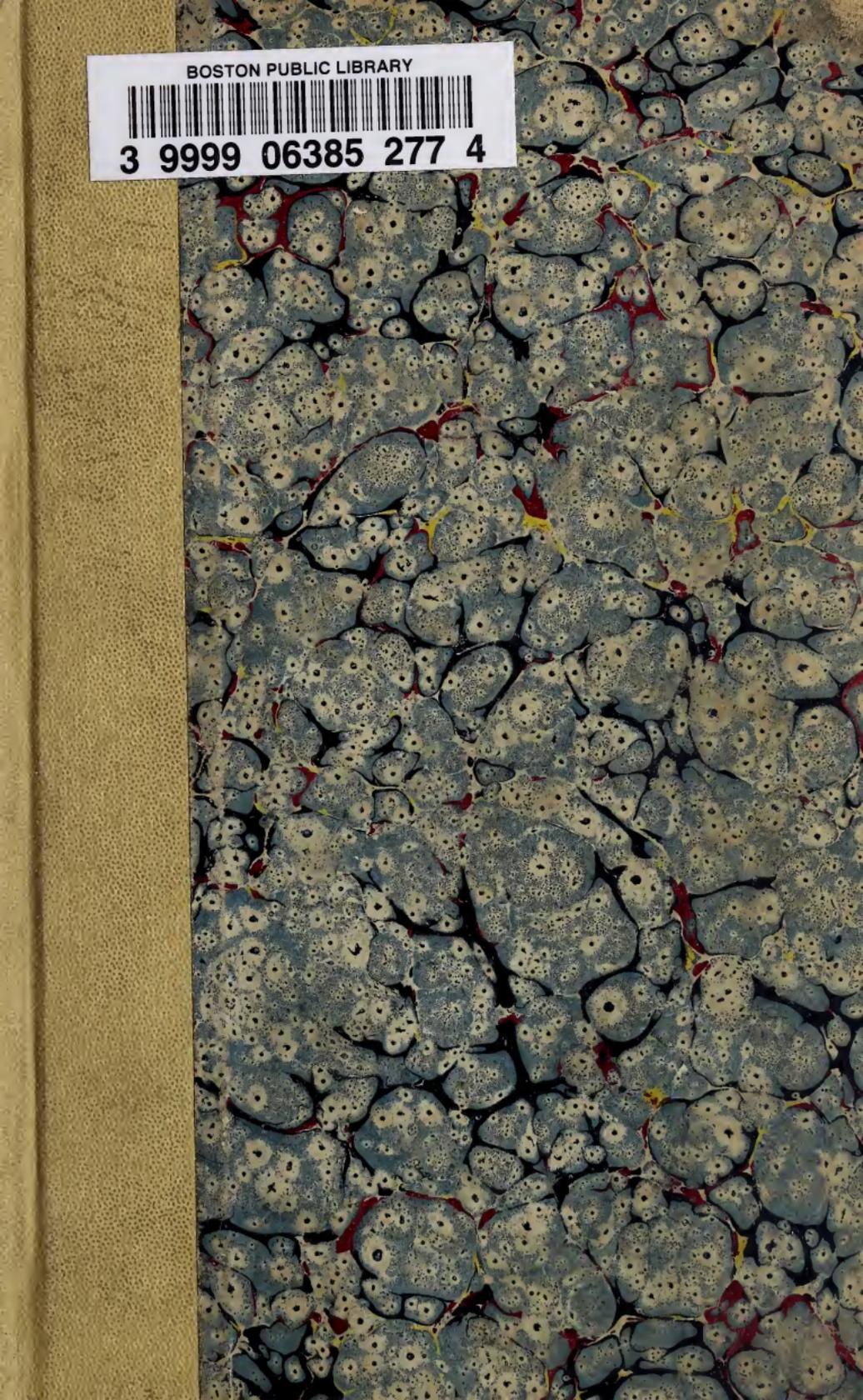


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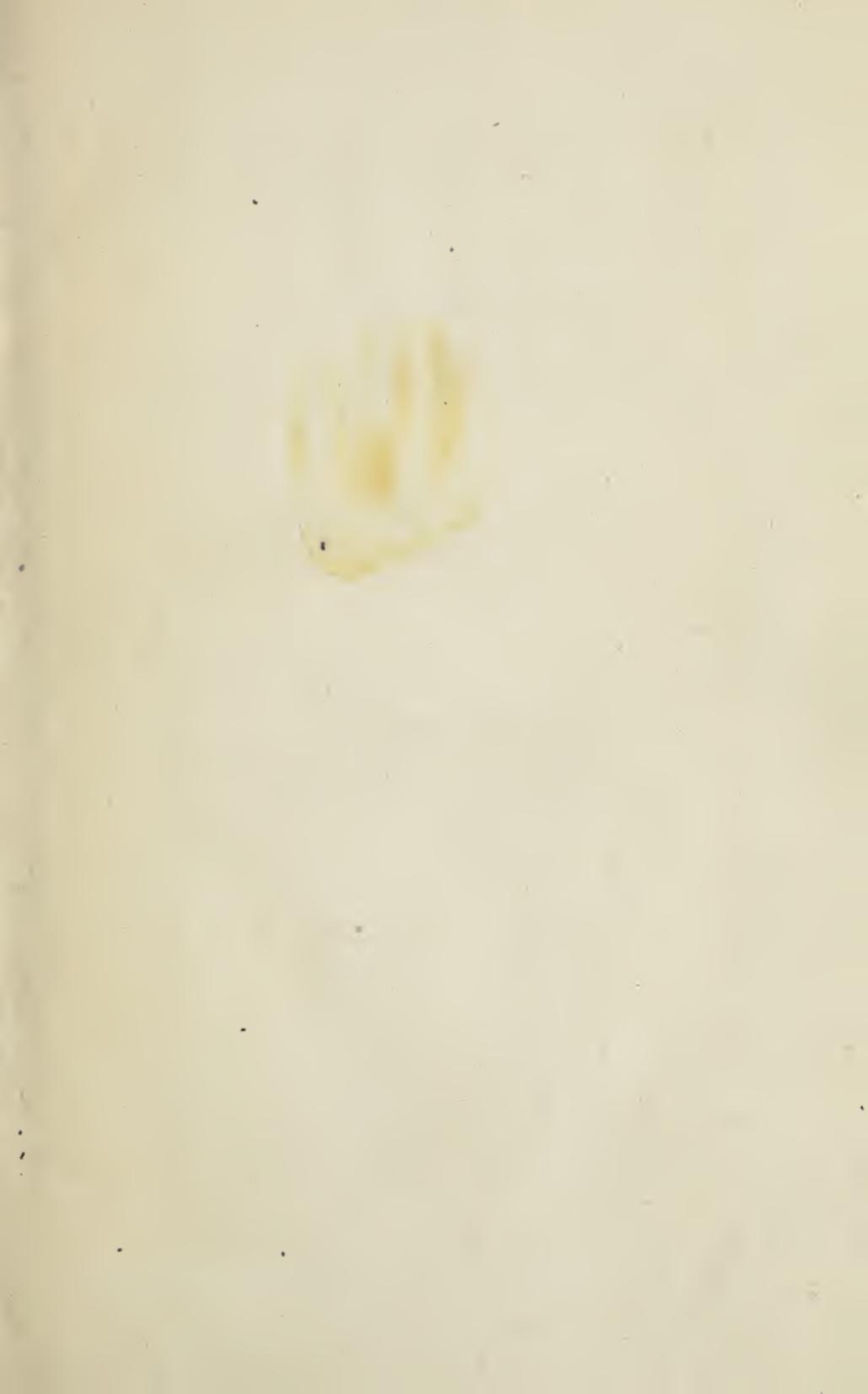


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THE

HARMONEONS'

CASKET

OF

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SONGS AND CLEES,

AS WRITTEN AND SUNG BY THEM AT THEIR CONCERTS
IN THE UNITED STATES AND BRITISH PROVINCES,
IN THEIR ORIGINAL CHARACTERS OF

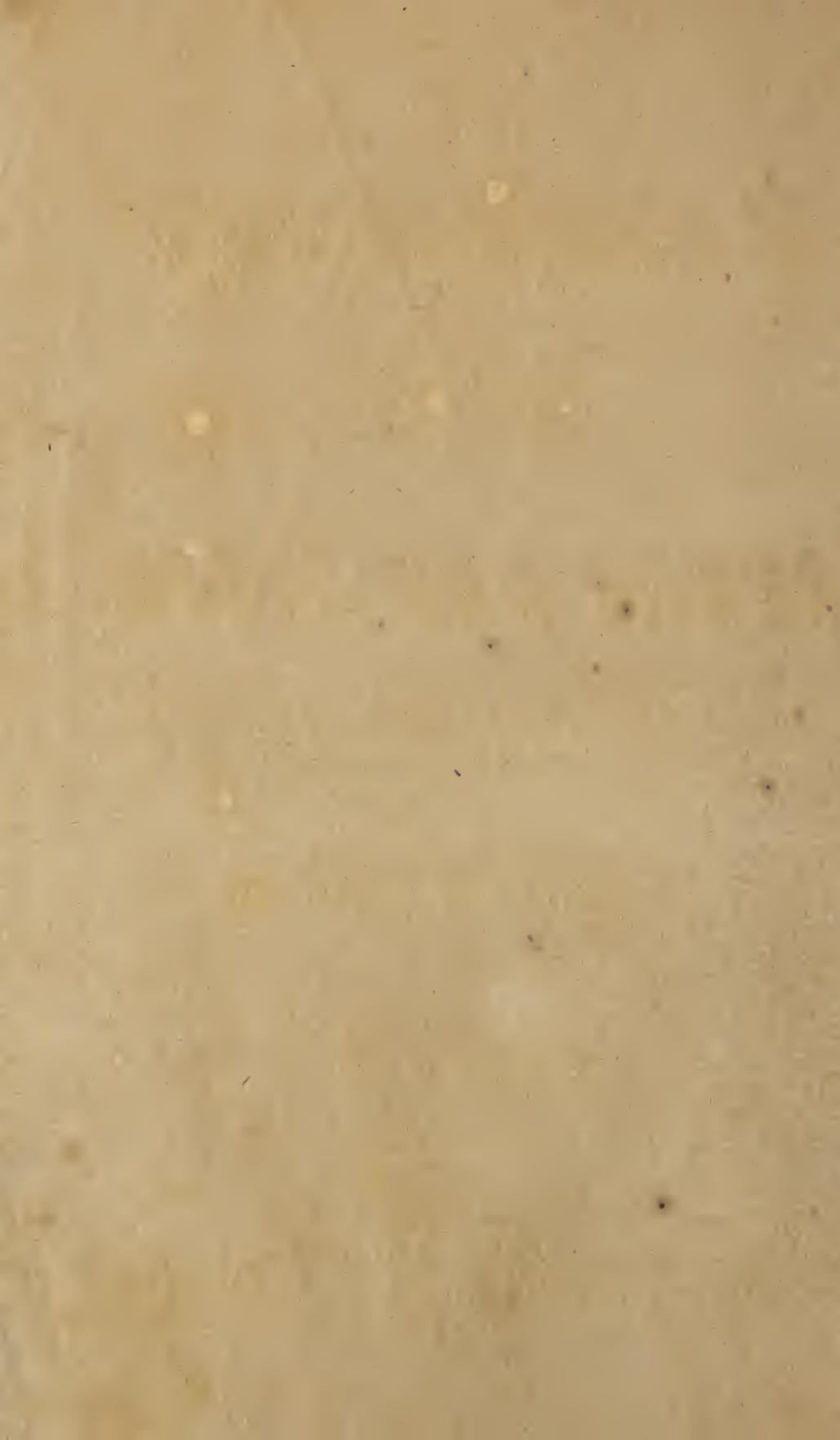
WHITES AND BLACKS.

ORGANIZED IN 1843.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY A. & J. P. ORDWAY.

1850.



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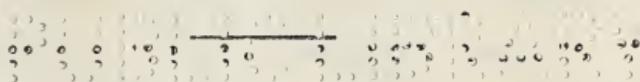
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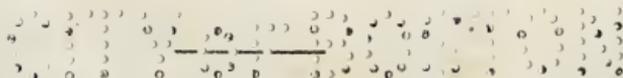
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1850.

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* THE MARINER'S HOME ; or, O, GIVE ME A HOME ON THE BOISTEROUS SEA, the poetry of which was written more than ten years ago, by M. S. Pike, and was set to music in 1844, by L. V. H. Crosby, and sung in 1844, 5, 6 and 7 by him at all the Harmoneons' concerts in the States and Provinces. Now claimed by W. B. Farewell, and was published by F. Howard in 1848.

select from the Harmoneons' great catalogue of sheet music already before the public the words and poetry of their choicest and most popular pieces, the melodies of which are every where familiar.

With the assurance, then, of success for so pleasingly valuable and truthful a compilation, at so small a price, into the hand of every friend we let fall a — CASKET.

BOSTON, *May 1*, 1850.

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SONGS AND GLEES.

WE COME AGAIN.

[Poetry by MARSHALL S. PIKE. Music by L. V. H. CROSBY. Published by
A. & J. P. ORDWAY, 339 Washington Street, Boston.]

WE come again with songs to greet you,
To feel the warmth of every heart ;
In happiness we smile to meet you,
Yot sigh to think so soon we part.

On every spot the sunbeam brightens,
These constant-hearted friends we find ;
With such the tie of friendship tightens,
No space can blot them from the mind.

But now again we meet in gladness,
To wipe the tear from every eye ;
Come, banish from the heart all sadness,
Nor let a sorrow cause a sigh.

O, hearts like these we long shall cherish,
While singing o'er our native strain ;
Not one remembrance e'er shall perish,
Till we shall happily meet again.

I FORGET THE GAY WORLD.

[Poetry by MARSHALL S. PIKE. Music by L. V. H. CROSBY. Published by
A. & J. P. ORDWAY, 339 Washington Street, Boston.]

I FORGET the gay world at the lone hour of night,
And the many dear friends that are sleeping ;
I forget all the splendors that dazzle my sight,
And the many sad hearts that are weeping.

But the musical tones of thine angel voice,
And the love in thy youthful eye,
With the gentle touch on thy light guitar,
Can alone with memory die.

Tral-la-la-la-la ! Tral-la-la-la-la ! Tral-la-la-la-la-la-la !

Then strike the guitar lightly, lightly ;
Its tone I'll ne'er forget ;
O strike the guitar lightly, lightly ;
'Tis sweet as when we met.

I forget the gay rose when it loses its blush,
And the many sweet flowers closely twining ;
I forget all the happiness sorrow can crush,
And the many fond hearts that are pining.

But I cannot forget, when I go from thee,
The love in thy soul-lit eye ;
And the gentle touch on thy light guitar
Can alone with memory die.

Chorus.

HOME AGAIN.

[Poetry and Music by MARSHALL S. PIKE. Arranged with Piano accompaniment, by J. P. ORDWAY. Published by A. & J. P. ORDWAY, 339 Washington Street, Boston.]

I.

HOME again, home again,
 From a foreign shore ;
 And O, it fills my soul with joy
 To meet my friends once more.
 Here I dropped the parting tear,
 To cross the ocean's foam ;
 But now I'm once again with those
 Who kindly greet me home.
 Home again, &c.

II.

Happy hearts, happy hearts,
 With mine have laughed in glee ;
 But O, the friends I loved in youth
 Seem happier to me.
 And if my guide should be the fate
 Which bids me longer roam,
 But death alone can break the tie
 That binds my heart to home.
 Home again, &c.

III.

Music sweet, music soft,
 Lingers round the place ;
 And O, I feel the childhood charm
 That time cannot efface.
 Then give me but my homestead roof,
 I'll ask no palace dome ;
 For I can live a happy life
 With those I love at home.
 Home again, &c.

 DE SKEETERS DO BITE.

[Written by M. S. PIKE. Arranged by L. V. H. CROSBY. Published by
 A. & J. P. ORDWAY, 339 Washington Street, Boston.]

6 in 2 450. 160
 O POMPEY, dear Pompey, O Pompey, dear Pompey,
 Open your eyes !
 O see de sight ! O dear, dis is a drefful night
 For skeeters and flies !
 Beautiful niggers, away, away !
 Crows go to sleep when night comes on ;
 De skeeters will bite de longer we stay,
 So we'll take ourselves off till the critters are gon'.
 Fal-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, &c.

THE LONE STARRY HOURS.

[Poetry by MARSHALL S. PIKE. Music by JAMES POWER. Arranged for the Piano, by J. P. ORDWAY. Published by A. & J. P. ORDWAY, 339 Washington Street, Boston.]

O, THE lone starry hours give me, love,
 When still is the beautiful night ;
 When the round laughing moon I see, love,
 Peep through the clouds, silver white.
 When no winds through the low woods sweep, love,
 And I gaze on some bright rising star,
 When the world is in dream and sleep, love,
 O, wake while I touch my guitar.

Till the red rosy morn grows bright, love,
 Far away o'er the distant sea,
 Till the stars cease their gentle light, love,
 Will I wait for a welcome from thee.
 And O, if that pleasure is thine, love,
 We will wander together afar ;
 My heart shall be thine, thine mine, love ;
 Then wake while I touch my guitar.

BRIGHTLY, BOYS, BRIGHTLY.

[Poetry and Music by MARSHALL S. PIKE. Published by A. & J. P. ORDWAY,
339 Washington Street, Boston.]

BRIGHTLY, boys, brightly, from hills and woody shores,
The last ruddy beam of the summer sun departs ;
Lightly, boys, lightly, we dip our slender oars,
And off goes our boat with a freight of happy hearts.

The waves sparkle bright,

As onward we ride ;

Our hearts are as light

As our boat on the tide.

Then cheerily sing, O, merrily row,

Merrily row, and on we go ;

Cheerily sing, O, merrily row,

Merrily row, and on we go.

Fleetly, boys, fleetly, the hours and minutes end,

And so will the joys and pleasures of the day ;

Sweetly, boys, sweetly, then let our voices blend,

As on o'er the deep we gaily pull away.

The waves sparkle bright, &c.

WHEN SLUMBER SWEET.

[Poetry by MARSHALL S. PIKE. MUSIC by N. B. P. Curtiss. Published by
A. & J. P. ORDWAY, 339 Washington Street, Boston.]

WHEN slumber sweet the eyelid closes,
 And distant friends in dreams are near ;
 When beauty bright in sleep reposes,
 We fondly cherish all things dear.
 When moonlight o'er the ocean dances,
 And stars illumine the blue above ;
 When slumber sweet awakens fancies,
 We dream, we dream of those we love.

When vision lives and memory pleases,
 How happy is the dreamer's heart !
 'Tis then dull life its hope increases,
 And joy bids every woe depart.
 We feel the warm and glad caresses
 That friendship hath so closely wove ;
 When slumber sweet the true soul blesses,
 We dream, we dream of those we love.

When morning breaks with rosy blushes,
 And o'er the day its smile is thrown ;
 The noisy world sleep's idol crushes,
 We wake and find our dream-friends flown !

The heart then sighs for souls it misses,
 Yet learns to wait and fonder prove ;
 When slumber sweet gives us its blisses,
 We dream, we dream of those we love.

OB ALL DE BRACK BIRDS.

[Written by M. S. PIKE. Arranged by J. P. ORDWAY. Published by A. & J. P.
 ORDWAY, 339 Washington Street, Boston.]

- Duet.* OB all de brack birds dat eber I see,
 De crow is de brackest in dat degree ;
 For all de night long he roost on de tree,
 But when de day cums away flies he.
- Chorus.* Caw, caw, caw, caw !
- Solo.* To whar is he flyin' ?
- Solo.* To de woods he's a gwine.
- Chorus.* Our song am well sung ; I know dat, by golly,
 For de nigger dat sings is alwers jolly. Ya ! ya !
 Crows, crows, crows, crows !
 O, did you eber see a flock ob crows ?
- Solo.* Corn-bread and tater-skins, fried pig's nose,
 Is de bery tings for de hungry crows.
- Chorus.* Our day's work's ober, de supper horn blows,
 So we'll be as happy as dem are crows.

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THE INDIAN WARRIOR'S GRAVE.

[Poetry and Music by MARSHALL S. PIKE. Arranged with Piano accompaniment by J. P. ORDWAY. Published by A. & J. P. ORDWAY, 339 Washington Street, Boston.]

GREEN is the grave,
By the wild dashing river,
Where sleeps the brave,
With his arrows and quiver ;
Where in his pride
He roved in his childhood,
Fought he, and died,
In the depths of the wildwood.

In the lone dell,
While his wigwam defending,
Nobly he fell,
'Neath the hazel-boughs bending ;
Where the pale foe
And he struggled together,
Who from his bow
Tore his swift-arrowed feather.

Ere the next noon,
The bold warrior was buried ;
And ere a moon,
His tribe westward had hurried.

But a rude cross,
 With its rough-chiselled numbers,
 Half-hid in moss,
 Tells the red warrior slumbers.

SHE SLEEPS IN THE VALLEY.

[Poetry by J. SIMMONDS DAVIS. Music by L. V. H. CROSBY. Published by
 A. & J. P. ORDWAY, 339 Washington Street, Boston.]

I'LL tell thee a tale of a maiden's veil ;
 It was worn by Jane O'Malley ;
 On the highland green her form was seen,
 But she now sleeps in the valley.

One year ago, when the sun was low,
 Along with Elwyn Alley,
 To chat and talk, she took a walk ;
 But she now sleeps in the valley.

Her heart was warm, she thought no harm,
 She was distrained by Alley ;
 Her friends did mourn, she did not return,
 And she now sleeps in the valley.

They searched around, till the spot was found
 Where struggled Jane O'Malley ;
 Where the rock was cleft, her veil was left,
 And she now sleeps in the valley.

WE ARE SONS OF COLUMBIA.

[Poetry by MARSHALL S. PIKE. Music by L. V. H. CROSBY. Published by A.
& J. P. ORDWAY, 339 Washington Street, Boston.]

WE are sons of Columbia,
The land of the brave ;
We must on to the battle,
Our country to save.
And so long as our banner
We love waves on high,
The foe we will conquer,
Or bravely we'll die !

We are sons of Columbia ;
Our claims they are just ;
Yet we boast not of valor,
But can fight, if we must.
We will tread down oppression,
As our forefathers trod ;
And for victory trust
In our flag and our God !

We are sons of Columbia,
And proud of the name ;
Our sires fought for freedom,
And we'll do the same.

To the laws of a monarch
We never will yield ;
But live to be freemen,
Or die on the field !

We are sons of Columbia ;
We come hand-in-hand ;
And as stars dot the heavens,
Our stars dot the land !
And so long as the banner
We love waves on high,
The foe we will conquer,
Or bravely we'll die !

Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

THE MARINER'S HOME

[Poetry by MARSHALL S. PIKE. Music by L. V. H. CROSBY. Published by
A. & J. P. ORDWAY, 339 Washington Street, Boston.]

I.

O, GIVE me a home on the boisterous sea,
Where the white-capt waves roll fearless and free,
When the sea-gull mounts with a dripping wing
And the stormy petrel delights to sing.
Yes, give me a home on the sea's highway,
Where the angry waves send forth their spray,
When the howling blast comes over the sea,
Whistling its tune with a mariner's glee.

I love the sea, the boisterous sea ;
An ocean home, for liberty !

II.

O, give me a home far away from the shore,
Where the sea mounts high, and the breakers roar,
When the thunders peal, the lightnings flash,
And the raging billows wildly dash !
Yes ! far, far away on the briny space,
Give me a home and a burial-place,
Where the sea-nymphs guard my last, long sleep,
Round the coral bed of the mighty deep ;

Whose echo'd song like mine shall be,
An ocean home for liberty.

OUR FLAG OF STARS.

[Poetry by MARSHALL S. PIKE. Published by A. & J. P. ORDWAY,
339 Washington Street, Boston.]

Chorus. OUR flag of stars is floating there
Columbia's sires first placed on high ;
And by its stripes we firmly swear
To conquer foes, or bravely die.

Solo. We'll proudly fight for the flag we love ;
Sustain it in the raging battle ;
And struggle as it waves above
The roar of war and cannon's rattle !

Chorus. Our flag of stars, &c.

Float on, forever float on high,
Nor let a dastard coward live ;
Make every lawless traitor fly
Who will not lawful honors give !

Chorus. Our flag of stars, &c.

That flag shall never lose a star,
Triumphant waved in Freedom's cause ;
And if we fall in climes afar,
We'll fall defending freemen's laws !

Chorus. Our flag of stars, &c.

FAREWELL! TO-NIGHT WE PART.

[Poetry by MARSHALL S. PIKE. Music by L. V. H. CROSBY. Published by
A. & J. P. ORDWAY, 339 Washington Street, Boston.]

OUR happy homes of childhood days

We now remember well ;

And memory often fondly strays

To where it used to dwell.

Chorus. Hurrah ! hurrah ! Tral-la-la-la-la-la !

May music gladden every heart ;

Hurrah ! hurrah ! Tral-la-la-la-la-la !

Farewell, farewell ! to-night we part.

Those joyous hours of childish life

Were pleasanter by far

Than scenes like these, with pleasures rife,

Where friends and strangers are !

Hurrah, &c.

From friendly throngs in stranger-land

A few fond hearts we find ;

Yet can they cheer this little band

Like homes we've left behind ?

Hurrah, &c.

THE MOUNTAIN WAVE.

[Poetry by H. W. ROCKWELL. Music by L. V. H. CROSBY. Published by
A. & J. P. ORDWAY, 339 Washington Street, Boston.]

I.

A BOLD, brave crew and an ocean blue,
And a ship that loves the blast ;
With a good wind piping merrily
In the tall and gallant mast.
Ha ! ha ! my boys, these are the joys
Of the noble and the brave,
Who love a life in the tempest strife,
And a home on the mountain wave.

II.

When the driving rain of the hurricane
Puts the light of the lighthouse out,
And the growling thunder sounds its gong
On the whirlwind's battle route,
Ha ! ha ! do you think that the valiant shrink ?
No, no ! we are bold and brave ;
For we love to fight in the wild midnight
With the storm on the mountain wave.

III.

The breeze that dies where the greenwood sighs
To the landsman sweet may be ;
But give to the brave the broad-backed wave,
In the tempest's midnight glee.
Ha ! ha ! the blast and the rocking mast
Are scenes that suit the brave,
The thunder's jar on the seas afar,
And a home on the mountain wave.

IV.

The timbers creak ; the sea-birds shriek ;
There's lightning in the blast ;
Hard to the leeward, mariners,
For the storm is gathering fast !
Ha ! ha ! to-night, boys, we must fight ;
Our hearts are bold and brave ;
Storms cannot scare the mariner,
As he rides on the mountain wave.

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MY LUCY AND ME.

[Words and Music by MARSHALL S. PIKE. Arranged with Piano accompaniment, by J. P. ORDWAY. Published by A. & J. P. ORDWAY, 339 Washington Street, Boston.]

I.

LONG ago, one summer Sunday,
 Way down in Tennessee,
 I ax'd my lubly Lucy
 To take a walk wid me.
 I had on my new trousers ;
 She put on her best gown ;
 And we boff went to de hill-side,
 And on the grass set down.
Chorus. O, my Lucy and me
 Was happy and free,
 Under de shade
 Ob de juniper-tree.

II.

Below us flowed de riber ;
 Abuv us sung de birds ;
 And boff to me made music,
 But not like Lucy's words :
 For she told me dat she lub'd me ;
 I said I lub'd her, too ;
 Den Lucy look so bashful,
 I didn't know what to do.

III.

De sunlight bright and rosy
 Went out way down de west ;
 But still my charming Lucy
 Was leaning on my breast.
 De big moon, full ob beauty,
 Now got up by-and-by ;
 And de wind smelt like Cogny
 Was sprinkled on de sky.

IV.

We den went home so happy,
 And waited till nex' day ;
 I den told massa slyly
 Ob what I hab to say.
 But massa made objection ;
 My eyes wid tears did fill ;
 For Lucy said she'd hab me,
 De day 'fore, on de hill.

V.

When many days pass ober,
 My Lucy she got sick ;
 'Twas den she took de fever,
 And die widin a week.
 Massa gib me den my freedom ;
 I bury her in dat spot
 On de hill whar we togeder
 Such happy hours hab sot.

VI.

Dar de birds sing ober Lucy,
 And de riber runs below ;
 But dey bring no joy to my heart,
 For dat is full ob woe.
 And whar we sot so often,
 A grave wid marble stone
 Now tells my lub ob Lucy,
 For she is dead and gone.
 O, my Lucy is free,
 And happy is she,
 Under de shade
 Ob de juniper-tree.

MISS JULIA IS A HANDSOME GAL.

[Written and arranged by L. V. H. Crosby. Published by A. J. P. Ordway,
 339 Washington Street, Boston.]

I.

Miss JULIA is a handsome gal ;
 Her heart is young and tender ;
 Her eyes are dark, and rather small ;
 Her form genteel and slender.
 And den her face, so round and fat,
 De people do admire ;
 Her eyes set in dat face at night
 Looks like two towns on fire.

Chorus. O, Julia is a beauty ;
 She blushes like a pina ;
 O, yah ! she is the prettiest gal
 Dat libs in ole Car'lina.

II.

And when Miss Julia takes a walk, —
 'Tis on some holiday, —
 A big steam engine goes ahead,
 To clar de track away.
 De bells all ring, and out she goes ;
 Her hair floats on de breezes ;
 And when de sun shines on her face,
 Makes all de geeses sneezes !

III.

Miss Julia has a little foot,
 And wears a little gaiter,
 Which sets as close as e'er you see
 A peeling on a tater.
 And when she walks, O, gracious me !
 O, Moses, what a swell !
 De boys and gals dey all cry out,
 Miss Julia is de belle.

Cf. 2 in 450-160

Martin + Beach 1896

YOUNG CLEM BROWN.

[Words by MARSHALL S. PIKE. Music by L. V. H. CROSBY. Published by
A. J. P. ORDWAY, 339 Washington Street, Boston.]

I.

O, WHEN I was a little gal, I worky in de fiel',
And used to hoe de cotton wid de pretty Lucy Neal;
But massa sell Miss Lucy, and he buy Clem Brown,
'Case he know dat Clem work harder in de ole cotton groun'.

Chorus. O, young Clem Brown;
O, young Clem Brown;
We used to work wid him,
Till de sun go down.

II.

'Twas dar he saw de nigger gal, and feel de bosom flame;
He neber sleep anoder night till he hab larn her name.
O, Clem he was de handsome youf, so strong in ebery limb;
And he call me lubly Fanny, 'case I laff and talk wid him.

III.

One day he say he marry me; but massa cross wid he,
And watch us like de crow do de possum in de tree;
But bery late one ebening our ole massa sick and die;
I guess he die wid ague-fits, dat Clem could marry I.

IV.

We leab de ole Carliner State, and trabel to de Norf;
 But Clem one night he leab de bed and board and trabel off;
 He leab no darlin' Clems behind to strike de heel and toe,
 But leab de lubly bloomin' wife to weep de bitter woe.

V.

O, I'd better stopped wid massa's folks, for dey is bery kind;
 For dar we hoe de cotton, and de happy heart we find.
 When now de day hab fade away, and ebenin's gettin' late,
 I tink upon dem goodest times in ole Carliner State.

SAM SLICK'S COURTSHIP.

[A Comic Song, written by MARSHALL S. PIKE, and sung by him with great
 applause.]

O, WHEN I was a farmer's boy, I used to drive the cowses;
 I then did wear a bob-tail coat, and little bits of trouses.
 One day marm slyly said to me, "Now, Sam, 's you're fond o'
 sportin',
 I guess as how you're big enough to try and go a courtin'!"
 Ri-tol-lol-de-da.

Well, so one day I loiter'd out and talk'd round kind o' sorter,
 To a fine old gentleman who had a pretty daughter;
 Says I to him, "Old man, you see, I kind o' feels like sparkin';
 And if you don't object to that, to Sally I'll be talkin'."

Says he to me, "I don't object; ask her, if you're a mindter."
 And so I call'd on her one night, and told her, "I felt kindter!"
 I told her, "Ma had thought it best for me to come and see her:"
 Says she, "*I never had a beau; why, only think how que-e-er!*"

I set down 'tother side the room, and soon made b'lieve a sleepin';
 But Sally kept a hitchin' up, to see if I was peepin'!
 She kept a sidelin' up to me; O, how my teeth did chatter!
 "O, Sam, you'll have an ague-fit! O dear, what is the matter?"

I didn't say a tarnal word, but kept a mighty thinkin';
 And Sally, skeer'd a'most to death, kept both her eyes a winkin'.
 At last she laid her hand on mine, which made me blush all over;
 I look'd jus' like a great red rose in a field of white-topt clover!

It kind o' made me feel so queer, I thought I'd speak up funny;
 And so says I, "You'd make a bee for Sammy's sweetest honey.
 O, if you was a bumble-bee, and I a bunch of poses,
 I'd let you light, and we could live like love among the roses."

She kind o' spoke up mighty cross about my warm affections:
 "She didn't ask no odds of me, nor none of my connections.
 You're just as green as cabbage-leaves; your talk is most sur-
 prisin';
 So take your hat and march for home, before the sun's a risin'!"

I started up and sneak'd for home; since then I've never tried it;
 And when folks ask me 'bout the scrape, I always have denied it.
 So now, young men, if you are wise, ere you attempt to marry,
 Just try your Sally's temper; see if she's a *young Old Harry!*

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I HAB LEFF ALABAMA.

[Written by M. S. PIKE. Arranged by J. P. ORDWAY. Published by A. & J. P. ORDWAY, 339 Washington Street, Boston.]

I HAB leff Alabama a long way behind me ;
 I hab leff my ole massa and woolly-head Ben ;
 And dey boff is gon' crazy because dey can't find me ;
 So I's gwine to go back to Alabama agen.

Chorus. Alabama agen, Alabama agen ;
 And if eber I lib till de sun rise to-morrow,
 I's a gwine to go back to Alabama agen.

O, Ben was my truelub ; but de gals all would kiss him ;
 And so I got jealous and leff him soon den ;
 But soon arter dat my affections did miss him,
 And I must go back to Alabama agen.

Chorus.

Den I'll tell Ben I lub him, and he will belieb me ;
 Case he knows dat I tink he's de gemblam ob men ;
 And massa will smile and be glad to receib me,
 When I's home safe back in Alabama agen.

Chorus.

WHAR IS DE SPOT?

[Written by M. S. PIKE. Arranged by L. V. H. CROSBY. Published by
A. & J. P. ORDWAY, 339 Washington Street, Boston.]

O, WHAR is de spot dat we was born on?

Whar is de spot dat we was born on?

Whar, O whar is de spot we was born on?

Way down in de Car'line State.

When we go back dar to hoe de corn,

We'll lib in de house whar we was born,

Sing to massa night and morn,

Case ole massa's bery great.

And it's by-and-by we do hope to meet him;

By-and-by we do hope to meet him;

By-and-by we do hope to meet him,

Way down in de Car'line State.

O, dar libs fadder, dar libs modder,

Dar libs sister, and dar libs brudder;

Case ole massa's got no odder

To hoe de corn in de Car'line State.

O, de nigger lubs home dar if massa don't cross 'im;

De cane-brake grow and de corn-top blossom;

Whar de coon and de little fat possum

Massa hunt till de moon shine late.

And it's by-and-by, &c.

O, we used to hab de fun on de ole plantation ;
 We used to hab de fun on de ole plantation ;
 We used to hab de fun on de ole plantation,
 Way down in de Car'line State.

O, we dance and sing when de day's work's ober ;
 Lib like de coons in de field of clober ;
 Sing to massa case he's sober,
 And he's bery rich and great.
 And it's by-and-by, &c.

O, when we go back, massa 'll be so bery glad den ;
 We hab de grand time, O, de best we eber had den ;
 We work no more in de field so hard den,
 Way down in de Car'line State.
 O, fadder bery glad when he know dat it be us ;
 Modder bery glad, too, case she can see us ;
 Dey say dat massa's agwine to free us,
 Case ole massa's bery great.
 And it's by-and-by, &c.

MISS NANCY PAUL.

[Words by MARSHALL S. PIKE. Music by L. V. H. CROSBY. Published by
A. & J. P. ORDWAY, 339 Washington Street, Boston.]

LONG, long ago, I got acquainted
Wid a gal so straight and tall ;
O, wasn't she a charming critter !
And her name was Nancy Paul.

Chorus. Miss Nancy's form all folks admire ;
She's six foot high, perhaps some higher.
O Nancy Paul ! O Nancy Paul !
She's de handsomest gal ob de niggers all.

I gib Miss Nance an inbitation
To go and dance at a ball ;
She laughed, and said she's bery willing ;
So I danced wid Nancy Paul.

Since den I call 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.

She told me I had stole her 'fections ;
Dat I must bery often call ;
She said I was her darling nigger ;
I said she was my Nancy Paul.

and now dear Nance and I is married ;
 De little childrens round us squall ;
 Dey sing, We lub our darlin' daddy,
 Becase he married Nancy Paul.

O LADY, SWEETEST LADY.

[Poetry by J. SIMMONDS DAVIS. Music by L. V. H. CROSBY. Published by
 A. & J. P. ORDWAY, 339 Washington Street, Boston.]

O LADY, sweetest lady,
 Soft slumbers round thee twine ;
 Sleep on, for thou art dreaming
 Of music that's divine.

Thy father's roof protects thee ;
 O, would that it were mine !
 Sleep on, for thou art dreaming
 Of music that's divine.

No sound shall break thy slumbers ;
 But let my song be thine.
 Sleep on, for thou art dreaming
 Of music that's divine.

RIDE ON, DARKIES.

[Written by MARSHALL S. PIKE. Arranged by L. V. H. CROSBY. Published
by A. & J. P. ORDWAY, 339 Washington Street, Boston.]

You will see us on our way, bum-by, bum-by ;
O, 't will be a happy day, bum-by !

Chorus. Ride on, darkies ;

O, ride on ;

We're on our journey home.

You will see us once again, bum-by, bum-by ;
And we'll sing you dis 'ere strain, bum-by.

We shall tink upon you long, bum-by, bum-by ;
You will tink upon our song, bum-by.

Hope you'll feel as we shall feel, bum-by, bum-by ;
When de mem'ry round you steal, bum-by.

We shall be away off far, bum-by, bum-by,
Shining like de ebening star, bum-by !

Good night, ladies, gemblams too, till bum-by, bum-by ;
Now we bid you all adieu, wid a sigh.

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DINAH'S GON FOREBER.

[Words and Music by MARSHALL S. PIKE. Arranged with Piano-Forte accompaniment, by J. P. ORDWAY. Published by A. & J. P. ORDWAY, 339 Washington Street, Boston.]

I.

O, DINAH dear, she passed away
 Like night before de morrow ;
 She leff dis gloomy world one day,
 Becase 'twas full ob sorrow.
 She leff no enemies behind,
 Nor foes to talk or listen ;
 But leff as many friends on earff
 As dar are stars dat glisten.

Chorus. O, Dinah's gon, gon, gon from us foreber ;
 We shall neber see her no more ; no, neber.
 De sun will rise, and de sun will set ;
 But Dinah's gon foreber.

II.

She always wore a striped frock,
 Dat did so much become her,
 Dat when she stoop she look jes like
 A rainbow in de summer.
 But, O ! she cotch de cholric fits,
 And die de day she got 'em,
 Jus' like a lubly Dahlia bud
 Nipt by de frost in autumn.

III.

Since Dinah's deff we're bery sad,
 And massa's quite forsaken ;
 But in a little while, you know
 Dat we must all be taken.
 So we must do de best we can,
 Nor let de conscience harden ;
 For Dinah's dead and gon to rest,
 And sleeps down in de garden.

IV.

O, ebery night de bright stars shine
 I tink ob Dinah only ;
 But when de clouds won't let 'em look,
 I'm bery sad and lonely.
 For far away to dem are worlds
 My 'fections fly at eben ;
 I tink den Dinah spokes to me,
 And tells me she's in Heben.

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HAPPY ARE WE TO-NIGHT.

[Poetry and Music by MARSHALL S. PIKE. Arranged with Piano accompaniment by J. P. ORDWAY. Published by A. & J. P. ORDWAY, 339 Washington Street, Boston.]

HAPPY are we to-night, boys,
 Happy, happy are we ;
 The hearts that we delight, boys,
 With us may happy be.
 Friends should laugh with those who laugh,
 And sigh for those in pain ;
 The most of us have met before,
 And now we meet again.
 Happy are we to-night, &c.

Many will be the mile, boys,
 Many, many the mile,
 That we shall rove and smile, boys,
 With friends who ne'er beguile.
 The voices we have often heard,
 And faces we have met,
 Like tones of sweetest melody,
 We never can forget.
 Happy are we to-night, &c.

[*Sung slower.*] Weary we may return, boys,
 Weary, weary at last ;
 But memory will learn, boys,
 To love the happy past.
 Age may bring us gloomy hours,
 And Time may make us sad ;
 But we to-night are free from care,
 And all our hearts are glad.
 Happy are we to-night, &c.

POOR GRANMODDER GREEN.

[Words and Music by M. S. PIKE. Arranged by J. P. ORDWAY. Published by
 A. & J. P. ORDWAY, 339 Washington Street, Boston.]

Poor Granmodder Green was a bery good soul,
 And her name, when a gal, was Rose ;
 But she died toder day, a hundred years ole,
 By a skeeter bite on her nose.
 De ole lady she was asleep in her char
 When de night-time hour was still ;
 And de fust ting she felt was de insect dar,
 A stickin' in his pizen bill.

Chorus. Poor Granmodder Green,
 Though her face was a little shady,
 She was de finest colored lady
 Dat eber was seen.
 Poor Granmodder Green.

When de next day cum, on her nose was a blotch,
 Dat swelled so she could not see ;
 Folks said 't was de measles dat granmodder cotch,
 Or de sting ob a bumble-bee.
 Some said 't was de black swellin', some said white ;
 But de doctor could not say ;
 For de ole lady said 't was a skeetermer bite,
 And den she 'spired right away.
Chorus. Poor Granmodder, &c.

Side de ole wooden house dat stands in de trees,
 By de big rock, right to de leff,
 When Granmodder Green couldn't laugh nor sneeze,
 Dey buried her up by herseff !
 And dar de whippoorwill sings and drums
 Till de mornin' sunbeams break ;
 And de skeeters buzz till de daylight cums ;
 But Granmodder Green won't wake.
Chorus. Poor Granmodder, &c.

ON TO THE CHASE.

[Poetry by MARSHALL S. PIKE. Music by L. V. H. CROSBY. Published by
A. & J. P. ORDWAY, 339 Washington Street, Boston.]

ON to the chase, on to the chase ! off, off, away !

With horn and song

We speed along,

The timid stag to slay !

Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho !

To the rocky steep,

In the forest deep,

Away, away, away !

The sound of the horn

Is cheerful at morn ;

On, on, on we hunters sweep !

Over the hills, over the hills, far, far away,

We'll chase the stag,

O'er cliff and crag,

Till fades the light of day !

Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho !

O, hark to the cries,

As the wild stag flies

Away, away, away !

Now the deer we see,

And the hounds are free ;

Hurrah ! he falls, — he dies !

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DUZ YOU KNOW DAT ?

[Music by MARSHALL S. PIKE. Arranged by J. P. ORDWAY. Published by
A. & J. P. ORDWAY, 339 Washington Street, Boston.]

I.

O, GIVE me back my Pete I luv,
Dat fills wid joy my bosom ;
O, give me back my darky duv ;
I cannot bear to lose 'im.

Chorus. Duz you know dat ? Duz you know dat ?
Duz you know dat, now, I ax you ?
O niggers, duz you know dat, now ?
Duz you know dat, now, I ax you ?

II.

My Pete he is 'bout six feet tall ;
He is a gemblam nigger ;
And always at de fancy ball
Wid Pete I used to figger.

III

But O, one night Pete hab a spree ;
He fall in a bed ob teasels ;
When he crawl out, O, golly me !
He cotch de squar-toed measles !

IV.

My Pete he buy me a new gown,
 Wid odder hansom fixin ;
 He said, ob all de gals in town,
 I was de prettiest wixin.

V.

Pete often 'spress his lub for me ;
 He buy me a new bonnet ;
 And on dis finger dar, you see,
 Pete put dat ring upon it.

VI.

But now he libs way on de shore
 Ob de ole Ohio Riber ;
 And if I neber see him more,
 I'll not forget him eber.

VII.

And if I should see Pete agen,
 Which may be some time, mab-be ;
 I'd marry him ob all de men,
 Becase he makes me happy.

VIII.

Den gib me back my Pete I luv,
 Dat fills wid joy dis bosom ;
 O, gib me back my brack-eyed duv ;
 I cannot bear to lose 'im.

SAMBO COURTED JULIANNA.

[Words and Music by MARSHALL S. PIKE. Arranged by J. P. ORDWAY.

Published by A. & J. P. ORDWAY, 339 Washington Street, Boston.]

I.

Chorus. SAMBO courted Julianna,
In a bery easy manner ;
And he made de gal his wife,
Away down Souf, in Louisiana.

Solo. In de morn, at night dey met,
Standin' in de chimblum corner ;
Sam first spoke, and blush'd like jet ;
Den fell in lub, and was a goner.

II.

Solo. Julianna did Sambo wed ;
Den dey kept a restorator ;
And de hungry folks dey fed
Wid hot corn, and meat, and tater.

III.

Her mouf opened to her ears,
Showing teef like flour-meal cracker ;
And her face, when night appears,
Was as brack, and little bracker.

IV.

Sambo's legs were jes like tongs ;
 Wid a head dat's like de monkey ;
 And his ears were big as gongs,
 Stickin' out jes like a donkey.

V.

She lubs him, and he lubs her ;
 Boff dar ways are so bewitchin' ;
 So from home dey neber stir,
 But lib and lub, and keep de kitchen.

FROG POND.

[Written by MARSHALL S. PIKE. Arranged by J. P. ORDWAY. Published by
 A. & J. P. ORDWAY, 339 Washington Street, Boston.]

ON a bery pleasant ebenin',
 In de month ob June,
 Dis ere band ob niggers
 Was a playin' up a tune.
 But when de music end,
 O, how dese niggers grin
 To hear de frogs a peepin' round,
 And all dar songs begin !

Chorus ob Imitations. Ker-dunk, &c.

O, de frogs dey sing so fine !

So we didn't stop dar,
 But play'd away some more ;
 And de frogs so bery tickled,
 Dat dey jump upon de shore.
 Dey look'd so bery 'spectable,
 And wink'd so bery fast,
 We know'd dey'd got de music dar
 Dat couldn't be surpass'd.

Chorus.

We strike de music up agen ;
 De frogs all cum around ;
 Dey all begin to dance and hop
 By moonshine on de ground.
 Dey balance to dar partners all ;
 Den all form in a ring ;
 But bery soon dey all set down,
 And den dey 'gin to sing.

Chorus.

WE'RE ALL HERE.

[Written by MARSHALL S. PIKE. Arranged by J. P. ORDWAY. Published by
A. & J. P. ORDWAY, 339 Washington Street, Boston.]

COME, Pompey, you must sing a song ;
Well, go it, Fanny, right or wrong.
Now, Sambo, blow de notes along ;
Den go it, Toney, while you're young.

Chorus. O, we're here, here, here, here,
'Mong dis happy throng ;
For we're all here, here, here, here,
'Mong dis happy throng.

O, don't you member, toder day,
When we was gwine to run away ?
O, Pomp and Fan' is bery gay ;
But beauty fades like medder hay.

Chorus. O, we're here, &c.

Let's please de white folks here to-night ;
Dey fill my heart wid sweet delight.
Den sing and play wid all your might ;
Yes ! go it, darkies, wrong or right !

Chorus. O, we're here, &c.

I'M SAILING ON DE OLE CANAL.

[Written by L. V. H. CROSBY. Published by A. & J. P. ORDWAY,
339 Washington Street, Boston.]

As I was sailin' on de old canal,
I met wid my dear colored gal ;
She look'd jes like a charcoal rose ;
Her face so black, she scared de crows !

Chorus. I'm sailin' on de ole canal ;

Tral-la-la-la-la-la-la !

A beautiful form is my colored gal ;

Tral-la-la-la-la-la-la !

“O Pomp,” she cried, “cum hidder to me,
Or I'll hang myself on dat ole pine-tree !
I've treasured you long as a colored prize ;
I've waited here wid tears in my eyes.”

“O, yes, dear Fanny, I'll be dar soon ;
You're handsome as dat ole new moon ;
Your face is as fair as any spring wedder ;
So jump on board, and we'll sail off togeder.”

De earth did quake and de breakers roar
When she came on board and leff de shore ;
De boat did dance wid joy to see
My colored gal sail off wid me.

WE ARE FROM DE OLE PLANTATION.

[Written by M. S. PIKE. Arranged by J. P. ORDWAY.]

MY ole massa calls me Pompey,
 Case I cum from òle Barginny,
 Whar de land was wet and swampy
 On my daddy's ole estate.

Chorus. We are from de ole plantation ;
 We are from de ole plantation ;
 We are from de ole plantation,
 In de Souf Car'lina State.

Pompey calls me lubly Fanny,
 Case I's one among de many ;
 And my mudder was his granny ;
 So I crack him on de pate.

Chorus.

I'se de child dat folks call Jonas ;
 But I tink dey is eronous ;
 For I plays upon de Bonas,
 While I make de niggers wait.

Chorus.

O, dese darkies call me Sambo,
 Case I sleep benead a bamboo ;
 And I drums and beats de Tambo,
 Till I'se bery proud and great.

Chorus.

Strangers call me awkward Gumbo ;
 So I plays upon de Banjo ;
 And I make de finger 'nd thumb go
 On dat animal, ob late.

Chorus.

DEAREST MAE.

[Words by FRANCIS LYNCH. Music by JAMES POWER. Published by A. FIOR,
 196 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.]

Now, niggers, listen to me ; a story I'll relate ;
 It happen'd in de valley, in de ole Carliner State,
 Way down in de meadow, —'t was dar I mow'd de hay ;
 I always work de harder when I tink ob lubly Mae.

Chorus. O dearest Mae, you're lubly as de day ;
 Your eyes, so bright, dey shine at night
 When de moon am gwane away.

Ole massa gib me a holiday, and say he'd gib me more ;
 I tank him bery kindly, and I shobe my boat from shore ;
 So down de riber I glides along, wid my heart so light and free,
 To de cottage of my lubly Mae I long so much to see.

On de banks ob de riber, whar de trees dey hang so low,
De coon among de branches play, while de mink he keeps below,
O, dar is de spot, and Mae she look so neat,
Her eyes dey sparkle like de stars, her lips am red as beet.

Benead de shady ole oak-tree we set for many an hour,
Happy as de buzzard bird dat flies about de flower.
But O, dear Mae, I leff her ; she cried when boff we parted ;
I bid sweet Mae a long farewell, and back to massa started,

THE GRAVE OF WASHINGTON.

[Poetry by MARSHALL S. PIKE. Music by L. V. H. CROSBY. Published by
OLIVER DITSON, 115 Washington Street, Boston.]

DISTURB not his slumbers ; let Washington sleep
'Neath the boughs of the willow that over him weep ;
His arm is unnerved, but his deeds remain bright
As the stars in the dark vaulted heaven at night.
O, wake not the hero ; his battles are o'er ;
Let him rest undisturbed on Potomac's fair shore ;
On the river's green border so flowery drest,
With the hearts he loved fondly, let Washington rest.

Awake not his slumbers ; tread lightly around ;
'Tis the grave of a freeman, — 't is Liberty's mound !
Thy name is immortal ; our freedom ye won,
Brave sire of Columbia, our own Washington.
O, wake not the hero ; his battles are o'er ;
Let him rest, calmly rest, on his dear native shore,
While the stars and the stripes of our country shall wave
O'er the land that can boast of a Washington's grave.

THE LONE OLD INDIAN.

[Poetry by MARSHALL S. PIKE. Music by L. V. H. CROSBY. Published by
OLIVER DITSON, 115 Washington Street, Boston.]

How I hate the proud pale face that crosses my track
To the wilds of the forest! O, would I were back
Where the cataract dashed, and the Great Spirit smil'd,
When he saw the rude Indian as Nature's own child!
I'm sad now and lonely; the red men are fled,
Like the leaves in chill autumn, all scattered and dead;
To the wigwam and forest, O, would I were back!
For I hate the proud pale face that crosses my track.

Gay cities have risen, that smile on the sky;
They shall fall like the fallen, the white man shall die,
Though now ye are countless as sands of the sea,
And boast of a people that's noble and free!
But have ye more freedom, or number ye more,
Than red men could boast of in seasons of yore?
No! Give me the wigwam and wild forest back,
For I hate the proud pale face that crosses my track!

O, again let me rove as in earlier days,
And bound up the steep where the waterfall plays!
O, again let me paddle my birchen canoe
O'er the beautiful lakes, as I once used to do!

'Midst the graves of the red men then sink down to rest,
 Like the last glowing sunbeam that dies in the west,
 Till the Great Spirit takes me. O, would I were back,
 For I hate the proud pale face that crosses my track !

GIVE ME A HOME.

[Poetry by MARSHALL S. PIKE. Music by L. V. H. CROSBY Published by
 OLIVER DITSON, 115 Washington Street, Boston.]

O, GIVE me a home, if in foreign land,
 Where I feel the warmth of a friendly hand ;
 Where the ones I meet are those of a few
 Who greet the stranger with feelings true.
 Yes ! give me a home with souls like these,
 Whose aim is ever their guest to please ;
 Whose hearts and hands are open and free
 As waves that play on the bounding sea.

O, give me a home, if still I must stray,
 Where the good and kind-hearted ones brighten the way ;
 Where I meet the fond look and affectionate smile
 Of a few constant beings who never beguile.
 Yes ! give me a home, if away from my own,
 Where friendship or true hospitality's known ;
 Where the hearts that will cheer me belong to a few
 Dear friends I can love, when I bid an adieu.

THE EMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER.

[Poetry by MARSHALL S. PIKE. Music by L. V. H. CROSBY. Published by
LEE & WALKER, 171 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.]

SHE waits by the shore, and pensively weeps,
 And watches the wild wave's swell,
 As it breaks on the beach, or onward it sweeps,
 O'er the lost she had loved so well.
 She looks o'er the billows, and sadly she sighs
 For hearts that once beat near her own,
 For the sweet singing birds and soft, sunny skies,
 And the home she had happily known.

But misfortune had severed the pleasures of home,
 And she left her own dear, native isle,
 With father, and mother, and brother, to roam
 O'er the ocean, for many a mile.
 The storm-king went forth, and the tempest-tost bark
 Was gulfed in a mad, raging wave ;
 Thus perished the crew on a night wild and dark, —
 She alone 'scaped a watery grave.

On the billow she's wafted and borne to the shore ;
 There revives on an Islander's bed ;
 But the hearts that once loved her can love her no more ;
 They sleep with the cold ocean's dead.

Thus alone, without friends, O, how sad is her fate,
 As she looks o'er the wide waste of water,
 And waits by the shore, and weeps to relate
 The tale of the Emigrant's Daughter !

GOOD NIGHT.

[Poetry by MARSHALL S. PIKE. Music by L. V. H. CROSBY. Published by
 LEE & WALKER, 171 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.]

I.

Good night, dear friends, good night ;
 May pleasant dreams be thine,
 Till morning wakes the light.
 O, may your slumbers be
 From every sorrow free.
 Good night, dear friends, good night.

II.

Good night, dear friends, good night ;
 Till golden sunbeams shine,
 Sleep on in sweet delight.
 O, dream of future bliss
 And every happiness.
 Good night, dear friends, good night.

THE CORSAIR'S HOME.

[Poetry by MARSHALL S. PIKE. Music by L. V. H. CROSBY. Published by
LEE & WALKER, 171 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.]

THE home of the corsair is out on the seas,
Where the sky and the water are kissed by the breeze ;
There we rest on the billow, or onward we sail
O'er the white-crested waves that are lashed by the gale.
We kill and we plunder ; are fearless and free ;
And none 'mong the outlaws are bolder than we !

We challenge the tempest and lightning's bright flash ;
And laugh, as we ride, at the thundering crash ;
The wild waves may rock us, or break o'er our deck, —
May splinter our mainmast, and leave us a wreck, —
But what care we corsairs, that plow the rough main ?
We have braved every danger, — will do it again !

From the mast-head is streaming our gallant black flag ;
Float on — death to all — while remains there a rag !
Ye shall chill the warm life-blood of many a crew,
As they see their cold graves in the fathomless blue !
Ha ! ha ! the breeze freshens ; a prize heaves in sight ;
Hurrah ! the bold corsair shall conquer to-night !

THE WILD OLD WOODS.

[The Music composed by L. V. H. Crosby.]

THE wild old woods, where the shadows cling
 To the greensward, fresh with dew ;
 Where the woodland bird, with its dusky wing,
 Builds her nest on oaks that upward fling
 Their arms to the sky so blue ;
 Where the pearly streams run sparkling on
 With a pleasant melody,
 And bathe with spray the mossy rocks ;
 Ay, the wild old woods for me !

The wild old woods ; I love them well ;
 For, in boyhood's idle hours,
 My heart in the groves with a magic spell
 Was bound by a wreath of thoughts that tell
 The language sweet of flowers.
 Where the pearly streams run sparkling on
 With a pleasant melody,
 And bathe with spray the mossy rocks ;
 Ay, the wild old woods for me !

ADAM WAS A GENTLEMAN.

[Written by MARSHALL S. PIKE, and sung by him, with distinguished approbation and applause, at the concerts of the "Harmoneons," "Euterpeans," and other celebrated companies, for the last fifteen years.]

I.

OLD Adam was a gentleman,
 As every body knows ;
 He patronized no tailor shops,
 To run in debt for clothes.
 He never wore a shoe or boot
 To cover up his toes ;
 Nor gold or silver spectacles
 Were mounted on his nose.
 For Adam was a gentleman
 All of the olden time.

II.

He wore no whiskers or false beard
 To decorate his face,
 Or visited the barber shop
 (That money-catching place)
 To have his hair curl beautifully,
 And seem a natural grace.
 O, had he lived as our *bucks* live,
 He'd thought it a disgrace !
 For Adam, &c.

III.

Indeed he was a gentleman ;
 But kept no coach or chaise,
 Nor boasted of his *ancestors*
Who had seen better days !
 Nor was he known to lie or cheat,
 His *pocket change* to raise ;
 Or ever caught at duelling,
 Called "*honorable affrays !*"
 For Adam, &c.

IV.

Old Adam was a happy man ;
 His lonely hours were spent
 In pleasant rambles 'mong the flowers ;
 With these he felt content.
 For he lived as people ought to live,
 And had to pay no rent ;
 And he never borrowed cash on credit ;
 So never owed one cent !
 For Adam, &c

V.

Old Adam was no epicure ;
 He saw no great propriety
 In living so voluptuously,
 Because there was variety.
 He never mixed rum with his tea,
 To ruffle his sobriety ;

Or "*took a drop*" behind the door
 For *sickness*, or society!
 For Adam, &c.

VI.

The garden he was master of
 Was the source of love and pride ;
 For flowery shrubs and warbling birds
 Were near on every side.
 Yet still he wanted *one thing* more
 To complete his bliss beside ;
 And, much unlike *some bachelors*,
 He'd like a pretty bride !
 So Adam proved a gentleman, &c.

VII.

One cloudless day he sat alone,
 And mournfully did grieve
 To think he had no bosom friend
 His liveness to relieve.
 While thus absorbed he fell asleep,
 But woke to see Miss Eve ;
 Who said to him, as he arose,
 " I'm your wife, I believe ?
 " O Adam, you're my gentleman," &c.

VIII.

They passed their hours in happiness,
 For Adam ne'er was jealous ;
 Though Eve was out, more 'n half her time,
 In search for other fellows !

Yet none, save Adam, could she find,
 As history will tell us ;
 And so good honest lives they lived,
 And really did excel us !
 For Adam was, &c.

IX.

This happy couple had two boys, —
 An Abel and a Cain, —
 Who, being out at work one day,
 In their father's field of grain,
 They had a fight about the work,
 And Abel he was slain ;
 So Cain was marked and sent away
 From Eden's fair domain !
 But his father was a gentleman, &c.

X.

One day good Adam felt unwell,
 And told his gray-haired bride
 "That he had lived nine hundred years,
 And a little more beside ;
 That he must die soon, for he had
 A sharp pain in his side."
 So, giving her a tender smack,
 He breathed out, "Eve !" and died.
 And Adam died a gentleman, &c.

DE NICE NIGGER BOY.

[Written and sung by M. S. PIKE, in his original character of Miss Fanny.]

I.

I KNOW'D once a nice nigger fellar,
 Whose massa was ugly and old,
 Who lock'd up de boy in de cellar
 Dat was 'ceedingly chilly and cold.
 How I pity de poor nigger's soul,
 'Case de sunlight de child couldn't see !
 But one day, froo a little peep-hole,
 I see'd him keep winkin' at me.

II.

De winders and doors was all nail'd,
 And drobe in so dreffully hard,
 Dat my heart for success hab most fail'd ;
 So I climb'd o'er de fence in de yard.
 Dar I rest by some boards in de dark,
 And wait till de moonlight go down ;
 Den I get up, and look out, and hark
 If dar's any one stirrin' aroun'.

III.

I set fire den to de boards, and dey smoke up,
 Till de house it was goin' to destroy ;
 Den I scream, " Fire ! fire ! " till de old man woke up,
 And let out de poor nigger boy !

O, de old man, so scared, lost his breff,
 When he look at de boy, den at me ;
 And he died, being frighted to deff ;
 Which set myseff and my lub free.

FANNY'S GOIN' TO DE BALL.

[Words by M. S. PIKE. Air—"Janette and Jenot," sung in the Opera of
 Love.]

O, FANNY's goin' to de ball,
 While I must keep de kitchen ;
 I know she 'll git a fellar dar,
 For she is so bewitchin' !
 And she will dance de night long out,
 While odder folks are nappin' ;
 But I must wait, and sleep awake,
 No matter what may happen.
 She will wear her crimson waist,
 And de fixins in her har ;
 And neber tink ob me, I s'pose,
 While she is ober dar.
 For eb'ry darkie in de room
 Dat dances by her side
 Will be winkin' and be tinkin'
 Dat he make de gal his bride.

THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER.

[Written, and sung with roars of laughter and applause, by Mr. MARSHALL S. PIKE, in his inimitable character of Miss Jemima Twist, the disappointed lover of forty-five.]

O DEAR, O dear, I wish some one
 Would court and marry me !
 Yet I detest the married state,
 If ages don't agree.
 I'm sure I'll never marry one,
 Without he's young and true ;
 O, these old men of sixty-two
 Will never, never do !
 O, no, no, no, no, no, &c.

I like a lad that's spirited ;
 That's always gay and bright ;
 And one that will begin a job
 And finish it aright :
 One that can laugh, and sing, and dance,
 And very merry be ;
 But O, these pesky old men
 Will never do for me !
 O, no, no, no, no, &c.

Although young men they smile at me,
 They never'll " pop the Q. ;"
 And when they meet me, all they'll say's,
 " Jemima, how d' you do ?"

Now Simon 's gone, I don't suppose
 I'll get another beau ;
 And if I don't, most certainly
 Without one I must go !
 O dear, O dear, &c.

Now to those maids who are not married,
 I'll give them my advice,
 To find a man as soon 's they can,
 And marry him in a trice.
 And to those men who 've lived in hopes,
 I think they might derive
 Some comfort if they 'd marry me ;
 For I 'm only forty-five !
 Then come and court and marry me,
 For I 'm only forty-five !

THE GOLD-SEEKER'S GRAVE.

[Written by MARSHALL S. PIKE.]

HE sleeps beneath a grassy mound,
 Near Sacramento's golden ground ;
 Where o'er his head a single block
 Stands broken from the solid rock.
 A few wild wood trees round him grow,
 Whose bending branches droop below ;
 And dell-flowers bloom amid the shade
 Above the grave where he is laid.

No bell pealed forth its solemn toll,
 To tell the transit of his soul ;
 No prayer was o'er him slowly said
 By those who buried up the dead :
 But when had ceased his languid breath,
 They bore him from his bed of death ;
 And in the grave, dug deep and rude,
 They left him in the solitude.

He slumbers on where nought is heard
 Save the sweet notes of some lone bird,
 Or the swift cascade's far-off roar,
 Whose waters down the mountains pour,
 Where lofty peaks in distance rise,
 With rocky borders towards the skies ;
 There in the earth's dark shadowed breast
 He sleeps, and calmly takes his rest.

DAN TUCKER'S TRIP TO DE MOON.

[Written by M. S. PIKE. Air—"Dan Tucker."]

I.

Solo. TODDER day, Ole Tucker hab a mind
To 'spire and leab de world behind ;
So he went up in a steam babloon
To make disciberies in de moon !

Chorus. Up in de moon, up in de moon ;
Ole Dan Tucker went to de moon
In de aerial steam babloon !

II.

He landed dar on a bery high hill,
Whar de walkin' was so diffikill,
Dat de skeeters hab to shoe dar foots,
And de birds and geoses wear big boots !

III.

Dar all de cows hab lebenteen horns,
Dat grow from dar heads like ears ob corns ;
And de bedbug sings from flower to flower ;
And de hoppergrass hops once eb'ry haff hour !

IV.

De fire am so cold dar, water won't bile ;
 And de butterflies crow so you hear dem a mile ;
 De frogs go to meetin' in broadcloff clo'es,
 Wid big diamond breastpins stuck in dar nose !

V.

Dar de houses are built free or four miles high,
 And de folks walk out all ober de sky ;
 And de ground is cober'd wid big gold rings ;
 And de elephant flies wid pigeon's wings !

VI.

O, de sight was 'stonishin' to behold,
 For de white folks dar dey neber grow old ;
 But being so fat and near to de sun,
 Dey all git melted, and run into one !

VII.

O, de moufs up dar grow top o' dar heads,
 And when dey git hungry dey open dar leds ;
 Den dey tip in a bushel of taters and steak,
 And sleep for a monf, wid dar eyes wide awake !

VIII.

But one day Tucker turn'd brack on de lips,
 And de folks found out dat de moon was eclipse !
 And he could not breave, nor open his eye ;
 So de ole man died as de niggers all die.

DE JOLLIEST TIME.

[Written by M. S. PIKE.]

I.

O, NEBER spoke ob de white man's bliss,
 Nor tell about all dar pleasure and fun ;
 For de nigger's jolliest time is dis,
 When de day's work 's ober 'nd done.
 When de sky grows dark, and de owl sets fast
 And hoots in de ole pine bough,
 Den we sing and play till de ebenin 's past ;
 O, de jolliest time is now !

II.

De flowers we lub wid oderous smell
 May grow in de garden spot ;
 But nobody neber can 'zactly tell
 Whedder we lub 'em or not !
 So it am when de heart is obercast,
 And darkens de nigger's brack brow ;
 Den we sing and play till de ebenin 's past ;
 O, de jolliest time is now !

III.

Afore us, froo life, is chaik'd out a crack,
Dat white folks and niggers must go ;
And if dey grow lazy, and eber step back,
Deff cotches hold on 'em, you know !
So do well as you can, for it may be de last
Dat we know ob dis world, any how ;
Den we sing and play till de ebenin's past ;
O, de jolliest time is now !



