny Booker,  
Help dis nigger,  
It's oh, Johnny Booker, do.



### COME DAY, GO DAY, OR MASSA IS A STINGY MAN.

*Sung with everlasting shouts of applause by the renewed old Dan Emmet.*

Oh, massa is a stingy man,  
And all his neighbors knows it,  
He keeps good whisky in his house,  
An neber says here goes it.  
Sing come day, go day,  
God send Sunday,  
We'll drink whisky all de week,  
And buttermilk o' Sunday.

A stray dog come to town,  
Pon a bag of peaches,  
De horse run off, an he fell down,  
And smashed 'em all to pieces.  
Fala du, fala du da du da la,  
Fula du fala du lala du la du la.  
Come day, etc

Hoe cotton, dig corn,  
 Den we feed de niggies,  
 An oh, lord Moses,  
 What a luscious time for niggas.  
 Come day, go day, etc.

Black Jen's got a hollar tooth,  
 An says it's always aching,  
 But when she puts de hoe cake in.  
 Den it stops a plaguing.  
 Come day, go day, etc.

Oh, missus says we eat too much,  
 An wear out too much trowsors,  
 She'll make us feed on atmosphere,  
 And dress in nature's blowses.  
 Come day, go day, etc.

She sent consumption Joe, one night,  
 Tobacco leaf to kiver,  
 It made him sneeze out de moonlight,  
 And cough away his liver.  
 Come day, go day, etc.

Oh, massa loves to hug de gals,  
 And missus doesn't knows it,  
 But as I like de angels too,  
 I b'lieve I won't exclose it.  
 Come day, go day, etc.

Oh, missus says we shouldn't eat,  
 Kase we don't work on a Sunday,

## POPULAR SONGS.

But nature keeps digestion's mill,  
Agoin well as Monday.

Come day, go day, etc

Massa sich a stingy man,  
I no more ketch him possum,  
Broast and eat him in de wood,  
And den I swear I loss him.

Come day, go day, etc.

Old Jake went out to shoot,  
And when de gun it go off,  
It kick his right ear out o' jint  
Den fall and smash his toe off.

Come day, go day, etc.



## BOATMAN LANCE,

OR,

### GO HOME WID DE GALS IN DE MORNIN.

I don't like a nigger,  
I 'll be dogged if I do,  
Kase his feet am so big  
Dat he can't war a shoe.  
Oh, 't is a quart at de bottom,  
An a gill at de top,  
An it's stan back gals,  
Kase it's all I got.

An its dance de boatmen dance,  
Oh, dance de boatmen dance,  
We 'll dance all night

Till broad day-light,  
An go home wid de gals in de mornin

Oh, I jump into a boat,  
Wid my hog, an I go  
Away down de Ohio,  
Nigger cum into hy boat,  
An he steal my shoat.  
But I chuck him in de river  
By de heel ob his coat.

An its dance de boatmen dance,  
Oh, dance de boatmen dance,  
We'll dance all night,  
Till broad day-light,  
An go home wid de gals in de mornin.

Oh, I does hate a nigger.  
Tho' its color ob my skin,  
But de blood ob dis nigger,  
Am all white to de chin,  
I war colored by de smoke,  
In de boat whar I war burned,  
And de gals say my gizzard,  
Am as white as de corn.  
Dance da boatmen, dance, etc.

I can row down de riber,  
De darkest night dat shine,  
Wid half a dozen corn,  
An a bushel ob swine.  
If de fog am so thick,  
I've to cut it like de ice,



I can land by de white  
 Ob de gals dark eyes.  
 An its dance de boatmen dance, etc.

Dars a gal in Cincinnati,  
 Tried to gib me de slip,  
 But I hold fast as tar rope,  
 By her gum elastic lip.  
 She tried to dislocate it,  
 But I pull her to my heel,  
 An I tow her down de riber,  
 Like a hess corpse a keel.  
 Den its dance de boatmen dance, etc.

A steamer load o' whiskey,  
 One day elapsed her flew,  
 She blowed up all de spirits,  
 An made de water blue.  
 De ole Ohio staggered,  
 Like a salted water snake,  
 It made de fishes dance as if  
 Dey cotch de bowel ache.  
 Dance de boatmen dance, etc.



## NEBER DO TO GIB IT UP!

An ole-Warginny song, with additional verses, by  
 old Dan Emmet, and sung by him in all the principal  
 theaters in Philadelphia and New York.

I 'm old Mr. Brown, jist from de Souf,  
 I left Lynchburg in de time ob de drowth.

De times dey got so hard in de place,  
 Dat de niggers dare not show dar face.  
     It will neber do to gib it up so,  
     It will neber do to gib it up so,  
 It will neber do to gib it up so, Mr. Brown,  
     It will neber do to gib it up so.

Old Jim ribber I floated down,  
 My backer boat I run upon de groun;  
 De pine log come wid a rushin din,  
 An stove bote ends ob de ole boat in,  
     It will neber do, etc.

De ole log rake me aft and fore,  
 It left my cook house on de shore,  
 I thought it would 'nt do to gib it up so,  
 So skull myself ashore wid de old banjo.  
     It will neber do, etc.

I gets on shore an feels berry glad,  
 I looks at de banjo an feel berry mad,  
 My foot slip, an I fell down,  
 'T will neber do to gib it up so, Mr. Brown.  
     It will neber do, etc.

By golly, but it made de old nig laff,  
 Wid my boat I made a raff,  
 I had a pine tree for a sail,  
 An steered her down wid my coat tail.  
     It will neber do, etc.

I met wid a cat-fish in de ribber,  
 'T goah, but it made dis nigger shiffter,

I steered right straight for de critter's snout,  
An turn de ole cat-fish inside out.

It will neber do, etc.

Dat same night as de sun did set,  
I ribbed in town wid my clothes all wet,  
De niggers built up a great fire,  
If dat's not true, den I am a liar.

It will neber do, etc.

Master on de wood pile barking like a dog,  
Toad in de mill pond—settin on a log,  
Possum up a gum tree, saucy, fat an dirty,  
Come kiss me, gals, or I'll run like a turkey.

It will neber do, etc.



### LUCY LONG.

I'm just from old Warginny,  
To sing a little song,  
'T is all about by sweetheart,  
De lubly Lucy Long.

Oh take your time, Miss Lucy,  
Miss Lucy, Lucy Long,  
Rock de cradle, Lucy,  
And listen to de song.

De way dey bake de hoe cake,  
In Warginny neber tire,  
Is to stick de dough upon de foot,  
And hold it to de fire.

Take your time, etc.

## POPULAR SONGS.

Wid a little bit ob heel and toe,  
I took de shine from Jarsey Joe.

Yah, yah, yah!

Piccadilly Butler, etc.

I went to Camden de oder day,  
I made my way widout delay,

Yah, yah, yah!

Ole Fashion started wid de sound,  
And beat Peytona pon de ground.

Yah, yah, yah!

Piccadilly Butler, etc.

We plaid dis song, "on de banjo,"  
Wid de fiddle and de bones, and ole  
tambo,

Yah, yah, yah!

De darkies dey laugh till dey are sore,  
And one old darkey he broke his jaw,

Yah, yah, yah!

Piccadilly Butler, etc.

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MARY BLANE.

Composed and sung by Charles White.

I once did lub a yaller gall,  
I 'll tell you all her name,

She comes from Old Birginia,  
And dey called her Mary Blane.  
Den farewell, farewell,  
Farewell poor Mary Blane,  
Oh do take care yourself my dear,  
I'm coming back again.

When first I fell in love wid her.  
Her fections I did gain.  
I courted her for seven years,  
Before she was Mrs. Blane.

De niggers all went out one night,  
A hunting for dar game,  
Dey den came to my peaceful hut,  
And stole poor Mary Blane.

De time rolled by, it grieved me much,  
To think no tidings came;  
I hunt de woods both night and day,  
To find my Mary Blane.

I found my lub tied to a tree,  
She was in berry great pain,  
De niggers had tarr'd and feathered her,  
And so left Mary Blane.

I den did take my lub straight home.  
To reliebe her from her pain.  
But afore de sun did shine next day,  
Stiff and cold was Mary Blane.

## OLE DAD.

The only pure, true, and unadulterated copy of this exquisite Melody, as sung by that inimitable prince of darkies, Old Dan Emmet.

I've sung so much ob Dandy Jim,  
Ob course you know all about him,  
I've heard said when I war a lad,  
Dat none but a wisechild knew his own ole dad!  
Ole Dad! Ole Dad!

Ole dad he took a swim all alone,  
He dived like'm feather and swim like'm stone;  
One day ole dad he took a swim,  
He hung his clothes on a hickory limb.  
Ole Dad!

He look at de water, den at de land,  
De moskeeto bite 'im, so he could 'nt stand;  
Well he could 'nt swim, so he dove berry bad,  
And dat war de last ob my Ole Dad.  
Ole Dad!

One day my muder 'spressed a wish,  
Dat I should go and catch some fish;  
I bait my hook to catch a shad,  
An de first fish dat bit was my Ole Dad!  
Ole Dad!

I pulled away, wid all my mought,  
And all for to get de ole man out!  
My fish-pole broke, an I got mad,  
An down to the bottom went my Ole Dad!  
Ole Dad!

Down below he ghost war bent,  
 An to de debbil he did went;  
 De debbil him looked berry bad,  
 Kaze dar war no room for my Ole Dad!  
 Ole Dad!

He stirred de sinners wid a pole,  
 Ah for to make a little hole;  
 Hit dem on the shin wid a big ox gad,  
 Make room, says the debbil for my Ole Dad!  
 Ole Dad!

De debbil he tole him for to go back,  
 De old man shouldered his knapsack;  
 And when dar's more room to be had,  
 Belsebum will send for my Ole Dad!  
 Ole dad!

Now de ole man he is back agin,  
 In dis upper world of sin;  
 Wid an ear like a bacca leaf, an tail like a shad,  
 De debbil put his mark on my Ole Dad!  
 Ole Dad!

One night while mudder laid asleep,  
 A nigger in the house did creep:  
 Who 's dat? says she, but she soon feel glad  
 For she knew by de smell it was my Ole Dad

(Spoken.) Yes! bress his ole woolly head  
 and perfumed heel, it war dat nigger, and it  
 warn't nobody else dan

My Ole Dad!

**DOUBLE BACK ACTION SPRING.**

Altered from a popular American Negro Song, by

D. D. KEMPT.

I'm old saucy Jack, an' I come from Tennessee,  
see,

I can fight, jump, or rassel by de double rule  
of tree;

An ebery morning early, dis niggas can be  
seen,

Firin' up like the debble, for to raise a little  
steam.

Den look at de 'squisite shin,  
O niggers, now ye can't begin,  
For dat dar am de jay bird wing,  
An' dis de back action spring.

New Orleans, dey say, am a berry nice town,  
Dar de niggas pick cotton till the sun goes  
down;

Dey dance all night to de old banjo,  
Wid a corn-stalk fiddle an' a shoe-string bow.  
O den you orter see dem prance,  
When dey fotch out de galls to dance;  
I cotch um when I come de wing,  
Wid de double back action spring.

Col. Johnson is a hero, an' Tecumseh was  
de same,

Dey run agin each udder, at de battle ob de  
Thame;

Tecumseh wink at Kurnel, an' de Kurnel  
wink at him,



When Tecumseh raise de hatchet, de Kurnel  
shot 'im bim!

Den I tell ye 't was mighty big fun,  
When he pint dat blunderguss gun;  
He shot old Tecumseh on de wing,  
Wid de double back action spring.

remember berry well, what old massa used  
to say:

"Old Jack, if I lick ye, you must nebber run  
away;"

But one nigh he hit me, wid a big corn-stalk,  
An' de nex' place I foun' myself wuz in New  
Yawk.

O de niggars look'd wid surprise,  
Bress ye, honey, how dey open dar eyes;  
Dey nebber heard ob such a ting,  
As de double back action spring.

I went into a coffee-house to get a whiskey  
punch;

I eat up all de whiskey, an' I drink up all de  
lunch;

When dey come to find me out, dey would  
n't let me go,

Till I gib dem all a touch upon de old banjo.

Den dey pass the bottle all aroun',

An' I make highfenutin soun;

I pick upon de Banjo string,

Wid de double back action spring.

I 'll tell ye ob a scrape dat I had wid a gal,  
An' de nine firs letters ob her name wuz Sal;

I ax't her for a buss, an' I 'd hab you for to  
know,  
Dat she struck me seven times 'fore she eber  
gib a blow ;  
Den I kiss 'er rite upon de chin,  
She sez "Don't yer do that agin ;"  
She kick me on de caff ob de shin,  
Wid de double back action spring.

She wuz a dandy wench, an' she carried full  
sail,  
She wore a ting aroun' her neck like a fox's  
tail ;  
Dan she cotch me arm, an' we lumbered off  
togedder,  
"O," sez she "Saucy Jack, I 'll lub you for-  
ebber."  
An' den you orter seen her strut,  
She blush like a bag ob sut ;  
When I ax't her wear my ring,  
She come de back action spring.

Ob all de songs dat I ebber did or didn't sing,  
De one I like de best, is de back action spring ;  
De old niggars grin, while de young niggars  
laf,  
Stan' back darkies ! now, you habn't hear  
de haff.  
Den look at de 'squitsite shin,  
O niggars now you can't begin ;  
For dat dar am de jay bird wing,  
An' dis de back action spring.

## THE NEWS-BOY'S MEDLEY

Written by Spoons, and sung by Pete Morris, the Comic  
Rattler.

Though my jacket is tattered, and trousers are  
torn,

I 'm a jolly young devil as ever was born ;  
I seek not for fame and I care not for riches,  
And I walk in Broadway with a hole in my  
breeches.

O take your time, Miss Lucy,  
Just take your time, my dear,

O take——

Here 's the Sun, Herald, Tribune, and Morn-  
ing News !

The rain is fast fallin the wind rushes cold,  
And all of these 'ere remain yet to be sold ;  
So I 'll warm up by dancing and cutting queer  
capers,

For I 'm Blowed if there 's fun in being stuck  
upon papers.

“Hey, jim-along, jim-along josey,

Hey jim-along, jim-along jo.”

Here 's the Brother Jonathan, Uncle Sam,  
Boston Notion, and Yankee Nation, the larg-  
est paper in creation !

O the steam-ship 's coming—she 's down in  
the bay !

My papers are n't sold, and the devil 's to pay !  
Extra Herald and Sun 'll be out in a trice, now

So there's nothing to do but to down with my  
price, now.

"O whar did you cum from,  
Knock a nigger down."

Dixon's Papers, Sir? got the horrible murder!  
only a cent. All the morning papers—  
cent a piece.

The Extras are out—let me work through the  
crowd—

Give me mine, and I'm off like a gun—and as  
loud.

My eyes, what a jolting, and jostling, and push-  
ing!

What crowding and jamming, and running  
and rushing!

"Sich a gittin up stairs I never did see,  
Sich a gitten ——"

Who's stole my papers? He did. Alliga-  
tor took 'em, for I seen him. I say I didn't;  
Wildcat's got 'em. Now they have it! Hit  
him again! Fotch him another right across  
the countenance. He can't come to time—  
only with a brickbat—hurrah! hurrah! hur-  
rah! Here's the Extra Herald—got a full ac-  
count of the great fight.

Now my pockets are full, and my spirits are  
light,

I'm blessed but I'm off to the Chatham to-  
night;

The pit 's but a sixpence, though once 't was  
a shilling,

When Kirby, the great, did the *lofty* and *kill-*  
*ing*.

Wheel about, and turn about,

And do just so;

Every time I wheel about

I jump ———

Here 's Turner's Comic All-my-nack,

They sells so well, I got a hull stack;

Here's the Brother Jonathan, double sheet,

Contains the new novel all complete!

Though my jacket is tattered, and trousers  
are torn,

I 'm a jolly young devil as ever was born;

If the old and the wealthy are gay they don't  
show it,

So now while I 'm young I 'm determined to  
go it.

Oh we 'll dance all night

Till broad daylight,

And go home with the galls in the morning



### THE LADIES' BUSTLES.

A Comic Song, as sung by Pete Morris.

The bustle! the bustle! the dear charming  
bustle!

That keeps all the girls and the boys in a tussle!

The old folks can't bear 'em, the girls won't  
forswear 'em,  
And 't is plain that ere long, the men, too,  
must wear 'em.

Then won't we look sweet, as we strain each  
back muscle,  
And stagger along 'neath a big bouncing bus-  
tle?  
As we bow in the street to each lady we meet,  
Won't our "prominent feature," sirs, stick  
out a feet?

Ah! won't the fat fellow with dignified swag-  
ger,  
As beneath the huge hump he endeavors to  
stagger,  
Go sweating and swearing at fashion and la-  
dies—  
When to flourish the bustle, his big body mane  
is?

And the wasp-waisted dandy, too, slim as an  
eel,  
Won't he "cut a big swell," with a back load  
of meal  
Or a big bag of wind? as for conquest inclined,  
Forth he sallies, with coat-tails stuck straight  
out behind.

The grave, reverend priest when for sermons  
and prayers,

With his load of ground corn shall ascend pul-  
pit stairs;  
Some satirical wight may remark, full of spite:  
"Though his yoke may be easy, his *burden* 's  
not light."

Then hey for the bustle! the beautiful bustle  
No longer confined to where petticoats rustle;  
With women to share 'em, let all men pre-  
pare 'em,  
I'or soon all will be proud and delighted to  
wear 'em.



### BOUND TO BLAZE.

THE WORST DRESSED MAN IN THE CITY.

Written by Miss Chester for J. Wiana.

I've often heard my mother say,  
That dressing finely every day  
And washing off the face divine,  
Is nothing but a waste of time.  
All the ladies tell me,  
I'm the *worst* dressed man they e'er did see  
Well, let the ladies have it so,  
I'm bound to blaze! for the gals you know!

My coats I always runs to seed,  
My ~~trowsers~~ looks the man in need;  
A vest or stock I never had,  
And my hats is always shocking bad.  
All the ladies, &c.

The dogs they bark ven I comes near,  
The rag-man he looks *rayther* queer,  
As if to say "My fellar fine,  
Those togs of yours by right are mine."  
All the ladies, &c.

The watchman hollers as I pass,  
And wonders if I am gone to grass,  
Or if a bunk I'd like to meet  
In the Tombs vot is in Centre street.  
All the ladies, &c.

Some asks me if I knows the dodgings,  
Of the Cath'rine Market 3 cent lodgings,  
Vere they hangs you over a clothes line,  
To cut you down when you've sneezed your  
time.  
All the ladies, &c.

Vonce going past a paper mill,  
They took me in against my will,  
Now vos it not a jolly caper?  
They wanted to turn my clothes to paper.  
All the ladies, &c.

"Just think sir," says the chief admirer,  
"Your coat will make Courier and Enquirer,  
Your trousers soon a Herald shines,  
Your [ahem!] will do for Valentinea."  
All the ladies, &c.

I don't for all this care a cent  
For nought; I'm bound to *let it went!*



## POPULAR SONGS.

I knows the boys, and they knows me,  
And with them I *can come to tea.*

All the ladies, &c.

I walks about and takes the air.  
Regardless quite, how I appear,  
No soldiers near me can be sent,  
It 's plain that I am't *anti-rent.*

(Shows the rent in his clothes.)

All the ladies, &c.

I don't like dandies, cut a dash,  
I've always lots of the hard cash,  
And if to tailors I don't go,  
No dirty bills of theirs I owe.

All the ladies, &c.

### MORAL.

The roughest tree may bear best fruit,  
The chaps vot wears the shabbiest suit  
Is oft more honest, rich, and wise,  
Than all your Broadway butterflies.

All the ladies, &c.



## THE SERENADE.

### A DUETT.

Oh Miss Fanny, let me in,  
For de way I lub you is a sin;  
Oh lubly Fanny, let me in,  
To toast my feet an' warm my shin.  
Oh lubly, let me in?

*She.* Oh, no, I cannot let you in,

*Both.* To toast {you} feet and warm {you} shin. {my} {my}

*She.* Sam Slurheel, when last we parted,  
You to me did prove false hearted;  
Whitewash Sal you went to see,  
And she aint one bit better dan me.  
Oh no, I cannot let, &c.

*He.* O Miss Fanny, how I prizes  
Lubly teeth and lubly eyeses;  
Your handsome Fanny Elssler feet—  
Growling music, also sweet.  
Oh lubly Fanny, &c.

*Wie.* My lub for you is so berry great.  
Dat it is a sin to make me wait;  
Sam Slufheel I aint got no fine made,  
And taint no use to slamanade.  
Oh lubly, &c.

*He.* Oh, when I set up oyster.cellar,  
You shall wait upon de feller,  
Sell hot cern and ginger pop,  
You be de lady eb de shop.  
Oh lubly, &c.

*She.* Oh, Sam, if dat 's de trufe you tell me,  
I shall wait upon de feller,  
Sell hot cern and ginger pop,

I 'll be de lady ob de shop,  
Oh Sam Sluf heel you may come a.

*He.* Oh Miss Fanny, I 's a coming in,  
For de way I lub you is a sin.

(Spoken.) *She.* Now, Mr. Sam Sluf heel,  
as you is in, I wants to expostulate wid you:  
I wants to know what nigger-wench dat was,  
you was goin eber to Hobuckem wid?

*He.* Why dat was Miss Araminta Peach-  
blossom to be sure—why?

*She.* Oh, notting; I only taugt if she open  
her mouth once, dey woudl hab to stop de  
paddle, or she would hab swallowed up all  
de machinery, dat 's all.

*He.* Yes, an I wants to know what nigger  
dat was, you was pernambulating up Broad-  
way wid, de oder night.

*She.* Why dat was Mr. Jeromnaibus, ob  
course.

*He.* Why I taugt you said it was Mr. Ju-  
berbus.

*She.* Nigger, you must be cracked—Mr.  
Jerombos, I said.

*He.* Well, Mr. Jerombus and Mr. Juber-  
bus is much de same, especially Mr. Juberbus.  
Now, look here, Miss Fanny, s'pose you show  
us some ob dem Highland Fling touches you  
larnt ob Fanny Elsler de oder night.

*She.* Well, I s'pose I must, if it 's only to  
oblige you—you 's insinuat'ry.

2 [Dances the Cashua.]

**WALKEY IN DE PARLOR, BOYS.**

As sung by Mr. D. W. LaS, the celebrated Banjo Player.

O I come from old Virginia, it was on a summer's day.

The river being frozed, I skated all de way,  
With my banjo on my arm, to play the folks  
a tune

What the niggers used to dance by the light  
of the moon.

(CHORUS.)

Walkey in, wa'key in, walkey in, I say,  
Walk into the parlor, and hear the banjo play.

As I was playing on a log,  
Out of the pon' there jumped a frog,  
The frog he laughed to hear me sing,  
Begin to cut the pigeon wing.

Walkey in, &c.

I went up to town, to buy a pair of shoes,  
Run home like the devil for to tell the news,  
I did n't git deskiver till I got up to the doos,  
That I had to get my shoes on a hind side  
afore.

Walkey in, &c.

Away down south, close by the moon,  
I learnt to sing this lubly tune,  
Niggers there, they grow so fat,  
On their chins they hang they hats.

Walkey in, &c.

## LYNCHBURGH TOWN.

As sung by C. White.

De turkey buzzard am a berry nice ting,  
Much larger dan de crow,  
Den walk into my parlor, boys,  
And hear de old banjo.

## CHORUS.

Ise gwan long down,  
Ise gwan long down to town,  
Ise gwan down to Lynchburgh town,  
To tote my bacca down dar.

I went to a ball de odder night,  
An I did not mean to stay;  
I laid my head in a yallar gal's lap  
And de yaller gal fainted away.  
Ise gwan long down, &c

Oh, when she rolled her eyes at me,  
De lord how good I feeled,  
For dey looked jist like two oyster shells  
On a stick of Ingin meal.  
Ise gwan long down, &c.

If all de gals in dis yar place,  
Was melted into one,  
I 'd marry dem all if I see fit  
Or else I 'd let 'em run.  
Ise gwan long down, &c.

## POPULAR SONGS.

De slowcomotion is a berry fast ting,  
When dar's many a mile to cross;  
But de passage I take is always sure,  
When I rides de old gray horse.  
Lse gwan long down, &c.



## BOWERY GALS.

As sung by Mr. W. D. Donaldson, the celebrated jaw  
bone player.

As I was lumbering down de street,  
O down de street,  
O down de street,  
Dat pretty color'd gal I chanced to meet,  
O, she was fair to view.

### CHORUS.

Den de Bowery gals will come out to night,  
Will you come out to night,  
Will you come out to night,  
O de Bowery gals will you come out to night,  
And dance by de light ob de moon.

Den we stopp'd awhile and had some talk.  
O we had some talk,  
O we had some talk,  
And her heel cover'd up the whole side-walk  
As she stood right by me.  
Den de Bowery gals, etc.

I 'd like to kiss dem lubly lips.  
Dem lubly lips,

## POPULAR SONGS.

55

Dem lubly lips,  
I tink dat I could lose my wits,  
And drap right on de floor.  
Den de Bowery gals, etc.

I ax'd her would she go to a dance,  
Would she go to a dance,  
Would she go to a dance,  
I thought dat I might have a chance  
To shake my foot wid her.

I danced all night, and my heel kept a rocking,  
O my heel kept a rocking,  
O my heel kept a rocking, [ing,  
And I balance to de gal wid de hole in her stock-  
She was de prettiest gal in de room

I am bound to make dat gal my wife,  
Dat gal my wife,  
Dat gal my wife,  
C, I should be happy all my life  
If I had her along wid me.  
Den de Bowery gals, etc.



## NEW CONUNDRUMS.

As given in character by the Virginia Minstrels.

1st Nigga. Look yar niggas, I wants to ax  
you a conundriaum—

2d Nigga. Wha—wha—what 's that, some-  
hing good to eat?

1st Nigga. Go way, go way, you is de igit-  
nest niggas dat I eber did see.—Now just look  
here.—Why am a catterpillar like a hot buck  
wheat cake? Does you guv it up?

2d Nigga. Yes, I gubs dat up.

1st Nigga. Why, kase it makes de butter-  
fly.

Why is de niggas heel like a canal hoess?

Kase it follows de toe path.

Why is an oyster like a hoess?

Bekase neither one of dem can climb a tree.

Why is a loaf of bread like de sun?

Bekase it rises from de y-east

Why is dat nigga (you, I mean you,) like a  
pump without a handle?

Bekase he is neither ornamental nor useful.

Why is a dead nigga, buried, like a piece of  
fine broadcloth?

Bekase he 's died (dyed) in de wool.

Why is dat nigga's head like a wagon load  
of new cut hay?

Bekase it 's full of crickets.

1st Nigga. Why is a nigger baby smodered  
in onions, like a fricasseed chicken? Does you  
guv that up?

2d Nigga. Yea, yes! To-be-sha.

1st Nigga. So do I.



## WALK JAW-BONE.

A most popular and highly applauded Melody, as sung by Jenkins, Hallet, de great Cool White, and other celebrated colored Savoyards.

Tune—First part of Cracovienne.

In Caroline, whar I was born,  
I husk de wood and I chop de corn,  
A roasted ear to de house I bring,  
But de driver kotch me, and he sing—

*With Banjo, Jaw-Bone, and Tamborine accompaniment.]*

Walk jaw-bone, Jenny, come along,  
In come Sally wid de bootees on;  
Walk jaw bone, Jenny come along,  
In come Sally wid de bootees on.

Dey take me out on tater hill,  
Dey make me dance against my will,  
Dey make me dance on sharp-toed-stones,  
While ebery driber laughs and groans.

Walk jaw bone, etc.

Dey fasten me up under de barn,  
Dey feed me dar on leaves ob eorn  
It tickled my digestion so,  
Dat I kotch de cholera-phoby, oh.

Walk jaw bone, etc.

Dey took me out to de fence in de vale,  
And make me ride on de top fence rail,

De sharp fence rail it split me quite,  
 But dea I split de rail for spite.  
 Walk jaw bone, etc.

Dey make me a scare-crow in de fields  
 And a buzzard come to get his meal,  
 But in his face I blowed my breath,  
 An' he was a case for grim Jim Death.  
 Walk jaw bone, etc.

Next come a hungry eagle down,  
 Oh, gosh, thinks I dis nigger's done brown,  
 But he winked and cried, I'se de bird ob de  
 And won't eat de meat ob slavery. [free,  
 Walk jaw bone, etc.

Den come a painter from de woods,  
 He begun to tear off my dry goods,  
 Says I mamea wild puss, you may fail,  
 So I hook out his eyes wid de toe of my nail.  
 Walk jaw bone, etc.

Next come a weasel for my juice,  
 An' he gnawed until he untied me loose,  
 An' den I made off wid a quick salarm,  
 An' luf him be widout a dram.  
 Walk jaw bone, etc.

Den down de bank I seed a ship,  
 I slide down dar on de bone ob my hip,  
 I crossed de drink an' yare I am,  
 If I go back dar I'll be damn.  
 Walk jaw bone, etc.

## GRAY GOOSE AND GANDER.

*Full band accompaniments.*

When I war a single feller,  
 I lived in peace and pleasure,  
 But now I am a married man,  
 I'm troubled out of measure.

Den look here, den look dare,  
 And look ober yander,  
 Don't you see dat old gray goose,  
 A smiling at de gander.

Ebery night when I go home,  
 She scolds or its a wonder,  
 And den she takes dat pewter mug  
 And beats my head asunder.

My old wife war taken sick,  
 De pain ob death came on her,  
 Some did cry, but I did laugh,  
 To see de breff go from her.

Saturday night my old wife died,  
 Sunday she war buried,  
 Mondr. was my courting day,  
 On Tuesday I got married.

My old wife has gone abroad,  
 Some evil spirit got her,  
 I know she has not gone to church  
 Fer de debil can't abide her.

I heard a rambling in de sky,  
It imitated thunder,  
If my ole old wife ain't back again,  
It really is a wonder,

Sister Sally dream't a dream.  
Dreamt she went a gunning,  
Dreamt she eat a mushroom,  
As big as any punkin.

Sister Sal she climbs right well,  
Can't climb as she uster,  
Dare she sets a pitching corn  
At our old bob tail rooster.



## WHO'S DAT KNOCKING AT DE DOOR

Composed and sung by Charles White, with women  
deus applause.

Down in de woods arter coons one night,  
Dar I seed a great big light,  
De bulgine scared me so I taught I was no  
more,  
An I run so hard aginst de house my head  
went through the door.

Who 's dat knocking at de door?

Who 's dat knocking at de door?

FIRST VOICE.—Is dat you Sam?

SECOND VOICE.—No it is Jim.

## POPULAR SONGS.

29

**TYND VOICE**—You ain't good looking an you  
can't come in,  
An it's no use a knocking at de door  
any more.  
Its no use a knocking at de door.

I hab often heard tell ob niggus habin wives,  
But I neber heard tell ob one dat had nine lives;  
She was deformed in de limbs and she had a  
crooked jaw,  
Jeme from an accident dat happened wid de  
door.

Who's dat knocking, etc.

I dress myself up when I get done my work.  
And I went to a dance to see de wenches flirt,  
Dar was a bull dog in front an he stretched  
out his paw,  
And he jerked off my coat tail a going in de  
door.

Who's dat knocking, etc.

Going ober to Hobuc, in de steamboat,  
De bulgine busted and we all got afloat!  
I swum berry fast to a house near de shore,  
And I hung my clothes to dry on de railings  
round de door.

Who's dat knocking, etc.

Old Dan Tucker and Dandy Jim is dead,  
Dey boff got killed a bucking wid dar head;

Dey boff had a fuss an you ought to heard 'em  
 swore,  
 Dat 's de way dey met dar death, a bucking  
 gin de door.  
 Who 's dat knocking, etc.



# PHILADELPHIA OLE BULL, AND OLD DAN TUCKER.

A very popular chant, as sung by all the colored  
 serenaders.

TUNE.—Dan Tucker.

Ole Bull and Tucker met one day,  
 Five hundred dollars for to play,  
 De women ran an de men ran too,  
 To hear dem fiddle up something new.

Loud de banjo talked away,  
 An beat Ole Bull from de Norway;  
 We 'll take de shine from Paganini,  
 We 're de boys from ole Virginny

Old Bull he made his elbow quiver,  
 He played a shake and den a shiver,  
 But when Dan Tucker touched his string,  
 He'd made him shake like a locust's wing.  
 Loud de banjo, etc.

Now ole Bull he sweat an tug,  
 An his eye shine like de lightnin bug.

Dan played till his eye stuck out quite hot,  
Like a dumplin in an ole black pot.

Loud de banjo, etc.

Buff put a some rosin on his bow.  
An put a little inside too,

Dan soaked his wrist wid possum taller,  
An his music made de sky turn yaller.

Loud de banjo, etc.

Dey stop awhile to blow an rest,  
Dey people thought that both was best,  
But when Dan Tucker played dis tune,  
You 'd thought each eye dar was a full moon.

Loud de banjo, etc.

De Ole Bull drew up his fiddle,  
An squeeze him from de toe to de middle,  
He played "Niagara," rapids an all,  
Till he sweat like dat same waterfall.

Loud de banjo, etc.

His music sounded, dat am a fact,  
Like de quick march ob de puss cat-a-ract,  
Some hoisted umbrellas, by Joby,  
An some folks sheek wid de waterfoby.

Loud de banjo, etc.

But ole Niagara was no use,  
Dan Tucker up de banjo screws,  
An plays a hurricane so true,  
Dat up to de air de trees all flew.

Loud de banjo, etc.

Ole Bull he vanished from de scene,  
As quick as a nigger's fork and bean,  
For he ride to Norway home again,  
On de air ob old Dan's Hurry cane.  
Loud de banjo, etc



### CLAR DE TRACK.

Tune—Dan Tucker.

By JAMES KIRKMAN.

Oh hears a song that never was sung,  
By any nigger old or young,  
An if you all will listen to me,  
I 'll sing about some niggers that 's free.  
So clar de track, de bullgine 's coming.  
Clar de track, de bullgine 's coming.  
Clar de track, de bullgine 's coming.  
See de niggers how dey 're running.

Oh Dandy Jim an my Aunt Sally,  
Both live down in Shinbone alley,  
Lucy Neal an Mr. Brown,  
Lives in a house that 's out ob town.  
So clar de track, &c.

Misses Tucker and ole Joe,  
To take a ride one day did go;  
And Daniel Tucker thought he 'd shine,  
Along wid de gal in de cabbage line.  
So clar de track, &c.



De yaller sun has jis gone down,  
 An Pompy Smash is here in town:  
 Babby Dinah 's in a trance,  
 And Jim Crow 's singing the Boatman Dance.  
 So clar de track, &c.

De Guinea Maid an my old Dad,  
 One night a little fun dey had;  
 Ring the bells, an Jim crack corn,  
 I never see the like since I was born.  
 So clar de track, &c.

Tom Walker behind the ole gum tree,  
 Ole Knapper singing ole Pee Dee,  
 The yaller gal that come from Guinea,  
 In the floating scow of ole Virginia,  
 So clar de track, &c.



### A NIGGER'S REASONS.

Air—Yankee Doodle.

Nigger man good reason hab,  
 For ebery ting him doing:  
 Wedder it be work all day,  
 Or every night go wooing:  
 He dearly lub a pretty gal  
 Wid kiss her mouth to stop ah,  
 But nigger lub himself de best,  
 Cause him tink it proper.  
 Ching, ring, banjo goley, loo,  
 Ching ring banjo nigger;  
 Know well how take care himself,  
 Cause number one a figgur.

Times are growing bery bad,  
 Through care or Massa Cupic;  
 Some kill demselves acause dey 're mad;  
 And some acause dey 're stupid;  
 Nigger ne'er take it in his head,  
 And for de best persuasion,  
 He never kill himself at all,  
 Cause he no occasion.

Ching, ring, &c.

Nigger lub new rum galore,  
 But all in moderation;  
 Fer if him take a drop too mach,  
 May lose him *sityashen*.  
 Bat should a friend invite him home,  
 Afore him good things putting;  
 Den no objection, drink like mad,  
 Acause it cost him notting.

Ching, ring, &c.

Him neber care for making love,  
 Dat trouble neber move him,  
 Nigger man, wid handsome face,  
 Make ebery body lub him.  
 Him like a widder best, wid cash,  
 Dat not a chance to pass a:  
 'Cause when he de money tush,  
 No care a dam for massa.

Ching, ring, &c.

Him no like at all to cry,  
 Sorrow make all crusty:

## POPULAR SONGS.

25

He tink it best to laugh all day,  
Cause it make him lusty !  
Nigger lub good living well,  
Starvation make him frightful—  
Him like rump steaks and oyster sauce  
Acause 'em so delightful.  
Ching, ring, &c.

He 'd like to be a gentleman,  
If he could live unhired ;  
Nigger man no like to work,  
'Cause it make him tired !  
Him tink it bore him debts to pay,  
Though folks may say it 's not right.  
'Cause for three months in the bench,  
*Black man come out all wash white !*

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## BOATMEN'S DAUNCE.

WITH ADDITIONAL VERSES.

Written and sung by Old Dan Emmet.

Spring ob de year hab come at last,  
De fishin' time hab gone and past.  
Four-and-twenty boatmen all in a flock,  
Settin on de sea-side, peckin on a rock.  
O daunce de boatman daunce,  
O daunce de boatman daunce.  
Daunce all night, till bred daylight,  
An go home wid de galls in de mornin.  
De boatman daunce, de boatman sing,  
De boatman up to ebery ting: 2a

When de boatmen gits on shore,  
He spends his money, den works for more  
O daunce de boatman, &c.

De oyster boat should keep to de shore  
De fishin smack should venture more,  
De schooner sails before de wind,  
De steamboat leffs a streak behind.  
O daunce de boatman, &c.

went on board de udder day,  
To hear what de boatman had to say,  
Dar I let my passion loose,  
Dey crammed me in de calaboose.  
O daunce de boatman, &c.

I 've come dis time, I 'll come no more,  
Let me loose, I 'll go on shore,  
Sez de y old hoss, we 're a bully crew,  
Wid a hoosier mate an a captain too.  
O daunce de boatman, &c.

When you go to de boatman's hall,  
Dance wid my wife, or don't dance at  
Sky blue jacket, an tarpaulin hat,  
Look out, my boys, for de nine tail cat.  
O daunce de boatman, &c.

De boatman is a lucky man,  
Dar 's none can do as de boatmen can;  
I neber seen a purty gal in my life,  
But dat she was de boatman's wife.  
O daunce de boatman, &c.

## POPULAR SONGS.

67

When de boatman blows his horn,  
Look out, old man, your hog is gone;  
He cotch my sheep, he cotch my shoat,  
Den put 'em in de bag, an toat um to de beach,  
O daunce de boatman, &c.

Ober de mountain, slick as an eel,  
De boatman slide down on his heel,  
He hop in de longboat brisk as a flea,  
Den weigh both anchors, an put out to sea.  
O daunce de boatman, &c.



### GIT ALONG, JOHN.

#### *Full Band and Chorus.*

All de way from Norf Carolina,  
For to see my old aun't Dinah,  
Says I old lady how 's the goose,  
Jay bird jump on de mountain rooze,  
Den git along John, oh, git along John,  
Den get along John, de fifer's son  
Aint you mighty glad your works most done,

Behind de hen house on my knee,  
Tinks I hear de chicken sneeze,  
Turkey playin cards on de punkin vine,  
Goose chaw backer and duck drink wine.

Milk in de dairy nine days old,  
Rat and skipper getting mighty bold,  
Long tail rat in a pail ob souse,  
'es come down from de white folk's house.

A Virginny nigger raised a hog,  
Make his canoe out eb de log,  
He put canoe into de water,  
Oe your death, I see your daughter.

I hadn't seen her half a day,  
Tell my misses I did say,  
Shy at fust, but soon got larking,  
Virginny gals am doth at sparking.

Master sent me out a singing,  
Dat war de fust ob my beginning,  
Shake de double ctmmen quiver,  
Burst de banjo all to shiver.

Way down souf en de beaver creek,  
De nigger grows 'bout ten feet,  
Dey go to bed wid all dar clothes on,  
Dere legs hang out for chicken to roost en.

Nigger git up 'bout half dead,  
Wid hundred weight chicken on his leg,  
An dey start off for de barn,  
Ole cock crows, de young ones larn.



### GINGER BLUE.

My name is ginger blue,  
And I tell you mighty true,  
Dat I cam from de Tennessee mountains.

Oh, my paragraph is short,  
And my story it is true,  
As de water dat runs from de fountains.  
De first word I said,  
When I raised up my head,  
Was when I worked 'pon de plantation,  
It was walk chalk, ginger blue,  
Get ober double trouble,  
Ole Verginny neber tire.

Clem Williams one night,  
Was gwan to gib a ball,  
Te de nigga what works 'pon de plantation;  
He axed me to come  
For te hab a little fun,  
Wid de nigga wenches ob de inhabitation.  
De gals looked well,  
My eyes what a smell,  
When de niggas got a gwanin in de dancin.  
Walk chalk, ginger blue,  
Git ober double trouble,  
Ole Virginny neber tire.

I golly, I tell you wot, dar was one nigga  
wench wat had such almighty big feet dat  
wen she gan to dance, dey had to open de  
back door, to let her heels go down into de  
cellar. Whew!

As I was gwan down to town,  
De other day,  
And tinkin about nothing in particular,

I come across a nigger,  
 Wat cut a mighty figger,  
 I golly you tink he was a tickler.  
 He swelled in de middle,  
 And spread at de heel,  
 But he could 'nt come de busterations science,  
 Ob walk chalk, ginger blue, etc.

De niggas in dis place,  
 Count on dere handsome face,  
 But dey can't trick de niggas in Virginny.  
 Dar noses are too flat,  
 And dere wool is curled too much,  
 Like the deck of de ship from ole Guinea.  
 Dey put dere feet in small shoes,  
 But it 's all no use,  
 For de toes will push up de nigga's heel,  
 When they walk chalk, ginger blue, etc.



## GENNY GIT YOUR HOE CAKE DONE

Sung by J. W. Sweeney and W. Whitlock, the cele-  
 brated banjo players.

Old Massa and Misses, is gone away,  
 Da left home one morning gest about day;  
 And den you hear dat nigga say,  
 Hand me down de banjo and lit de nigger play,  
 Jenny git your hoe cake done my der r.

Old massa and misses promist me,  
 When they died they'd set me free;



But now they both are dead and gone,  
 And here is old sambo hillin up corn.  
 O, Jenny get, etc.

You eat my sugar and drink my tea,  
 And run about de old field and talk about me;  
 Dare was a nigger in de gutter and he turn'd  
 rite about,  
 And up stept Jo and got his tooth knocked out,  
 O, Jenny get, etc.

Forty weight of gunger bread and fifty weight  
 of cheese,  
 A great big pumpkin and a band box of peas,  
 An Indian pudding and a pumpkin pie,  
 De white cat kicked out de grey cat's eye.  
 O, Jenny get, etc.

Dare was a frog jump'd out de spring,  
 It was so cold he couldn't sing,  
 He tied his tail to a hickory stump,  
 He rared and pitched but he could'nt make a  
 jump.  
 O, Jenny get, etc.

The old hen and chickens at the stack,  
 An old hawk flew down amongst de pack,  
 And struck de old hen whack middle ob de  
 back,  
 And I really do believe dat 'tis a fact,  
 O Jenny get, etc.

Now white folks, I'd hab you to know,  
 Dare is no music like de old banjo,  
 And if you want to hear it ring,  
 Jist watch dis finger on de string.

O, Jenny get, etc.

An alligator come from Tuscaloo,  
 All for to fight wid de Kangaroo,  
 Dey fought till they chaw'd their bodies down,  
 And wid their tails took anoder round.

O, Jenny get, etc.



THE LATEST VERSION OF  
 JIM BROWN.

With Brass Band and Stove Pipe Accompaniments.

As sung by the Virginia Minstrels.

I am a science nigger, my name 's Jim Brown,  
 De one dat plays de music all round de town,  
 To a common nigger I not deign to gib my  
 hand,

'Case I am de leader of de famed brass band.  
 I plays on de cimballs, and makes de hansum  
 sound,

I am de high musician dey call Jim Brown.

I was born on Long Island, close to Oyster  
 Bay,

Whar I worked upen a farm for two shillings  
 a day:

De genas ob dis nigger was seen to be dinkit-  
ered,  
So I jump upon a pine log and floated down  
de river,  
I landed at Fulton Market, wid de music in  
my hand,  
And soon dey made dis nigger leader ob a  
band.

De way I come to play de drum, and carry ob  
de sword,  
I practiced on de banjo, sugar in de gourd.  
De niggers dey all danced when Jim begun to  
play,  
Dey danced from de morning till de close ob  
day,  
I plays on de cimballs and on de clarinet,  
Play upon de fiddle till I make de nigger sweet.

I went on to Washington, de capital ob de na-  
tion,  
Ask Massa Tyler if he gib me situation,  
Says he, Jim Brown, why what can you do?  
I said I 'd nullify de boot, put de veto on de  
shoe.  
Says he, Jim Brown, what can you do for me?  
I can go in de garden, and plant de kickory  
tree.

I am de raffics ole nigger, now, dal eber you  
did saw,  
P'raps you don't know I 've been into de war

I fought de battle ob Bunker Hill, de battle  
ob Lexington,  
Nebber see de time dis nigger he would run;  
For when I was a little boy, and only so feet  
high,  
I ran before old General Jack, and made de  
red coats fly.

Dere 's music in de horse shoe and in de tin  
pan,  
Music in dis nigger, which you must under-  
stand,  
Dere 's music in de pot, and music in de ket-  
tle,  
Music in de knife and fork, when you eat  
your victuals,  
Music in a pot, a boiling on de fire,  
Music in dis nigger's ole Virginny neber tire.

I went to de opera, to hear de music dare,  
But wid dis nigger dey is nothing to compare,  
Dey may talk about opera, Gaza Zechariah,  
Neber come to tea wid ole Virginny, neber  
tire.  
I plays on de cymballs, an make de hansom  
sound,  
I'm de g-eat ole nigger, dey call Jim Brown.

Stucc music in de city is now all de rage,  
My friends dey did 'suade me to sing upon de  
stage;

And since I have appeared, and gits de plause  
 from you,  
 I don t fear de debil or de big bugabee.  
 An if I get encamped by de people ob dis  
 town,  
 Take de eberlastin blessing of the nigger Jim  
 Brown.



# LONG TIME AGO.

As I was gwoin down Shin Bone Alley,  
 Long time ago,  
 To buy a bonnet for Miss Sally,  
 Long time ago.

Dare I met old Clem de weaver,  
 Long time ago,  
 In his hand he had a cleaver,  
 Long time ago.

Behind de fence I watch he motion,  
 Long time ago,  
 Kase I know he have a notion,  
 Long time ago.

I say, ole Clem, what dat you totin,  
 Long time ago,  
 Long time fore de nigger spoken,  
 Long time ago.

Is got a gun across he shoulder,  
Long time ago,  
As soon he turn, I did behold her,  
Long time ago.

He fire he gun to shoot a nigger,  
Long time ago,  
He shoot coon big as dat, and bigger,  
Long time ago.

He skin him for his hide an tallow,  
Long time ago,  
An dat de way he git rich, dat fellow,  
Long time ago.

I had my hat full ole rum cherry,  
Long time ago,  
I make he eat 'em, he get merry,  
Long time ago.

He get so corned, he fall in riber,  
Long time ago,  
An wen he get out, he diskiber,  
Long time ago,

Dat he hab less he hide an tallow,  
Long time ago.  
He cuss me for a tieven fellow,  
Long time ago.

So I put out to Shin Bone Alley,  
Long time ago,

An huy de bonnet fer Miss Sally,  
Long time ago.



# MAINE BOUNDARY QUESTION.

Written and sung with unbounded applause by Mr. J  
C. Everard, of the New York and Philadelphia  
Theaters.

Air—Mamsell ge Mary.

Way down in de State ob Maine, where de  
pine trees do grow,  
Dar 's symptoms ob a row dar, I spose you all  
do know;  
De British on de 'sputed ground, I tink dey 'd  
better scoot,  
And send for dis ole nigger, for to settle dare  
dispute.

De British widout leabe took possession ob de  
soil,  
And tried to suade the folks of Maine it all  
agreed with *Hoyle*:  
But de Mainites wid such arguments dey bery  
soon got sick,  
'Kase de Mainites don't believe in *Hoyle*,  
"when in doubt take de trick."

Dey may talk about de British boys, but I  
don't care what dey say,  
Wid dar rules of *Howle* and games ob *Bluff*,  
dey better keep away;

If dey cum across dis nigga, I tink dey all gi  
floored,  
'Kase dis nigga 'll play em up de tune called  
sugar in de gourd.

De British say de trespassers on dere ground  
war bery few,  
Oh hush, says Gubner Fairfield, dat story will  
not do,  
You 's gone to work and built your forts and  
got your boats to sail,  
If you do 'ot go, why berry soon we 'll ride  
you on a rail.

If you eber seen the Yankees fight, you 's  
tink it war a sin,  
So you'd better cut you luck afore you does  
begin,  
For dey do not want to quarrel, nor dey do  
not want to fight,  
But de Yankee boys are always skin to go at  
anything dat 's right.



### OLE WURGINNY.

In a little log house in ole Wurginny,  
Sam niggas lib dat cum from Guinany,  
Dere massa flog 'em berry little—  
But gib 'em plenty work and wittle;  
Ole massa Jim, real cleher body,



## POPULAR SONGS.

Ebery day he gib dem todgy,  
An wen de sun fall in de riber,  
Dey stop de work—an rest de liber.  
Chah! chah! dat de way,  
De niggas spend de nite an day.

At nite dey gadder round de fire,  
To talk ob tings wot hab perspire—  
De ashes on der tater tess 'em,  
Parch de corn, an roast de possum,  
An arter dat, de niggas splutter,  
An flop an dance de chicken flutter;  
Dey happy den, and hab no boder,  
Live snug as rat in a stack a fodder  
Chah! chah! etc.

'T was on de nineteenth ob October,  
Wen de Juba dance was ober,  
Dey heard a great noise dat sound like tunder,  
Which made de niggas stare an wonder!  
Now, Cesar says, he lay a dolla,  
De debil in de corn, for he heard him holler;  
But Cuffee say, now cum see,  
I bliebe it's notin but a possum up a gum tree.  
Chah! chah! etc.

Den one nigga run an open de winda,  
De moon rush in like fire on tinda,  
De noise sound plainer, de niggas got friten,  
Dey tink 't was a mixture of tunder an litenen,  
Some great brack mob cum cross de medder,  
Dey kind a roll demselves togedder,

But soon dey joura dis exhalation,  
Was notin more dan de niggas from anoder  
plantation. Chah! chah! etc.

Dese noisy blacks surround de dwellin,  
While de news one nigga got a tellin,  
De rest ob 'em grin to hear ole Quashy,  
Menshun de name ob General Washy,  
He says dat day in York Holler,  
Massa George catch ole Cornwaller;  
And seben thousand corn off shell him,  
Leff him notin more dan a cob for to tell him  
Chah! chah! etc.

He say den arter all dis fusion,  
Dat was de end ob de rebolushun;  
Dey gwanin for to keep him as dey ort to,  
And dat dere massas specially say den,  
De niggas might hab a hollowday den,  
An dey mout hab run all day to be quaffin,  
All de niggas den buss right out—a laffin.  
Chah! chah! etc.



# UNCLE GABRIEL,

OR,

## SANDY POINT.

Written and sang with great applause by Teney  
Winnemore.

As I was gwan down Sandy Point,  
De todder arternoon,

## POPULAR SONGS.

21

De niggers heel come out ob joint,

A running arter a coon.

I tort I seed him on a log,

Looking mighty quar,

But when I cum up to de log,

De coon he was not dar.

Ou, cum along my Sandy boy,

Do come along, now do,

What will uncle Gabriel say,

Um, um, um, um, um,

What will uncle Gabriel say,

Why Jinny can't you come along too.

At lass I hear de ole coon sneeze,

De dog he flied around,

Pon his tail he den did breave,

And frowed him to de ground.

De coon he make belieb him dead,

He lay as stiff as a post,

I squashed him dar right on de head,

And he gub up de ghost.

Do come along, etc.

I tote him to de ole log house,

Soon as he dispire,

He looked jiss like a little mouse,

As I toast him on de fire,

De niggers cum from all aroun,

Dey kick up debilish splutter,

First eat de coon, den clar de ground,

To dance de chicken flutter.

Do cam along, etc.

## WHAR DID YOU CUM FROM?

OR, OH, MR. COON.

As sung by the Virginia Minstrels.

(A copyright song.)

'T is a berry lubly night, and de moon shines  
bright.

De clouds in de norf are gwoin out ob sight,  
De whipperwill sings, and de crickett's all  
dance, [chance,

De frogs want to come it, but dey can't get

An its whar did you come from,

Who do you belong to,

I wonder whar he went to,

Ra de, diddle, la da, da, da, da!

Oh, a tree frog sung as de clouds begin to  
lower,

Says he, its my opinion, we 're gwan to had a  
shower,

So he crep under a tree leaf for an umbereller,

And, says he, old thunder, you may now be-  
gin to beller. An its whar, etc.

Oh, dar was a bull-dog on a bank, an a bull-  
frog in a pool,

An de bull-dog called de frog a damn celd  
water fool,

He was jumpin down to catch him, but a  
snapper caught his paw,

An de bull-frog died a laffin jist to hear him  
wag his jaw, An its whar, etc.

Oh, a wild puss take a notion to hab some  
possum meat,  
An he put a walnut in his paws for to disguise  
his feet,  
But de possum see his smeller by de fox fish  
light,  
And she crep in her bosom an vanished out  
ob sight.

Oh, Mr. Coon, etc.

Jest fetch along de tarters an we 'll fry 'em in  
de pan,  
Oh, help yourself to possum fat, my charming  
Mary Ann,  
A nice bowl ob coon soup is jis de berry ting,  
Te clear away de cobwebs and let a nigger  
sing.

Oh, Mr. Coon, etc.

Miss Matilda wash de dishes, Juliana bring de  
broom.  
Eberlina set de chairs back all around de room,  
Mr. Coon am a gentleman, I spect him here  
to night,  
He 's coming round de corner gals, jest try  
and be perlite.

Oh, Mr. Coon, etc.

De white bird and de black bird settin' in de  
grass,  
Preaching 'malgamation to de boboliuks dat  
pass.

**To carry out de doctrine dey seem a little both,  
When along cum de pigeon hawk and leby  
on 'em both.**

**Oh, Mr Coon, etc.**

**Now take your place musickers, let 's hear  
dem duleam tones,  
We 'll dance unto de music ob de banjo and  
de bones,  
Balance to your partner's all, and keep mindin  
de tune,  
You're too fast altogether now, my worthy  
Mr. Coon.**

**Oh, Mr. Coon, etc.**

**So now come again to-morrow, all in de arter-  
noon.  
For really sir, you hab come, a little while too  
soon,  
Allow me de honor to say to you good night,  
For de gals am a gettin' tired an its most day  
light.**

**Oh, Mr. Coon, etc.**



## **WHAR DID YOU COME FROM ?**

**The celebrated Banjo Song, as sung by J. W. Sweeney.**

**Some folks say a nigger won't steal,  
But I catch one in my corn field,**

So I ax him about dat corn and he call me a  
liar,

So I up wid my foot and I kick him in de fire.  
Oh, whar did you cum from, knock a nigger  
down,

Oh, whar did you cum from, etc.

I went for to mow down in de field,  
A black snake bit me 'pon my heel;  
To cut my dirt den I tought it best,  
So I run slap up 'gainst a hornet's nest.

Oh, whar, etc.

Oh my red striped shirt, and red cravat,  
Oh, hand me down my leghorn hat,  
I was asked out one night for to dine,  
But done come back till de clock strike nine.

Oh, whar, etc.

I cum from ole Wirginny one bery fine day,  
De riber was froze and I skate all de way,  
I hab de banje under my arm playin dis tune,  
Dat de niggas used to dance by de light eb de  
moon.

Oh, whar, etc.

As your young Wag'ner jis begun,  
You'll quickly find you'll hab no fun,  
Den you crack de whip and you crack so loud,  
Dat you jar de nigger's head like a thunder  
cloud.

Oh, whar, etc.

As I look'd ober on yonden hill,  
 Dare I saw my uncle Bill,  
 Says I, uncle Bill how does you do,  
 Says he, I'm well, and how is you?  
 Oh, whar, etc.

Wid a stiff shirt collar, wid three rows of  
 stitches,  
 Tight kneed boots and square toe breeches,  
 De rain cum wet, de sun cum dry me,  
 Go 'way black man don't come nigh me.  
 Oh, whar, etc.

De alligator cam from Tuscaloo,  
 All for to fight de Kangaroo,  
 Dey fight till dey smash their nose down,  
 Den up agin and take anoder round.  
 Oh, whar, etc.



## ZIP COON.

### On the Go Ahead Principle

I went down to Sandy hook t'other arternoon,  
 I went down to Sandy hook t'other arternoon,  
 I went down to Sandy hook t'other arternoon,  
 And de fus man I chanced to meet war ole  
 Zip Coon.

Ole Zip Coon he is a natty scholar,  
 Ole Zip Coon he is a natty scholar,  
 Ole Zip Coon he is a natty scholar,  
 For he plays upon de banjo, "Cooney in de  
 hellar."



## POPULAR SONGS.

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Tudle tadle, tudle tadle, tuadellel dump,  
Oh, tuadellel, tuadellel, tuadellel, dump.  
Oh, tuadellel, tuadellel, tuadellel, dump,  
Ri tum tuadellel, tuadellel, doe.

Cooney in a hollor, an racoon up a stump,  
Cooney in a hollor, etc.  
An all dose ticular tunes, Zip used to jump,  
Oh, de Buffo Dixon he beat Tom Rice, (rep.)  
An he walk into Jim Crow a little too nied,  
Tudle tadle, etc.

Ole Sukey Blueskin she 's in lub wid me,  
Ole Sukey Blueskin, etc.  
An I went to Suke's house all for to drink tea,  
An what do you think Suke and I had for  
supper,  
An what do you tink, etc.  
Why possum fat, sparagrass, apple-sase  
and butter. Tudle tadle, etc.

My ole missus she 's mad wid me,  
My ole misses, etc.  
Kase I wouldn't go wid her into Tennessee.  
Massa build him barn an put in de fodder,  
Massa build him, etc.  
'T was dis ting an dat ting, an one ting or  
oder, Tudle, tadle, &c.

Did you eber see de wild goose sailin on de  
ocean,  
Did you eber, etc.

De wild goose motien is a mighty pretty ne-  
tion,  
De wild goose wink an he beken to de  
swallow,  
De wild goose hollar, google, google geller.  
Tudle tadle, etc.

I spose you hab heard ob de battle ob New  
Orleans,  
I spose you hab heard, etc.  
War ole General Jackson gib de British beans:  
Dar de Yankee boys do de job so slick,  
Dare de Yankee, etc.  
For dey coch Packenham, and row'd him up  
de creek. Tudle tadle, etc.

Now way down South, close to de moon,  
Now away, etc.  
Dare libs de ole rogue wot dey calls Calhoun,  
Now along time past he has been tryin,  
Now along, etc.  
Dat sasy trick what day call nullifyin.  
Tudle tadle, etc.

He try to run ole Hickory down,  
He try to run, etc  
But he strike a snag an run aground,  
Dis snag ly guni was a wapper,  
Dis snag, etc.  
An sant him into dock to get new copper.  
Tudle tadle, etc.

## POPULAR SONGS.

In Phil-a-del-fie is ole Biddle's bank,  
In Phil-a-del-fie, etc.

Ole Hickory examined him and found him rather crank,  
He tell Nick to go and not make a muss,  
He tell nick, etc.  
So hurra for Jackson, he 's de boy for us.  
Tudle tadle, etc.

Possum 'on a log playin wid him toes,  
Possum on a log, etc.  
Up comes a guinea hog on off he goes.  
Buffalo in a cane-brake, ole owl in a bush,  
Buffalo in a cane-brake, etc.  
Laffin at de blacksnake tryin to eat mush.  
Tudle tadle, etc.

Nice corn 's a growin, Sukey loves gin,  
Nice corn 's a growin, etc.  
Rooster's done crowin at ole nigga's shin,  
Oh, Cooney 's in de hollow an possum in de stubble,  
Oh, Cooney 's in de hollow etc.  
An its walk chalk ginger blue, jump double trouble.  
Tudle tadle, etc.

Oh, a bull-frog sot an watch de alligator,  
Oh, a bull-frog sot, etc.  
An jump upon a stump an offer him a tater,  
De alligator grind an tried for to blush,  
De alligator grined, etc.  
An de bull-frog laughed an cried, "Oh!  
Hush!" Tudle tadle, etc.

Oh, if I was President, ob dese United States,  
Oh, if I was, etc.

I'd lick lasses candy and swing upon de  
gates,

An dese I dinny like, why I stick dem off  
de docket,

An dese I dinny like, etc.

Be way I'd use em up was a sin to Davy  
Crocket.

Tudle tadle, etc.



## OH, CARRY ME BACK TO OLE VIR GINNY.

As sung by the inimitable Jim Sanford.

On de floating scow ob ole Virginny,

I've worked from day to day,

Raking among de oyster beds,

To me it was but play;

But now I'm old and feeble,

An my bones are getting sore,

Den carry me back to ole Virginny,

To ole Virginny shore,

Den carry me back to ole Virginny,

To ole Virginny shore.

Oh, carry me back to ole Virginny,

To ole Virginny shore.

Oh, I wish dat I was young again,

Den I'd lead a different life,

I'd save my money and buy a farm,  
 And take Dinah for my wife;  
 But now old age, he holds me tight,  
 And I cannot love any more,  
 Oh, carry me back to ole Virginny,  
 To ole Virginny shore.

Den carry me back to ole Virginny,  
 To old Virginny shore;  
 Oh, carry me back to old Virginny,  
 To old Virginny shore.

When I am dead and gone to roost,  
 Lay de old tambo by my side,  
 Let de possum and coon to my funeral go,  
 For dey are my only pride;  
 Den in soft repose, I'll take my sleep,  
 An I'll dream for ever more,  
 Dat you're carrying me back to ole Virginny,  
 To ole Virginny shore.

Den carry me back to old Virginny,  
 To old Virginny shore;  
 Oh, carry me back to old Virginny,  
 To old Virginny shore.



## DEAREST MAY.

Words and music by A. F. Winnemore.

Oh niggers come and listen, a story I'll relate,  
 It happened in a valley in de ole Carolina state,

It was down in de meddow I used te make de  
 hay,  
 I always work de harder when I think on you  
 dear May.  
 Oh dearest May your lovlier dan de day,  
 Your eyes so bright they shine at night,  
 When de noon am gone away

My massa gib me holiday, I wish he'd give  
 me more,  
 I thanked him very kindly as I shoved my  
 boat from shore,  
 And down de ribber paddled with a heart as  
 light and free,  
 Te the cottage of my lovely May, I longed so  
 much to see.

Oh dearest May, etc.

On de bank ob de ribber where de trees dey  
 hang so low,  
 When de coon among de branches play, and  
 de mink he keeps below,  
 Oh dere is de spot, and May shall look so  
 sweet,  
 Her eyes dey sparkle like de stars, and her  
 lips am red as beet.

Oh dearest May, etc.

Beneath de shady old oak tree, I sot for many  
 an hour,  
 As happy as de buzzard bird dat sports among  
 de flowers,

But dearest May I left her, and she cried when  
 both we parted,  
 I give her a long and farewell kiss, and back  
 to massa started.  
 Oh dearest May, etc.



### MY ROSY LUB IS THE TURTLE DOVE.

My Rosy lub is a turtle dove,  
 She was born in Alabama,  
 She is the handsomest yaller gal,  
 In the state of Indiana.  
 For Rose and I were in the field,  
 A thunder storm came on,  
 The lightning came near striking her,  
 I really thought she was gone.  
     Her head is like a tobacco plant,  
     Her mouth like the bananna,  
     She is the handsomest yaller gal,  
     In the state of Indiana.

My Rosy lub is a turtle dove,  
 An I know dat she lubs me,  
 She is the prettiest yaller gal,  
 That ever you did see :  
 Rose and I were returning,  
 When our work was over,  
 A large black snake jumped out ob de grass,  
 And bit her on the nose.  
     Her head is like tobacco plant, etc.

**COME TO THE OLD GUM TREE.**

Come to the old gum tree,  
 Where the coon and the possum prance,  
 Come yere niggers and see,  
 And join in the jovial dance.  
 The coon is above us,  
 In his nest in the tree,  
 We know that he don't love us,  
 But fond of him are we.  
 Come to the old gum tree, etc.

Come to the old gum tree,  
 The wood in the shallow leaves,  
 The cotton plants and flowers,  
 For a merry life is ours.  
 Around and above us,  
 The banjo's sweet notes,  
 The voice of these niggers,  
 Came warbling from their throats,  
 Come to the old gum tree, etc.

Come to the old gum tree,  
 So softly boys as you can,  
 We will catch the coon in the moon,  
 And fry him in the pan.  
 That nigger plays the fiddle,  
 And I the tamborine,  
 We are the happiest set of niggers,  
 That ever fore was seen.  
 Come to the old gum tree, etc.



## CORN FIELD GREEN.

A PARODY ON "A SUMMER'S DAY."

Composed and sung by Old Dan Emmet.

On a night in de fall ob de year;  
A hungry coon would rove;  
For a corn field dat was near;  
Green corn de coon did lub—  
De coon felt his appetite,  
Ha! ha! sez he, I mean  
To eat my fill dis night,  
All in dat corn field green.  
Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha,  
Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

De night it was berry dark,  
De sun had set too soon;  
He could'nt hear de bull-dog bark,  
Good wedder, sez de coon;  
He husk de corn upon de rail,  
His appetite was keen,  
On dis same night he wagg'd his tail,  
All in dat corn field green.

Enough I 've eat, de coon he cried,  
Enough I 've eat, oried he;  
He kick'd the bucket and he died,  
All by a holler tree.  
De odder coons out ob spite,  
Dey neber would be seen  
To eat dere fill at night,  
All in dat corn field green

## WE WENT ONE NIGHT.

Written by F. McDermoss, as sung by the Elite  
Minstrels.

For the tune hear them sing it.

We went one night, as the stars shone bright,  
De banjo to twank till it come daylight,  
We steer'd ourselves along de shore,  
Till it got so dark we could'nt see afore.  
    Den come darkies let us sing,  
    And make it on de tambo ring,  
    We'll sing all night and sleep all day,  
    Den hurry niggas, I'se gwan away.

Silence war wid us all de night,  
Till de nigga fiddler want to fight,  
His hair did stand like a hickory broom,  
And I thought it war a telegraph to de moon.  
    Den come darkies let us sing, &c.

I ax'd de nigga fiddler for to cuss,  
Says he, old nigga, you are white muss,  
He fotch'd me wid him, first right under de  
    chin,  
And upset me on de banjo, so de head caved in.  
    Den come darkies let us sing, &c.

I jumped right up and got him by de froat,  
To the Hyena Quadrilles he did toat,  
I squeezed him so tight dat I tought him dead,  
For his eyes were contracting out of his head.  
    Den come darkies let us sing, &c.

I ran for de doctor widout delay,  
 To hear de circumstances he would say,  
 Says he dat darkey must go in de dust,  
 Tinks I, dat am right, fur he begun fust.  
 Den come darkies let us sing, &c.



## DE BANKS OB DE DELAWARE.

TUNE—Banks of the Blue Mesquite.

When de moon shines bright on an autumn  
 night,  
 An' de owls have left dere nest,  
 Dis nigga take his gun to fight  
 De muskrat dat howls in de west.  
 In my old skiff I take my flight,  
 For nothing do I care,  
 When de moon shines bright on an autumn  
 night,  
 On de banks ob de Delaware.

When de black snake coils round de older  
 flower,  
 Dat grows in de meadow so fine,  
 'Tis den I'd make de coons look sour  
 Wid dat old gun ob mine.  
 I'd rise before de morn got up,  
 For de coons 'tis much I care,  
 An' away I run, wid my old gun,  
 To de banks ob de Delaware.

DE SOUTHWARK REBOLUTION.

TUNE—(to Dan Tucker.

All white folks hab dar say an' cry,  
About de *Seventh of July*,  
Some things dey say, an' some dey don't,  
Bekase dey am afeard an' wont.

Den Pats keep away, an' *gag laws stay*  
Pats keep away with your confusion,  
I 'll sing de Southwark rebolution.

Oh, when de mob an' de Irish nation  
Attacked our colored population,  
Dey broke our heads an' burnt our hall,  
An' de darkies hab to bear it all.

Pats keep away, &c.

But de Irish shoot white natives down,  
An' spill dar blood around de town;  
Our rulers, while dese wounds were sore,  
Allowed dem guns to shoot down more.

Oh, Pats keep away, &c.

An' so dey aimed St. Philip's FORT,  
With shooting things ob eb'ry sort,  
Dar PARSON FAT stoned by his brother,  
With a pistol in each hand and a sword in  
t' other.

Oh, l'ats clar de way, &c.

It made old Satan scratch he shin,  
To see dis *double boi'ered sin*.

## POPULAR SONGS:

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An' de *brimstone* smell so strong about,  
Dat de folks soon scented priest Dunn out.  
Oh, Pats clar de way, &c.

Dey thought of May an' Skensin'ton  
An' te de church dey quickly run,  
De priests nebba saw, I will be swore,  
Folks come to church so fast before.  
Oh, Pats clar de way, &c.

Dey got batter rams, an' rams' horns too,  
Like Joshua at Jericho,  
If de Natives hadn't den cum down,  
Ole priest Dunn would have been *done brown*.  
Oh, Pats clar de way, &c.

Den laws St. Michael come about,  
To hunt dis church fort closet out,  
Dunn said dar was but *lemons* dare,  
For leaden lemonade I swear.  
Oh, Pats clar de way, &c.

In spite ob both de done up Dunns,  
Dey took out nearly eighty guns,  
All snug squeezed away for a lucky hour  
To treat folks to a *leaden-ade* shower.  
Oh, Pats clar de way, &c.

Dese Pats has trampled on de nigger,  
An' thought they'd cum a taller figger,  
An' walk upon white Natives too, 241

But de Natives saw de trick clar through  
Oh, Pats clar de way, &c.

Oh, de Natives still defend de church,  
An' keep away de burner's torch,  
Till de general an' his troops cum down,  
An' walk into de folks all round.  
An' cried, clar de way,  
Clar out de way,  
Clar out de way, an' stop dis riot,  
Take aim—fire—and shoot 'em quiet.

Oh, den begin a hot lead fight,  
An' folks was shot down left an' right;  
Some soldiers trained dar native spunk,  
An' wounded ole trees in de trunk.  
Oh, mobs clar away, &c.

Dey killed—in Massa Byron's words—  
“Several shutters and some boards,”  
Dey rummaged houses, closets, pribies,  
An' scared some darkies in dar chimneys.  
Oh, mobs clar de way, &c.

Some down town rowdies join de fray,  
Wid an ole cannon on a dray,  
Dey load wid bottles an' pump-handles,  
An' touch 'em off wid penny candles.  
Oh, Pats clar do way,  
Pats clar de way,  
Pats clar de way—your sly intruden,  
It am de cause ob all dis shoccen.

Dey killed two blues ob Germantown,  
 Who 'll live in *monument* renown;  
 To shoot 'em back de soldiers rally,  
 And shoot one rioter through de belly.

Oh, mobs clar de way,  
 Mobs clar de way,  
 Mobs clar de way, an' stop de riot,  
 Or we 'll have to shoot you quiet.

Dey took dar cannon prisoner now,  
 An' make dem cut dirt from de row,  
 De troops give way unto de civil,  
 An' dat put an end to furdur evil.

Oh, Pats clar away,  
 Pats clar away—your intrusion  
 Hab caused dis Southwark rebolution.

De troops go home all crowned wid fame,  
 De people guard de church ob SHAME,  
 De Dunn's cut dirt in dread confusion,  
 For dey know dey caused dis rebolution.

Oh, Pats clar away,  
 Pats clar away—your intrusion  
 Hab caused dis Southwark rebolution.



## PHILADELPHIA RIOTS.

OR, I GUESS IT WAN'T DE NIGGERS DIS TIME.

TUNE—It 'll neber do to git it up.

Oh, in Philadelphia folks say how  
 Dat darkies kick up all de rows,

But de riot in *Skensin'ton*

Beats all de darkies twelve to one.

An' I guess it wasn't de niggas dis time,

I guess it wasn't de niggas dis time,

I guess it wasn't de niggas dis time,

Mr. Mayor,

I guess it wasn't de niggas dis time.

Oh, de "Natives" dey went up to meet,

At de corner ob Second an' Massa-street,

De Irish cotch dar starry flag,

An' tare him clean up to a rag.

An' I guess it wasn't, &c.

Oh, de peaceful Natives go away,

An' meet up dar anudder day,

Den de Irish get *half shot* all round,

And den dey shoot de Natives down.

An' I guess it wasn't, &c.

De Natives couldn't stand dat quite,

For freemen will defend dar right,

An' when dar blood begin to spill,

Dey thought ob glorious Bunker Hill.

An' dey didn't run away dis time, &c.

Dey dart like lions on dese Pats,

An' stoned 'em back wid whole brickbats,

Dey fought wid hands 'gin loaded guns,

Lord how American blood did run.

But whar was de sheriff dis time?

Whar was de sheriff dis time?



Whar was de sheriff dis time?  
Mr. Mayor,  
Oh, whar was de sheriff dis time?

Oh, de Irish in dar houses stay,  
Like 'possum in a holler tree,  
Dey poke dar guns out through de wall,  
Lord, how dey make poor Natives fall.  
I guess it wasn't poor niggas, &c.

Dey kotch one shooter by the hip,  
Dey drag him on his jaw bone lip,  
Dey thought him dead, and leff him be,  
But he cum de 'possum an' got free.  
I guess it wasn't de niggas, &c.

De Natives got some shooting sticks,  
An' fired at dar frames an' bricks,  
De Pats shoot back an' de hot lead flew  
Lord! what's creation comin' to?  
Oh, guess it wasn't de niggas, &c.

De Natives couldn't fire much ball,  
An' so dey fire dar houses all,  
Den de sheriff fotch his troops about,  
I 'spose to shoot de fire out.  
But dey come rather late dat time,  
Dey come, &c.

De sheriff leff 'em in a lurch,  
An' so dey burn de Michael's church;

Oh, dat dar was a *burnin'* shame,  
But I wonder who was the most to blame.  
I guess it wasn't de niggas, &c.

Cadwallader he walk in now,  
An' wid his brave men stop de row,  
Den wicked rowdies went in town,  
An' burn de St. Augustine's down.  
Oh, whar was de *police* dat time?  
Oh, whar was, &c.

Cadwallader stan' by his gun,  
While de shooters from dar houses run,  
Oh, dat dar was de time to fotch 'em,  
If dey'd been *Natives* how dey'd kotch 'em.  
But he let *killers* run dat time, &c.

Oh, den de big fish 'gin to fear,  
Dey thought de burnin' was too near,  
Dey call'd a meetin to make peace,  
And made all white folks turn *police*.  
If dey'd been a little sooner dat time,  
If dey'd been a little sooner dat time,  
If dey'd been a little sooner dat time,  
Mr. Mayor,  
Dey might a stopt all dis crime.

An' next de Gub'ner cum to town,  
Arter fifty *Natives* war shot down;  
To save de spilt milk all endeavor,  
But dey say "it's better late dan neber."  
Only a little too late dis time, &c.

Den de sheriff ax de States' 'Torney  
To know what a sheriff's duty be,  
De 'Torney answer like a man,  
It am to do de best you can.

But dar 's nothin like doin' it in time,  
Dar 's nothin like, &c.

Den massa sheriff to get free,  
Make Patterson his deputy,  
De General gallowsen's de town,  
To shoot de used up riot down.  
Oh, be a little sooner next time, &c.

His barracks am Girard's old bank,  
De ghost ob Stephy's dollars clank,  
If he 'd been dar to saw de scene,  
He 'd say "*by dam vat all dis mean ?*"  
Oh, be a little quicker next time, &c.

Dey make a stable ob de yard,  
An de vault a sleepin' place for guard,  
An dar was one deposite queer,  
De Princetons' tars wid sharp toed spears.  
Dar was good bank stock dis time, &c.

Den for church burners soon de mayor,  
Offered a reward quite rare,  
But to cotch dem dat killed freedom's sons,  
De state couldn't find no law nor funds.  
Oh, I guess it wasn't so in old times, &c.

De thorities for lives don't car,  
 As long as their brick walls go clar,  
 But when dey 're touched dey change ~~the~~  
     tune,  
 An hunt de regues out before soon.  
     An den dey loose no time, &c.

But decent folks am quiet now,  
 Still newspapers keep up a row,  
 Dey spin long lies about de riot,  
 Because they 're making money by it.  
     Howeber taint de niggas dis time, &c.



### NIGGERISMS.

I say, Jim, does you know de difference  
 'tween Jinral Scott an Jinral Taylor, eh?  
 Yes I dosen't know any thing about it.  
 Does you subside?

Yes.

Well den you see Jinral Scott is a disciplin-  
 ary man,—

A what?

A disciplinary man, you ignorant nigga you,  
 yah.

Gess you dosen't know yourseff, if you  
 does, jist explain.

Wal den, you see when Jinral Scott is  
 gwyin to do any ting, he gets himself ready  
 fust, but Jinral Taylor he is always ready an  
 rough too, yah, yah.

By golly you is been stealin some soldier clothes some whar.

But look yeah, why am you an me like some ob de volunteers in Mexico?

Well dat am a hype, I gibe dat up.

You gibs it up does you, wal nigga its be-  
kase we sarve under Wool.

Yah, yah, so it is.

Just git along, will you, 'aint no use to talk  
sonnundrumd to dis child.

Why am de Mexicans like segars?

Because dey are half Spanish.

Why an de United States Hotel like a lum-  
bar yard?

Bekase dar is a great many boards dar.

Whar's you been lately all dis time nigga?

I've been to de wars. Did 'nt you hear 'bout  
dat fight I had at Sal Gordo?

Did you lick her?

Go long, go long.

Sal Gordo's in Mexico, just five miles souf  
ob de telegraph.

How did you make out dar, did she lick  
you?

Lick me, lick me, don't you see dis yar coat  
dat I got on, dat was Santa Anna's coat, an  
dese bones was made out ob de soup.

How did you feel out dar.

Oh pretty queedigous.

What's dat; how's dat. What's queedig  
ous?

Why you see, queedigious is—~~is—is—is~~—  
yes. Xactly, xactly, queedigious is queedigious.

How did you make out in de buziness dat  
you was in before you went out dar?

Wat bizness, de mercantile bizness?

Yes.

Oh pretty queedigious only de oysters dat I  
had began to get de fever, and de crowner  
held a request ober dem; he said I 'd hab to  
gib em up to de board ob healf, kase dey want-  
ed to quarryantime dem, and den dey 'd get  
better, so I sold out my horse and cart and  
went in to de dry goods bizness.

Yes, I used to see you gwine round de  
streets wid a stick and a nail drove in de end  
of it.

## MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

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### THE DEVIL AND THE LAWYER; OR, A HINT TO ATTORNEYS.

I'll sing you a song, if you 'll not think it long,  
Of what happened on one summer's morn-  
ning,

A lawyer, I'm told, who'd with tricking  
grown bold,

Rode out as the day it was dawning:

O, now, if you will believe me,—

It is not my wish to deceive thee;—

In full gallop he went, but he soon had to  
repent

Of his journey, if you will believe me.

He'd scarce 'gan to roam many miles from  
his home,

(His lodgings in Chancery-lane, sir,)

When the clouds appeared big, for they 'd ta-  
ken a swig

Of water to turn into rain, sir,

Now all Nature was dreary,

Not even a prospect was cheery;

At length, on a heath, as for life or for death;

He arrived, and O, it was dreary.

Now the rain it fast poured, and the thunder  
loud roared,

As if heaven and earth were a parting,

That the lawyer he shook, and with fear seems  
to look,  
For he every moment was starting.  
Here comes the horrible story,  
Of Lucifer, all in his glory,  
From his mouth, it's no joke, issued fire and  
smoke,  
And, O, it's a very true story.


From the skin of a toad, which lay on the road,  
That quickly was bursting asunder,  
Rose the demon of hell, with a horrible yell,  
To the lawyer's terror and wonder,  
Which made him ride faster and faster,  
For fear of some dreadful disaster,  
For his past crimes, so glaring, in his visage  
were staring,  
So on he went faster and faster.

But the devil in chase, soon finished his race,  
And grappled him fast by the shoulder,  
And made him, when taken, cry out, O, my  
bacon,  
Whilst his blood it ran colder and colder.  
Now you shall die, said old Nick, sir,  
For, d—me, I'll play you a trick, sir,  
You've long tricked the world, and you shall  
be hurled  
In the hot house below with old Nick, sir,

Then deep in his heart he plunged his dart,  
Which speedily rent it asunder,



Whilst hell's grindly sire, with flashes of fire,  
Flew off in a loud clap of thunder.  
Now let all other attorneys,  
If at home, or going on journeys,  
By his take a warning; for, noon, night or  
morning,  
The devil 's in search of attorneys.



## THE LAST SONG.

Lawyers pay you with words, and fine ladies  
with vapors,  
Your parsons with preaching, and dancers  
with capers,  
Soldiers pay you with courage, and some with  
their lives;  
Some men with their fortunes, and some with  
their wives;  
Some with fame, some with conscience, and  
many throw both in;  
Physicians with *Latin*, and great men with  
*nothing*.  
I, not to be singular in such a throng,  
For your kindness, pay you—with the end of  
a song,  
But pleading, engrossing, declaring, and va-  
poring,  
And fighting, and hectoring, and dancing, and  
capering,

And preaching, and swearing, and bullying,  
 prescribing,  
 And coaxing, and wheedling, and seeing, and  
 bribing,  
 And every professional art of hum-drumming,  
 Are clearly of some sort a species of hum-  
 ming;  
*Humming*—nay, take me with you, the term's  
 very strong.  
 But I only meant—humming the end of a  
 song.

For all who thus kindly may pay me attention,  
 I would I had language of some new invention:  
 My thanks to return; for where's the ex-  
 pression  
 Can describe of your kindness the grateful  
 impression.  
 May every desire of your heart be propitious;  
 Be lasting success the result of your wishes;  
 Unimpaired be your joys—your lives happy  
 and long—  
 And now—I am come to the end of my song



## ANALIZATION; OR, WHAT ARE MORTALS MADE OF?

Sung by Mr. Burton, in "The Mummy."

What are mortals made of?  
 By analization I've tried all the nation,

I've tried each gradation, defined every station,  
By Sir Humphrey's best new chemical test,  
And found what mortals are made of.

What are lawyer's made of?  
Of causes and fees to bother and tease,  
A brief and a case, and a confident face;  
A no exeat and capias, a supersarjot and a  
fierī facias,  
And such are lawyers made of.

What are doctors made of?  
Of curing all pain with a fee and a cane,  
Rhubarb and mauna, and ipecacuanha,  
Powders and pills, and cursed long bills,  
And such are doctors made of.

What are old bachelors made of?  
Tobacco and snuff, and manners so gruff,  
Gout and blue devils, and all other evils,  
Wrangling and strife, and wishing for a wife,  
And such are old bachelors made of.

What are old maids made of?  
Of fondness for scandal, when their friends'  
names they handle,  
Card parties and tea, fidgets and ennui,  
Tom-cats in a garret, monkeys, puppy dogs,  
and a parrot,  
And such are old maids made of.

What are young maids made of?  
Of ribands and laces, and fine forms and  
graces,

When kept in their places, O, bless their  
pretty faces,  
Of a dear little love of a bonnet, and two or  
three little bows on it,  
And such are young maids made of.

What are dandies made of?  
Of padding and puff, and whiskers enough,  
Of horses and hounds, and damme and  
sounds,  
With glass to the eye, when a pretty girl is by,  
And such are dandies made of.

What are soldiers made of?  
Of feathers and lace, a strut with a grace,  
A heart void of fear when the enemy is near,  
Of mercy that's shown when victory is  
known,  
And such are soldiers made of.

What are sailors made of?  
Hearts of oak, tobacco and smoke,  
Pitch and tar, pigtail and scar,  
Prize money galore, with fiddles and the  
pretty girls on shore,  
And such are sailors made of.

What are husbands made of?  
Of sulks and huffs, and growls and gruffs,  
Of this and that, and—the devil knows what,  
Of conjugal rights and stepping out late at  
nights,  
And such are husbands made of.

What are young wives made of?  
Of the honeymoon—that's over very soon.  
Of dears and loves, and turtle doves,  
And blisses, and kisses, and little masters and  
little misses,  
And such are young wives made of.

What are young widows made of?  
Of title deeds, and very deep weeds,  
Of a terrible sigh when any body's nigh,  
Of scan. mag. and talking free, and flirting  
and fiddle de dee,  
And such are young widows made of.

What are pawnbrokers made of?  
Of money lent at forty per cent.,  
Apparel and plate, and a duplicate,  
A back door and a spout, and three golden  
balls hanging out,  
And such are pawnbrokers made of.

What are actors made of?  
Of ranting and railery to box, pit, and gallery,  
Of fears and frights on benefit nights,  
Of With a great wish to please such kind friends  
as these,  
And such are actors made of.

What are audiences made of?  
Of generous friends and helping hands

Ready to serve all those who deserve,  
 Bravo, bravo, encore, and noise—pretty girls  
 and merry boys,  
 And such are audiences made of.



### OH, JUDY, YOU DIVIL.

Oh, Judy, you divil, you bother me so,  
 Oh, oh, oh, oh,  
 Like a red-hot potatoe, I'm all in a glow,  
 Oh, oh, oh, oh,  
 For though but one eye you have got in your  
 head;  
 By the hoky, its glances have kilt me quite  
 dead;  
 Oh, Judy, you divil, you bother me so,  
 Oh, oh, oh, oh.

Your smile, my dear jewel 's my joy and my  
 pride,  
 Though your mouth, to be sure, is a trifle too  
 wide;  
 No poet alive could the beauties disclose  
 Of the ilegant pimple that grows on your  
 nose.

By my sowl, you 're a Venus in figure and  
 face,  
 You walk with such stately magnificent gait,

And though one of your legs, dear, a wooden  
one be,

It for beauty bates all the I ever did see.

Oh, don't you remember last Donnybrook fair?  
The first time I saw you, dear Judy, was  
there.

And when you was insulted by Patrick  
O'Mailly,

Sure I bate out his brains with a twig of  
shillelah

Don't you know what a snug little cabin  
I 've got,

In the midst of a bog—a most beautiful spot!  
An ilegant garden, with praties a-growing,  
All as fine as can be—sure, they only want  
sowing.

Oh, give your consent, then, and let us be  
married,

To church in a noddy, och faith! we'll be  
carried;

And when we come home, so blithe and so  
frisky,

Go to bed roaring drunk with swigging good  
whisky.



### PAT AND THE PRIEST.

Pat fell sick on a time and he sent for the  
priest, [least;  
That, dying, he might have his blessing, at

And to come with all speed did humbly implore him,  
To fit him tight out for the journey before him.

Derry down, &c.

The good father the summons did quickly obey,  
And found Paddy, alas! in a terrible way;  
Fixed and wild were his looks, and his nose cold and blue,  
And his countenance were a cold, church-yard like hue.

The good father bid Pat to confess all his crimes,  
To think of his sins, and forget them betimes;  
Or else 't would be his fate, like other vile souls,  
To be flayed and be salted, then roasted on coals!

Oh, think, my dear Pat, on that beautiful place,  
Where you 'll visit St. Patrick and see his sweet face;  
'Tis a country, my jewel, so charming and sweet,  
Where you 'll never want praties, or brogues to your feet.

Well, well, then, says Pat, with inquisitive face,  
That country must, sure, be a beautiful place;



St. Patrick, no doubt, he will give us good  
cheer,  
But, d' ye think, he has got any ould whisky  
there ?

The good father, with wonder, amaze, and  
surprise,  
Clapped his hands, and next turned up the  
whites of his eyes;  
Oh, vile sinner, says he, can you hope to be  
forgiven,  
If you think there's carousing and drinking  
in heaven ?

Well, well, then, says Pat, though I cannot  
help thinking,  
If in heaven they can do without eating and  
drinking,  
(Though I don't mane to say what you tell  
is a fable,)  
'Twould be dacent, you know, just to see a  
drop on the table.



## SAM THIMBLE, AND JAKE THE BUTCHER.

Sam Thimble was a tailor lad,  
Of Philadelphia city,  
Miss Rachel Rose he loved, because  
This Rachel Rose was pretty ;

But Rachel Rose did not love him,  
Which grieved him very badly;  
His eyes with tears of woe did swim,  
And sorrow sunk him sadly.  
Lincum fi, diggery bo, nosey linkum feedle  
Fumble bumble, bumble fumble,  
Lackee lackee doodle.

In Spring Garden Jake the butcher lived,  
And he was one and twenty;  
And Rachel mighty wishes felt  
To have fresh beef a plenty.  
But jealousy had seized Sam,  
Which like the grave is cruel,  
Says he, I do not care a d—n,  
I'll fight Jake in a duel.

But Jake the butcher had not fired  
A loaded pistol ever,  
He'd choice of weapons, and desires  
To fight Sam with a cleaver;  
But Sammy he would not agree,  
And so the matter ended;  
He went to Sharples's museum,  
And to the top ascended,

Determined down to throw himself,  
But fearing he would rue it,  
The people all laughed at him so,  
He swore he wouldn't do it;

But quickly he did change his mind,  
And took another notion,  
He went down to the navy yard,  
To seek for high promotion.

A cold next Jake the butcher took,  
Which soon a fever brought on,  
And life next Thursday him forsook,  
'Twas what he little thought on;  
Then Sammy he did go to Rach.,  
With sad and doleful ditty,  
Since Jake the butcher he is dead,  
Won't you on me take some pity.

Says she, I will not be your wife,  
So do not ask me pritheer,  
I would not have you on my life,  
Nor eight more tailors with ye.  
So grievously did Sammy grunt,  
And hourly he sighed;  
Ere long he got the better on't,  
Or else he might have died.

Soon Rachel she did change her mind,  
For fear she 'd die a virgin,  
To marry Sam she was inclined,  
Indeed she was quite urgent.  
Says Sam, I won't, with great disdain,  
Lord! how she was surprised;  
Too late she learnt the tailor men  
Were not to be despised.

## SHAKSPEARE'S SEVEN AGES.

Our immortal poet's page  
 Says that all the world 's a stage,  
 And that men, with all their airs  
 Are nothing more than players,  
 Each using skill and art,  
 In turn to play his part,  
 All to fill up the farcical scene, O.  
     Enter here, exit there,  
     Stand in view, mind your cue.  
     Hey down, ho down, derry derry down  
     All to fill up the farcical scene, O.

First the infant in the lap,  
 Mewling, puling for its pap,  
 Like a chicken that we truss,  
 Is swaddled by its nurse,  
 Who to please the puppet tries,  
 As it giggles and it cries,  
 All to fill up the farcical scene, O.  
     Hush-a-by, wipe an eye,  
     Kiss a pretty, suck a titty,  
                     Hey down, ~~and~~

Then the pretty babe of grace,  
 With his shining morning face,  
 And his satchel on his back,  
 Alas to school must pack,  
 But like a snail he creeps,  
 And for black Monday weeps,  
 All to fill up the farcical scene, O.  
     Book mistaid, truant played,  
     Rod in pickle, bum to tickle.

Then the lover next appears,  
Soused over head and ears,  
Like a lobster on the fire,  
Sighing ready to expire,  
With a deep hole in his heart,  
You might through it drive a cart,  
All to fill up the farcical scene, O.  
Beauty spurns him, passion burns him,  
Like a wizzard eats his gizzard.

Then the soldier, ripe for plunder,  
Breathing slaughter, blood and thunder,  
Like a cat among the mice,  
Kicks a dust up in a trice,  
Talks of nought but shattered brains,  
Scattered limbs, and streaming veins,  
All to fill up the farcical scene, O.  
Fight or fly, run or die,  
Pop or pelter, helter skelter.

Then the justice in his chair,  
With a broad and vacant stare,  
His wig of formal cut,  
And belly like a butt,  
Well lined with turtle hash,  
Calipee and calipash,  
All to fill up the farcical scene, C.  
Bawd and trull, pimp and cull  
At his nod, go to quod.

Then the slippered pantaloons,  
In life's dull afternoon,  
With spectacles on nose,

Shrunk shank in youthful hose,  
His voice, once big and round,  
Now whistles in the sound,  
All to fill up the farcical scene, O.  
Vigor spent, body bent,  
Shaking noddle, widdle waddle.

So at last, to end the play,  
Second childhood leads the way,  
And like sheep that take the rot,  
All our senses go to pot,  
So death amongst us pops,  
And down the curtain drops,  
All to fill up the farcical scene, O.  
When the coffin, we move off in,  
While the bell tolls the knell.



### SITTIN' ON A RAIL.

As I walked out by de light ob de moon,  
So merrily singing dis same tune,  
I cum across a big racoon,  
A sittin' on a rail,  
Sleepin' wery sound.

I at de racoon take a peep,  
And den so softly to him creep,  
I foun' de racoon fast asleep,  
And pull him off de rail,  
And fling him on de ground.

De racoon 'gan to scratch and bite,  
I hit him once wid all my might,  
I bung he eye and spile he sight,  
    O, I 'm de child to fight,  
And beat de banjo too.

I tell de racoon 'gin to pray,  
While on de ground de racoon lay,  
But he jump up and run away  
    And soon he out ob sight,  
Sittin' on a rail.

My ole massa dead and gone,  
A dose ob poison help him on,  
De debil say he funeral song,  
    O, bress him, let him go,  
And joy go wid him too.

De racoon hunt, do wery quare,  
Am no touch to kill de deer,  
Because you kotch him widout fear  
    Sittin' on a rail,  
Sleepin' wery sound.

Ob all de songs dat eber I sung,  
De racoon hunt 's de greatest one,  
It always pleases old and young,  
    And den dey cry encore,  
And den I cum agin.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

There came to the beach, a poor exile of Erin,  
 The dew on his thin robe hung heavy and  
 chill;  
 For his country he sighed, when at twilight  
 repairing  
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.  
 But the day-star attracted his eye's sad  
 devotion,  
 For it rose o'er his own native isle of the  
 ocean,  
 Where once in the glow of his youthful  
 emotion,  
 He sang the bold anthem of Erin Go Bragh.

O, sad is my fate! said the heart-broken  
 stranger,  
 The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,  
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger,  
 A home and a country remain not to me;  
 Ah! never again in the green shady bowers,  
 Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the  
 sweet hours,  
 Or cover my heart with the wild woven  
 flowers,  
 And strike to the numbers of Erin Go  
 Bragh!

O, where is the cottage that stood by the  
 wild wood,  
 Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall!



O, where is my mother, that watched o'er  
my childhood,

And where is the bosom friend, dearer  
than all?

Ah! my sad soul, long abandoned by pleasure,  
O, why did it doat on a fast fading treasure;  
Tears, like the rain-drops, may fall without  
measure,

But rapture and beauty they cannot recall!

Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken,  
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;  
But alas! in a far distant land I awaken,  
And sigh for the friends who can meet me  
no more!

O, hard, cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me  
In a mansion of peace, where no peril can  
chase me?

Ah, never again shall my brothers embrace me,  
They died to defend me, or died to deplore!

But yet, all its fond recollection suppressing,  
One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw:  
Erin, an exile bequeathes thee his blessing,  
Land of my forefathers, Erin Go Bragh!  
Buried and cold, when my heart stills its  
motion,

Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,  
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with  
devotion,

O, Erin, Ma Vournin, Erin Go Bragh!

## THE INDIAN HUNTER.

AIR—Meeting of the Waters.

Let me go to my home that is far distant west,  
To the scenes of my youth that I like the best,  
Where the tall cedars are and the bright waters flow,  
Where my parents will greet me: white man,  
let me go!

Let me go to the spot where the cataract plays,  
Where oft I have sported in my boyish days,  
There is my poor mother, whose heart will  
o'erflow,  
At the sight of her child: O there let me go!

Let me go to the hills and the valleys so fair,  
Where oft I have breathed my own mountain  
air,  
And there through the forest with quiver and  
bow,  
I have chased the wild deer: O there let me go!

Let me go to my father, by whose valiant side,  
I have sported so oft in the light of my pride,  
And exulted to conquer the insolent foe,  
To my father, that chieftain: O there let me go!

And O let me go to my dark-eyed maid,  
Who taught me love beneath the willow  
shade,  
Whose heart's the fawn's, as pure as the  
snow,  
And she loves her dear Indian: to her let me go!

## THE MAN WITH THE NOSE UPSIDE DOWN

A man of renown  
 Once lived in our town,  
 An Exciseman—and here I 'll disclose,  
 We had churches a pair,  
 And a chapel too there,  
 But in them he ne'er pept his nose.  
 Mr. Twig was a man,  
 Deny it who can?  
 Who enjoyed a good place in repose,  
 And though bye the bye,  
 He had but one eye,  
 He 'd a jolly large ruby red nose.  
 Now every man's nose,  
 As onward he goes,  
 Is in the advance we suppose;  
 So as he walked out,  
 How the people would shout,  
 "Oh, there goes a swell with a nose!"  
 'Tol lol, &c.

Now Twig felt distress,  
 And so would the best,

When his labor was brought to a close;  
 That he could not be merry,  
 On port wine or sherry,  
 But the youngsters would laugh at his nose.  
 In this strange party too,  
 Where no one he knew,  
 He was sure to receive a good dose,  
 For they all began,  
 "Pray, who is that man?"  
 "Who that?—oh, that's Twig—do a— you  
     *twig* his red nose?"  
 Thus annoyed and perplexed,  
 Ah, and very much vexed  
 At jokes made—he often arose,  
 And he'd say, "I'll be off,  
 For I can't bear this scoff,  
 For in every one's mouth is my name."

Returning one night,  
 Without lantern or light,  
 He was met on the road by some A. W.  
 "Stand and deliver!"  
 Made Mr. Twig shiver,  
 But his sword in his fingers did gleam.  
 'Twixt parry and thrust,  
 He expected the worst,  
 As do most men who mingle in blows.  
 He felt a keen smart,  
 It went to his heart, [no v.]  
 For he very soon found they had cut off his  
 His enemies flew,  
 When the mischief they knew,

They did more than they meant, I suppose;  
Twig fell on the ground,  
And very soon found  
The best half of his once blooming nose.

Then his kerchief he drew,  
And his memory true  
Told him he had no time to lose,  
Popt the piece on his snout,  
Then turning about,  
He ran off with his handful of nose!  
To his house he soon sped,  
And he crept into bed,  
And next morning quite early arose,  
For some doubts crossed his mind  
Of an unpleasant kind,  
Ere a mirror to him did his features disclose:  
But when he looked there,  
Lord how he did stare,  
As I think you may all well suppose,  
For the fragment that bled  
Stuck tight to his head.  
*Upside down* he had popt on his nose.

Tears came in his eye  
And he heaved a deep sigh,  
When he saw the extent of his woes:  
Then he did essay  
To wipe them away,  
But they quietly rolled in *his nose*.  
For his nostrils, the pair,  
Were stuck up in the air,

On his bridge his late *arches* repose ;  
So when he takes snuff,  
Or that kind of stuff,  
Only think how it gently *drops into his nose*.  
He looks better no doubt,  
And if you saw his snout,  
You'd be *cutting off yours*, I suppose ;  
For tho' he is old,  
If its ever so cold,  
He has never a *drop* to his nose.



### THE MOVING DAY.

Bustle, bustle, clear the way,  
He moves, we move, they move to-day,  
Pulling, hauling, fathers calling,  
Mothers bawling, children squalling,  
Coaxing, teasing, whimpering, prattling,  
Pots and pans, and kettles rattling,  
Tumbling bedsteads, flying bedsteads,  
Broken chairs and hollow wares,  
Strew the street—'tis moving day.

Bustle, bustle, stir about,  
Some moving in—some moving out ;  
Landlords dunning, tenants shunning,  
Laughing, crying, dancing, sighing—  
Spiders dying, feathers flying,  
Shaking hearth-rugs, killing bed-bugs,  
Scampering rats, mewing cats,

Whining dogs, grunting hogs,  
What's the matter? Moving day.



## WERY PEKOOLIAH.

Have you e'er been in love? if you haven't I  
have,  
To the mighty god Koepid, I've been a great  
thlave,  
He thot in my buthom a quiver of harrows,  
Like naughty boys thoot at cock-robins and  
thparrows:  
My heart was as pure as the white alabather,  
Till Koepid my weak buthom did overmathtter,  
Then, ye gods! only think how I loved one  
Mith Julia,  
There was something about her tho wery pe-  
kooliar!

*Spoken.*—Wery pekooliar indeed, she was one of the  
most beotifful cratures I ever seed, she wasn't what you  
might call downright handsome, but—

There was thomething about her tho wery  
pekooliar!

We first met at a ball where all our hands  
did entwine,  
And I did thqueedge her finger and she did  
thqueedge mine;

To be my next partner I ventured to proth  
her;  
And I found that she lithped when she anther-  
ed me, Yeth, thir.  
Now, in lithping, I think there is thomething  
uncommon,  
I love in pertiklar a lithp in a oeman,  
I'm thure you 'd have liked the lithp of Mith  
Julia,  
There was thomething about it tho wery pe-  
kooliar!

*Spoken.*—Wery pekooliar! I have a kind of a lithp  
myself, but her lithp compared to mine was softness it-  
self, I can hardly describe it, but—

There was thomething about it tho wery pe-  
kooliar!

Like a bootiful peach was the cheek of Mith  
Julia,  
And then in her eye there was thomething  
pekooliar;  
Speaking wolumes, it darted each glance to  
ones marrow,  
As thwift and as keen as the wicked boy's  
harrow:  
A thlight catht in her eye to her looks added  
wigor,—  
A catht in the eye often tends to disfigure,  
But not tho the catht in the eye of Mith Julia,  
There was thomething about it tho wery pe-  
culiar!



*Spoken.*—Wery pekoolliar! it wasn't a dowaRIGHT  
squiaht, but it was a kind of a, sort of a, in fact—

There was thomething about it tho wery pe-  
kooliar!

Good friends were we thoon, and midst thmilee  
and midst tears,

I courted her nearly for three or four years;  
I took her to plays and to balls—Oh ye powers!  
How thweetly and thwiftly did then path my  
hours!

But once at a ball—I my feelings can't  
thmother!

She danced all the evening along with another,  
I didn't thay nothing that night to Mith Julia,  
But I couldn' help thinking 't was wery pe-  
kooliar!

*Spoken.*—Wery pekoolliar! especially as I stood trest,  
an' to cut me for a stranger was wery ungenteel, in  
short—

I couldn't help thinking 't was wery pekco-  
liar!

I went next day to thcold, when she to my  
heart's core

Cut me up by requestating I 'd come there no  
more;

And I should be affronted if longer I tarried,  
For next week to another she was to be mar-  
ried:

**Gods! Julia, thaid I, why you do not thay  
tho?**

**Oh yeth, but I do, thir—you 'd better go.**

**Well I thall go—but thurely you'll own it,  
Mith Julia,**

**Your behaviour to me hath been wery pe-  
kooliar.**

*Spoken.*—Wery pekooliar! tho from that day to this  
I have never theen or thpeken to her, but thomehow I  
can't help thinking—

**Her behaviour to me, it was wery pekooliar!**



## THE NIGHTINGALE CLUB.

**The Nightingale Club in a village was held,  
At the sign of the Cabbage and Shears,  
Where the singers, no doubt, would have  
greatly excelled,**

**But for want of taste, voice, and ears;  
Still, between every toast, with his gills  
mighty red,**

**Mr. President thus with great eloquence said**

*Spoken.*—Gentlemen of the Nightingale Club, you  
all know the rules and regulations of this society  
and if any gentleman present is not aware of them,  
if he will look over the fire-place he will find them  
chalked up: that every gentleman must sing a volun-  
teer song, whether he can or no, or drink a pint of  
ale and water; therefore, to make a beginning of this

evening's harmony, I shall call upon Mr. Snuffle. Sir, I have an extreme bad cold, but, with your permission, I 'll try to do my best. Sir, that's all we wish; for, if you do your best, the best can do no more. Permit me to blow my nose first, and I'll begin directly. (*He sings, snuffling.*)

A master I have, and I am his man,  
Gallop'ing dreary dall,  
And he'll get a wife as fast as he can,  
With his haily, gaily, gall-bo-raily,  
Higelty, pigelty, gigelty, nigelty,  
Gallop'ing dreary dall.

Bravo! bravo! very well sung,  
Jolly companions every one.

Thus the Nightingale Club nightly kept up  
their clamor,  
And were nightly knocked down with the  
President's hammer.

When Snuffle had finished, a man of excise,  
Whose squint was prodigiously fine,  
Sung—Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine.

After which Mr. Tag, who draws teeth for  
all parties,  
Roared a sea song, whose burthen was—

Pull away, my hearties,  
Pull away, pull away, my hearties,  
Pull—pull away, pull away, my hearties.

*Spoken.*—Mr. Drinkall, we shall be happy to hear your song, sir. (*Drunk.*) 'Pon my soul, Mr. President, I cannot sing. Waiter, bring Mr. Drinkall a g'ass of salt and water. No, no, Mr. President, sooner than swallow that dose, I'll try one. Bravo, silence—

A lass is good, and a glass is good,  
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather,  
The world it is good, and the people are good,  
And we 're all good fellows together.

A song is a good thing when it's very well  
sung,  
But some people they always stick in it.

*Spoken.*—'Pon my honor, Mr. President, I cannot sing any more.

Bravo! bravo! very well sung,  
Jolly companions every one.  
Thus the Nightingale Club, &c.

Mr. Drybones sung next, who was turned of  
three-score,  
And melodiously warbled away—  
She's sweet fifteen, I'm one year more,  
And yet we are too young, they say.

Then a little Jew grocer, who wore a bob wig  
Struck up—

Johny Pringle had von very leetel pig  
Not very leetel, not very pig,  
But when alive him live in clover,  
But now him dead, and dat's all over.

*Spoken.*—Mr. President, I think it's time we had next or a sentiment. Certainly, whose turn is it to give one? Mr. Mangle, the surgeon. Sir, I'll give you, Success to the Union. And now, Mr. Dismal, we'll thank you for a song. Sir, I shall give you something sprightly—

Merry are the bells, and merry do they ring,  
Merry is myself, and merry will I sing.

Bravo! bravo! very well sung,  
Jolly companions every one.

Thus the Nightingale Club, &c.

Lilly Piper, some members called Breach of  
the Peace,

Because all his notes were so shrill,  
Shrieked out, like the Wheel of a cart that  
wants grease—

Deeper and deeper still.

Mr. Max, who drinks gin, wished to coo like  
a dove, [love,  
Murmured sweetly—O, listen to the voice of  
Which calls my Daphne to the grove.

*Spoken.*—Mr. Double-lungs, the butcher, was next called on, who had a kind of a duetto voice, something like a penny trumpet and a kettle-drum. Mr. Double-lungs, we wish to hear your song. Sir, I'll sing with all my heart, liver, and lights; I'll sing you the Echo Song out of Comus, with my own accompaniments; for when a man accompanies himself, he's sure to do it in the right key—

Sweet echo, sweet echo!

Bravo ! bravo ! very well sung  
Jolly companions every one.  
Thus the Nightingale Club, &c.



### THE ORIGIN OF OLD BACHELORS.

Dame Nature one day, in a comical mood,  
While mixing the mould to make man,  
Was struck with a thought, as the ingredients  
she viewed,  
To alter a little her plan ;  
Her children, she knew, were much given to  
rove,  
So, tempering the clay with great art,  
She sparingly threw in the soft seeds of love  
That usually spring round the heart ;  
But she quickly repented, though too late 'tis  
true,  
For a fusty old bachelor stood forth to view,  
Yes, an old bachelor,  
A fusty old bachelor !  
What 's an old bachelor like ?  
A tree without a branch,  
A buck without a haunch,  
A knife without a fork,  
Bottle without a cork,  
A key without a lock,  
A wig without a block :  
Thus you see, my good friends, what a whimsi-  
cal creature,  
Was formed in a frolic by old Madam Nature.

The world ever since has been teased by these  
creatures,

Well known by their stiff, formal strut,  
Their dull, downcast looks, crabbed, vinegar  
features,

And dress of true bachelor cut :  
The bright blaze of beauty can't warm their  
cold clay,

Disliked by maid, widow, and wife,  
In a kind of half stupor the days pass away  
Of these blanks in the lottery of life ;  
Thus curtailed of pleasure, a stranger to love,  
The fusty old bachelor 's destined to rove,

Yes, the old bachelor,

The fusty old bachelor !

What 's an old bachelor like ?

A ship without a sail,

A cat without a tail,

Cellar without the wine, O,

Purse without the rhino,

A watch without a chain,

A skull without a brain :

Thus you see, &c.

Now mark, if the sexes in number agree,  
As some queer philosophers think,  
(Full many a damsel's soft heart, I forsee,  
At this part of my story will sink,)  
As two wives at once are not allowed,  
Except their suit parliament aids,  
And as bachelors stupid our streets daily  
crowd,

It follows there must be old maids :  
Thus we get from the smoke neatly into the  
smother,  
For one evil treads on the heel of another.  
O, fie on old bachelors,  
All flint-hearted bachelors !  
What is an old bachelor like ?  
A bell without a clapper,  
A doer without a rapper,  
A drum without a fife,  
Butcher without a knife,  
A sun without a moon,  
A dish without a spoon :  
Thus you see, &c.




### THE PARTING KISS.

lily that bends to the breeze of the  
morning,  
And yields its perfume to the trembling  
gale,  
May join with the wild briar rose in adorning,  
The moss-covered cottage that stands in  
the vale.  
But the lily shall wither and fade soon away,  
And the rose of the wilderness die on its  
stem,  
All the flowers of the forest shall sink to  
decay,  
While the dew-drops of nature are weeping  
for them.



Can I forget the hours of bliss, love,  
I've so often passed with thee?  
Can I forget the parting kiss, love,  
That sealed thy fondest faith to me?  
Though thou and I no more may meet, love,  
Nor e'er be where we have been, love  
Can I forget the hours of bliss, love,  
I've so often passed with thee?



## THE SAILOR'S ADVICE.

As you mean to set sail for the land of  
delight,  
And in wedlock's soft hammock to swing  
every night,  
If you hope that your voyage successful  
should prove,  
Fill your sails with affection, your cabin  
with love.

Let your hearts, like the mainmast, be ever  
upright,  
And the union you boast, like your tackle,  
be tight;  
Of the shoals of indifference, be sure to keep  
clear,  
And the quicksands of jealousy never come  
near,

If husbands e'er hope to live peaceable lives,  
They must reckon themselves, give the helm  
to their wives;

For the evener we go, boys, the better we sail,  
And on ship-board the helm is still ruled by  
the tail.

Then list to your pilot, my boys, and be wise;  
If my precepts you scorn, and my maxims  
despise,  
A brace of proud antlers your brows may  
adorn,  
And a hundred to one, but you double Cape  
Horn.



### THE SWEET AND BITTER TEAR.

There's a tear that flows when we part,  
From a friend whose loss we mourn,  
There's a tear that flows from the half  
broken heart,  
When we think he may never return,  
Ah! never.

'Tis hard to be parted from those  
With whom we for ever could dwell,  
But bitter indeed is the sorrow that flows,  
When perhaps we are saying farewell  
For ever!

There's a tear that brightens the eye  
Of the friend, when absence is o'er;

## POPULAR SONGS.

There's a tear that flows, not from sorrow  
but joy,

When we think to be parted no more,  
O! never.

When all that in absence we dread  
Is past, and forgotten's our pain,  
How sweet is the tear at such moments  
shed,

When we see the sweet object again,  
For ever!



## THE TIDY ONE.

I married a wife, Who cares, says I, "  
A pattern she was of good breeding, O,  
The pink of fashion and delicacy,  
And she learnt it from novel reading, O.  
A rose once bloomed on her lovely cheek,  
And to stick to her book did this pride o' o  
She washed her face but once a week,  
And wasn't she a tidy one?  
O! the devil may take such a tidy one

While dressing the dinner one day, she'd  
A novel that she was concluding, O,  
Quite absent, with soap-suds she filled the  
And in it boiled the pudding, O!

My shaving brush mislaid had I,  
 While a novel one day I denied her one,  
 So I found my brush in a beefsteak pie.  
 And wasn't she a tidy one, &c.

My tea she sweetened once with salt,  
 And she put cayenne in a custard, O!  
 Mistaking always meal for malt,  
 She brimstone mixed for mustard, O!  
 I asked her a cravat to wash for me,  
 While a novel one day she had cried o'er one;  
 She clear-starched my cravat in chamomile tea,  
 And wasn't she a tidy one, &c.

O'er the "Victim of Feeling" she snivelling so  
 While the child the fire did fall in, O;  
 She feelingly bawled, O! curse the brat,  
 For the devil can't read for its squalling, O!  
 Ye fair, there 's for all things time and place,  
 A good novel may be the pride of one;  
 But don't sit down to read till you 've washed  
 your face,  
 Or Lord help him who gets such a tidy  
 one, &c.



### THIS WORLD A PACK OF CARDS.

This world is sure a pack of cards,  
 Such shuffling as : such dealing,  
 Now fortune frowns and now rewards,  
 We 're winning or we 're failing.

So many *knaves* are in the pack,  
 That, spite of *clubs*, they beat us,  
 And, as *odd tricks* they never lack,  
 'Tis evident they cheat us.  
 Then as the maxim is, it seems,  
 To play *our cards* quite knowing;  
 Let us, my boys, pursue these schemes,  
 It is the game that 's going.

See Strephon with fair Chloe play,  
 He has designs upon her,  
 And, well I know, 'fore many days,  
 Will take away her *honor*;  
 Ah! giddy fair, why not foresee,  
 His motive was to win you;  
 But since 'tis so, why you and he  
 Must *partners* now continue.  
 Then as the maxim is, &c

The rich and poor, 'tis all the same,  
 They both alike are *playing*;  
 The only difference is the *game*,  
 And sometimes in the *paying*.  
 The poor a little *commerce* want,  
 And *cribbage* is their pleasure;  
 But *hazard* is the rich ones' *point*,  
 With which they risk their treasure.

How many *win*, how many *lose*,  
 How many wish for *court cards*,  
 How many a good *hand* abuse,  
 How many love to *sport cards*;

But none with *diamonds* e'er part,  
 For they are always famous,  
 And some ne'er fail to win a *heart*,  
 No matter what the *game* is.



### THE WASHING DAY.

ARR.—There's nae look about the house.

The sky with clouds was overcast,  
 The rain began to fall,  
 My wife she whipped the children,  
 Who raised a pretty squall;  
 She bade me, with a frowning look,  
 To get out of her way:  
 Oh! the deuce a bit of comfort's here  
 Upon a washing day!  
 For 't is thump, thump, scrub, scrub,  
 Scold, scold, away!  
 Oh! the deuce a bit of comfort's here,  
 Upon a washing-day!

My Kate she is a bonny wife,  
 There's none so free from evil,  
 Except upon a washing-day,  
 And then she is the devil!  
 The very kittens on the hearth,  
 They dare not even play,  
 Away they jump, with many a bump,  
 Upon a washing-day!  
 For 't is thump, thump, &c.

I met a friend, who asked me—  
“How long ’s poor Kate been dead?”  
Lamenting the poor creature, gone,  
And sorry I was wed  
To such a scolding vixen, while  
He had been far away.  
The truth it was, he chanced to come  
Upon a washing-day!  
When ’t is scrub, scrub, &c.

I asked him, then, to stay and dine,  
“Come, come,” quoth I, “oddsbuds!  
I’ll no denial take,—you must,  
Though Kate be in the suds!”  
But what we had to dine upon,  
In truth I cannot say!  
But I think he ’ll never come again  
Upon a washing-day.  
When ’t is scrub, scrub, &c.

On that sad mornning, when I rise,  
I put a fervent prayer  
To all the gods that it might be  
Throughout the day quite fair!  
That not a cap or handkerchief  
May in the ditch be laid;  
For should it happen so, egad,  
I’d get a broken head!  
When ’t is scrub, scrub, &c.

Old Homer sang a royal wash,  
Down by a crystal river,

For dabbing in the palace-halls,  
The king permitted never--  
On high Olympus, *Beauty's queen*  
Such troubles well may scent,  
While Jove and Juno, with their train  
Put all their washing out.  
Ah! happy gods, they fear no sound  
Of thump and scold away,  
But smile to view the perils of  
A mortal washing day!



### AT THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT.

At the dead of the night, when by whisky  
inspired,  
And pretty Katy Flannigan my bosom had  
fired,  
I tapped at her window, when thus she began,  
Ah! what the devil are you at? begone, you  
naughty man.

I gave her a look, as sly as a thief,  
Or when hungry I'd view a fine sirloin of  
beef:  
My heart is red hot, says I, but cold is my  
skin,  
So, pretty Mrs. Flannigan, won't you let me  
in?



She opened the door, I sat down by the fire,  
And soon was relieved from the wet, cold,  
and mire,  
And I pleased her so mightily, that long ere  
't was day,  
I stole poor Katy's tender heart, and tripped  
away.



### BONNIE DOON.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair,  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I sae weary fu' o' care?  
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,  
That wanton'st through the flowery thorn;  
Thou mindest me of departed joys,  
Departed never to return.

Oft have I roved by bonnie Doon,  
To see the rose and woodbine twine;  
And ilka bird sang o' its love,  
And fondly sae did I o' mine;  
Wi' lightsome heart, I pu'd a rose,  
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree,  
And my fause lover staw my rose,  
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

# COLUMBIA'S BANNER AND LIBERTY

When freedom 'mid the battle storm  
 Her weary head inclined—  
 When round her fair, majestic form,  
 The serpent slavery twined—  
 Amid the din—above the cloud,  
 Great Washington appeared;  
 His daring hand rolled back the shroud,  
 And thus the sufferer cheered:

“Burst thy chains—be great, be free—  
 In giant strength arise;  
 Stretch thy pinions, liberty!  
 Thy flag nail to the skies;  
 Clothe thyself in glory's robe;  
 Let stars thy banner gem;  
 Rule the sea—possess the globe,  
 Wear victory's diadem.

Tell the world, a world is born,  
 Another orb gives light;  
 Another sun illumines the morn,  
 Another star the night;  
 Be just, be brave—and let thy name  
 Henceforth Columbia be;  
 Wear the oaken wreath of fame,  
 The wreath of liberty.”

He said—and lo! the stars of night  
 Forth to her banner flew;  
 And morn, with fairy finger light,  
 Her blushes on it drew;

Columbia's savior seized the prize,  
For ever now unfurled—  
Flew with it to his native skies,  
And waved it o'er the world.



### GOW'S FAREWHEEL TO WHISKY, O!

You 've surely heard o' famous Niel,  
The man that played the fiddle wheel,  
I wat he was a canty chiel'  
And dearly lo'ed the whisky, O!

And aye sin' he wore tartan trows,  
He dearly lo'd the Athloe brose,  
And wae he was, you may suppose,  
To play fareweel to whisky, O!

Alake, quoth Niel, I 'm frail and auld,  
And find my blood grows unco cauld,  
I think 'twad make me blythe and bold,  
A wee drap Highland whisky, O!

Yet the doctors they do a' agree,  
That whisky's na the drink for me:  
By my soul, quoth he, 'twill spoil my glee,  
Should they part me and whisky, O!

Though I can get both wine and ale,  
And find my head and fingers hale;  
I'll be content, though legs should fail,  
To play fareweel to whisky, O !

But still I think on auld lang syne,  
When Paradise our friends did tyne,  
Because something ruin in their mind  
Forbid, like Highland whisky, O !

Come, a' ye powers of music, come !  
I find my heart grows very glum ;  
My fiddle-strings will no play bum  
To say fareweel to whisky, O !

Yet I'll take my fiddle in my hand,  
And screw the pegs up while they'll stand,  
To make a lamentation grand  
On gude old Highland whisky, O !



## HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks and braes, and streams around  
The castle of Montgomery,  
Green be your woods and fair your flowers,  
Your waters never drumlie;  
There simmer first unfaulds her robes,  
And there they longest tarry ;

For there I took the last farewell  
Of my dear Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,  
How rich the hawthorn's blossom;  
As underneath her fragrant shade  
I clasped her to my bosom!  
The golden hours on angel wings  
Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
For dear to me as light and life,  
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace,  
Our parting was fu' tender,  
And pledging aft to meet again,  
We tore ourselves asunder.  
But O! fell death's untimely frost,  
That nipt my flower sae early:  
Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay,  
That wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now those rosy lips  
I oft had kissed so fondly,  
And closed for aye the sparkling glance  
That dwelt on me sae kindly!  
And mouldering now in silent dust  
That heart that lo'ed me dearly;  
But still within my bosom's care  
Shall live my Highland Mary.

## MOTHER WIT AND WISDOM

AIR—The King and Countryman.

Adown in our village lived old parson Bragg,  
 And noted by many for being a wag;  
 In his sermons on Sunday such fun he would  
 pour—

As kept all the church in a regular roar.  
 Ri tiddle tul lural, &c.

A bumpkin lived there, who in most things  
 was cute,  
 Though many folks thought him a dull-headed  
 brute;  
 And the parson at church every Sunday,  
 quite pat,  
 Would let off some droll squibs, to get him  
 laughed at.

Ri tiddle, &c.

One Sunday, while preaching, he saw Lump  
 come in,  
 While he in his great gaping sleeves 'gan to  
 grin;  
 "Mr. Lump, just come hither, you booby,  
 pray do—  
 Why, you're next to a fool"—"Eas, I be  
 next to you!"

"Well, Mr. Lump, since so witty you're  
 grown,  
 If a secret to me you can by it make known,

This half-crown is yours; by the cut of your  
 phiz,  
 You can tell me, perhaps, where God  
 really is?"

Lump felt in his pockets, and pulled out  
 another,  
 And says he, "Mr. Parson, behold here 's his  
 brother!  
 I don't mean to say that much wit I have got,  
 But this half-crown is thine—if you 'll tell  
 where he 's not!"

The parson dismissed him, and said in a huff;  
 "Go down to your seat, for I've had quite  
 enough,  
 And mind to my sermon attention you keep,"  
 Which Lump said he 'd do—but soon fell fast  
 asleep.

Lump presently woke with a stretch and a  
 snore,  
 And the whole congregation he set in a roar,  
 "What means this disturbance, you leader-  
 eyed lout?"  
 "I've been dreaming"—"What! dreaming  
 and pray what about?"

"That I wur in heaven, I 'd got in my head,  
 And me and our Doll were agwain to be wed."

But an obstacle happened—we couldn't be bound."

"Pray what was that, Lump?" "Why, no priest could be found!"

Thus Lump managed always to give joke for joke,

If harshly e'er spoken to, harsher he spoke;  
And the parson, much piqued at the laugh  
'gainst himself,

Soon put his last joke to the scale-turning off.

As the parson was taking an airing one day,  
His victim he met, Mr. Lump, on his way;  
John was going to speak, when the priest  
said, "You elf,

Hold your tongue for a fool"—"Then pray  
*speak yourself!*"

"You're a sinner," cried he, "and let me  
ask you,

Where you think you would be if Old Nick  
had his due?"

"Why, sir, as to that, if the truth I must  
own—

I think me and your steed would stand here  
alone!"



## OH, THE MISLETOE BOUGH.

The misletoe hung in the castle hall,  
The holly-branch shone on the old oak walls



And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,  
And keeping their Christmas holiday.  
The baron beheld with a father's pride,  
His beautiful child, young Lovel's bride;  
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be  
The star of the goodly company.

Oh, the misletoe bough.

"I 'm tired of singing, now," she cried,  
"Here tarry a moment, I 'll hide—I 'll hide;  
And, Lovel, be sure thou 'rt the first to trace  
The clue to my secret lurking place."  
Away she ran, and her friends began  
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan,  
And young Lovel cried, "Oh where dost thou  
hide?"

I 'm lonely without thee, my own dear bride!"  
Oh, the misletoe bough.

They sought her that night, and they sought  
her next day,  
And they sought her in vain while a week  
passed away.  
In the highest—the lowest—the loneliest spot,  
Young Lovel sought wildly, but found her  
not;

"And years flew by, and their grief at last  
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past.  
And when Lovell appeared, the children cried,  
"See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride!"

At length an old chest, that had long lain hid  
Was found in the castle—they raised the lid,

And a skeleton form lay mouldering there,  
 In the bridal wreath of the lady fair,  
 Oh, sad was her fate! in sportive jest,  
 She hid from her lord in the old oak chest;  
 It closed with a spring, and her bridal bloom  
 Lay withering there, in a living tomb!



### REST! WARRIOR, REST!

He comes from the war, from the red field of  
 fight,  
 He comes through the storm and the darkness  
 of night;  
 For rest and for refuge now vain to implore,  
 The warrior bends low at the cottager's door;  
 Pale, pale is his cheek, there's a gash on his  
 brow,  
 His locks o'er his shoulders distractedly flow,  
 And the fire of his heart shoots by fits from  
 his eye,  
 Like a languishing lamp that just flashes to  
 die.

Rest! warrior, rest!

Sunk in silence and sleep in the cottager's  
 bed,  
 Oblivion shall visit the war-weary head;  
 Perchance he may dream, but the vision shall  
 tell  
 Of his lady-love's hower and her latest fare-  
 well;

On his thoughts on the pinions of fancy shall  
 roam,  
 And in slumber revisit his love and his home;  
 Where the eyes of affection with tenderness  
 gleam—  
 Ah! who would awake from so blissful a  
 dream?

Rest! warrior, rest!



### THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Proud flag of my country! all gallantly  
 streaming  
 In the breeze of the battle when glory ap-  
 appears,  
 The stern scarlet blaze of its hurricane brav-  
 ing.  
 While mercy hangs round with her olive and  
 tears.

Proud flag of my country! 't is transport to  
 meet  
 Some smoke-colored hero, who bled under  
 thee;  
 As he rushed after victory's blood-dripping  
 feet,  
 And grasped the wild laurel that blooms o'er  
 the sea.

Yea, yea, if there 's one whom a nation should  
love,

One high-minded man, whom e'en angels ad-  
mire;

It is he, who, with spirit all flushed from  
above

With the rich loyal bloom of the patriot's fire,  
Dares stand between danger and thee, in the  
hour

When the tyrant would tread on thy peace  
and thy power.

Dares stand, &c.

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# NEW SONGS,

AS SUNG BY

## THE SABLE HARMONISTS.

### UNKLE NED.

Dere was an ole nigga an' dey called him  
Unkle Ned,

An' he died long ago, long ago;  
He had no wool on de top of his head,  
On de place whar de wool ought to grow.  
Den lay down de shubble an' de ho-q-o-o,  
Hang up de fiddle an' de bow,  
No more hard work for poor Ole Ned,  
'Kase he's gone whar de good niggas go.

Ole Ned had fingers like de cane in de brake,  
He had no eyes for to see,  
He had no teeth for to eat de corn cake,  
So he had to let de corn cake be.  
Den lay down, &c.

When Ole Ned die Massa took it berry bad,  
De tears fall down like de rain,  
Ole Missa turn pale an' she look berry sad,  
'Kase she 'll nebber see Ole Ned again.  
Den lay down, &c. (3)

POPULAR SONGS.

ROSA LEE;

OR, "DON'T BE FOOLISH JOE."

When I lib'd in Tennessee,

U . . . li . . a . . li o . . li . . e;

I went courtin' Rosa Lee,

U . . . li . . a . . li o . . li . . e:

Eyes as dark as winter night,

Lips as red as berry bright,

When first I did her wooing go

She said—"Now, don't be foolish, Joe"

CHORUS.—U . . . li . . a . . li o . . li . . e . .

Courtin' down in Tennessee

U . . . li . . a . . li o . . li . . e,

'Neath the wild Banana tree

My story yet is to be told,

U . . . li . . a . . li o . . li . . e,

Rosa catch'd a shocking cold,

U . . . li . . a . . li o . . li . . e:

Send de doctor, fetch de nurse;

Doctor came, but found her worse;

I tried to make her laugh, but, no,

She said—"Now, don't be foolish, Joe"

CHORUS.—U . . . li . . a . . li o . . li . . e.

Courtin' down in Tennessee

U . . . li . . a . . li o . . li . . e;

'Neath the wild Banana tree

Day give her up, no pow'r could save,

U . . . li . . a . . li o . . li . . e,



She ax me follow to her grave,  
                                 U . . . li . . a . . li o . . li . . e .  
 I take her hand, 'twas cold as death—  
 So cold I hardly draw my breff;  
 She saw my tears in sorrow flow,  
 And said—"New, don't be foolish, Jee!"  
 \*CHORUS.—U . . . li . . a . . li o . . li . . e .  
                                 Rosa sleeps in Tennessee,  
                                 U . . . li . . a . . li o . . li . . e .  
                                 'Neath the wild Banana tree.



## OH! SUSANNA.

I cum from Alabama wid my banjo on my  
     knee,  
 I'm gwine to Louisiana my true lub for to  
     see;  
 It rain'd all night the day I left, the wedder  
     it was dry,  
 De sun so hot, I froze to death, Susanna  
     do n't you cry.  
 CHORUS.—Oh! Susanna, do n't you cry for me,  
                 I cum from Alabama  
                 Wid my banjo on my knee.

I'll soon be down in New Orleans an' den  
     I'll run around,

---

\* The last Chorus is to be sung a little slower, and  
 very soft.

An' if I see Susanna, I'll fall upen de  
ground;  
But if I do not see her, dis nigga 'll surely  
die,  
An' when he's dead an' buried, Susanna,  
do n't you cry.

*Cho.*—Oh! Susanna, &c.

I jump'd aboard de telegraph, an' trabbel'd  
down de ribber,  
De 'lectric fluid magnified, an' killed four  
hundred nigga,  
De bullgine bust, de horse run off, I really  
thought I'd die,  
I shut my eyes to hold my breath, Susanna,  
do n't you cry.

*Cho.*—Oh! Susanna, &c.

I had a dream de odder night, when every-  
thing was still,  
I thought I saw Susanna, a comin' down de  
hill,  
De buckwheat cake was in her mouf, de tear  
was in her eye,  
Says I, I'm comin' from de Souf, Susanna,  
do n't you cry.

*Cho.*—Oh! Susanna, &c.

**POPULAR SONGS.**

**LOUISIANA BELLE**

**As sung by Mr. Roark of the Sable Harmonists.**

Louisiana's de same old State,  
Whar massa used to dwell;  
He had a lubly cullud gal  
'Twas de Louisiana Belle.

**CHORUS.**—Oh! Belle, do n't you tell—  
Do n't tell massa, do n't you Beller  
Oh! Belle, de Louisiana belle,  
I'se gwine to marry you—Louisiana Belle.

I went to de ball de udder night—  
I cut a mighty swell;  
I danced de Polka pigeon-wing  
Wid de Louisiana Belle.  
**Ch.**—Oh! Belle, &c.

Dere's Dandy Jim ob Caroline—  
I know him by de swell—  
Tryin' to come it mighty fine,  
Wid de Louisiana Belle.  
**Ch.**—Oh! Belle, &c.

Dere's first de B an' den de E,  
An' den de double L—  
Anoder E to de end ob dat  
Spells Louisiana Belle.  
**Ch.**—Oh! Belle, &c.

ROLL ON SILVER MOON.

As I strayed from my cot at the close of the  
day,

'Mid the ravishing beauties of June,

'Neath a jessamine shade I espied a fair maid,

And she plaintively sighed to the moon:

Roll on silver moon, point the trav'ler his  
way,

While the nightingale's song is in tune;

I never, never more with my true love will  
stray,

By thy soft silver beams, gentle moon.

As the hart on the mountain, my lover was  
brave,

So noble, and manly, and clever,

So kind and sincere—and he loved me full  
dear—

Oh! Edwin, his equal was never.

Roll on silver moon, &c.

But, alas! he is dead, and gone to death's  
bed—

Cut down like a rose in full bloom—

ll alone doth he sleep, while I thus sadly  
weep,

'Neath thy soft, silver light, gentle moon.

Roll on silver moon, &c.

is lone grave I'll seek out until morning  
appears,

And weep o'er my lover so brave—

I'll embrace the cold sod, and bathe with my  
tears

The sweet flowers that bloom o'er his  
grave.

Roll on silver moon, &c

Ah, me! ne'er again may my bosom rejoice,  
For my lost love I fain would meet soon—  
And fond lovers will weep, o'er the grave  
where we sleep,

'Neath thy soft, silver light, gentle moon.

Roll on silver moon, &c.



### MY OLE AUNT SALLY.

As sung by S. A. Wells, in White's band of Ethiopians  
-Serenaders, at the Melodeon Concert Saloon, New  
York.

'Way down to New Orleans I gits upon de  
landin';

I run against a cotton-bale—it fotch me up  
all standin'!

Alamode de duck soup, de corner ob de Al-  
ley!

I'll tell you 'bout a scrape I had wid my ole  
Aunt Sally.

Sally, Sally, my ole Aunt Sally, &c.

I ax'd her won 't she take a ride down upon  
 de Lebbe;  
 She jumpt up an' crack her heels, an' swore  
 she was ready!  
 I neber spoke anoder word, nor will I gib de  
 reason—  
 I lite upon her 'fections for de balance ob de  
 season!

De season, de season, &c.

I hitch de bull before de cart, just like r  
 cleber feller;  
 I cut de bull to make him start—de bull be-  
 gin to beller!  
 I turned round to look for Sal—I neber shall  
 forgotten—  
 Dar I saw her makin' tracks across a field ob  
 cotton!

Cotton, cotton, across, &c.

Up de hill an' down de dale, I did n't seem  
 to mind her;  
 The bull's tail stuck out behind as he ran up  
 behind her!  
 He run right slap agin a stump, an' liked to  
 broke his wizen!  
 Sal dodg'd de oder side, an' cotch'd—de  
 rheumatism!

Tism, tism, &c.



## POPULAR SONGS.

I lub her now wid all my heart,  
My 'fections grow sublimer,  
Neber more from her I'll part,  
Sweet brac' eyed Susianna.  
*Cho.*—She's brac', &c.



## LUCY NEAL.

### A NEW VERSION.

Words published by permission of Firth, Pond & Co.,  
Publishers of the music, No. 1, Franklin Square,  
New York.

'Way down in Alabama,  
Some two miles from Mobile,  
Dere lived a han'some creole gal—  
Her name was Lucy Neal.  
Her raven eyes an' long dark curls  
Around her neck did steal,  
An' early learn'd dis heart to lub  
My pretty Lucy Neal.

*CHORUS.*—Oh, poor Lucy Neal!  
My pretty Lucy Neal!  
If I had you by my side,  
How happy would I feel!

My work all done, my jacket on,  
De hour ob evening meal  
Was sure to send me on de road,  
To see sweet Lucy Neal.



Beneath de ober-hanging trees  
 Dat shade de wide Mobile,  
 I used to meet my lubly gal—  
 My own sweet Lucy Neal.

One day I got a letter,  
 An' jet-black was de seal;  
 It was de 'nouncement ob de death  
 Ob my pretty Lucy Neal!  
 De tale was sad—it broke my heart—  
 No balm de wound could heal!  
 Den fare you well, my lubly gal,  
 My own sweet Lucy Neal!



## A NIGGER'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

### A NEW VERSION.

As sung only by Charles White, the popular Ethiopian  
 Serenader, at the Melodeon Concert Saloon, New  
 York.

I come from old Virginny on a berry fine  
 day;  
 De riber it was froze, and I skated all de  
 way;  
 Wid my banjo in my hand, to play de folks  
 a tune,  
 (What de niggers use to dance by de light  
 ob de moon.)

CHORUS.—Walk in—walk in—walk in, I say  
 Walk into de parlor, and hear de  
                   banjo play;  
 Walk into de parlor, and hear de  
                   banjo ring,  
 And watch de nigger's fingers while  
                   he picks upon de strings.

De world was made in six days, and finish'd  
                   on de seventh;  
 ('Cording to de kontrak, it should a bin de  
                   'leventh!  
 But de carpenters got drunk, and de masons  
                   could n't work,  
 So de cheapest way to do it was to fill it up  
                   wid dirt!)

Adam was de fust man—Ebe was de toder;  
 Cain was de wicked man, 'case he killed his  
                   broder;  
 Jonah was de fisherman dat swallowed dower  
                   de shark;  
 Noah was de strong man dat built him up de  
                   ark.

Now dey got rail-roads all ober de land;  
 Dey shoot through de mountains, and dey  
                   cut through de sand;  
 'ou can get de news from Mexico, whar de  
                   Yankees was a fighting,  
 'y a little piece ob wire dat am greased up:  
                   wid lightning!

\* **Rough-and-Ready** " met Ampudia on de  
 Rio Grande,  
 And dar wid his forces he resolved to stand  
 De Mexicans got frightened at de valor ob  
 his troupe,  
 And Scott he help'd to "finish" dem wid—  
 "a hasty plate ob soup!"



# SING, SING! DARKIES SING!

Sing, sing! darkies sing,  
 Don't you hear de banjo ring, ring, ring,  
 Sing, sing, darkies sing,  
 Sing for de white folks, sing.

**Solo.**—Since music am de meat ob love,  
 Made by Ole 'Pollo from above,  
 De sweetest vittals ob de kine,  
 Am in de darkies' strains divine.

**CHORUS.**—Sing, sing, &c.

Wid 'ludious voice,  
 An' ebber suple hand,  
 Cum raise de noise,  
 An' make de wool strait stand.

**Cho.**—Sing, sing, &c.

Dar' Dandy Jim ob Caroline,  
 An' odder airs dat 's quite as fine,  
 Dar's Daniel Tucker, Lucy Neal,  
 Dat makes de frame ail ober feel.

**Cho.**—Sing, sing, &c.

Cum shake de bones,  
 An' scrape de fiddle leine,  
 An' twang de banjo,  
 An' shake de tamborine,  
*Cho.*—Sing, sing, &c.



# O, GIT ALONG HOME MY YALLAR GALS.

One day jist at de set ob sun,  
 When de work was did an' done,  
 I tuk my banjo an' I play'd,  
 Betwixt de sunshine an' de shade.  
*Chorus.*—O, git along, my yallar gals,  
 De ebenin' sun's declinin',  
 O, git along home, my yallar gals,  
 For de dew on de grass am shinin'

A 'possum on a 'simmon tree,  
 Wid one eye, looked right down on me,  
 Fast by his tail dis critter hung,  
 An' in dis chorus sweetly sung.  
*Cho.*—O, git along, &c.

I cast my eyes up to above,  
 An' saw de lite ob hebenly love,  
 A comet set de clouds on fire—  
 Lord, how dis nigga did suspire!  
*Cho.*—O git along, &c.

## GAL WID DE BLUE DRESS ON.

Now white folks I will sing to you,  
About my dearest Dina,  
Oh! she's de gal dat stole my heart,  
Way down in Alabama!  
She was tall an' slender 'bout de waist,  
An' beautiful as Venus;  
Ob all de gals I ebber did see,  
She was de greatest genus.  
Den gib me de gal wid de blue dress on,  
Dat de white folks call Susanna,  
She stole my heart, an' away she's gone  
Way down in Alabama.

Oh! she had eyes just like de dove,  
An' a foot like de Jiraffum,  
An' when she roll'd dem eyes at me,  
I thought I'd die a laughin'.  
But when my lub did promenade,  
De people would stop dat saw her,  
She was nicest gal dey ebber did see,  
'Xcept de great Victora.  
Cho.—Den gib me de gal, &c.

I took my lub to a ball last night,  
An' when we went to supper,  
She fainted an' ober de table fell,  
An' stuck her head in de butter  
Dey used camphine to fotch her too,  
But den it was too later;

A turkey leg run in her eye,  
 An' she choked to death wid a tater.  
*Cho.*—Den gib me de gal, &c.



# NIGGAS' HEARTS AM BERRY GAY

It was a lubbly, silent night,  
 An' de moon was shinin' berry bright,  
 Each nigga's mind was bent on play,  
 While music charm'd his cares away.  
*Chorus.*—Niggas' hearts am berry gay,  
 Dey tink ob nothin' but to play,  
 But when dey work, dey do it greac,  
 An' when der dress'd dey take a stata

Our voices seem'd to echo sweet,  
 As music was wid us complete ;  
 De bones an' tambo did resound,  
 As de banjo by dem king was crowned.  
*Cho.*—Niggas' hearts, &c.

We push'd our way along wid glee,  
 Strainin' eyes out far to see,  
 When goin' to de ribber side,  
 We met ole Davy Johuson's bride.  
*Cho.*—Niggas' hearts, &c.

She ax'd us, wid a bow an' grin,  
 What made us leabe de country agin,  
 But tinkin' partin' cause much pain,  
 We left her by herself to complain.  
*Cho.*—Niggas' hearts, &c.

We went den to de ribber side,  
An' sang wid joy till de raise ob de tide,  
We den 'mbark'd for de odder shore,  
But sank 'fore we reach'd it to rise no more,  
*Cho.*—Niggas' hearts, &c.



## MARY BLANE.

I once did lub a yallar gal,  
I'll tell you what's her name,  
She cum from ole Virginny,  
An' dey call'd her Mary Blane.  
Den farewell, farewell,  
Farewell poor Mary Blane.  
O do take care yourself my dear,  
I'se cummin' back again.

When first I fell in lub wid her,  
Her 'fections I did gain.  
I courted her, at least, four years,  
'Fore she was Mrs. Blane.  
*Cho.*—Den farewell, &c

De niggas all went out one night,  
A huntin' for some game,  
Dey den cum to my peaceful hut,  
An' stole my Mary Blane.  
*Cho.*—Den farewell, &c.

De time roll'd on, it grieb'd me much  
 To tink no tidin's came ;  
 I hunt de woods, boff night an' day,  
 To find my Mary Blane.  
 Den farewell, &c.

I found my lub tied to a tree,  
 She was in berry great pain,  
 De niggas had tarr'd an' feder'd her,  
 An' so left my Mary Blane.  
*Cho.*—Den farewell, &c.

I den did take my lub straight home,  
 To reliebe her from her pain,  
 But 'fore de sun did shine next day,  
 Stiff an' cold was Mary Blane.  
*Cho.*—Den farewell, &c.



### MISS JULIA IS A HANDSUM GAL.

Miss Julia is a handsum gal, her heart was  
 young an' tender,  
 Her eyes am dark an' rather small, her form  
 genteel an' slender,  
 An' den her face so round an' fat, de people  
 do admire,  
 Her eyes set in dat face at night, looks like  
 two towns on fire,  
*CHORUS.*—Oh ! Julia is a beauty,  
 She blossoms like a pina,



Oh, sah ! she is de prettiest gal,  
Dat libs in ole Carlina.

An' when Miss Julia takes a walk, it's on  
some holiday,  
A big steam bullgine goes ahead to clar de  
track away;  
De bells all ring an' out she goes, her hair  
floats on de breeze.  
An' when de sun shines on her face it makes  
de geeses sneeze.

*Cho.*—Oh ! Julia, &c.

Miss Julia has a little foot, dat wears a little  
gaiter,  
Which sets as close as e'er you saw a peelix'  
on a tater,  
An' when she walks, oh ! gracious, oh ! Mo-  
ses, what a swell,  
De boys an' gals dey all cry out, Oh ! Julia  
is a belle !

*Cho.*—Oh ! Julia, &c.



## BRESS DAT LUBLY YALLAR GAL.

A PARODY ON ANNA BOYLENA,

Oh, bress dat lubly yallar gal.  
Dat de white folks call Miss Dina ;  
Oh, pity me, ye niggas all,  
An' tell whar I can find her.

On, now she's gone an' left you,  
 For fear dat you would harm her,  
 To-day arter to-morrow,  
 She's gone to Alabama.

Her hair is like de shinin' silk,  
 She's big an' round as 'rorus,  
 She libs upon good mush an' milk,  
 An' morus multicornus.  
*Cho.*—Oh, now, &c.

Oh, since she's gone an' left me,  
 My heart is fill'd wid sorrow,  
 I'll find some oder yallar gal,  
 An' marry her to-morrow.  
*Cho.*—Oh, now, &c.



### OLE BULL AN OLE DAN TUCKER.

Oh, white folks, I will sing to you  
 A good old song, it is quite new,  
 'Bout Ole Bull, an' Ole Dan Tucker,  
 Who play'd a match for an oyster supper  
 Den hand de banjo down to play,  
 We'll beat Ole Bull from de Norway,  
 And take de shine from Paganiny,  
 We am de boys from ole Virginny.

Ole Bull he cum to town to play,  
 Five hundred dollars for a day,

De women ran, an' I ran too,  
To hear him fiddle up sumtin' new.  
*Cho.*—Den hand de banjo &c.

Dey play'd togedder at Chatham street,  
Each other's time dey try to beat;  
Some went for Dan, an' some for Bull,  
De house was crowded ram jam full.  
*Cho.*—Den hand de banjo, &c.

When first de fiddle 'gan to speak,  
De people dey all went to sleep;  
He gib his bow a mighty haul,  
Which made dem all wake up an' squall.  
*Cho.*—Den hand de banjo, &c.

Now Bull is beat, as you must know,  
By Old Dan Tucker an' his banjo;  
In tryin' to imitate Paganiny,  
He got beat by dis boy from ole Virginn?  
*Cho.*—Den hand de banjo, &c.

Den if you want to hear good play,  
Jist call for Dan from de Norway,  
Who tuck de shine from Paganiny,  
He was de boy from ole Virginn.  
*Cho.*—Den hand de banjo, &c.

## JINNY CRACK CORN.

When I was young, I used to wait  
On Massa's table, an' hand de plate,  
I'd pass de bottle ober dar,  
So, Jinny Crack Corn, I don't care,  
So, Jinny Crack Corn, I don't care,  
Jinny Crack Corn, I don't care,  
Jinny Crack Corn, I don't care,  
For Massa's gone away.

Den arter dinner Massa sleep,  
He make dis nigga vigils keep,  
An' when him sleepin' in de chair,  
Den Jinny Crack Corn, I don't care.  
*Cho.*—So, Jinny, &c.

Den when he ride in de arternoon,  
I foller wid a hickory broom,  
De ponies being so berry spare,  
So, Jinny Crack Corn, I don't care.  
*Cho.*—So, Jinny, &c.

Ole Massa's dead, now let him rest,  
Dey say all tings am for de best;  
I hope you den will not despair,  
So, Jinny Crack Corn, I don't care,  
*Cho.*—So, Jinny, &c.

## DE NEW BLUE TAIL'D FLY

BY AN U. S. N. OFFICER.

If you should go, in summer time,  
To Souf Carolina's sultry clime,  
An' in de shade you chance to lie,  
You'll soon find out de blue tail fly,  
An' scratch 'um wid a brier too

Dar's many kind ob curious tings,  
From different sort ob insek springs ;  
Some hatch in June, an' some July,  
But August fatches de blue tail fly,  
An' scratch 'um wid a brier too.

When I was young, I use to wait  
On Massa's table, an' hand de plate,  
I'd pass de bottle when him dry,  
Den brush away de blue tail fly,  
An' scratch 'um wid a brier too.

Den arter dinna Massa sleep,  
He bid dis nigga vigil keep,  
An' when him gwine to shut his eye,  
He tell me wotch de blue tail fly.  
An' scratch 'um wid a brier too.

When him ride in de arternoon,  
I foller wid a hickory broom ;  
De pony it being berry shy  
When bitten by de blue tail fly,  
An' scratch 'um wid a brier too.

One day he rode aroun' de farm,  
 De flies so numerous dey did swarm,  
 An' tho' wid all my might I try,  
 I couldn't keep off de blue tail fly,  
     An' scratch 'um wid a brier toc.

De pony rear, de pony pitch,  
 An' fling ole Massa in de ditch ;  
 De jury wonder'd how he die,  
 An' de verdict was, de blue tail fly,  
     An' scratch 'um wid a brier too.



### FIGHTING JAKEY.

TUNE.—“I Should like to Marry.”

Oh, I'm a fancy fellow, you'd better believe  
     it tho',  
 'Creates a great sensation wherever I do go ;  
 I sports the flashy fixin', when I've got my  
     prettys on,  
 And all the gals that sees me, “takes me to  
     be some.”  
 For I'm a fancy fellow, you'd better believ  
     it tho',  
 I creates a great sensation wherever I do go.  
 I sports a Rocky mountain, all lined with  
     blue and red,  
 Of Stratton's latest fashion, it sits right on  
     my head,

**My coat is one of Stokes's of the neatest cut,  
I throws it on so natty when I takes a strut.  
For I'm a fancy fellow, &c.**

**When I goes through Spring Garden, or away  
up town,  
I'm observed by all the fellows, or else I  
knock 'em down ;  
The ladies smile so sweetly, and say among  
themselves,  
Ain't that a "gallus fellow," I vow he's  
"nothing else."  
For I'm a fancy fellow, &c.**

**When I'm at the theater, to see the tragee-dee,  
The actors pass unnoticed, all eyes are turn'd  
on me,  
The gals you'll hear 'em whisper, and look  
at me so sly,  
Oh, there I believe is Jakey, I know him by  
his eye.  
For I'm a fancy fellow, &c.**

**When I go to the market, I tell you I look  
high,  
As in a fancy posture, I ask the women to buy,  
I dines up at de Merchant's, and takes corn  
beef an' cabbage,  
An' when I call for puddin', why Dick he  
does look savage.  
For I'm a fancy fellow, &c.**

I'm some on boxing science, plays both open  
an' shut,  
An' when they get me huffy, its "Sykesy take  
de Butt,"  
They call me fighting Jakey, I spend my  
money free,  
I'm one of 'em at a fire, an runs wid de  
Fair-ee.

For I'm a fancy fellow, &c.

And to the Falls of Schuylkill, I often does  
ride out,  
Then I comes, "hey! go'long, go long now,  
what ar yer about,"  
And when I want to "pick a mass" I pulls  
up in their way,  
And then say I, "I'll lamb yer," I will if yer  
don't go away.

For I'm a fancy fellow, &c.

Of all the gals I fancy, my Lize I do prefer,  
She is so very gallus, I must get slung to her  
And when that 'ere does happen, what fun we  
then shall see,  
For I shall "do my prettyest" and go right in  
for a Babe-ee.

For I'm a fancy fellow, &c.



## POPULAR SONGS.

### "IT AINT ANY THING ELSE."

Written by S. S. Steele, and sung by Mr. Dickenson,

TUNE.—"Go it while you 're young."

To sing you a new song,  
I've just this moment come out,  
It shant be very long,  
And you'll soon know what it's about.  
Then please to hear it through,  
And if the subject tells,  
'Tis only to please you—  
It aint for any thing else.

Politicians bustle about,  
And of a reform they prate,  
And roar stump speeches out,  
To mount the tree of State;  
'I go clean in for good,"  
The people he loudly tells,  
'That is for the good of himself—  
It aint for anything else.

The temperance men grow warm,  
Upon their water so cold,  
Like flies around a cask they swarm;  
In-temperately they scold,  
They tongue-lash all who drink,  
And each who good spirit sells,  
But its all for a show, I think—  
It aint for anything else.

The dandies sport their tips,  
And boots with a thimble heel,  
And strut in padded hips,  
Just like a stuffed leg of veal.  
I'll tell you the reason why  
He stuffs, and struts, and swells  
'Tis to make the ladies sigh—  
It aint for anything else.

Some ladies wear gipsey hats,  
And are the gipsey, too,  
With rims turned up in front,  
So their eyes can turn up to view  
The reason each one knows,  
Their staring plainly tells,  
'Tis all to attract the beaux—  
It aint for anything else.

"This world is all a show,"  
For if to a church folks walk,  
'Tis more to see and be seen,  
Than to hear the minister talk;  
Silk velvet cushions trimm'd high  
Each plain observer tells,  
'Tis all to please the eye—  
It aint for anything else.

"Tother night, as I went out,  
Says Mrs. Caudle, says she,  
"My dear, this is too bad,  
You're every night from me!"

"It business takes me, dear,"  
Says she, "that whisker tells,  
It's all to hunt the girls—  
It aint for anything else."

I hear the sound of drums,  
And a talk of armies and fleets  
And every freeman's heart,  
With valor seems to beat ;  
Would you know what it's all about,  
Each patriot's eye now tells,  
'Tis to keep our Oregon—  
It aint for anything else.



## ALL WHEN MY FARM IS TAKEN.

As sung by Mr. Hedaway.

Oh, when my farm is taken,  
How delightful 'twill be o'er my acres to  
stump !  
Then I'll marry a dairy maid jolly and plump,  
But she shan't be as fat as my bacon.  
I'll hire a lout to wield the flail,  
Small beer shall serve the bumpkin,  
While I, with guzzling home-brew'd ale,  
Grow rounder than a pumpkin.  
I'll have hogs, dogs, cows, sows,  
Turkeys, ducks, and barley mows,  
Harrows, ganders, bullocks, plows

And I'll dazzle the country gables,  
 I'll get a bull—I'll get a cart—  
 I'll get the Farmer's Guide by heart,  
 And I'll get a dozen babies.

Then I'll get my dogs, I'll fat my hogs  
 I'll milk my cows, I'll salt my sows,  
 I'll run my rigs, I'll stick my pigs.  
 I'll roast my lambs, I'll mend my dams  
     I'll whet my knife,  
     I'll kill my sheep,  
     I'll kiss my wife,  
     I'll go to sleep—  
 All when my farm is taken

I'll drink just double each Saturday night,  
 Sitting up with my spouse by candle-light,  
     For I need not rise early on Sunday ;  
 Then I'll prate to my love of clover and barns,  
 While the dear little children's stockings she  
     darns,  
     That must go to the wash on Monday.  
 On Sunday to church—beef and pudding at  
     one.  
     Then the evening to spend,  
     I'll get drunk with a friend,  
 Reel to bed, and on Monday be up with the  
     sun.  
 But on Monday, my bed forsaking,  
 Oh! how my nob will be aching!  
     With my eyes stiff and red,  
     Sunk deep in my head,

I shall look as old as Methusalem!  
 Whilst the curst noises round me,  
 Will so confound me,  
 I shall wish the farm-yard at Jerusalem.

For there the pigs will be squeaking,  
 The wagon wheels creaking,  
 Ducks quacking, cart whips cracking,  
 Turkeys gobbling, carters squabbling,  
 Rooks cawing, plow-boys jawing,  
 Horses neighing, donkies braying,  
 Cocks crowing, oxen lowing,  
 Dogs bark, Noah's ark!  
 Gobble wobble—weeke—baw caw—  
 Giant—bow-wow—quack—moo—ee aw!  
*(Imitating the various animals.)*  
 All when my farm is taken.



## MATTERS AND WONDERS OF 1843.

BY SILAS S. STEELE.

TUNE—"Old Dan Tucker."

Sung by Mr. Dickenson, with great applause, for a whole season.

in each shop window and magazine,  
 Plates of the fashions can be seen,  
 But if you'll lend an eye and ear,  
 I'll sketch both the Times and the Fashions  
 here.

For night and day,  
 It's all display,  
 Both night and day the people dash on  
 To keep up with the *Times and Fashion*.

We've Bucks who cut extensive dashes,  
 With long straight hair and big mustaches,  
 They've *square-toed* coats without a tail,  
 That hang like a woolsack from a nail,  
 And night and day, &c.

Some make *leather caps* the hat displace, now  
 And wear *fur* only on the face, now,  
 They sport *long beards* to cheat the *barber*,  
 And look like a *fox* in a briar harbor.  
 And night and day, &c.

We've pants so *checked*, that *bucks* with ease  
 now,  
 Can play at *checkards* on their knees, now,  
 They're *pleated* round the waist with stitches  
 Like little school-boys' Sunday (breeches)  
*trowsers*. And night and day, &c.

The tall white hats around paraded,  
 Show it's the fashion to be *light-headed*.  
 They've walking cares, with knots and  
 crooks, sir,  
 Bent in very like our large *pct-hooks*, sir.  
 And night and day, &c.

There's one machine throughout the land,  
 Which politicians understand,  
 They work it unto good old tunes,  
 For raising *polk* and catching *coons*.  
 And night and day, &c.

There's *Riding-schools* where in a toss, now,  
 You can learn to ride a single horse, now,  
 But at *Welch's Circus* a man can teach  
 You to ride *six horses*, with a leg on each.  
 Oh, there so gay,  
 It's all display,  
 Oh, there so gay they ride and dash on,  
 And always hope to be in the fashion.

Our ladies wear gowns of all colors,  
*Square-toed* sleeves, and broad *shirt collars*,  
 They go it morning, night, and noon,  
 With bustles round like young balloons.  
 And night and day, &c.



### WALK IN THE PARLOR.

'm right from old *Virginny*, wid my head so  
 full of knorledge,  
 never went to free school, or any oder col-  
 lege,  
 But I will tell you one ting, it is a certain fact  
 I'll git you 'scription of de world in a twink-  
 ling of a crack.

So walk in, walk in, walk in, I say;  
 Walk into de parlor and hear de banjo play  
 Walk into de parlor and hear de banjo ring,  
 And watch de darkie's fingers while he  
     picks it on de string.

Lightning is a yaller gal who libs up in de  
     clouds,  
 Thunder is a brack man, and he can holler  
     loud;  
 When he kisses Lightning, she darts up in a  
     wonder,  
 He jumps up and grabs de clouds, and dat's  
     what make it thunder.  
     So walk in, &c.

Noah built de ark and filled it full of sassage,  
 All de oder animals took a cabin passage;  
 De elephant he cum last—Noah said, "you 'a  
     drunk!"  
 "No," says he, "it took me all dis time to  
     pack away my trunk!"  
     So walk in, &c.

O, Noah sent de bird out to look for dry land,  
 When he cum back, he had de banjo in his  
     hand,  
 I took up de banjo and played 'em dis ere  
     tune,  
 All de animals, 'cept the elephant, fell into  
     swoon.  
     So walk in, &c.



## JIM CRACK CORN.

When I was young I used to wait,  
On Massa, and hand him de plate;  
Pass down de bottle when he get dry,  
And brush away de blue-tail fly.

Jim crack corn, I don't care.

Jim crack corn, I don't care.

Jim crack corn, I don't care.

Ole Massa gone away.

Den arter dinner Massa sleep,  
He bid dis nigga vigil keep;  
An' when he gwine to shut his eye,  
He tell me watch the blue-tail fly.

Jim crack corn, &c.

An' when he ride in de arternoon,  
I foller wid a hickory broom,  
De pony being berry shy,  
When bitten by de blue-tail fly.

Jim crack corn, &c.

One day he rode around de farm,  
De flies so numerous dey did swarm;  
One chance to bite him on the thigh,  
De debble take dat blue-tail fly.

Jim crack corn, &c.

De poney run, he jump an' pitch,  
An' tumble Massa in de ditch;

He died, an' de jury wonder'd why,  
 De verdic was de blue-tail fly.  
     Jim crack corn, &c.

Dey laid 'im under a 'simmon tree,  
 His epitaph am dar to see :  
 " Beneath dis stone I'm forced to lie,  
 All by de means ob de blue-tail fly."  
     Jim crack corn, &c.

Ole Massa gone, now let 'im rest,  
 Dey say all tings am for de best ;  
 I neber forget till de day I die,  
 Ole Massa an' dat blue-tail fly.  
     Jim crack corn, &c.



## DE FLOATING SCOW OB OLE VIRGINIA.

De floating scow ob ole Virginia,  
 Dat I worked from day to day,  
 A raking 'mong de oyster beds,  
     To me it was but play ;  
 But now I'm old and feeble too,  
 I cannot work any more :  
 O, carry me back to ole Virginia,  
     To ole Virginia's shore.  
     O, carry me back to ole Virginia,  
     To ole Virginia's shore,  
 O, carry me back to ole Virginia,  
     To ole Virginia's shore.

O, if I was but young again,  
 I would lead a different life,  
 I'd save my money, and buy a farm,  
 And take Dina for my wife;  
 But now old age, he holds me tight,  
 And my limbs are growing sore,  
 Den carry me back to ole Virginia,  
 To ole Virginia's shore,  
 O, carry me back, &c.

O, when I'm dead and gone to rest,  
 Lay de ole baujo by my side,  
 Let de possum and coon to de funeral go,  
 For dey was my only pride;  
 Den in soft repose I take my sleep,  
 And I'll dream for ebermore,  
 You carried me back to ole Virginia,  
 To ole Virginia's shore.  
 O, carry me back, &c.



### MISS NANCY PAUL.

Long, long ago, I got acquainted,  
 With a gal so straight and tall;  
 O wasn't she a lubly creature,  
 And her name was Nancy Paul.  
 Miss Nancy's form all folks admire,  
 She's six feet high, perhaps some  
 higher.

**O, Nancy Paul, O, Nancy Paul,  
You're the handsomest gal ob de nig-  
gers all.**

**I gib Miss Nance an inbitation  
'To go and dance at a ball ;  
She laugh'd and said she's berry willing,  
So I danced with Nancy Paul.  
Miss Nancy's form, &c.**

**Since den I called on Nancy often,  
I take her by her hand so small,  
And look up in her sparkling eyeses,  
And say Flub you Nancy Paul.  
Miss Nancy's form, &c.**

**She told me I had stole her 'fections.  
Dat I must very often call ;  
She said I was her darling nigger,  
I said she was my Nancy Paul.  
Miss Nancy's form, &c.**

**And now dear Nance and I is married,  
De little childrens round us squall,  
Dey sing, we lub our darlin' daddy,  
Because he married Nancy Paul.  
Miss Nancy's form, &c.**

## STOP DAT KNOCKING.

Oh! take dat coon you gave me, lub,  
 I'll hab it now no more,  
 To me it now can only prove,  
 My days ob peace are o'er,  
 Oh! let it on some other lap  
 Its little self recline,  
 Nor shed around dat perfume sweet,  
 Dat once it shed on mine  
 Who dar? Who dar? Who dar?  
 Who dar knocking at the door?  
 Is dat you Sambo knocking here, is dat  
 you?  
 Is dat you knocking at de door?  
 Stop dat knocking, Stop dat knocking,  
 (Let me in, Let me in, Let me in).  
 Now I tell stop dat knocking at de dooz.

Dat coon and Sambo both togedder,  
 Dey tare my heart wid pain,  
 Dey're like a stormy, windy wedder,  
 When sun's wash'd out by de rain.  
 Lo! take dis coon, I'll hab it not,  
 I throw it now away,  
 Its head is like a dinner pot,  
 And yours is turning grey.  
 Who dar? &c.













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