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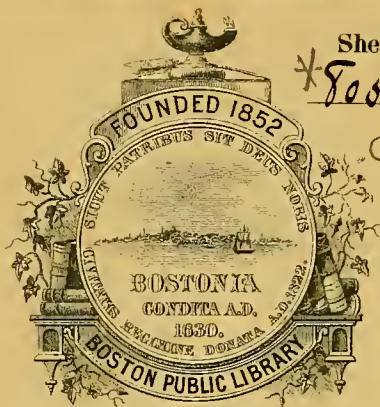
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THE

# ETHIOPIAN GLEE BOOK:

CONTAINING THE SONGS SUNG BY THE

# CHRISTY MINSTRELS.

WITH MANY OTHER

## POPULAR NEGRO MELODIES,

IN FOUR PARTS,

### ARRANGED FOR QUARTETT CLUBS.

BY GUMBO CHAFF, A. M. A.

NO. 2.

FIRST BANJO PLAYER TO THE KING OF CONGO.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY ELIAS HOWE, NO. 11 CORNHILL.

1848.





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# PREFACE.

De 'Scriber am pressed wid de vast 'sponsibility ob presentin' to de whole Nigga Popalashun ob dis world de genus ob de colored pofessors ob de 'vine art; and did he tink dat de world would be safe widout 'em, an' dat posterity would not smk down into ob'ibion, he would most 'specfully hab declined de honor to be de fus' skientific orther ob an Ethiopian Glee Book. He would most 'specfully say dat he hab taken some PAIN' to present a work 'dapted to de genus ob de risin' generation ob yung Niggers, an' dat dis Book will be de means to keep dem in de strait an' narrow paff", am de sinsere wish ob one ob dare Aucesters.

GUMBO CHAFF.

---

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848,

By ELIAS HOWE,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

---

STEREOTYPED BY A. B. KIDDER, 7 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

## DEDICATION:

*To all de Bobolashun and Anti-slavery 'cieties truout de world dis Book am most 'specfully 'scribed by de crither.*

# AS I WAS GWOIN DOWN SHINBONE ALLEY. QUARTETT.

59

**TREBLE.**  
**1. ALTO.**  
 I was gwoin down shinbone alley, Long time a - go! To buy a bonnet for Miss Sal-ly, Long time a - go!

**TENOR.**  
**2. BASE.**  
 Be - hind de fence I watch he motion! Long time a - go! Kase I know he have a no-ri-<sup>ad lib.</sup>on! Long time a - go!

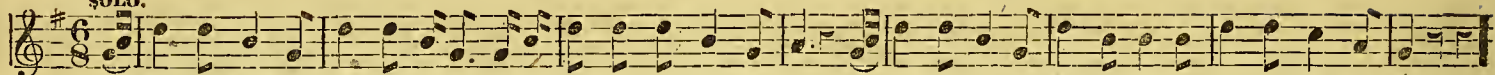
Dare I met ole Clem de weaver, Long time a - go! In his hand he had a cleaver, Long time a - go!

Isays ole Clein what dat you to-tin, Long time a - go! Long time fore de nigger spoken, Long time a - go!

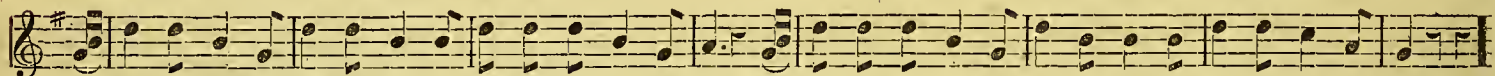


## DE FLOATING SCOW OB OLE VIRGINIA.

SOLO.



1. De floating scow ob ole Vir-gin-ia, Dat I work-ed from day to day, A raking 'mong de oyster beds, To me it was but play;
2. O, if I was but young a-gain, I would lead a different life, And I'd save money and buy a farm, And take Dina for my wife;
3. O, when I'm dead and gone to rest, Lay de ole ban-jo by my side, Let de Possum an coon to funeral go, For dey was my only pride;



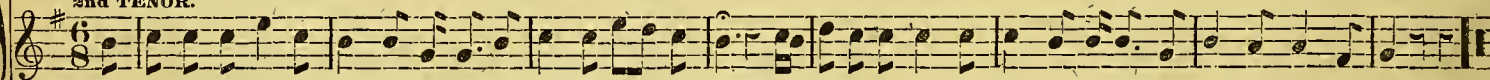
But now I'm old and fee-ble too, I can-not work a - ny more: O, car-ry me back to ole Vir-gin-ia, To ole Virginia shore  
 But now old age, he holds me tight, And my limbs are growing sore, Den car-ry me back to ole Vir-gin-ia, To ole Virginia shore.  
 Den in soft repose I take my sleep, And I'll dream for eb-er more, Dat car-ry-ing back to ole Vir-gin-ia, To ole Virginia shore.

1st TENOR.

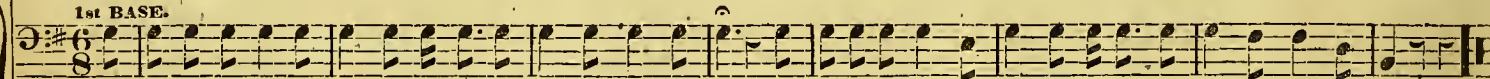


O car-ry me back to ole Vir-gin-ia, To ole Vir-gin-ia shore, O carry me back to ole Virginia, To ole Vir-gin-ia shore.

2nd TENOR.



1st BASE.



O car-ry me back to ole Vir-gin-ia, To ole Vir-gin-ia shore, O carry me back to ole Virginia, To ole Vir-gin-ia shore.

2nd BASE.



# JIM ALONG JOSEY.

1st TENOR. *Moderato.* Chorus. *Ad lib.* Tempo. *ad lib.*

1. Oh! I se from Lu-ci-anna, as you all know, Dar whar Jim along Josey's all de go, Dem niggars all rise when de bell does ring, And dis is de snng dat dey do sing.

2d TENOR.

2. Oh! when I gets dat new coat which I 'pects soon, Likewise a new pair tight-knee'd trousaloon, Den I walks up and down Broadway wid my Susianna, An' de folks will 'tink I am Santa Aona.

1st BASE.

3. My sister Rose de oder night did dream, Dat she was floating up and down de stream, And when she woke she 'gan to cry, And de white cat picked out de black cat's eye.

2d BASE.

4. Now way down south not very far off, A bull-frog died wid de whooping cough, And 'toder side of Mississippi as you must know, Dare's where I was christened Jim along Joe!

*Allegro.* *ff*

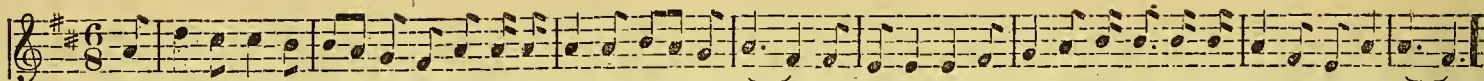
Hey get along, get a-long Jo-sey, Hey get along, Jim along Joe! Hey get along, get a-long Josey, Hey get along, Jim along Joe!

*ff*

Hey get along, get a-long Jo-sey, Hey get along, Jim a-long Joe! Hey get a-long, get a-long Jo-sey, Hey get along, Jim along Joe!



## MISS NANCY PAUL.



1. Long, long ago, I got ac - quainted With a gall so straight and tall; O! was'nt she a lubly creature, And her name was Nancy Paul.
2. I gib Miss Nanc an in - bi-ta-tion To go and dance at a ball; She laugh'd and said she's berry willing, So I danced with Nancy Paul.
3. Since den I called on Nancy often, I take her by her hand so small, And look up in her sparkling eyeses And say I lub you Nancy Paul.
4. She told me I had stole her 'fections, Dat I must very oft-en call; She said I was her darling nigger, I said she was my Nancy Paul.
5. And now dear Nanc and I is married, De little childrens round us squall, Dey sing we lub our darlin daddy, Because he married Nancy Paul.

1st TENOR. *ff* Chorus.

Miss Nan - cy's form all folks ad - mire, She's six feet high, per - haps some higher; O Nancy Paul . . . . O

## 2d TENOR.

Miss Nan - cy's form all folks ad - mire, She's six feet high, per - haps some high-er, O Nan-cy Paul . . . . O

1st BASE. *ff*

Miss Nan - cy's form all folks ad - mire, She's six feet high, per - haps some high-er; O Nancy Paul . . . . O

## 2d BASE.

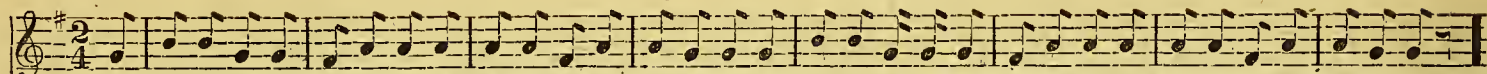
Miss Nan - cy's form all folks ad - mire, She's six feet high, per - haps some high - er, O Nan-cy Paul . . . . O

Nan - -cy Paul . . . . You're the hand - som - est gall ob de Nig - gers all, O! Nan - -cy Paul..

Nan - -cy Paul . . . . You're the hand - som - est gall ob de Nig - gers all, O Nan - cy Paul..

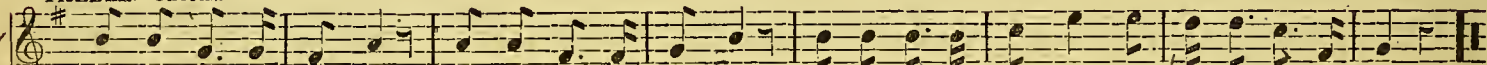
. . . . O! Nan - cy Paul . . . . She's de hand - som - - est gall ob de Nig - gers all

. . . . O Nan - -cy Paul . . . . She's de hand - som - est gall ob de Nig - ners all.



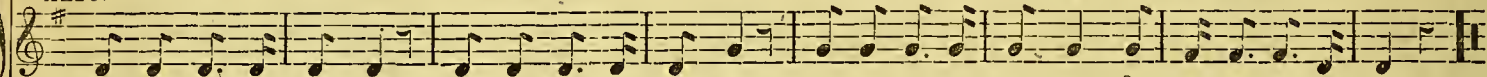
1. When I was young I used to wait On Mas-sa and hand him de plate; Pass down de bot-tle when he get dry, And brush away de blue-tail fly.
2. Den ar-ter din-ner mas-sa sleep, He bid dis nig-gar vig-il keep; An' when he gwine to shut his eye, He tell me watch de blue-tail fly.
3. An' when he ride in de ar-ter-noon, I fol-ler wid a hiekory broom; De po-ney being ber-ry shy, When bit-ten by de blue-tail fly.

## TREBLE. Chorus.



Jim crack corn I don't care, Jim crack corn I don't care, Jim crack corn I don't care, Ole Mas-sa gone a - way.

## ALTO.



## TENOR.



Jim crack corn I don't care, Jim crack corn I don't care, Jim crack corn I don't care, Ole Mas-sa gone a - way.

## BASE.



4

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.

5

De poney run, he jump an' pitch,  
An tumble massa in de dito.  
He died, an' de jury wonder'd why  
De verdict was de blue-tail fly.

Jim crack corn, &c.

6

Dey laid 'im under a 'simmon tree,  
His epitaph am dar to see:  
'Beneath dis stonc I'm forced to lie,  
All by de means ob de blue-tail fly.'

Jim crack corn, &c.

7

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

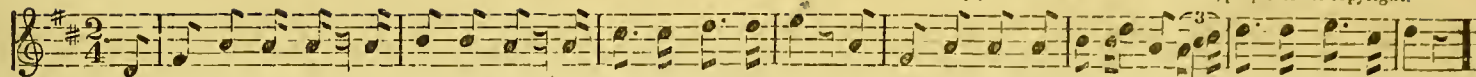
Jim crack corn, &c.



# LOU'SIANA BELLE.

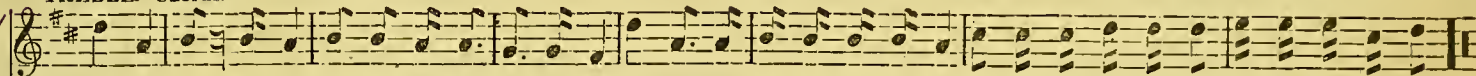
65

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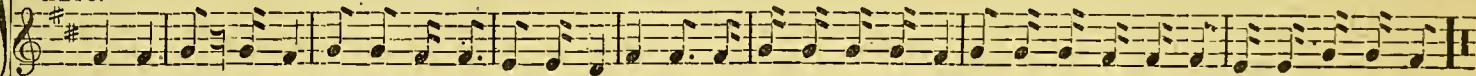
1. Oh! Lou-si- a - na's de same old state, Whar Massa used to dwell; He had a lub-ly cul-lad gal, 'Twas Lousi-an- na Belle.
2. I went to de ball de ud-der night, I eut a migh-ty swell; I danc'd de Pol-ka—pigeon-wing, Wid de Lousia- na Belle.

**TREBLE. Chorus.**

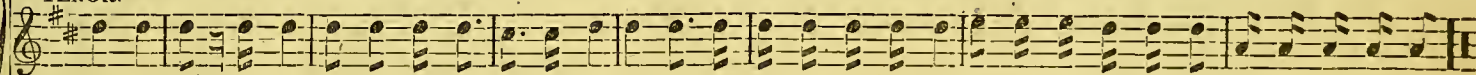


Oh! Belle don't you tell, don't tell Mas-sa, don't you Belle, Oh! Belle, de Lou'si-a-na Belle, I's gwine to mar-ry you, Lou-'si - a - na Belle.

**ALTO.**



**TENOR.**



Oh! Belle don't you tell, don't tell Massa, don't you Belle, Oh! Belle, de Lou'si-a - na Belle, I's gwine to mar-ry you, Lou-'si - a - na Belle.

**BASE.**



3

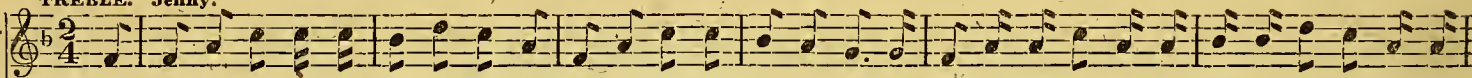
Dere's Dandy Jim ob Caroline—  
I know him by de swell,  
Tryin' to come it mighty fine,  
Wid de Lou'siana Belle.  
Oh! Belle, &c.

4

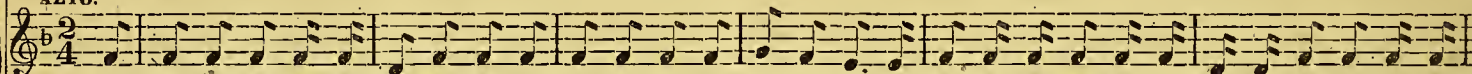
Dere's first de B and den de E,  
And den double LL;  
Anoder E to the end ob dat,  
Spells Lou'siana Belle.  
Oh! Belle, &c.

## OLD KING CROW.

TREBLE. Jenny.

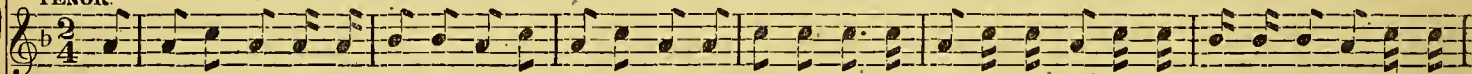


ALTO.

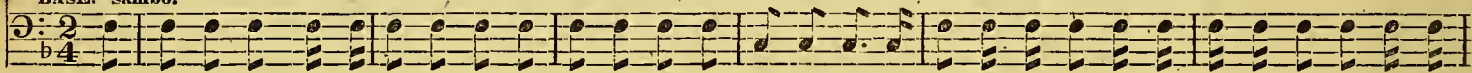


1. Now gemmen hear what I'se gwoin to say, It am a fac and dat you know, It cum for to pass on a wer-ry fine day, An its

TENOR.

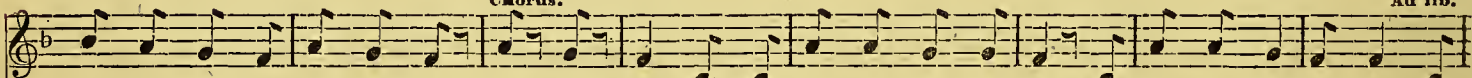


BASE. Sambo.



Chorus.

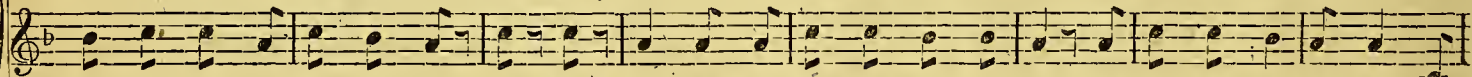
Ad lib.



Old King Crow He's de black - est tief I know, He neb - er says nuf - fin, But



all a - bout an "Ole King Crow!" Old King Crow He's de black - est tief I know, He neb - er says nuf - fin, But



Old King Crow He's de black - est tief I know, He neb - er says nuf - fin, But





*Calando.*

Caw! Caw! Caw! Oh! don't both-er me, I tell you taint done,

Caw! Caw! Caw!

Caw! Caw! Caw! Jen-ny get de hoe-cake, Fetch a-long de hoe-cake, Will you bring de hoe-cake!

G'long, don't bother me, I'll fotch a-long de hoe-cake Soon it am done.

I'll fotch a-long de hoe-cake Soon it am done.

fotch a-long de hoe-cake Soon it am done

2  
 I went out in de old corn field,  
 Someting holler hulloa Joe,  
 I looked up in de old oak tree,  
 And dar he sot dat Old King Crow.  
 Old King Crow, &c.

3  
 Say I old crow get out ob dat,  
 Before I shoot you wid my hoe,  
 He nuffin said, but spread his wing,  
 Den away he flew dat Old King Crow.  
 Old King Crow, &c.

## BANKS OB DE OHIO.

**TREBLE. Solo.** **Chorus.** **Solo.**

1. We lib on de banks ob de O - hi - o, Tral lal lal lal, tral lal lal lal, Whar de mighty waters rapidly flow, And de steamboat streak along.

**ALTO.**

2. Old mas - sa to we darkies am good, Tral lal lal lal, tral lal lal lal, He gib us our close, and gib us our food, An' we merrily work fer him.

3. When day am gwam, an our toil am done, Tral lal lal lal, tral lal lal lal, To de cabin we go and hab our fun—Sweet music dar we excourse.

**TENOR.**

4. Droop not dar - kics, as we hoe, Tral lal lal lal, tral lal lal lal, Tillin' de banks ob de O - hi - o, To raise de bac - ca and corn.

**BASS.**

5. In a berry short time we all must go, Tral lal lal lal, tral lal lal lal, Back to de banks ob de O - hi - o, Our home we lub so well.

**Chorus.** **Lento.**

We lib on de banks ob de O - hi - o, O - hi - o, O - hi - o, We lib on de banks ob de O - hi - o, on de O - hi - o.

We lib on de banks ob de O - hi - o, O - hi - o, O - hi - o, We lib on de banks ob de O - hi - o, on de O - hi - o.

# BANGA. TRIO FOR 3 DARKIES.

**1st VOICE.** **Banjo.**

1. What are the joys of white man, here? What are his pleasures, say, Me wants no joys, no ills me fear, But me on Bon-ja 'play. La la la la la

**2d VOICE.**

2. But white man's joys are not like mine, Do he look smart and gay; He great, he proud, he haughty, fine, While me on Bon-ja play; La la la la la

**BASE.**

3. Me en-vy not the white man den, Me poor but me is gay, Me glad at heart, me hap-py when Me on me Bon-ja play: La la la la la

**Voice.**

la la la la la la la la la Me wants no joys, no ills me fear, But me on Bon ja play, Me want no joys, no ills me fear, But me on Bon-ja

la la la la la la la la la, He great, he proud, he haughty, fine, While me on Bonja play, He great, he proud, he haughty, fine, While me on Bonja

la la la la la la la la la, Me glad at heart, me happy when Me on me Bon-ja play: Me glad at heart, me happy when Me on me Bon-ja

play; Me sing all day, me sleep all night, me hab no care, tue heart is light, Me tink not what to mor-row bring, Me hap-py, so me sing.

play; He sleep all day, he wake all night, He full of care, his heart no light, ; He great deal want, he lit-tle get, He sor-ry, so he fret.

play; Me siug all day me sleep all night, Me hab no care, me heart is light, Me tink not what to mor-row bring, Me hap-py, so me sing.



## THE FINE OLD COLOR'D GENTLEMAN.

TENOR.



1. In Ten - ne - see, as I've heard say, dere once did use to dwell A fine old col - or'd gem - man, and dis

ALTO.

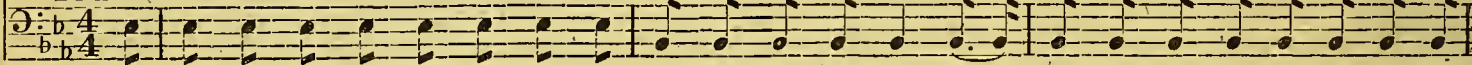


TREBLE.



1. In Ten - ne - see, as I've heard say, dere once did use to dwell A fine old col - or'd gem - man, and dis

BASE.



Nigger know'd him well; Dey used to call him Sam-bo, or somefing near de same; And de reason why dey call'd him so was be-

Nigger know'd him well; Dey used to call him Sam-bo, or somefing near de same; And de reason why dey call'd him so was be-

*Lento.*

cause it was his name. For Sam - bo was a gem - men, One of de old - est kind.

cause it was his name. For Sam - bo was a gem - men, One of de old - est kind.

2

His temper was very mild when he was let alone,  
But when you get him dander up, he spunk to de back bone,  
He whale de sugar off ye by double rule of three  
And whip his wate in wildcats, when he got on a spree.  
For Sambo, &c.

3

When dis nigger took a snooze, it was in a nigger crowd,  
He used to keep them all awake, because he snored so loud.  
He drewed himself up in a knot, his knees did touch his chin,  
De bedbugs had to clar de track, when he stretched down his chin.  
For Sambo, &c.

4

He had a good old banjo so well he kept it strung,  
He used to sing the good old song, of "go it while you're young;"  
He sung so long and sung so loud, he scared the pigs and goats,  
Because he took a pint of yeast to raise the highest notes.  
For Sambo, &c.

5

When dis nigga stood upright an was'nt slantindicular  
He measured about 'leven feet, he was'nt very partic'lar,  
For he could jump, and run a race, an do a little hoppin',  
And when he got a goin fast the devil could'nt stop 'im.  
For Sambo, &c.

6

Old Father Time kept rolling by and age grew on apace,  
The wool all dropt off from his head, and wrinkled was his face,  
He was de oldest nigger what lived on dat plantation,  
He did'nt fear de debil den, nor all of his relation.  
For Sambo, &c.

7

Old age came on, his teeth dropt out, it made no odds to him,  
He eat as many taters and he drank as many gin;  
He swallowed two small rail roads wid a spoonful of ice cream,  
And a locomotive bulgine while dey blowin off de steam.  
For Sambo, &c.

8

One berry windy morning dis good old nigger died,  
De niggers came from oder states and loud for joy dey cried;  
He layin down upon a bench as strait as any post,  
De 'coons did roar, de 'possums howled when he guv up de ghost  
For Sambo, &c.

9

Le niggers held an inquest when dey heard of his death,  
De verdict of de jury was, he died for want of breath;  
Dey went to work and skinned him and then they had it dried,  
And de head of dis here banjo is off dat old nigger's hide.  
For Sambó, &c



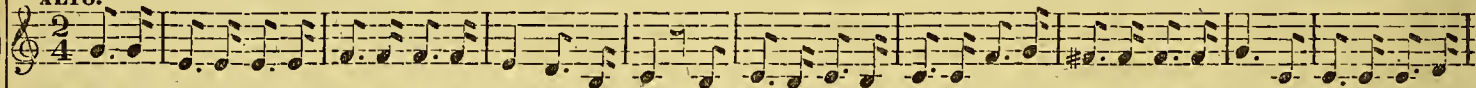
## DE NIGHTS WHEN WE WENT COON HUNTING.

## TENOR.

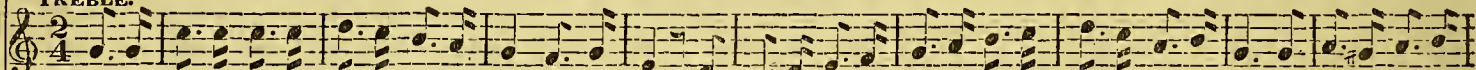


1. In de nights when we went coon hunting, Down in mas-sa's field, We do our best de coon to catch, Be-cause we know he'll steal; But when at night we

## ALTO.

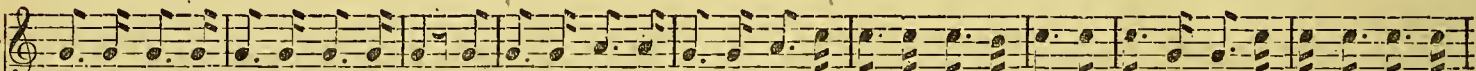
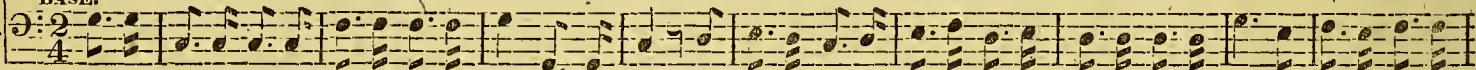


## TREBLE.

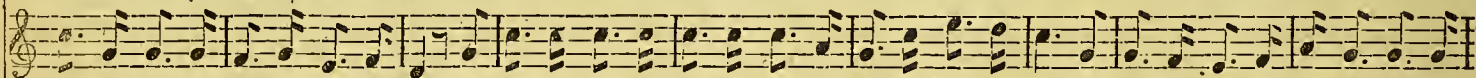
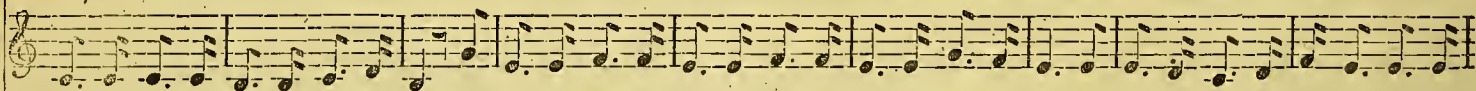


1. In de nights when we went coon hunting, Down in mas-sa's field, We do our best de coon to catch, Be-cause we know he'll steal; But when at night we

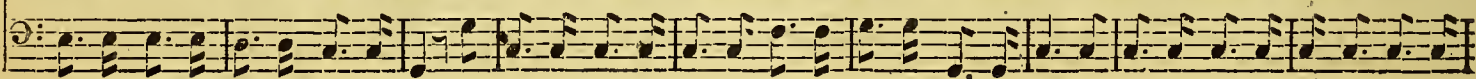
## BASE.



cotch de coon, We dance up - on de green, We sm de hap - piest nig - gers den, Dat eb - er yet was seen. And dus we passed de pleas-ant time, Nor



cotch de coon, We dance up - on de green, We am de hap - piest nig - gers den, Dat eb - er yet was seen. And dus we passed de pleas-ant time, Nor



thought ob care or wo, An' we am de Ser - e - na-ders, From away down be-low, An' we am de Ser - e - naders, From away down below.

thought ob care or wo, An' we am de Ser - e - naders, From a-way down be-low, An' we am de Ser-e - naders, From away down below.

The musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal line, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

2

De grass smell sweet, de coon look neat,  
 As in de grass he lay,  
 He crouch himself up head an' feet,  
 He's cunning as de day ;  
 But when you hear de ole dogs bark,  
 At first cum faint an' low,  
 Den ebery nigger he will start,  
 For a coon is nigh he'll know.

CHO. And dus we passed de pleasant time,  
 Nor thought ob care or wo,  
 An' we am de Serenaders,  
 From away down below

[10

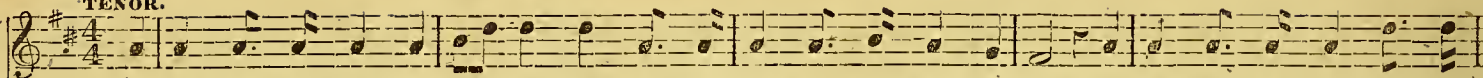
3

We fill our pipe full ebery nite,  
 An' take a todd to cheer  
 Us 'fore we start by de moonlight,  
 For de coon we lub 'so dear,  
 Den ob de coon we're sure to tink,  
 How happy we would be,  
 If we only, only had him long wid us,  
 Beneath de ole gum tree.

CHO. And dus we passed de pleasant time,  
 Nor thought ob care or wo,  
 An' we am de Serenaders,  
 From away down below.

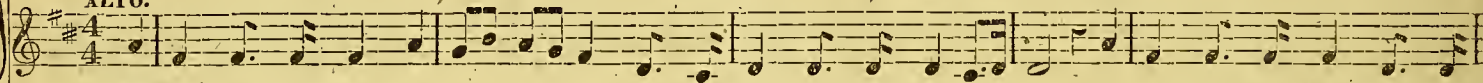
## DE OAK I'SE SAWED SO LONG.

TENOR.

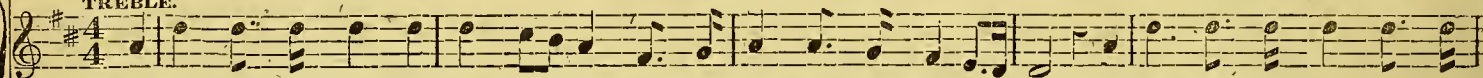


1. A grin for de oak, de ole black oak, Whose trunk I'se sawed so long. Here's a laugh all round, for his

ALTO.

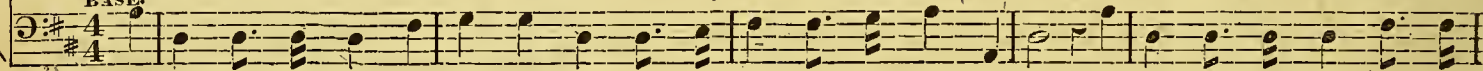


TREBLE.



2. He saw'd de hap-py mirth, from de ole stone hearth, Whar a fine back-log lay, When de kitch-en a-round yell'd

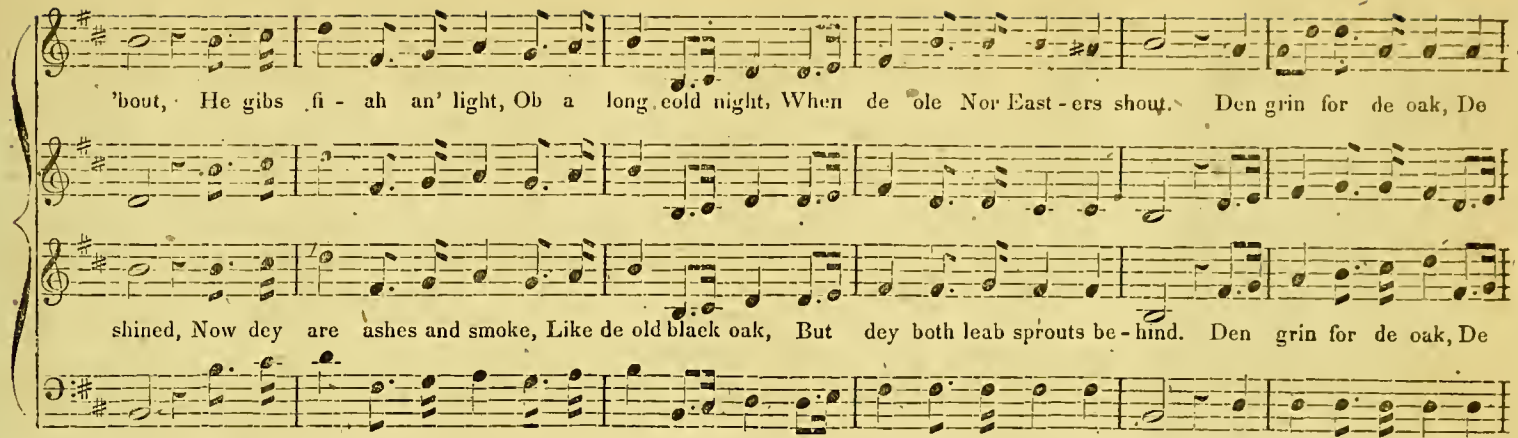
BASE.



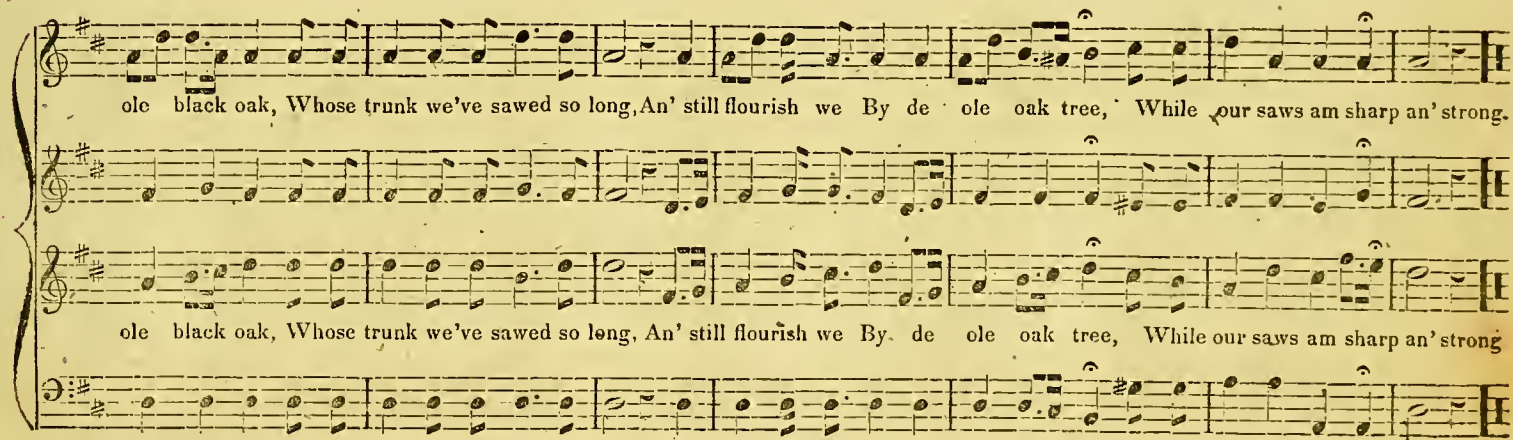
skin so brown, An' his for-ty legs so strong; He shakes all a-round, When he's chopped down, An' de coons cut dirt all

wid de sound, Ob de nig-gas young and gay; An' man-y a night By his coals so bright, Dey spark-led till de morn-in'





'bout, He gibs fi - ah an' light, Ob a long cold night, When de ole Nor East - ers shout. Den grin for de oak, De  
shined, Now dey are ashes and smoke, Like de old black oak, But dey both leab sprouts be - hind. Den grin for de oak, De



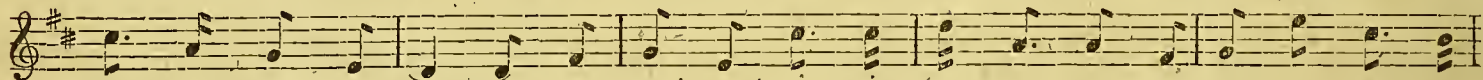
ole black oak, Whose trunk we've sawed so long, An' still flourish we By de ole oak tree, While our saws am sharp an' strong.

## STOP DAT KNOCKING. Duett &amp; Chorus.

SUNG IN IMITATION OF TWO RIVAL NIGGERS GUMBO &amp; SAMBO.



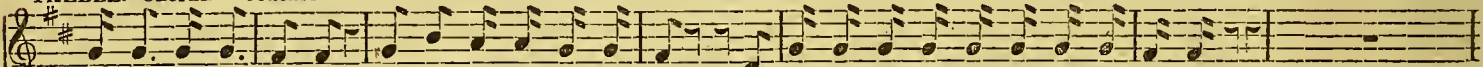
1. Oh! take dat coon you gave me lub, I'll hab it now no more, To one it now can on - ly prove My  
 2. Dat Coon aud Sam - bo both to - gedder Dey tare my heart wid pain, Der'e like a stor - my win - dy wedder When



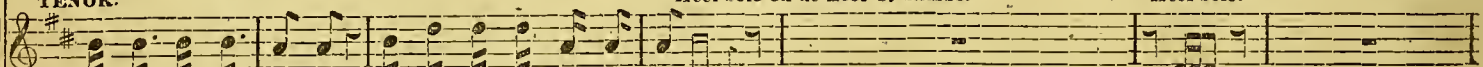
days ob peace are o'er, Oh! let it on some oth - er lap Its lit - tle self re -  
 sun's wash'd out by de rain, Lo! take dis coon I'll hab it not, I throw it now a -



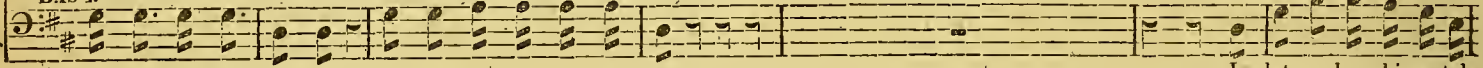
cline, Nor shed a - round dat per - fume sweet, Dat once it shed on mine.  
 way, Its head is like a din - ner - pot, And yours is turn - ing grey.

**TREBLE. Chorus. Confuco.**

Who dar? Who dar? Who dar? Who dar knocking at the door? Is dat you Sam-bo knocking here is dat you?

**ALTO.****TENOR.****Heel Solo ou de floor by Sambo.****Heel Solo.**

Who dar? Who dar? Who dar? Who dar knocking at de door?

**BAS.**

Is dat you knocking at de



*Con fucco.*

Now I tell you stop dat knocking at de door.

*Sambo in a passion.*

Let me in, Let me in, Let me in, Let me in, Let me in, Let me in, Now I tell you stop dat knocking at ds door.

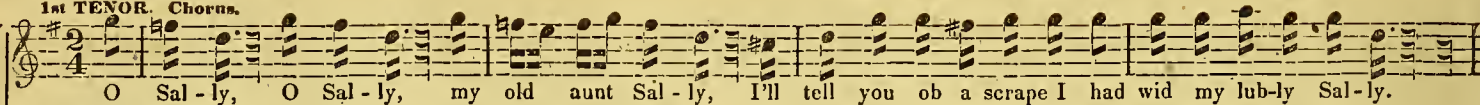
door, Stop dat knocking, Stop dat knocking, Now I tell you stop dat knocking at de door, Stop dat knocking, Stop dat knocking, Now I tell you stop dat knocking, &c.

MY OLD AUNT SALLY. Solo & Chorus.

1. A-gwine down to New Or-leans I got up - on de land-in, I ran a-gin a cot-ton bag, it foch me up a standin, Its  
 2. I ax her, wónt you take a ride wid me upon. de leb - by? She jump up an crack her heels an swow dat she was rea-dy, I  
 3. I hitch de bull be-fore de cart jis like a cleber fel-ler, Den hit him a cut to make him go, de bull began to bel-ler; I  
 4. Up de hill an down de dale I did'nt seem to mind her, De bull's tail stick strait out as he keep up be-hind 'er, He

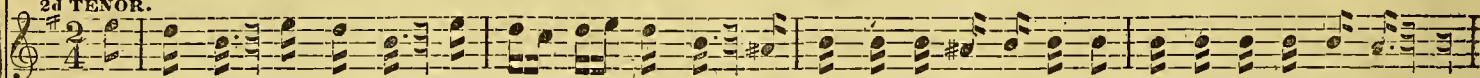
a - la - mode de duck soup, de cor - ner' ob an al - ley; I'll tell you ob a scrape I had wid my lub - ly Sal - ly.  
 neb-ber spoke a - nud - der word, nor shall I gib de - rea - son Why I lit on her 'fections for de bal - ance ob de sea - son.  
 turn a - roun' to look for Sal - I neb - er shall for - get um, Dar I see her makin' track a - cross de san - dy bot - tom.  
 run slap a - gin a stump, an found he - self mis - ta - ken, Sall she dodge on tudder side and try to save her ba - con.

## 1st TENOR. Chorus.

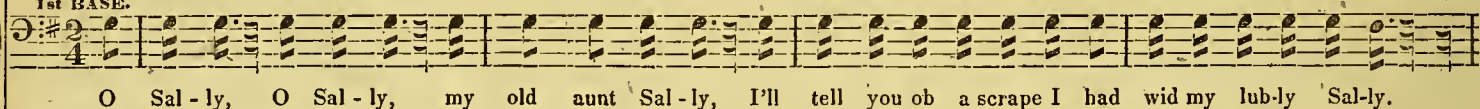


O Sal - ly, O Sal - ly, my old aunt Sal - ly, I'll tell you ob a scrape I had wid my lub-ly Sal - ly.

## 2d TENOR.

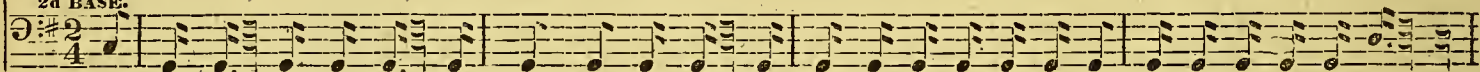
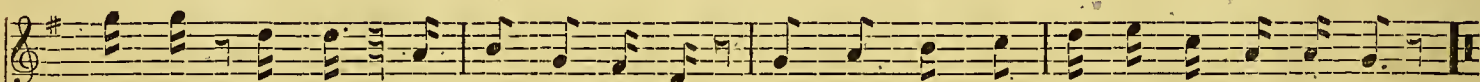


## 1st BASE.

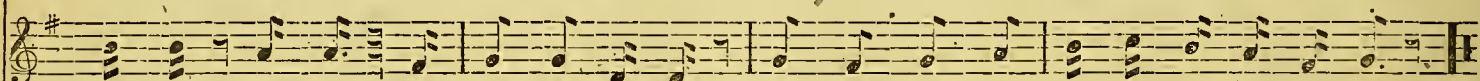


O Sal - ly, O Sal - ly, my old aunt Sal - ly, I'll tell you ob a scrape I had wid my lub-ly Sal - ly.


## 2d BASE.

Sal - ly, Sal - ly, my old aunt Sal - ly, Ra - re ri ro round the cor - ner Sal - ly.




Sal ly, Sal - ly, my old aunt Sal - ly, Ra re ri ro round the cor - ner Sal - ly.

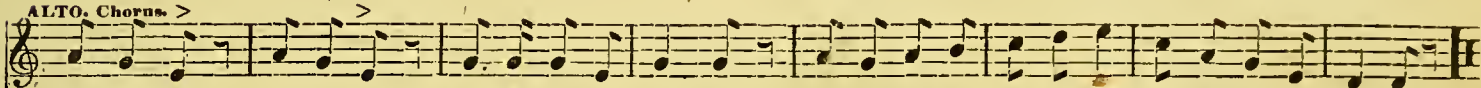


# DE OLE GREY GOOSE.



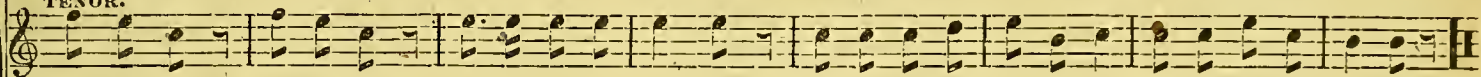
1. I am a nig-ger hard to beat, Hot from de North Caroli - na De prettiest gal I eb - er saw, Could'nt come to tea wid Dinah.
2. She was de prettiest gal in town, De nig-gers do ad - mire her, An eb - ery time dey see her strut, It sets dar harts on fire.
3. I see her at a ball one night, Oh! she look so la - zy, She wink for a lock of dis child's hair, To set dis nigger cra - zy.
4. De ball was o - ber, I took my seat, Clem Green he blow'd de hagle, Dan Tucker he guv out de hymn, Dey called it Yankee Doodle.
5. I tho't dat I would burst my boots, To see dem nig-gers cry - in; One ole wench roll'd up her eyes, Just like a calf a dy-ing.
6. But com-ing to her-self a-gin, I gave to her my hand, Her hair hung down her coal black cheeks, Like sea weeds round a clam.

ALTO. Chorus. >

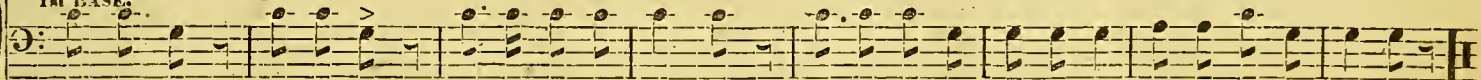


Oh! look dar! Oh! look whar! Oh! look o - ber yon - der, Don't you see de ole grey goose Smiling at de gan-der.

TENOR.



1st BASE.



Oh! look dar! Oh! look whar! Oh! look o - ber yon - der, Don't you see de ole grey goose Smiling at de gan-der.

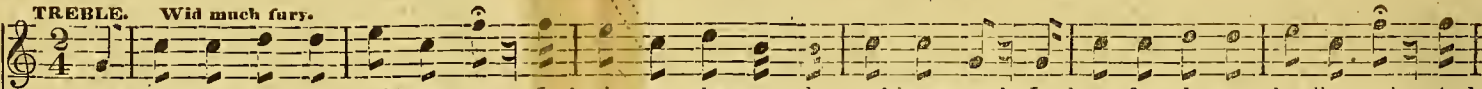
2d BASE.





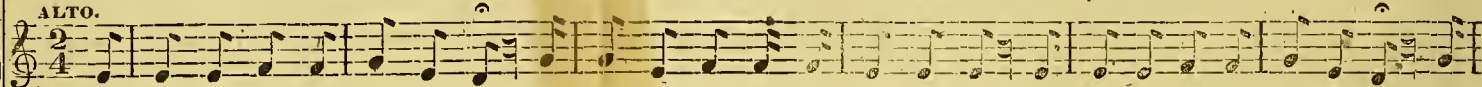
## JENNY BOKER, OR DE BROKEN YOKE.

TREBLE. Wid much fury.

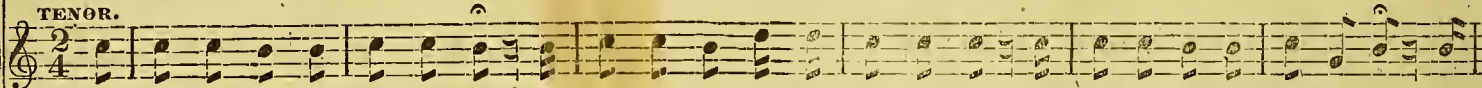


1 As I went up to Lynchburg town, I broke my yoke on de coal-ing ground; I drove from dare to bowling spring, And

ALTO.

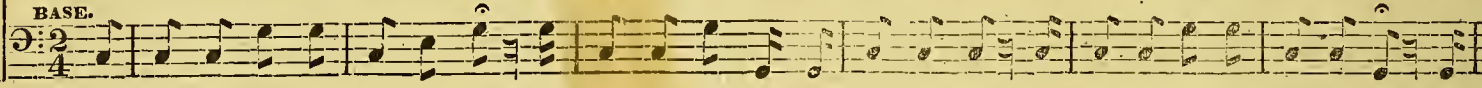


TENOR.



2. I drove from dare to Wright's ole shop, Hollered to my dri-ver and told him to stop: Says I, Mr. Wright have you got a yoke, He

BASE.



*ff*  
 tried for to mend my yoke and ring. O Jon-ny Bo-ker help dat nig-ger do Jon-ny Bo-ker, do.

*ff*  
 seized his bel-lows and blew up a smoke. O Jon-ny Bo-ker, help dat nig-ger, do Jon-ny Bo-ker, do.

Says I, Mr. Wright, hab'nt long for to stay,  
He cotched up his hammer knocked right away:  
Soon as he mended my staple und ring,  
Says I, Mr. Wright, do you charge anything? O Jonny Boker, &c.

4  
Says he to me, I neber charge  
Unless de job is werry large,  
For little jobs dat is so small  
I neber charge anyting at all.  
O Jonny Boker, &c.

(Save three cents dat time.)  
5

I drove from dar to Anthony's Mill  
And tried to pull up dat are hill;  
I whipped my steers and pushed my cart,  
But all I could do I could'nt make a start.  
O Jonny Boker, &c.

(De ole nigger was fast stalled dat time.)  
6

I put my shoulders to the wheel,  
Upon de ground I placed my heel,

Den we make a mighty strain,  
But all our efforts prove in vain.  
O Jonny Boker, &c.

7  
Dare cum'a wagoner driving by,  
I sat on de ground and 'gan for to cry,  
Says me to him some pity take  
And help me up for conscience sake.  
O Jonny Boker, &c.

8  
Says he to me, I will help thee:  
He tuk out his horses No. 3,  
I wiped from my eyes the falling tears,  
He hitched his horses before my steers.  
O Jonny Boker, &c.

9  
Den to me he did much please,  
He pulled me up wid so much ease,  
His horses were so big and strong,  
De way dey pulled dis nigger along.  
O Jonny Boker, &c.

JIM BROWN.

**TREBLE.**

1. I am a sci-enco nig-ger, my name's Jim Brown, De one dat plays de mu-sic, up and down de town;

**ALTO.**

**TENOR.**

2. I larnt to beat de cym-bals, and I larnt to beat de drum, And all de fan-cy tunes dis nig-ger he could cum;

**BASE.**

Though to com - mun nig - gers I would not deign my hand, Be - kase I'm de lead - er ob de fam'd brass band.

I went to de Tre-mont to see what was dare, Wid dis old nig - ger, dey noth - ing to com-pare,

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom three staves are the piano accompaniment. The music is in 2/4 time and features a key signature of one sharp (F#).

I plays up - on de mu - sic, I make de han - som sound, I am de mu - si - cian dat dey call Jim Brown.

Dey may talk a - bout de ope - ra, de gas - sa Rak - ka - ria, Dey neb - er cum tell wid ole Wirginny neber tire.

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, following the same format as the first system. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the previous system.



Tat tat tat tan, tat tat tan, tat tat tat tan, tat tat tat tan, tat tat tan.

Tat tat tat tan, tat tat tan, tat tat tat tan, tat tat tat tan, tat tat tan.

- 3 De way I larnt to play de carry ob de sword,  
I practice on de Banjo sugar in de goard;  
De niggers all dance when Jim begin to play,  
Dey dance from de mornin to de close ob de day;  
I plays upon de fiddle and I plays upon de claronet,  
I plays upon de cymbals till I make de nigger swet. Tat, tat, &c.
- 4 I am de raffiest ole nigger dat eber you saw,  
For to see de enemy I always go to war;  
I fit at Bunker's Hill, and de battle ob Lexington,  
Neber saw de time dat dis child run.  
I plays upon de music when I goes to war,  
I am de raffiest ole nigger dat eber you saw. Tat, tat, &c.
- 5 I was born in Massachusetts close to Nashua,  
I worked upon de farms for three cents a day;  
De genius ob dis nigger was sure to disciver,  
I jump't upon de pine raft and floats down de river,  
I land at Warren Bridge, de music in my hand,  
Quick I get de leader ob de fauned Brass Band. Tat, tat, &c.
- 6 I caution all de Belknap niggers not to stop my way,  
For if he play de fool wid me dey in de gutter lay;  
For when I was on Bunker Hill and only three feet high,

I run before ole General Put, and make de red coats fly,  
Den I play upon de corn stalk, de true Yankee fiddle,  
Lick'd lasses from de punkin blow, and sugar from maple. Tat, &c.

7. I went on to Washington, de capital ob de nation,  
I ax massa Jackson, will you gib me situation?  
Says he, Jim Brown, I giv you one, but what can you do?  
I can nullify de boot, and put de veto on de shoe.  
Says he, Jim Brown, what can you do for me?  
I can go in the garden and plant a hickory tree. Tat, tat, &c.
- 8 Since music in de city, it is all de rage,  
Now I take a benefit and sing upon de stage,  
Since I've appeared and got de coppers from you,  
I won't care for constable nor fear de Bug a Boo.  
Since I got encouraged by de people od dis town,  
Take de eberlasting blessing ob de nigger Jim Brown. Tat, tat, &c.
- 9 Ole Jim Brown he sing, sing some,  
But de people was not satisfy till young Jim come;  
Now I've sung you all I could, and told you all de cause,  
And if you think de song is good, I want your applause;  
And now I've sung you all I could, pray don't cry encore,  
Bekase you kill yourself a lassing if I sing any more. Tat, tat, &c.

## ROSA LEE.

SOLO TENOR. *pp* *pp*

1. When I lib'd in Ten-ne-see, U-li-a-li, o-la-e, I went courtin Ro-sa Lee; U-li-a-li, o-la-e,

ALTO.

TENOR. *pp* *pp*

U-li-a-li, o-la-e, U-li-a-li, o-la-e,

BASE.

Eyes as dark as winter night, Lips as red as her-y bright. When first I did her wooing go She said now don't be fool-ish Joe.

ALTO.

TENOR.

Eyes as dark as winter night, Lips as red as berry bright. When first I did her woo-ing go, She said now don't be foolish Joe.

BASE.

U - li - a - li, o - la - e, Court-in down in Ten-ne-see, U - li - a - li, o - la - e, 'Neath de wild Ba - nan - na tree.

U - li - a - li, o - la - e, Court-in down in Ten-ne-see, U - li - a - li, o - la - e, 'Neath de wild Ba - nan - na tree.

2

I said you lubly gal, dat's plain,  
 Uliali, olae,  
 Breff as sweet as sugar cane,  
 Uliali, olae,  
 Feet so large and comely too,  
 Might make a cradle ob each shoe,  
 Rosa take me for your beau,  
 She said now don't be foolish, Joe!  
 Uliali, olae, &c.

3

My story is yet to be told,  
 Uliali, olae,  
 Rosa catch'd a shocking cold,  
 Uliali, olae,

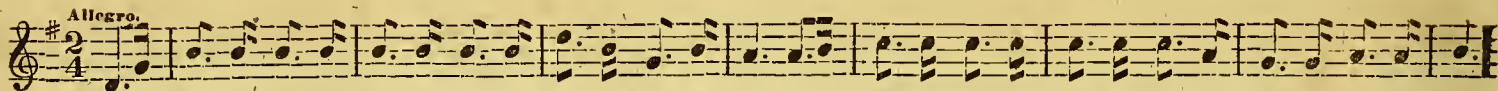
Send de Doctor, fetch de Nurse,  
 Doctor came but make her worse,  
 I tried to make her laugh, but No—  
 She said now don't be foolish, Joe,  
 Uliali, olae, &c.

4

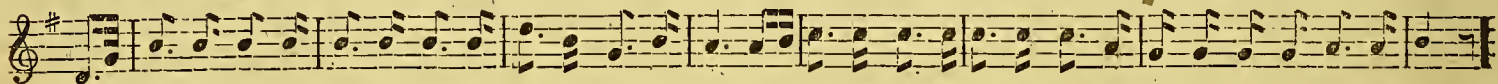
Dey give her up, no power could save,  
 Uliali, olae,  
 She ax me follow to her grave,  
 Uliali, olae,  
 I take her hand, 'twas cold as death,  
 So cold I hardly draw my breff,  
 She saw my tears in sorrow flow,  
 And said farewell my dearest Joe!  
 Oliali, olae, &c.



## WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE DANCE TO NIGHT, BOYS.



1. Oh lis-ten to this good old tune, And then I'll sing an odder, Oh Massa gwan this af-ter-noon, To call up-on his brudder,  
 2. I wants de kimbric handkerchief, I wants de beaver hat, Oh hand me down de high heel boots, Likewise de silk era-vat.  
 3. I ri-ses at the broke of day, To take my morning walk, I meets my lovely Ju-li-an, And dis is the way we talk.

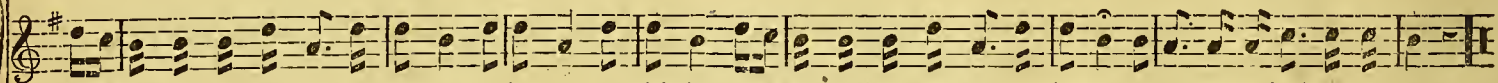
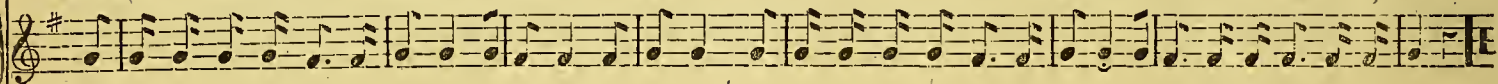


So darkies wait a lit-tle while, Till he gets out of sight, We'll drop de shovel and de hoe, And have a lit-tle dance to night.  
 The darkies all are grinning, Their teeth look berry white, Case dere gwain ober de mountain, To have a lit-tle dance to night.  
 I says you are my on-ly lub, You are my heart's delight, Wont you go o-ber de rib-er To have a lit-tle dance to night?

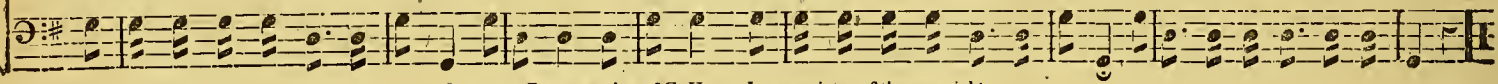
## CHORUS.



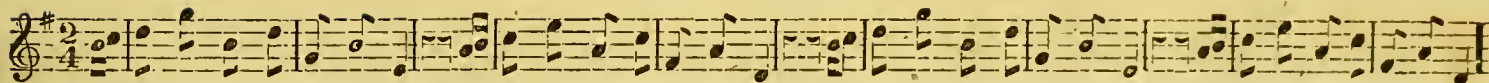
We'll have a lit-tle dance to night boys, to night boys, to night boys, We'll have a lit-tle dance to night boys, And dance by the light of the moon.



We'll have a lit-tle dance to night boys, to night boys, to night boys, We'll have a lit-tle dance to night boys, And dance by the light of the moon.



# WAY DOWN SOUTH IN ALABAMA.



1. A-way down South in Ala-ba - ma, 'Twas dar I left my old Aunt Hannah, She old Miss Squankum she was dare, She wanted a lock of dis child's hair.
2. After that we danced two reels, De hollow of de foot make a hole in de ground I play'd on de bugle, bust de clarinet, Knock'd on de bones and de swinett.

Way down South in Al - a - bama, Ah Hoo . . . Way down South in Al - a - bama.

Way down South in Al - a - bama, Ah Hoo . . . Way down South in Al - a - bama.

3

Norocco shoes and blue silk stocking,  
 Dance wid me Miss Polly Hopkins,  
 My wife's dead and I'm a widder,  
 All de way from Roarin riber.  
 Way down South, &c.

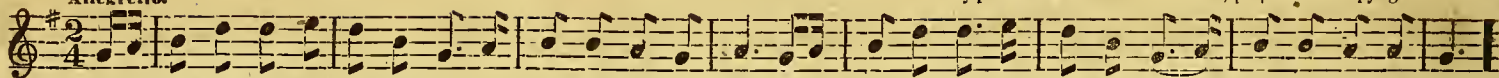
4

Blow away ye gentle breezes  
 All among de Simmon treeses,  
 Dere I'll set among de muses.  
 Mendin all de old boots and shoeses.  
 Way down South, &c.

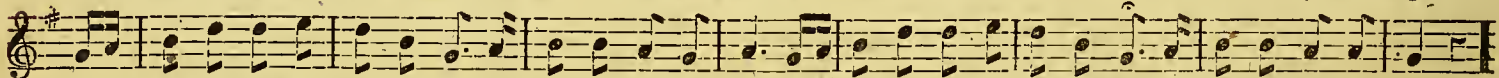
## OH! SUSANNA.

Allegretto.

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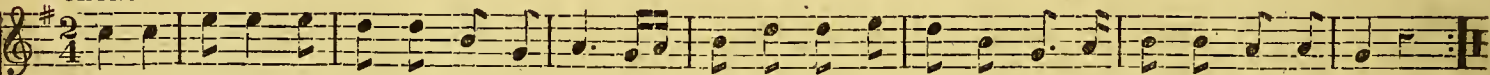


1. I came from Al - a - ba - ma wid my ban-jo on my knee, I'm g'wan to Lou-si - a - na My true love for to see,  
 2. I jumped aboard de tel-egraph, And trabelled down de riber, De Lectric fluid mag-ni-fied, And killed five hundred Nigger.  
 3. I had a dream de od-der night When ebery ting was still; I thought I saw Sus - an - na, A coming down de hill.  
 4. I soon will be 'in New Orleans, And den I'll look all round, And when I find Sus - an - na, I'll fall up - on the ground.

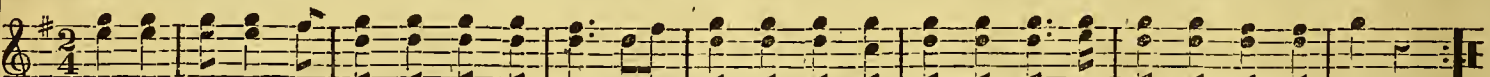
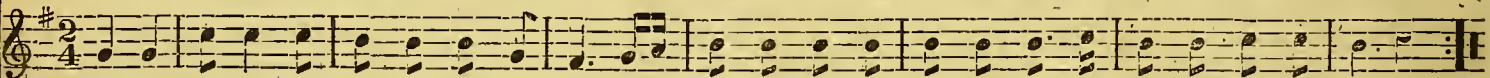


It rain'd all night the day I left, The weather it was dry, The sun so hot I froze to death; Su - san-na, dont you cry.  
 De bullgine bust, de horse run off, I rea-ly tho't I'd die; I shut my eyes to hold my breath, Su - san-na, dont you cry.  
 The buckwheat cake war in her mouth, The tear was in her eye, Says I'm com-ing from de South, Su - san-na, dont you cry.  
 But if I do not find her, Dis dar-kie 'll surely die, And when I'm dead and buried, Su - san-na, dont you cry.

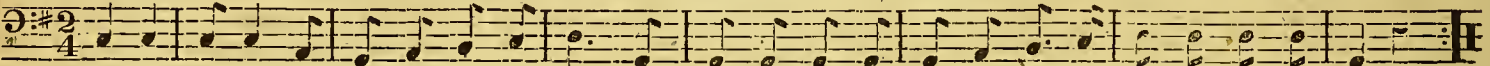
## CHORUS.



Oh! Sus - an - na, Oh! dont you cry for me, I've come from Al - a - ba - ma, wid my ban-jo on my knee.



Oh! Sus - an - na, Oh! dont you cry for me, I've come from Al - a - ba - ma, wid my ban-jo on my knee.



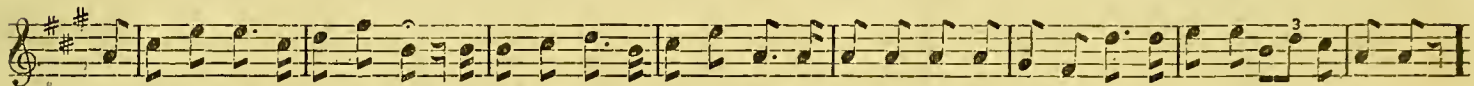


# JIM CROW POLKA.

89



1. Now listen what I'm gwine to say, It am de fash-ion ob de day, Both old and young, the light and gay, All try to dance the Polka,
2. My lubly Rose I chanced to meet, She took a squint down at my feet, Says she 'dear Jule, dem am complete! Just fit to dance de Polka.'
3. "Look here, now Rose, dat is no go, The way you dances is 'nt slow—But I hav travelled, dat you know, So drop down on dat Polka.
4. De Mexican dere plans laid well, Dey placed dere men in de chapparel, But Rough and Ready made em smell Gunpowder, a la Polka.



When first I cum in-to dis place, Dey took me for a fun-ny case, And as dey stared me in de face Said "he can dance de Polka."  
Says I, "dear Rose, aint you mistaken, Or from your sleep you's just waken, De darkey den to save her bacon, Begin to dance de Polka.  
I'se got de news 'bout Mexico, Where dey thought to whip us at one blow, But General Taylor was 'nt slow To make dem dance de Polka.  
One Mexican General, it is said, He got so scared, he swallowed his head, And a few days after he was dead, He danced de Jim Crow Polka.

**TREBLE. Chorus.**

Den up and down, fast and slow, Toe and heel and a-way we go; Ah, what de-light it is to know De fan-cy Jim Crow Pol-ka.

**1st TENOR.**

**2d TENOR.**

Den up and down, fast and slow, Toe and heel, and a-way we go; Ah, what de-light it is to know De fan-cy Jim Crow Pol-ka.

**BASE.**

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## OH! MR. COON.



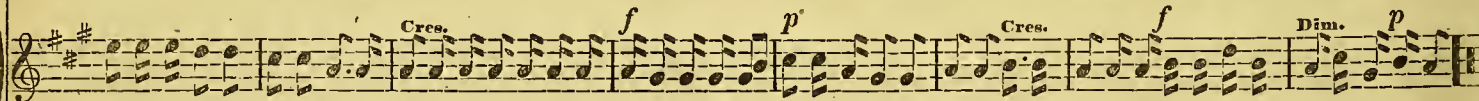
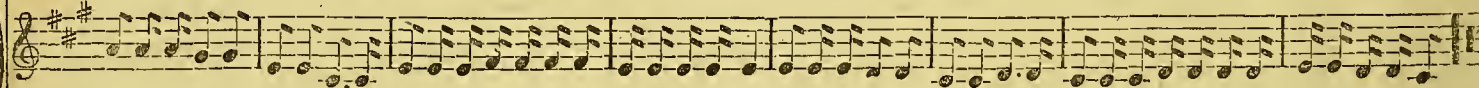
1. 'Tis a ber-ry love-ly night, and the moon shines bright, The clouds in de north am a gwan out at sight,



The whip-oor-will sings, and the crickets all dance, De frogs dey want to come it, but dey can-not get a chance.



Oh! Mister Coon, you're come too soon, De gals wont be ready 'fore to-morrow arternoon, Oh! Mister Coon, you're come too soon, De gals wont be ready 'fore to-morrow arternoon.



Oh! Mister Coon, you're come too soon, De gals wont be ready 'fore to-morrow arternoon, Oh! Mister Coon, you're come too soon, De gals wont be ready 'fore to-morrow arternoon.



1

'Tis a berry lovely night, and the moon shines bright,  
 The clouds in de north am a gwan out at sight,  
 The whipoorwill sings and the crickets all dance,  
 De frogs dey want to come it, but dey cannot get a chance.

Cho. Oh! Mr. Coon, &c.

2

Just fotch along de t. ters, an we'll fry em in de pan,  
 O help yourself to possum fat, my charming Mary Ann,  
 A nice bowl ob coon soup, am just de berry ting,  
 To clear away de cobwebs, an' let a darkey sing.

Cho. Oh! Mr. Coon, &c.

3

De white bird and black' bird, settin in de grass,  
 Preach amalgamation, to de Bobalinks dat pass,  
 To carry out de doctrine, dey seem a little loth,  
 So den comes along a Pigeon Hawk and lebies on dem both.

Cho. Oh! Mr. Coon, &c.

4

Eberlina wash de dishes, Juliana bring de broom,  
 An Lizzy set de chairs back, all around de room,  
 Mr. Coon am a genblemun, I spect him here to night,  
 He's coming round de corner gals, jes try an be perlite.

Cho. Oh! Mr. Coon, &c.

5

Now take your places, Musickers, let's hear dem dulcum tones,  
 We'll dance to de music, ob de Banjo and de Bones,  
 Balance to your partners all, and keep widin de tune,  
 Your too fast, altogetther, my worthy Mr. Coon.

Cho. Oh! Mr. Coon, &c.

6

So now cum again to-morrow all, in de arternoon,  
 For really, sirs, you hab cum, a little while too soon,  
 Allow me de honor, to say to you good night,  
 For de gals are getting tired, and its most daylight.

Cho. Oh! Mr. Coon, &c.



## A DARKIE'S LIFE IS ALWAYS GAY.

ALTO. Allegro.



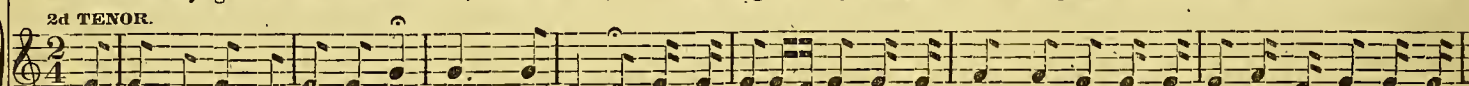
1. A dark-ie's life am always gay, Al - ways gay, Tho' he work from morn till de set ob sun, Yet he mer - ri - ly sings when de

1st TENOR.



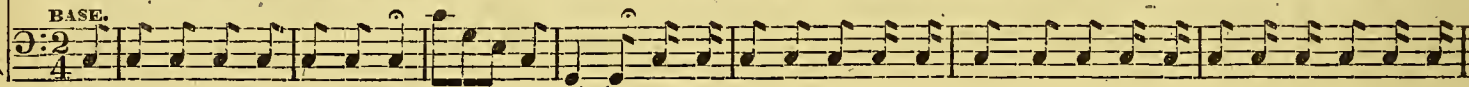
2. When de daylight he come ober de hill, ober de hill, De nig he jump from his cot so quick, De corn for to hoe or de cotton

2d TENOR.



3. But when de darkies work am done, work am done, Den he gai - ly dance wid his own chum chum, Nor tink ob de work dat to

BASE.



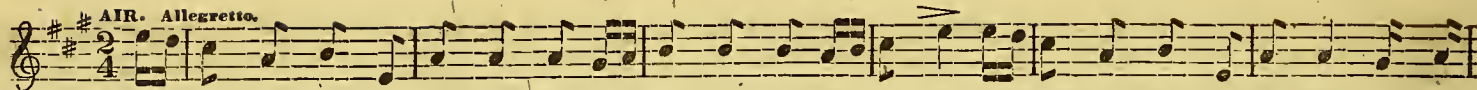
work am done, Den mer - ri - ly mer - ri - ly sing and play, *pp* Yes, darkies, sing and play, *f* Ah! ah! Hur-rah! hip Hur-rah!

for to pick, Yes, he mer - ri - ly mer - ri - ly dance and sing, Yes, darkies, dance and sing ah! ah! Hur-rah! Hur - rah!

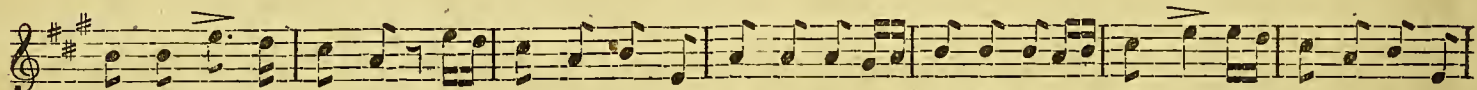
morrow may come, But mer - ri - ly mer - ri - ly sing an play, *pp* Yes, darkies, sing an play, *f* Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah!



## GONE TO ALABAMA.



1. Lor' bless dat lub - ly yal - ler gal, De white folks call her Di - nah, She's gone a - way and left me, And I,  
2. Her eyes, dey shine like di - a - monds, Her lips are red as co - ral; She us'd to live on mush and milk, We



don't know where to find her? Lor' bless dat lub - ly yal - ler gal, De white folks call her Di - nah, Take pi - ty on me  
neb - ber had a quar - rel: Her voice was like de Jay bird, 'Twas sweet as any hon - ey; At dan - cing she could



dark - ies all, And tell me where to find her, She's gone, and she's left you, For fear dat you'd harm her, She's  
beat dem all, For an - y kind ob mon - ey. But she's gone, and she's left you, She had'nt time to tell you, She's

whar? To Al - a - ba - ma.  
gone a - way for eb - er, For she's gone, To Al - a - ba - ma.  
To Al - a - ba - ma.

3

If eber I meet dat gal again  
Der's one ting I will tell her,  
She musn't fool her timé wid me;  
But get some udder feller:  
For I am one ob dat cre sort.  
Best kind ob lookin nigger,  
Plenty gals down in de south,  
Admire dis darky's figure.  
Cho. Now she's gone, and she's left you,  
Because you war brack hearted,  
You neber more will see her,  
For she's gone to Alabama.



**AIR. Moderato. Chorus.**

Now she's gone, and she's left you, Because you were brack hearted; You more will nebber see her, whar? To Al - a - ba - ma.

*1<sup>st</sup> TENOR.*

For she's gone, To Al - a - ba - ma.

*2<sup>d</sup> TENOR.*

Now she's gone, and she's left you, Because you were brack hearted, You nebber more will see her, To Al - a - ba - ma.

*BASE.*

ROSA DEAR.

**Moderato.**

- O de sun dat ri - ses in de eastern sky, Am not more clear, am not more clear Dan de light dat shines from de coal brack eye Ob Rosa dear, ob Rosa dear.
- At night when I presses de lubly hand, Ob Rosa dear, ob Rosa dear, It seems she has drapt from a heavenly band In de moonlight clear, in de moonlight clear.
- It al-most makes dis dar - key cry, 'To see de tear—to see de tear, 'Dat draps like a pearl from de coal brack eye Ob Rosa dear, my Rosa dear.

**Ritard. A tempo.**

And de sun when he sets in de yaller west A sighin for de darkies to go to dere rest, Am not mere quiet dan de charcoal breast Ob Rosa dear, ob Rosa dear.  
 When de daylight comes, I hasten a-way, For if I don't ole Mas-sa say, Dat I no more shall my banjo play, To Rosa dear, my Rosa dear.  
 Den wid my lps I brush it a-way, And tell her "every one has his day," Oh Lor<sup>1</sup> what sweet things I do say To Rosa dear, my Rosa dear

## ROSA DEAR. CONCLUDED.

**TREBLE. Chorus.**

O, de sun dat ri - ses in de east - ern sky, Am not more clear, am not more clear Dan de

**1st TENOR.**

**3d TENOR.**

O, de sun dat ri - ses in de east - ern sky, Am not more clear, am not more clear Dan de

**BASE.**

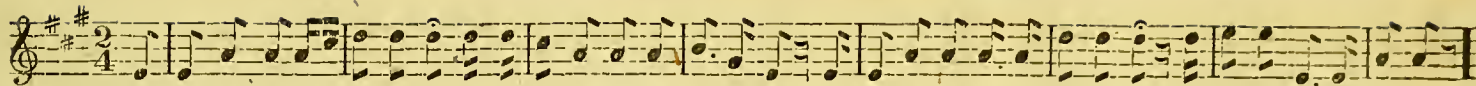
light dat shines from de coal brack eye Ob Ro - sa dear, ob Ro - sa dear.

light dat shine from de coal brack eye Ob Ro - sa dear, ob Ro - sa dear.

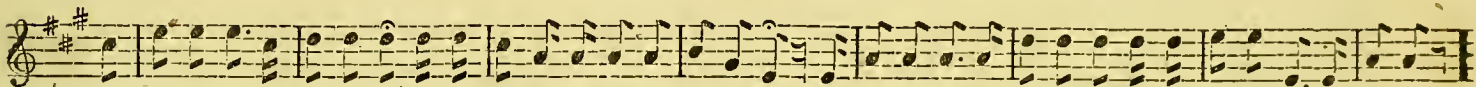
4

Now, folks, I'll tell you something true,  
Widout any fear, dat's berry clear,  
I'se not going to marry Cynthia Sue—  
But Rosa dear, my Rosa dear  
And when we are married we'll have a  
spree,  
Which we invite all de white folks to see,  
How happy den dis darkey will be,  
Wid Rosa dear, his Rosa dear.  
O de sun dat rises in de eastern sky  
Am not more clear, am not more clear  
Dan de light dat shines from de coal  
brack eye  
Ob Rosa dear, ob Rosa dear.

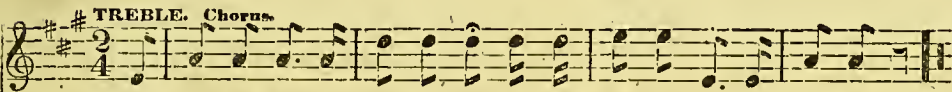
# MY LOVELY VIRGINIA GAL.



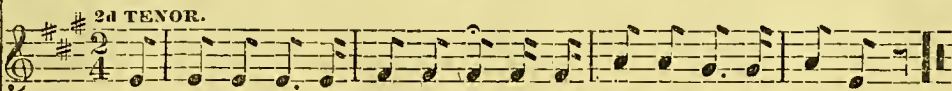
1. One night just at the close ob day, On de ribber bank I chanc'd to stray, Some darkies did on de banjo play, For my sweet lub, Virginia:
2. I cannot tell de reason why, My heart it heaves up many a sigh, When I tink ob times dat hab gone by, When I lib'd in Alabama;



Dey dane'd and sung away all night, By de stars and de bright moon's silver light; Dey kept it up till broad day light, For de sake ob my Virginia.  
Wid age my hairs are turning grey, I lay my ole banjo away, No more dem sweet sounds can I play, As I did for my Virginia.



Dey kept it up till broad daylight For de sake ob my Vir - gin - ia.



Dey kept it up till broad day light For de sake ob my Vir - gin - ia.



3

When from dis world I'm dead and gone,  
No darkies den shall sing dis song,  
And wid my banjo I'll tote it along,  
And remember my Virginia.  
Den fare you well good people all,  
Some uder time I'll gib a eall,  
If fore dat time I do not fall,  
For de sake ob my Virginia.  
Choro. If fore dat time I do not fall,  
For de sake ob my Virginia.

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## I SEEN HIER AT THE WINDOW.



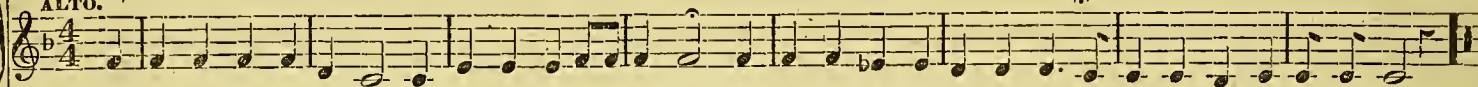
1. Last Sunday night as I walk'd out, I know I was quite la - zy, A col-or'd gal I saw well dress'd, Like to set this color'd man crazy.
2. Her hair was curled tight on her head; She could not keep from grinning, I really thought I'd suspire When I heard that yaller gal singing.

## TREBLE.

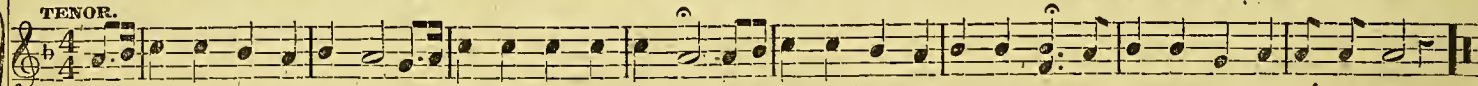


I seen her at the win-dow, It was my dear Lu-cin-da; She dress'd so neat and look'd so sweet, I'd gin my life to bin in dar.

## ALTO.

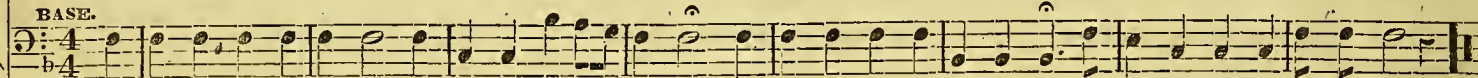


## TENOR.



I seen her at the win-dow, It was my dear Lu-cin-da; She dress'd so neat and look'd so sweet, I'd gin my life to bin in dar.

## BASE.



3

I go to de door and pull de string,  
And de bell it kept a ringing,  
Den she cum down an let me in,  
An dis here song kept singing.

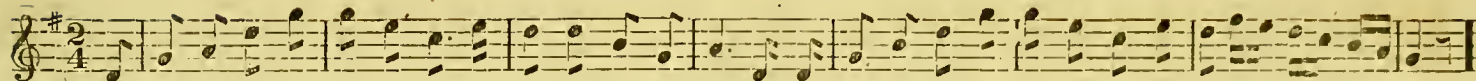
CHO. I left her at the window,  
I kiss my hand to Lucinda,  
She dress so neat, and look so sweet,  
I wish dat nigger had'nt been dar.

4

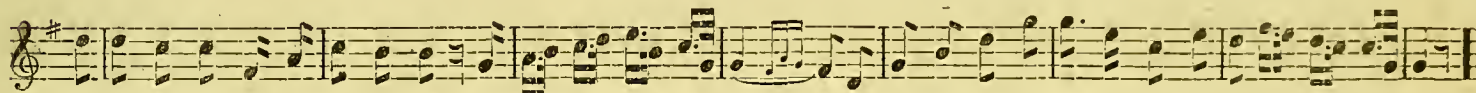
I got inside, I took a seat,  
And I thought I was a goner,  
Dare sat her beau young Julius Crow,  
A nodding in de corner.

CHO. I left her at the window,  
I kiss my hand to Lucinda,  
She dress so neat, and look so sweet;  
I wish dat nigger had'nt been dar.

# MY PRETTY YALLER GAL.



1. O, white folks listen to dis song, dat I am gwine to sing, Of a pret-ty lit - tle yal - ler gal, who dane'd de wi - gin - ping!
2. I went to see dis col - or'd gal one pleasant night in May, When in de field my work was done, I had a hol - y - day.
3. She gib con - sent to hab me if I would on - ly say I'd lub her now and eb - er - more and neb - ber run a - way.



Her eyes were bright as de stars at night, Her teeth were like de snow, One pleasant night wid heart so light, To see her I did go.  
 I took her out a walk - ing and to her I did say— "My dear - est gal, I lub you so, oh! hab me now I pray."  
 To gib her proof I lubed her I for de , par - son went, Since den I've lib'd in har - me - ny and hap - py days I spent.

*mf* TREBLE. *f*

For she was de pret - ti - est yal - ler gal dat ev - er I did see, She was de prin - ces ob my heart, An she was de gal for me.

1st TENOR

*mf* 2d TENOR. *f*

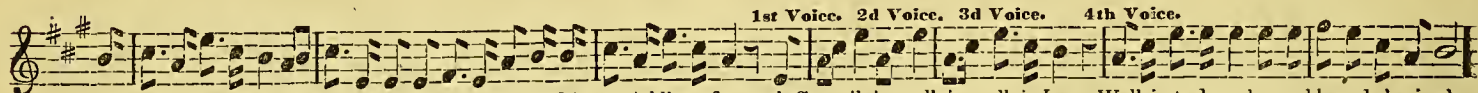
For she was de pret - ti - est yal - ler gal dat ev - er I did see, She was de prin - ces ob my heart, An she was de gal for me.

BASE.

## WALK IN THE PARLOR.



1. I'm right from old Virginy, wid my head so full of knowledge, I never went to free school, or any oder college, But I will tell you one ting.
2. 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



It is a certain fact, I'll git you 'scription of de world in a twinkling of a crack. So walk in, walk in, walk in I say; Walk in to de parlor, and hear de banjo play. darts up in a wonder, He jumps up and grabs de clouds and dats what make it thunder. So walk in, walk in, walk in I say; Walk in to de parlor and hear de banjo play.

*f* TREBLE. Chorus.

Walk in to de par-lor and hear de ban-jo ring, And watch de dark-ies' fin-gers while he picks it on de string.

1st TENOR.

2d TENOR.

Walk in to de par-lor and hear de han-jo ring, And watch de dark-ies' fin-gers while he picks it on de string.

BASE.

3

Noah built de ark and filled it full of sassage,  
 All de odder animals took a cabin passage;  
 De elephant he cum last,—Noah said “you’s drunk!”  
 “No,” says he, “it took me all dis time to pack away my trunk!”  
 Walk in, &c

4

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 a swoon.  
 Walk in, &c.



# FAREWELL LADIES.

101



1. Now la-dies fair to you we'll sing, O, Julius, give dem bones a fling; We'll sing the minstrels' parting lay, So darkies, all now sing away.
2. We've been all over the country thro', And seen most things both old and new; But of all our very great desire, Is to have de ladies us admire.

**TREBLE. Chorus.** *pp* *p* *mf* *p*

Fare you well, Ladies! O . . . . Fare you well, Ladies! Fare you well, Ladies! Fare you well, Ladies! We're gwine to leave you now.

**1st TENOR.**

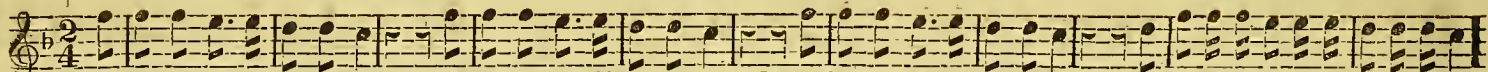
**2d TENOR.** *pp* *p* *mf* *p*

Fare you well, Ladies! O . . . . Fare you well, Ladies! Fare you well, Ladies! Fare you well, Ladies! We're gwine to leave you now.

**BASE.**

3  
 O, Gembilmen, we thank you too,  
 For fetchin' de ladies long wid you,  
 To hear this darkie minstrel band,  
 Who sing and dance throughout the land.  
 Fare you well, Ladies, &c.

4  
 Whenever again we make a call,  
 We'll do our best to please you all:  
 One ting is sure, we'll neber tire,  
 Unless some ob us should suspire.  
 Fare you well, Ladies, &c.



1. A man down south I once did know, His head it was white as snow; I went down to de ball one night, De fust gal he saw she was clear out ob sight.
2. Old Joe he walk wid her aside, And said ole gal will you be my bride; She says, dear Joe I must confess, I re-ally lubs you much de best.
3. Dey married, but 'tis sad to say, Dat ole Joe's wife went dead one day; Dis gib ole nigger Joe de blue, He turned round and went dead too.

*p* **Adagio.** **TREBLE.** *p* **a Tempo.**

**ALTO.**

*pp* **TENOR.** *p*

**BASE.**

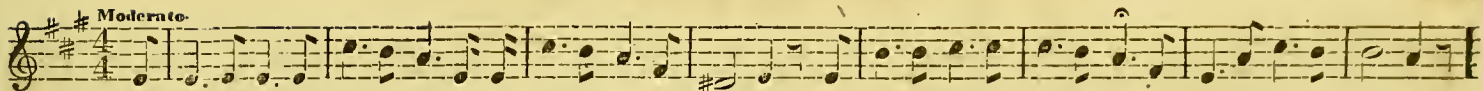
Ole Joe, ole Joe a kick-ing up a hind and a foe, And a yal-ler gal a kick-ing up a

*ff*

hind ole Joe, Ole Joe a kick-ing up a hind and a foe; And a yel-low gal a kick-ing up a hind ole Joe.

# SNOW DROP ANN.

103



1. Snow-drop Ann, my lubly Ann, I'll be always sure to lub you, Your pictur's painted on my heart, You charming color'd dove, you.
2. No matter where, or how I go, Your daggertype's be-fore me! If in de field wid my old hoe, Blest tho'ts of you come o'er me.

TREBLE. Chorus. Allegretto.

1st TENOR.

2d TENOR.

BASE.

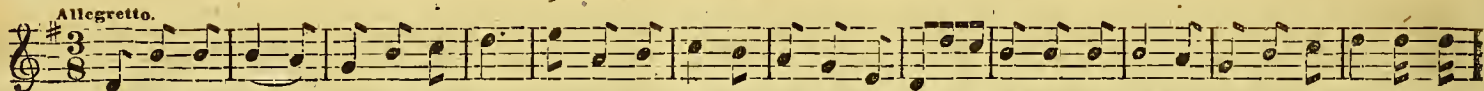
The hawk fly high, the bird fly low, Sweet Snow-drop Ann, I lub you: It's no odds how the wind does blow, This darkey's heart is always blue.

3  
I've eaten coon and possum fat,  
And drank some milk and honey;  
But Missus says, "de only cure  
For me is matrimony."  
De hawk, &c.

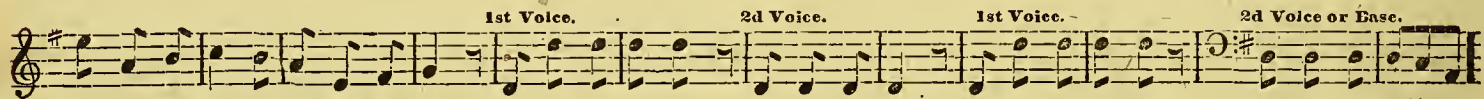
4  
So Snow-drop Ann, suppose dat we  
No longer wait or tarry,  
We'll take de banjo and, de bones,  
And then we'll both get marry.  
De hawk, &c.



## HAPPY ARE WE DARKIES SO GAY.

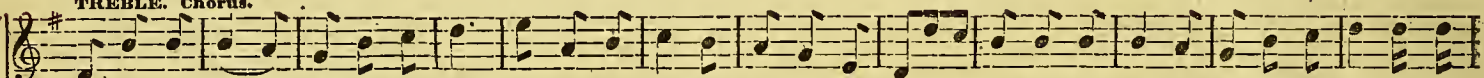


1. Hap-py are we dar-kies so gay! Come let us sing and laugh while we play, We darkey minstrels fa - vo - rite lay, With a
2. The songs that we sing, some of dem are fine, The chorus is good, when we do combine, We always are den so hap-py and gay, We sing
3. Mam'selle Augusta—she is so fine, In dancing and playing in de pan-to - mine! We darkey minstrels wid blacken face, Comes de



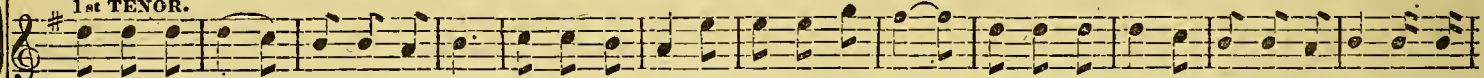
ha ha ha ha, and laugh while we play, Mu-sic de-li-cious! O den how sweet! Your kind applauses We hope to greet.  
 ha ha ha ha ha ha, while we play. Singing de-li-cious! O den how fine! We darkey minstrels! At night we do shine  
 Ca - chuca and Pol-ka wid grace. Dancing de-li-cious! O den how gay! We'll dance and we'll sing Till broke ob day.

## TREBLE. Chorus.



Hap-py are we, dar-kies so gay! Come, let us sing and laugh while we play, We darkey minstrel's fa - vo - rite lay, With a

## 1st TENOR.

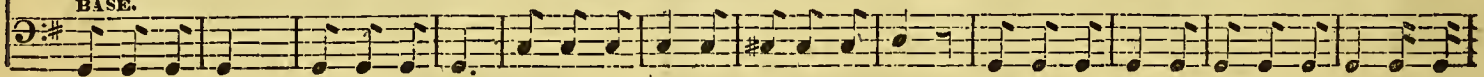


## 2d TENOR.



Hap-py are we, dar-kies so gay! Come, let us sing and laugh while we play, We darkey minstrel's fa - vo - rite lay, With a

## BASE.



ha ha ha ha, and laugh while we play. Ha ha ha ha ha ha, laugh while we play.

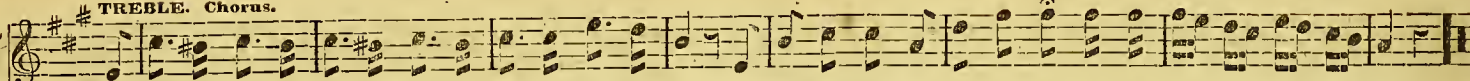
ha ha ha ha, and laugh while we play. Ha ha ha ha ha ha, laugh while we play.

THE DANDY BROADWAY SWELL.

1. Dey may talk ob dan-dy nig-gers, But dey neb-er see dis coon, A prombernarding Broadway On a Sun-day ar-ter-noon
2. My new sack coat am pad-ded, Just to make my shoulders broad; You'd tink I was jewpeter, You would up-on my word.

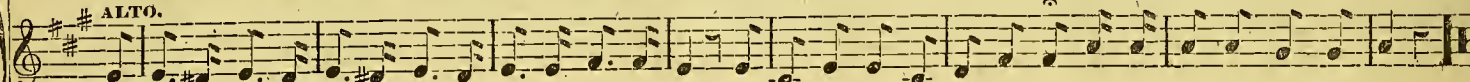
Ise de sold de-light ob yel-low gals, De en-vy ob de men, Ob-sarve dis child when he turn out, An talk ob dan-dies den.  
 I sometimes wear mustashers, But I loss em todder day, For de glue was bad, de wind was high, An so dey blowed away.

TREBLE. Chorus.




For Ise de grit de go de cheese As ebe-ry one may tell, De dark fair sex Ise sure to please, Ise de Dan-dy Broadway swell.

ALTO.

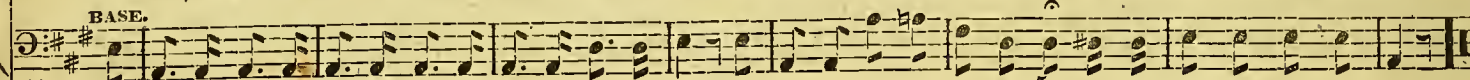


TENOR.



For Ise de grit de go de cheese As ebe-ry one may tell, De dark fair sex Ise sure to please, Ise de Dan-dy Broad-way swell.

BASE.



3

I sports a double eye glass,  
 Dat shuts up in a case,  
 A brack silk stock ac cause it suits,  
 De spressione ob dis face.  
 My linen cuffs an collar too  
 Look beautifully white,  
 An so by gosh I tink dey ought,  
 For I wash em ebery night. For Ise, &c.

4

I wears a gold wash'd guard chain,  
 Dat I bought ob Uncle Pete,  
 But I left de watch for safety,  
 Wid a man in Chatham street. (Pawn Brokers.)  
 Wid grobes, an cane, an fancy vest,  
 French trowserloons an hat,  
 Wid gran imperial which I cut  
 From de tail ob one ob dem. For Ise, &c.

5

I rader tink Miss Chloe White  
 Am growing quite forlorn,  
 I hears it in her dulcet voice,  
 As she sweetly cries "Hot Corn."  
 She's up to de eyes in lub wid me,  
 An so am 'twenty more,  
 For Ise sich a gay deceiver  
 As dey neber seed before. For Ise, &c.

6

Dis nigger's name am Cesar,  
 Mars Napoleon Sinclair Brown,  
 De biggest bug de greatest coon,  
 Dat eber walk'd dis town.  
 So take care gals an mind your sêfs,  
 For if I roll dis eye  
 You'll gib a shake, a sigh an groan;  
 An den flop down an die. For Ise, &c.



# GINGER'S WEDDING.

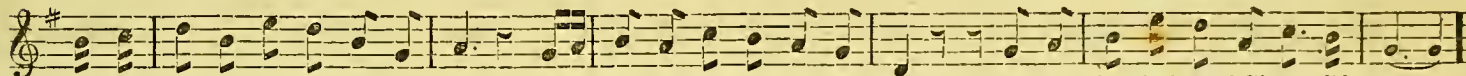
*Allegretto.*



1. O pleas-ant de song dat I sing,      And well I re-mem-ber the day,      When the little church' bells they did ring,  
 2. Dey were going to be married on dat day,      And de darkies were all to be there,      In de lit-tle log church by de way,  
 3. Shall I eb-er for-get it in-deed?      How hap-py de dark-ies did look      When de par-son he den did pro-ceed

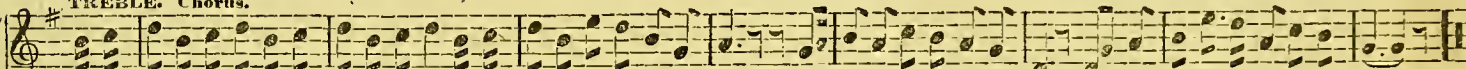


And the dark-ies were done mak-ing hay.      When de birds were at rest and lay snug in their nest,  
 Wid de col-or'd gals look-ing so fair.      Den locked arm in arm,      For fear of some harm,  
 By pe-rus-ing de high-mo-nial book!      Den he asked de lovely Rosa,      If wed-ded she'd be,



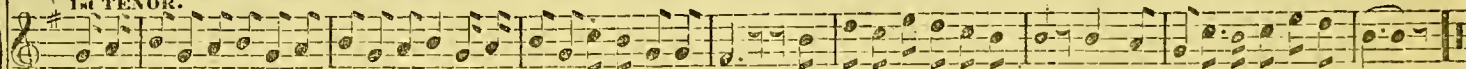
And de clouds they looked pleasant and clear, Sweet Ro-sa was hap-py in-deed,      When to church she and Ginger did steer.  
 Dis couple went skipping a-long      And Ro-sa felt hap-py dat day      As she sang dat sweet nightingale song.  
 And take Gin-ger for bet-ter or wus?      Wid a tear and a sigh she said yes!      Den Gin-ger give Ro-sa a buss.

**TREBLE. Chorus.**

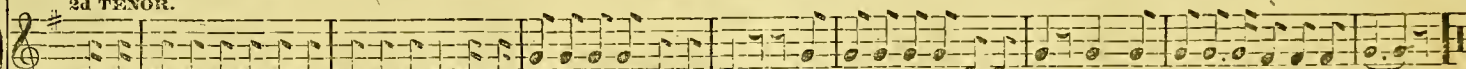


When de birds were at rest, and lay snug in their nest, And de clouds dey look'd pleasant and clear; Sweet Rosa was happy indeed When to church she and Ginger did steer.

**1st TENOR.**



**2d TENOR.**

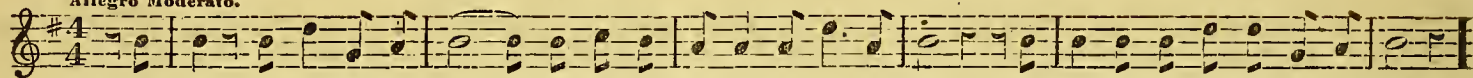


When de birds were at rest, and lay snug in their nest, And de clouds dey look'd pleasant and clear; Sweet Rosa was happy indeed When to church she and Ginger did steer.

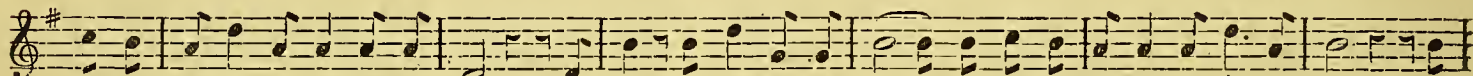
**BASE.**



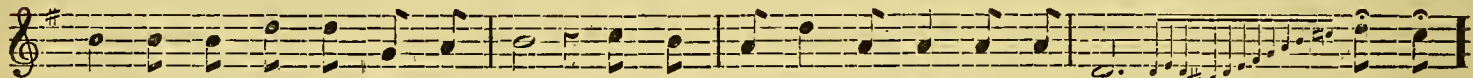
## THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

*Allegro Moderato.*

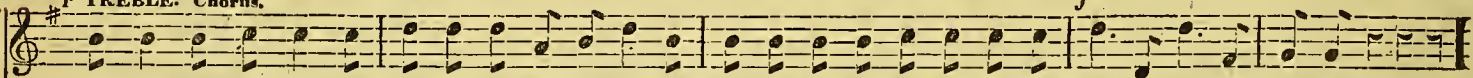
1. A - way! now darkies a - way! De horn an sounding de broke ob day; To work wid your shubble and your hoe,



When your la - bor is done, haste a - way, A - way! now darkies, a - way! De horn an sounding de broke ob day; To

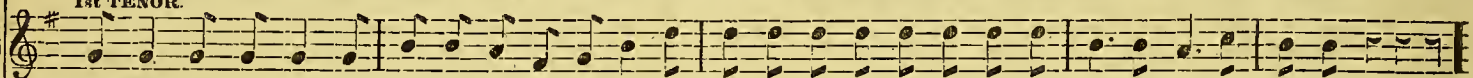
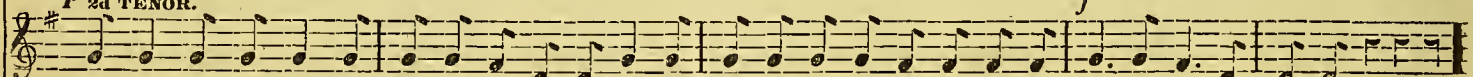


work wid your shub - ble and your hoe, When your la - bor is done, haste a - way . . . . . To the

*p* TREBLE. Chorus.

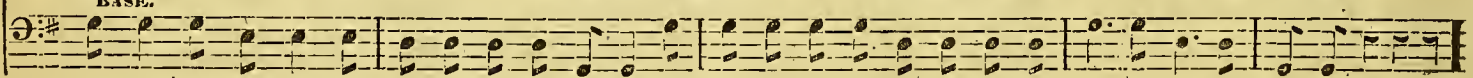
lil - y, the lil - y, the lil - y of the val - ley, When work is done, we'll hasten to see the lil - y of the val - ley.

1st TENOR.

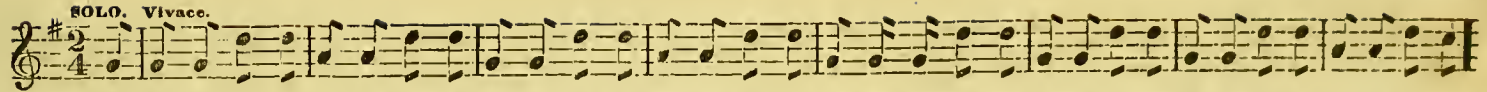
*p* 2d TENOR.

lil - y, the lil - y, the lil - y of the val - ley, When work is done, we'll hasten to see the lil - y of the val - ley.

BASE.



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To mar-ry her you hab no chance, Her eyes is liko an trjnin lance, She sings to de horse to make him prance, And beats all de darkies in de dance. The

*p* CHORUS. Allegro Moderato.

lil - y, the lil - y, the lil - y of the val-ley, When work is done, we'll haste to see the lil - y of the val-ley.

lil - y, the lil - y, the lil - y of the val-ley, When work is done, we'll haste to see the lil - y of the val-ley.

2 Away! now darkies, away!  
 De horn am blowing de close ob day,  
 From our work wid our hearts all so gay,  
 Our labor all done we'll away.  
 Away now darkies, &c.

Wid eyes so bright and waist so slim,  
 She dance and cut de wigeon-ping!  
 Dat gal is up to ebery ting,—  
 And like a martingale she sing.

CHOR. To the lily, the lily, the lily of de valley,  
 Our work's all done, we'll haste to see the lily of the valley.

CHOR. The lily, the lily, the lily of the valley,  
 When work is done, we'll haste to see the lily of the valley.



## INDEX.

---

A Darkie's life is always gay, . . . . .	92	Jenny Boker, . . . . .	80
Banks of de Ohio, . . . . .	68	Jim Brown, . . . . .	81
Banja, . . . . .	69	Jim Crow Polka, . . . . .	89
Carry me back to Old Virginny, . . . . .	60	Kate ob Carolina, . . . . .	90
De nights when we went, &c. . . . .	72	Long time ago, . . . . .	59
De Oak Ise sawed so long, . . . . .	74	Lou'siana Belle, . . . . .	65
De Gum Canoe, . . . . .	86	Lily of the Valley, . . . . .	108
De Eel catchers, . . . . .	87	Miss Nancy Paul, . . . . .	62
Dinah Doe, . . . . .	88	My lovely Virginia Gal, . . . . .	97
Dandy Broadway Swell, . . . . .	105	My pretty Yellow Gal, . . . . .	99
De Oyster Boat, . . . . .	110	Ole King Crow, . . . . .	66
Fine Old Color'd Gentleman, . . . . .	70	Old Aunt Sally, . . . . .	77
Farewell, Ladies, . . . . .	101	Old Gray Goose, . . . . .	79
Gone to Alabama, . . . . .	94	Old Joe, . . . . .	72
Ginger's Wedding, . . . . .	107	Rosa Lee, . . . . .	84
Happy are we Darkies so gay, . . . . .	104	Rosa dear, . . . . .	95
I seen her at the window, . . . . .	98	Stop dat Knocking, . . . . .	76
Jim along Josey, . . . . .	61	Snow Drop Ann, . . . . .	103
Jim Crack Corn, . . . . .	64	Walk in de Parlor, . . . . .	100



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