

CHAPTER X

SONGS OF SENLAC

One of the elements that bound the Senlac family together was music. Judge Battle, indeed, hardly knew one tune from another, but his wife more than made up for his deficiency. President and Mrs. Battle were both fond of music. In her younger days Mrs. Battle was a skilful pianist and she sang in church all her life. President Battle made no pretension to musical knowledge, but he took great delight in gathering children about him and, usually without instrument, singing to them and with them ballads and rounds, topical songs and negro melodies. His voice was pure and true, his sense of rhythm keen, his dramatic feeling strong, his memory amazing. As for the children, they always wanted more and in after-life they remembered these evenings with joy.

But President Battle was not the only singer in the family. His daughter Nellie, Mrs. R. H. Lewis, had a charming soprano voice and was long a leader in the choir of Christ Church, Raleigh. His grandson, Kemp P. Lewis, had an excellent tenor. His brother Richard H. Battle, of Raleigh, also inherited the Plummer talent and taste for singing and transmitted them to his daughter Lucy, Mrs. Collier Cobb. These were the soloists. The rest of the family made up the chorus.

Such a delightful feature of an old-time Southern home seems worthy of permanent record. Now, alas, the movie and the automobile allow few evenings at home and over these the radio reigns supreme. The following collection of Senlac songs is a combination of two, one made by a grandson, the other made by President Battle himself for one of his sons. The notes signed K. P. B. are President Battle's own; the others are by the editor. Not all the songs sung at Senlac are included. Yet the absence of patriotic American songs is not due to the editor. National songs were not sung at Senlac the generation after the War. How could they be? Southerners accepted the results of the War and came back into the Union in good faith. They gave up the songs of the South, but celebrate the Union they had sought to leave? Not yet.

1. NURSERY. SONGS

ROCK-A-BY, BABY

Rock-a-by, Baby,
On the tree-top.
When the wind blows,
The cradle will rock.
When the bough breaks,
The cradle will fall;
Down will come Baby,
Cradle, and all.

BABY BUNTING

By, Baby Bunting,
 Daddy's gone a-hunting,
 Gone to get a rabbit-skin
 To wrap the Baby Bunting in.

NANCY TILL

As sung by Mrs. K. P. Battle to her children, 1857-1875, and written in her own hand.

Down in the cane-brake, close by the mill,
 There lived a pretty girl, her name was Nancy Till;
 She knew that I loved her, she knew it very long;
 I'm going to serenade her and this shall be my song.

Chorus: "Come, love, come, the boat lies low,
 She lies high and dry on the Ohio.
 Come, love, come, won't you go along with me?
 I'll row the boat, while the boat rows me."

Softly the window begins for to rise,
 The stars are a-shining above in the skies,
 The moon is declining behind yonder hill,
 Reflecting its rays on you, my Nancy Till. Chorus.

"Farewell, love, I now must away,
 I've a long way to travel before the break of day,
 But the next time I come, be ready for to go
 A-sailing on the banks of the Ohio." Chorus.

NELLY BLY

Nelly Bly shuts her eye,
 When she goes to sleep.
 And when she wakens up again,
 Her eye begins to peep.

Chorus: "Hi, Nelly, Ho, Nelly,
 Listen, love, to me.
 I'll sing for you,
 I'll play for you,
 The sweetest melody."

When she walks, she lifts her foot,
 And then she puts it down.
 And all the people say she is
 The sweetest girl in town. Chorus.

LITTLE TOMMY TINKER

As chanted to an appreciative audience of seven children and five grandchildren, successively, one at a time. All by K. P. B. except the first four lines.

Little Tommy Tinker
Went to the river,
Put his foot in water,
Water *so* cold!¹

Little Tommy Tinker
Jumped in the river,
Splashed up the water,²
Swam out bold.

Little Tommy Tinker
Saw a little minnow,
Swimming in the water,
Hiding in the water grass.

Little Tommy Tinker
Jumped at the minnow,³
Caught him by his long tail,
Held him very fast.

Little Tommy Tinker
Took the little minnow,
Carried him to his mother,
Cut him wide open.
Little Tommy Tinker
Scaled the little minnow,⁴
Fried him in the frying pan,
Baked him in the oven.

Little Tommy Tinker
Took the little minnow,
Ate him for his dinner,⁵
Swallowed every bone.⁵
Little Tommy Tinker
Looked at his empty plate,
Cried for his minnow,
Gave a heavy groan.⁶
MINNOW GONE!!

¹Here pretend to put infant's foot in water and shudder horridly.

²Move arms like a goose's wings when splashing.

³Here seize progeny's arm and hold fast.

⁴Here scrape progeny's ribs to imitate scaling a fish.

⁵Imitate cutting up, eating, and swallowing.

⁶Here the skillful narrator will weep and groan copiously, *ab imo pectore*.

K. P. B.

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY

When I was a little boy, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and meat I got,
I laid upon the shelf.
The rats and the mice, they made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London to buy me a wife.
The way was so long and the streets were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home in a wheelbarrow.
The wheelbarrow broke and my wife had a fall,
Down came wheelbarrow, wife, and all.

For full result take child on knee and when the catastrophe comes, drop him to the floor.

K. P. B.

ROW THE BOAT

"Row the boat! Row the boat! Where shall I land?"
 "At Mr. McKee's, and there you'll find land."
 Who should come there all booted and spurred,
 But Mr. Plum Battle, a clever young blood.
 He knocked at the door; he rang at the bell,
 And asked Mrs. McKee if Miss Liza was well.
 "She's neither within, she's neither without,
 But up the stairs a frisking about."
 Down came Miss Liza as white as milk,
 Her hands before her sewing of silk.
 He hugged her and kissed her and pared her nails
 And gave her a girdle of peacocks' tails.
 "Though peacocks' tails be ever so dear;
 Miss Liza shall have one twice a year."

Sung to me by my mother. The girl or boy sung to should be on the singer's knees. Change names according to circumstances. Peacocks' tails were much valued in old times, for ornaments, for fly-brushes, etc. A little darcy keeping flies off the dinner table with a peacock's tail is one of my earliest memories.

K. P. B.

THE CROW HE PEEPED AT THE WEASEL

The crow he peeped at the weasel,
 The crow he peeped at the weasel,
 The crow he peeped at the weasel,
 AND the weasel he peeped at the crow.

THE MONKEY MARRIED THE BABOON'S SISTER

The monkey married the baboon's sister,
 Smacked his mouth and then he kissed her,
 Kissed so hard he raised a blister,
 And she set up a yell.

What do you think the bride was dressed in?
 A blue gauze veil and a green glass breast pin,
 White kid gloves: she was interestin!
 Oh, she cut a swell.

SNAKE BAKED A HOECAKE

Snake baked a hoecake, set the frog to mind it,
 Frog went to nodding, lizard came and stole it.
 "Bring back my hoecake, you long tailed ninny."

Who said the last line? Snake or frog? A discussion of this puzzling question by K. P. B. may be found in the University of N. C. Magazine in the late eighties.

FROG WENT A-COURTIN

Frog went a-courtin, he did ride, m—hm
 Frog went a-courtin, he did ride,
 Sword and pistol by his side. m—hm.

He rode to Mistress Mouse's hall, m—hm
 He rode to Mistress Mouse's hall,
 And there he knocked and loudly called. m—hm.

"Miss Mousey, are you within? m—hm
 Miss Mousey, are you within?"
 "Oh yes, kind sir! I sit and spin." m—hm.

He took Miss Mousey on his knee, m—hm
 He took Miss Mousey on his knee,
 "Miss Mousey will you marry me?" m—hm.

"Oh no, kind sir! I can't say that, m—hm
 Oh no, kind sir, I can't say that
 Without the consent of old Uncle Rat." m—hm.

Old Uncle Rat came a-ridin home, m—hm
 Old Uncle Rat came a-ridin home:
 "Who's been here since I've been gone?" m—hm.

"A very fine gentleman has been here, m—hm
 A very fine gentleman has been here,
 Who says he'll marry me if you don't care!" m—hm.

Old Uncle Rat laughed till he shook his fat side, m—hm
 Old Uncle Rat laughed and shook his fat side,
 To think his niece should be a bride. m—hm.

"Where shall the weddin supper be? m—hm
 Where shall the weddin supper be?"
 "Way down yonder in the old hollow tree." m—hm.

"What shall we have for the weddin supper? m—hm
 What shall we have for the weddin supper?"
 "Black eyed peas and bread and butter." m—hm.

The first came in was Cap'n Bed-bug, m—hm
 The first came in was Cap'n Bed-bug,
 Who swore by all he was a rum jug. m—hm.

The next came in was Colonel Flea, m—hm
 The next came in was Colonel Flea,
 Who danced a jig with the bumble bee. m—hm.

The next to appear was old Sis Cow, m—hm
 The next to appear was old Sis Cow,
 Who tried to dance but didn't know how. m—hm.

And while they all were eatin supper, m—hm
 And while they all were eatin supper,
 In came the cat and made a great splutter. m—hm.

The first she pursued was old Uncle Rat, m—hm
 The first she pursued was old Uncle Rat,
 Knocked him down and spoilt his fat. m—hm.

The next she pursued was Miss Mousey, m—hm
 The next she pursued was Miss Mousey,
 But she ran up the hollow tree. m—hm.

The frog he swam across the lake, m—hm
 The frog he swam across the lake,
 And got swallowed up by a big black snake. m—hm.

Now this is the end of one, two, three, m—hm
 Now this is the end of one, two, three,
 Frog and Rat and Miss Mousey. m—hm, m—hm, m—hm.

The sounds imitated by m—hm are made through the nose with the mouth closed.
 By all means act all the scenes of this tragedy: laugh like rat, swim like frog,
 claw like cat, etc. Additional viands may be served and guests announced *ad libitum*.
 K. P. B.

Dr. L. W. Payne, Jr., of the University of Texas, has an interesting discussion
 of this folk-song in the publications of the Texas Folk Lore Society.

JOHNNY SCHMOKER

Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
 Ich can spielen, ich can spielen,
 Ich can spiel mine kliny drummy,
 Rub-a-dub-dub, miny drummy,
 Rub-a-dub-dub, miny drummy.

Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
 Ich can spielen, ich can spielen,
 Ich can spiel mine kliny fifey (Imitate fife).

Then have verses substituting piano, violin, banjo, trombone, and bag pipe, letting the bag pipe be the last and most nerve racking.

NEIGHBOR JONES

Good morning, Neighbor Jones, how do you do this morning? (Repeat.)
 I have for you,
 A budget full of wonders, Neighbor Jones.

The old white cow's got a calf, way down in yonder stable, (Repeat.)
 And she can't eat hay, hay, hay, hay, hay, hay, hay,
 Because she is not able, Neighbor Jones.

The old duck swallowed a snail, is it not a wonder? (Repeat.)
 The horn grew out through her brain, brain, brain, brain, brain, brain,
 And split her head asunder, Neighbor Jones.

- WAY DOWN ON THE OLD PEEDEE

Way down on the old Peedee, way down on the old Peedee,
 I'll take my boat and away I will float
 Way down on the old Peedee.

OLD JOE CUT OFF HIS TOE

Old Joe cut off his toe
 And hung it up to dry;
 And all the gals began to laugh,
 And Joe began to cry.

NINETY-NINE BLUE BOTTLES

Ninety-nine blue bottles are hanging on the wall.
 Take one blue bottle away from them all,
 And ninety-eight blue bottles will be hanging on the wall.

Ninety-eight blue bottles are hanging on the wall.
 Take one blue bottle away from them all,
 And ninety-seven blue bottles will be hanging on the wall.

And so on until the last blue bottle is removed, or until the singer faints from exhaustion.

JOE DOBBIN

Joe Dobbin he thought that his father was dead,
 And his father he thought that Joe Dobbin was dead.
 His father he thought that Joe Dobbin was dead,
 And Joe Dobbin he thought that his father was dead.

Repeat to the nth number of verses.

MR. REVEL

Oh, Mr. Revel,
 Did you ever see the devil
 With wooden spade and shovel
 A digging up the gravel
 With his long toe nail?

Sing very fast.

CALL MY LITTLE DOG

"Call my little dog!"
 "What shall I call him?"
 "Call him Ponto,
 Call him Carlo,
 Call him J-a-c-k!"

THE KITTEN IS UNDER THE SOD

The kitten is under the sod, the sod,
 The kitten is under the sod.

Repeat till the police are called in. The origin of this sad poem is lost in mystery. According to tradition it comes from the pen of W. J. Battle.

FLAP, FLAP, FLAP, FLAP

Flap, flap, flap, flap, floolip, floolip,
 Flap, flap, flap, flap, floodle doo.
 Flap, flap, flap, flap, floolip, floolip,
 Flap, flap, flap, flap, floodle doo.

And so on *ad infinitum*. The poem is obviously onomatopoeic. It represents the flute melody by which little Hans was found when lost in the Black Forest.

2. ROUNDS

SCOTLAND'S BURNING

Scotland's burning! Scotland's burning!!
 Look out! Look out!!
 Fire! Fire!! Fire!!! Fire!!!!
 Cast on water! Cast on water!!

THE BATTLE BOOK

OLD JOHN IS DEAD

Old John is dead, I hear his knell!
 Ding! ding! ding! ding! dong! dell!
 The bell doth toll: "Oh, may his soul,
 In Heaven forever dwell!"

A BOAT! A BOAT! ACROSS THE FERRY

A boat! A boat! Across the ferry!
 For we are going to be merry;
 To laugh and quaff and drink old sherry.

THREE BLIND MICE

Three blind mice,
 Three blind mice,
 See how they run!
 See how they run!
 They all run down to the farmer's wife,
 She cuts off their tails with the carving knife:
 Did you ever see such a sight in your life
 As the three blind mice?

3. NEGRO MELODIES

I COME FROM OLD VIRGINNY

I come from Old Virginy,
 My sweetheart's bright as a guinea,
 By the winkin of her eye,
 As you chance to pass her by,
 She'll cause your heart to palpitate,
 Give up the ghost and die.

Chorus. Oh, I warn you all boys not to lub her;
 Ef you do, she'll cause you to blubber.
 So get out my way,
 And mind you what you say,
 I'm going to marry her myself,
 Some very fine day.

Oh! Sambo tried for to kiss her,
 But I tell you what, boys,
 He did miss her.

I hit him on the nose,
 And I kicked him out o' doors,
 And I ducked him in the water,
 Till he almost froze. Chorus.

Oh! my sweetheart she's a daisy,
 She'll drive you almost crazy.
 From her head to her feet,
 She's pretty and she's neat,
 And she puts you in a trimble,
 When she smiles so sweet. Chorus.

One night, while the moon was a-beamin,
 I lay fast asleep and a-dreamin,
 That the sun was shining bright,
 In the middle of the night,
 And the darkies got together,
 For to have a little fight. Chorus.

When I woke, the banjo was a-soundin,
 The bones through the air were a-boundin.
 How pleasant it would seem,
 To be married in a dream,
 On a floatin scow of Old Virginny
 On a Mississippi stream. Chorus.

This was a favorite in the fifties. The second and third verses are mine. We wanted the song longer.

Bones are parts of a bovine's ribs about eight inches long, held between the fingers and struck together, sometimes in both hands. When well handled, keeping time, they sound very primitive and Ethiopic—and not unpleasant.

It may be contended that the third verse should be the second, but true poetry and human nature make the lover turn from the memory of his fierce conflict lovingly to the vision of his lady love.

K. P. B.

ON TOMBIGBEE RIVER

On Tombigbee river so bright I was born,
 In a hut made of stalks of the tall yaller corn,
 And there I first met with my Jula so true,
 And rowed her about in my gum tree canoe.

Chorus:

Row the boat, row,
 O'er the water so blue,
 Like a feather we'll float
 In my gum tree canoe.

THE BATTLE BOOK

All day in the field the soft cotton I hoe,
 I think of my Jula and sing as I go.
 I catch her a bird with a wing of true blue,
 And at night sail around in my gum tree canoe. Chorus.

With my hand on the banjo and toe on the oar,
 I sing to the sound of the river's soft roar,
 While the stars they look down on my Jula so true,
 And dance in her eyes in our gum tree canoe. Chorus.

We'll float down the river in my gum tree canoe,
 My hand in the hand of my Jula so true,
 And when the bow touches Eternity's shore,
 We'll float up above to part nevermore. Chorus.

DEAREST MAY

Come, listen to me, darkies, a story I'll relate,
 That happened in a valley of the old Carolina State;
 Way down in the meadow where I used to mow the hay,
 I always worked the harder, when I thought of dearest May.

Chorus: O dearest May!
 You're lovely as the day,
 Your eyes are so bright
 That they shine at night,
 When the moon is gone away!

My master gave me holiday, I wish he'd give me more;
 I thanked him very kindly, as I pushed my boat from shore;
 Way down the river I floated, my heart so bright and free,
 To the cottage of my lovely girl I longed so much to see. Chorus.

Down by the river where the trees do hang so low,
 Where the coons among the branches play, the mink he hides below,
 There is the spot and May she look so sweet,
 Her eyes they sparkle like the stars, her lips as red as beets. Chorus.

Beneath a shady old oak tree I've whiled such happy hours,
 As happy as the humming birds that flit among the flowers.
 But dearest May when I left her, she cried hard when we parted,
 I gave her one long farewell kiss and up the river started. Chorus.

Old master he was taken sick and poor old man he died,
 And I was sold way down below, close by the river side;
 But dearest May when she heard the news, she wilted like a flower,
 And now lies low beneath the tree, where the owl hoots every hour.

Chorus: To whoo, to whoo!
 To whoo, to whoo, to whoo!
 To whoo, to whoo, to whoo, to whoo!
 To whoo, *to whoo*, TO WHOO!

Pianissimo: Dearest May
 Was lovely as the day, etc.

The owl chorus is an invention of mine and should not be attempted by any one who has not heard in the forest gloaming the peculiarly solemn and mournful note of a large owl. K. P. B.

A LITTLE MORE CIDER TOO

I love the blonde girl and brunette,
 And I love all the re-est.
 I love the girls for loving me,
 But I love myself the be-est.
 Oh dear! I am so thirsty,
 I've just come down from supper,
 I drank two pails of apple-jack
 And a tub of apple-butter.

Chorus: And a little more cider too,
 And a little more cider too,
 A little more cider
 For Miss Dinah,
 A little more cider, too!

When first I saw Miss Dinah,
 'Twas on Broadway I spied her;
 I'd gave my hats and boots, I would,
 If I had been beside her.
 I looked at her and she looked at me.
 And then I crossed the stre-eet,
 And smilingly she said to me,
 "A little more cider, sweet!" Chorus.

I wish I was an apple,
 And Snow-flake was another!
 Oh! think how happy we would be,
 Upon the tree together!
 And then the darkies all would cry,
 When on the tree they spied her,
 To think how happy we would be,
 Both squashed up into cider. Chorus.

THE BATTLE BOOK

And now Old Age comes creeping!
 I grow old and don't get bigger;
 And cider sweet and sour then—
 But I'm the same old nigger.
 But be the matter what it be,
 Long, or short, or wider,
 She is the apple of my eye,
 And I'm *bound* to be beside her! Chorus.

Some misogynist bachelors interchange the pronouns of the fifth line of the second verse, but my reverence for the gentler sex makes me prefer what is written.

The third verse is true poetry, equal to anything in Homer.

Snowflake is a case of *lucus a non lucendo*. Darkies are very fond of this kind of wit. K. P. B.

OH, SUSANNAH

I come from Alabama,
 With my banjo on my knee,
 And I'm gwine to Loui-si-ana,
 My true love for to see.
 It rained so hard the day I left,
 The weather it was dry;
 The sun so hot I froze to death,
 Susannah, don't you cry!

Chorus: Oh, Susannah, don't you cry for me!
 I come from Alabama,
 With my banjo on my knee,
 And I'm gwine to Louisiana,
 My true love for to see.

I had a dream de oder night,
 When everything was still,
 I dreamt I saw Susannah,
 A-comin down the hill;
 A buckwheat cake was in her mouth,
 A tear was in her eye;
 Said I, I'm comin from the South,
 Susannah, don't you cry. Chorus.

I jumped aboard the telegraph,
 And travelled down the river;
 The electric fluid magnified,
 And killed five hundred nigger.
 The biler bust, the train run off,
 I really thought I'd die;
 I shut my eyes to hold my breath,
 Susannah, don't you cry. Chorus.

I'm gwine down to New Or-leeans,
 And then I'll look around,
 And if I spy Susannah,
 I'll fall upon the ground.
 But if I do not find her,
 This darkey'll surely die,
 And when I'm dead and bu-ri-ed,
 Susannah, don't you cry. Chorus.

ON THE BANKS OF THE OHIO

We live on the banks of the Ohio, Ohio, Ohio!
 Tralla—la—la! Tralla—la—la!
 Where the mighty waters rapidly flow,
 And the steamboat streaks along!

Chorus:

We live on the banks of the Ohio, Ohio, Ohio!
 We live on the banks of the Ohio! On the O-hi-O!

Droop not, darkies, as we go,
 Tralla—la—la! Tralla—la—la!
 Back to the banks of the Ohio,
 The river we love so well. Chorus.

Old marster to we darkies is good!
 Tralla—la—la! Tralla—la—la!
 He gives us our clothes and he gives us our food,
 And we merrily sing all day. Chorus.

In a very short time we all must go,
 Tralla—la—la! Tralla—la—la!
 Back to the banks of the Ohio,
 Sweet music there to excourse. Chorus.

WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE DANCE TONIGHT, BOYS

I'll sing you a little song, my boys, and then I'll sing you another,
 Old master's gone from home, my boys, he's gone to see his brother!
 So, darkies, wait a little while till he gets out of sight,
 We'll drop the shovel and the hoe * and have a little dance tonight.

Chorus:

We'll have a little dance tonight, boys, tonight, boys, tonight, boys!
 We'll have a little dance tonight, boys!
 We'll dance by the light of the moon.

I wants my cambric handkerchief, I wants my white cravat.
 And hand me down my high-heeled boots, likewise my beaver hat.
 The darkies all are blythe and gay, their teeth are very white,
 Then won't you go over the river * and have a little dance tonight? Chorus.

I rises at the break of day, I takes a morning walk,
 I meets my lovely Roxiana and this is the way I talk,
 Says I to her, "You are my love, you are my soul's delight,
 Then won't you go over the river * and have a little dance tonight?"
 Chorus—to be repeated pianissimo.

At the asterisk a well instructed company will pause and one of them will say:
 "What for, Sambo?" or
 "What you gwine to do that fur, nigger?"
 At the address to Roxiana the leader may turn to his best girl and look fondly
 into her eyes, etc. K. P. B.

IN THE MORNING OUT WE GO

In the morning out we go,
 To chop the wood and the co-orn to hoe,
 And when we do return at night,
 We dance by the moon
 Till broa-oad daylight.
 Broa-oad daylight.

Chorus: Let's be gay and banish sorrow,
 All our work is done today.
 Laugh and sing until tomorrow,
 'Tis the darkies' holiday.

This is all I ever heard.
 The "broad daylight" was sung ludicrously, prolonged, or gasped out with contortions, looking to right and left.
 When you get to the chorus, rise; take the hands of a girl and dance across the floor. Get her consent on the sly so she will not pull back and spoil the fun.
K. P. B.

JIM CRACK CORN

When I was young, I used to wait
 On master and hand him the plate,
 Pass him the bottle when he was dry,
 And brush away the blue-tail fly.

Chorus: Jim crack corn, I don't keer,
 Jim crack corn, I don't keer,
 Jim crack corn, I don't keer,
 For master's gone away.

And when he rides in the afternoon,
I follow with a hickory broom,
The pony being very shy,
When bitten by the blue-tail fly. Chorus.

One day he ride around the farm,
The flies so numerous they did swarm;
One chance to bite him on the thigh,
The dickens take that blue-tail fly! Chorus.

The pony rared and jumped and pitched,
He flung old master in the ditch,
The jury came and wondered why;
The verdict was, "The blue-tail fly." Chorus.

They buried him under a simmon tree,
His epitaph is dar to see,
"Here am I now forced to lie,
All on account of the Blue-Tail Fly." Chorus.

Negroes did not say *massa* but *marster*, with the *a* very broad. They did not use "am" for "is". They did use "is" for "am". The last verse should be sung weepingly, the last chorus with uncontrollable and despairing vociferations.

K. P. B.

OLD DAN TUCKER

Old Dan Tucker he got drunk,
He fell in the fire and kicked up a chunk,
A coal of fire got in his shoe,
And bless your soul, honey, how the ashes flew!

Chorus: So git out de way, Old Dan Tucker!
Git out de way, *Old* Dan Tucker,
Git out de way, *OLD* Dan Tucker,
You're too late to get your supper.

The bull frog jumped from the bottom of de well,
He jumped so high I could not tell.
I tied him fast to a hickory stump,
And he rared and pitched but he couldn't get a jump. Chorus.

Some folks say this nigger won't steal,
But I caught him in my corn field,
I tied him fast to a knotty pine,
And give him with the cow skin thirty-nine. Chorus.

Old Dan Tucker he went to town,
And carried a load of molasses down,
The lasses worked and the hoops did bust,
And sent him home in a thunder gust. Chorus.

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

On a floatin scow in old Virginny,
 I've worked from day to day,
 A rakin among the oyster beds,
 Which always seemed to me play.
 But now Old Age he holds me fast,
 I cannot work any more,
 Then carry me back, carry me back
 To old Virginia's shore.

Chorus: Oh! carry me back to old Virginia,
 To old Virginia's shore!
 Oh! carry me back, carry me back,
 To old Virginia's shore.
 Oh! Oh!! Oh!!! carry me back
 To old Virginia, to OLD Virginia's shore.

If only I was young again,
 I'd lead a different life;
 I'd save my money and buy a farm
 And take Dinah for my wife.
 But now I'm old and feeble grown,
 My bones are gettin sore,
 Then carry me back, carry me back
 To old Virginia's shore. Chorus.

When I am dead and gone to rest
 Lay the banjo by my side;
 Let the possums and coons to my funeral come,
 For they were always my pride.
 Then in soft repose I'll take my rest,
 And dream forever more,
 That they've carried me back, that they've carried me back,
 To old Virginia's shore.

OLD UNCLE NED

There was an old darky, and his name was Uncle Ned,
 And he lived long time ago.
 And he had no wool on the top of his head,
 In the place where the wool ought to grow.

Chorus: Then lay down the shovel and the hoe-o-o-oe,
 Hang up the fiddle and the bow.
 There's no more hard work for poor old Uncle Ned,
 He's gone where the good darkies go.

His fingers were long as the cane in the brake,
 And he had no eyes for to see,
 And he had no teeth for to eat the corn cake,
 So he had to let the corn cake be. Chorus.

When Uncle Ned died, Missis take it very hard,
 And the tears run down like the rain,
 And the darkies all said, when they saw the old man dead,
 They would never see his like again. Chorus.

Jack Wheat used to vary sundry lines: e. g. He had no teeth on the top of his head.

I have heard Uncle Ned sung in sesquipedalian words to great admiration. I give the first verse and chorus. K. P. B.

There was an ancient colored individual and his cognomen was Uncle Edward,
 And he dwelt in the primeval days long since past.
 And he had no capillary substance on the summit of his pericranium,
 In the place designed by kind Providence for the capillary substance to vegetate.

Chorus: Then deposit the agricultural implements prone upon Mother Earth.
 Let the violin and its accompanying bow hang pendant on the wall.
 There is no more arduous labor to be performed by Ancient Uncle Edward,
 He has departed to the place designed by kind Providence for honest and pious colored individuals to emigrate to.

My brother Dick sang this well. It requires a little practice to get in the words without losing the tune. Of course you can add bigger words to the extent of your vocabulary and rapidity of utterance. K. P. B.

I'M BOUND TO CROSS THE JORDAN

I'm bound to cross the Jordan,
 I'm bound to cross the Jordan,
 I'm bound to cross the Jordan, Hallelujah.
 I'm bound to cross the Jordan,
 I'm bound to cross the Jordan,
 I'm bound to cross the Jordan, Hallelujah.

Oh, brothers, won't you join me,
 Sisters, won't you join me,
 Sinners, won't you join me?
 For I'm bound to cross the Jordan, Hallelujah.

I'm bound to cross the Jordan, etc.

Oh, my brother's over Jordan,
 My sister's over Jordan,
 My neighbor's over Jordan,
 And I'm bound to cross the Jordan, Hallelujah.

I'm bound to cross the Jordan, etc.

OH, THE HEAVENS SHUT THE GATES ON ME

Oh, the heavens shut the gates on me,
 Oh, the due time shuts the gates on me.
 Sometimes I weep, sometimes I mourn,
 Sometimes I do nary one (drawled out).
 Oh, the heavens shut the gates on me,
 Oh, the due time shuts the gates on me.

OLE MOLLY HAR

Ole Molly Har, whatcher doin dar,
 Settin in the corner smokin a cigar?

SAID THE BLACKBIRD TO THE CROW

Said the blackbird to the crow,
 "What makes white folks hate us so?"
 "Oh! ever since old Adam was born,
 It's been our trade to pull up corn,
 And that's why white folks hate us so."

4. COMIC SONGS

GILES COLLINS

Giles Collins he said to his old moth-er,
 "O mother come bind up my head,
 And send for the parson of our par-ish
 For tomorrow I shall be dead, dead, dead,
 Tomorrow I shall be dead."

His mother she made him some water-gruel,
 And stirred it round with a spoon.
 Giles Collins, he drank the water gruel,
 And died before it was noon, noon, noon,
 And died before it was noon.

Lady Anna was sitting at her win-dow,
 A-mending her night-robe and coif:
 She saw the very prettiest corpse,
 She had seen in all her loife, loife, loife,
 She had seen in all her loife.

"What bear you there, you six strong men,
 Upon your shoulders so high?"
 "We bear the body of Giles Col-lins
 Who for love of you did die, die, die,
 For love of you did die."

"Set him down, set him down,"
 Lady Anna she cried,
 "On the grass that grows so green,
 For tomorrow ere the clock strikes ten,
 My body must lie by his'n, by his'n,
 My body must lie by his'n."

Lady Anna was buried in the East,
 Giles Collins was buried in the West;
 There grew a lily from Giles Col-lins,
 And touched Lady Anna's breast, breast, breast,
 And touched Lady Anna's breast.

There blew a cold north-easterly wind,
 That cut that lily in twain,
 Which never there did grow before,
 And never shall grow again, 'gain, 'gain,
 And never shall grow again.

It is effective to give the last two lines of each verse rapidly and grotesquely. To act the parts is better. The song is a drama, full of life and death, biting wind and despairing lover.

K. P. B.

ON SPRINGFIELD MOUNT

On Springfield Mount, as I've hyearn tell,
 A like-ly youth there once did dwell,
 Leftenant Curtis' only son,
 A like-ly youth nigh twent-y-one, nigh twent-y-one, nigh twent-y-one,
 A like-ly you-uth nigh twent-y-one.

Now this young man one day did go,
 Into the meadow for to mow,
 And as he mow-ed he.did feel,
 A pizen sarpent bite his heel, bite his heel, etc.

He threw his scythe upon the grass,
 "Ah me!" he cried, "Alas! alas!
 To think that my life strings should break,
 By the bite of this vile and pizenous snake, pizenous snake," etc.

His mother then to him did go,
 She sent for Doctor San-grado,
 He cut him deep with a lancet cruel,
 And gave him a dose of water gruel, water gruel, etc.

Now this young man gave up the ghost,
 To the land of spirits he did post,
 Singing loud as along he went,
 "Cruel, cru-el, cru-el sarpent, cru-el sarpent,
 Cru-el sarpe-ent to bite my heel."

IN THE GOOD OLD COLONY TIMES

In the good old Colony times,
 When we were under the King,
 Three roguish chaps fell into mishaps,
 Because they could not sing (three times).
 Three roguish chaps fell into mishaps,
 Because they could not sing.

The first he was a miller,
 The second he was a weaver,
 The third he was a little tailor,
 Three roguish chaps together (three times).
 The third he was a little tailor,
 Three roguish chaps together.

Now the miller he stole corn,
 And the weaver he stole yarn,
 And the little tailor stole broadcloth
 For to keep these three rogues warm (three times).
 And the little tailor stole broadcloth,
 For to keep these three rogues warm.

Now the miller got drowned in his pond,
 And the weaver got hung in his web,
 And Satan clapped his claw on the little tailor
 With the broadcloth under his arm (three times).
 And the little tailor went down Below,
 With the broadcloth under his arm.

CORK LEG

I'll tell you a story without any sham.
 In Holland lived Mynheer van Flam,
 Who every morning said, "I am
 The richest man in Amsterdam."

Chorus: Rytoo rytoo riryloo, rytoo rytoo rylay.

One morning while eating as full as an egg,
A poor relation came to beg,
But he kicked him out without broaching a keg,
And in kicking him out he broke his leg. Chorus.

A doctor the first in his vocation,
Came and delivered a long oration,
And wanting a limb for anatomization,
He finished the job by amputation. Chorus.

An artist in Amsterdam it would seem,
Had made cork legs his study and theme;
Each joint was as strong as an iron beam,
And the whole was a compound of clock-work and steam. Chorus.

The leg came home and fitted right,
Inspection the artist did invite,
Its fine shape gave Mynheer delight,
So he fitted it on and he screwed it tight. Chorus.

He went through each square and by each shop,
Of speed he went at the utmost top,
He went with a bound and a leap and a hop,
When he found his leg he could not stop. Chorus.

Horror and grief were in his face,
His neighbors thought he was running a race,
He clung to a lamp post to stop his pace,
But the leg kept on, nor gave up the chase. Chorus.

He called to some men with all his might,
"Oh! stop my leg, or I'm murdered quite!"
But though they heard him their aid invite,
In less than a minute he was out of sight. Chorus.

He went o'er hill and field and plain,
He tried his best to ease his pain;
He threw himself down, but all in vain,
For the leg hopped up and was off again. Chorus.

He walked of days and nights a score,
Of Europe soon he made the tour,
He died—and though he was no more,
The leg kept on the same as before. Chorus.

I've told you my story fair and free,
Of the funniest man you ever did see,
He never was buried tho' dead he be,
And now I am singing his L E G. Chorus.

THE DUMB MAIDEN

A song of Queen Anne's time.

All ye that pass along, come, listen to my song
Concerning of a youth, that was young, young, young!
And of a maiden fair; few with her that could compare,
But alack! and alas! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

At length this country blade did wed this pretty maid,
And proudly conducted her home, home, home.
Thus in her beauty bright lay all his chief delight,
But alack! and alas! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

Now I will plainly show what work this maid could do,
Which a pattern then might be, for girls young, young, young,
Oh! she both day and night in working took delight,
But alack! and alas! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She could brew and she could bake, she could wash and wring and shake,
And sweep the house well with a broom, broom, broom.
She could knit and sew and spin, and do most any such like thing,
But alack! and alas! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

At length this man would go the doctor's skill to know,
Saying, "Doctor! can you cure a woman of the dumb, dumb, dumb?"
"Oh! it is the easiest part that belongs unto my art,
For to cure a woman of the dumb, dumb, dumb."

To the doctor he did her bring, and he cut her chattering string,
And set her tongue on the run, run, run.
In the morning she did rise and she filled his house with cries,
And she rattled in his ears, like a drum, drum, drum.

To the doctor he did go, with his heart all filled with woe,
Saying, "Doctor! I am undone, 'done, 'done.
She's turned a scolding wife, and I am weary of my life,
For I cannot make this woman hold her tongue, tongue, tongue."

The doctor then did say, "When from me she went away,
She was perfectly cured of the dumb, dumb, dumb.
But it's beyond the art of man, let him do whate'er he can,
To make a scolding wife hold her tongue, tongue, tongue."

But I heard the doctor say just before I went away,
"The oil of hickory is strong, strong, strong.
Just anoint the body round till the room begins to sound:
It may make a scolding wife hold her tongue, tongue, tongue."

VILLIKINS AND HIS DINAH

It's of a rich merchant I am going for to tell,
 Who had for a daughter an unkimmon fine young gal;
 Her name it was Dinah, just sixteen years old,
 And she had a large portion in silver and gold
 (Two shares in the University Railroad).

Chorus—which I sing by myself in consequence of the high price of Italian singers:

Too ral li, too ral li, too rol li day [four times].

As Dinah was walking in the garding one day
 (The front garding),

Her papa came to her and to her did say,

"Go dress yourself, Dinah, in gorgeous array

(Take your hair out of papers and put on a clean pair of stockings),

"And I'll bring you a husbiand both galliant and gay." Too ral li, etc.

Chorus, in anticipation of the wedding breakfast ordered of Jordan Weaver around the corner: Too ral li, etc.

Now this is what the infant progeny said in reply to the horthor of her being.

"Oh, pa-pa, oh, papa (Papa is the French for father),

Oh, papa, dear papa, I've not made up my mind

To marry just yet; why I don't feel inclined;

And all my large portion I'll gladly give o'er,

If you'll let me remain singuel for one twelve month more." Too ral li, etc.

Wheedling and persuasive chorus, on behalf of the offspring's remonstrance to the horthor of her being: Too ral li, etc.

Now this is the way the parricidal papa spoke, parenthetically and paregorically, to his lovely daughter:

"Go, go, boldest daughter," the parient he cried,

"If you will not consent to be this here young man's bride,

I'll give your large portion to your nearest of kin,

And you shan't reap the benefit of one single pin." Too ral li, etc.

Chorus of the ferocious, enraged, and tyrannical parient: Too ral li, etc.

Now we come to the most melancholy part of it and show what the progeny was druv to in consequence of the mingled ferocity and tyranny of the inconsiderable parient.

As Villikins was a-walking the garding around

(This was the back garding),

He saw his dear Dinah lying dead on the ground,

With a cup of cold pison lying down by her side,

And a billet dux which said 'twas by pison she died

(Old corn whiskey). Too ral li, etc.

Chorus—expressive of Old Cor-run: Too ral li, etc.

This is what the lovyer did on the diskivery.

He kissed her cold corpus a thousand times o'er,
 And vowed she was *his* Dinah, though she was no more,
 Then swallowed the pison like a lovyer so brave,
 And Villikins and his Dinah were both laid in one grave. Too ral li, etc.
 Dismal, duplicate, defunct chorius, in consequence of the double event: Too ral li, etc.

Now this is the superlative, supernatural visitation, which appeared to the cruel
 parient after the decease of his only progeny.

At twelve the next night neath a tall popular tree,
 The ghost of his Dinah the parient did see,
 Arm in arm with her Villikins and both looking blue,
 Saying "We wouldn't have been pizened if it hadn't been for you." Too ral li, etc.
 Sepulchral, subterranean chorius—to astonish the weak nerves of the parient: Too
 ral li, etc.

The parient's fate, and what he thought he would do, but he didn't:

Now the parient was seiz-ed with horror of home,
 So he packed up his portmanteau around the world to roam,
 But as he was starting he was seized with a shiver,
 Which shook him to pieces, and ended him forever.
 And those who picked up the pieces could only sing, Too ral li, etc.
 Sympathetic chorius for the parient's fragments, though the coroner's jury found,
 "Served him right!" Too ral li, etc.

Morale

Now all you young men, don't you thus fall in love, nor
 Do not by no means disobey your guv'nor;
 And all you young maidens, mind who you clap eyes on,
 Think of Villikins and his Dinah, not forgetting the pison.
 Chorius—Fearfully impressive: Too ral li, etc.

AUNT JEMIMA

Aunt Jemima she was old but very kind and clever,
 She had a notion of her own that she would marry never;
 She vowed she'd live and die in peace, avoiding all disaster,
 So she made her living day by day by selling of a plaster.

Chorus: Sheepskin and bees-wax
 Made this mighty plaster,
 The more you tried to get it off,
 The more it stuck the faster.

She had a sister very tall but still she kept on growing,
 She might have been a giant now, in fact there is no knowing;
 All of a sudden she became of her own height the master,
 And all because upon each foot she stuck Jemima's plaster. Chorus.

Her neighbor had a Thomas cat that was a very glutton,
 He never caught a mouse or rat, but stole both milk and mutton;
 To keep him at home she tried her best but ne'er could be his master
 Until she stuck him to the floor with Aunt Jemima's plaster. Chorus.

There was a thief that night by night kept stealing from the neighbors,
 They never could find the rascal out with all their tricks and labors;
 They set a trap upon the steps and caught him with a plaster,
 The more he tried to get away, the more he stuck the faster. Chorus.

Now if you have a dog or cat, a husband, wife, or lover,
 That you would wish to keep at home, this plaster just discover.
 And if you wish to live in peace, avoiding all disaster,
 Take my advice and try the effect of Aunt Jemima's plaster. Chorus.

To the above has been added the following by another poet—author unknown:

Aunt Jemima had a dog, his tail was short and stumpy.
 She put a plaster on his head and drew him into a monkey. Chorus.

Aunt Jemima went to town upon a load of peaches;
 She put a plaster on her head, and drew her out of her . . . pantalettes.
 Sheepskin and bees-wax
 Make this monstrous plaster,
 The more you try to pull it off,
 The more it sticks the faster.

IN BROOKLYN CITY

In Brooklyn City there lived a maid, and she was known to fame.
 Her mother's name was Ma-ri-Ann and hers was Ma-ri-Jane.
 And every Saturday morning she used to go over the river;
 She went to the market, where she sold eggs
 And sausages, sometimes liver.

Chorus: For Oh, for Oh, he was my darling boy,
 For he was the lad with the auburn hair,
 And his name was Mickle Roy.

She fell in love with a charcoal man, McCoskry was his name;
 His fighting weight was seven stone ten, and he loved Ma-ri-Jane.
 He took her to ride in his charcoal cart one fine St. Patrick's Day,
 But the donkey got scared at a Jersey man, and bolted and ran away. Chorus.

McCoskry jerked and hollered in vain: the donkey would not stop.
 He threw Ma-ri-Jane right over his head into a policy shop.
 When McCoskry saw her terrible fate, his heart was moved with pity,
 So he stabbed the donkey with a bit of charcoal and fled to Salt Lake City. Cho.

In the chorus "For" is sung loud and emphatically, with a pause after it. It does not appear how Mickle Roy gets into the story. Put the audience to guessing. My guess is that the lover was named Mickle Roy McCoskry. K. P. B.

BRYAN O'LINN

Bryan O'Linn had no breeches to wear,
 So he got him a sheepskin and made him a pair,
 With the skinny side out and the woolly side in;
 "They are nice, light, and thin," said Bryan O'Linn.

Bryan O'Linn had no coat to put on,
 So he got him a goat-skin and made him a one;
 He planted the horns right under his chin;
 "They'll take them for pistols", said Bryan O'Linn.

Bryan O'Linn had no watch for to wear,
 So he got him a turnip and scooped it out fair;
 He planted a cricket close under the skin;
 "They'll think it's a-ticking", said Bryan O'Linn.

Bryan O'Linn had to bring his wife home,
 He had but one horse and he was all skin and bone;
 "I'll set her before me, as neat as a pin,
 And her mother behind me", said Bryan O'Linn.

This is the only case in history of a man's being kind to his mother-in-law.

Bryan O'Linn and his wife and her mother
 Were all going over the bridge together;
 The bridge it fell down and they all tumbled in;
 "We'll find ground at the bottom", said Bryan O'Linn.

BILLY GRIMES

"Tomorrow, Ma, I'm sweet sixteen,
 And Billy Grimes, the drover,
 Has popped the question to me, Ma,
 And wants to be my lover.
 Tomorrow morn, he says, Mama,
 He's coming here quite early,
 To take a pleasant walk with me,
 Across the field of barley."

"What's that I hear, my daughter dear?
 It's no use now a-talking,
 You shall not go across the field
 With Billy Grimes a-walking.
 To think of his presumption too,
 The dirty, ugly, drover,
 I wonder where your pride has been
 To think of such a lover."

"Old Grimes is dead, they say, Mama,
 And Billy is so lonely.
 Besides, they say, to Grimes' estate,
 That Billy is the only
 Surviving heir of all that's left,
 And that they say is nearly
 A good ten thousand dollars, Ma,
 About six hundred yearly."

"My daughter dear, I did not hear,
 The last remark quite clearly,
 But William is a nice young man,
 And no doubt loves you dearly.
 So remember then tomorrow morn
 To be up bright and early,
 And take a pleasant walk with him
 Across the field of barley."

5. SONGS FROM THE LAND OF OUR FOREFATHERS

SCOTS, WHA HAE WI WALLACE BLED

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has often led,
 Welcome to your gory bed
 Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
 See the front o' battle lour,
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?—
 Let him turn, and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and Law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand or freeman fa',
 Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains,
 By your sons in servile chains,
 We will drain our dearest veins
 But they shall be free!

THE BATTLE BOOK

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Let us do, or die!

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING

Chorus: The Campbells are coming, O-ho! O-ho!!
 The Campbells are coming, O-ho! O-ho!!
 The Campbells are coming to bonnie Lochleven!
 The Campbells are coming, O-ho! O-ho!!

Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay,
 Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay,
 I look-it doun to bonnie Lochleven.
 And saw three bonnie pipers play. Chorus.

The great Argyle he goes before;
 He makes the cannons and guns to roar;
 With banners rattling in the wind,
 The Campbells are coming, O-ho! O-ho!! Chorus.

The Campbells they are all in arms
 Their loyal faith and troth to show;
 With sound of trumpet and fife and drum
 The Campbells are coming, O-ho! O-ho!! Chorus.

BONNIE DUNDEE

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse who spoke,
 "Ere the King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke;
 So let each Cavalier who loves honor and me
 Come follow the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee."

Chorus: "Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
 Come saddle my horses, and call up my men;
 Unhook the West Port, and let me gang free,
 For it's up with the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee!"

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
 The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
 But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let him be,
 For the Town is weel rid of that Deil o' Dundee." Chorus.

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes—
 "Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
 Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
 Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee." Chorus.

"There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the North;
There are wild Duniewassals, three thousand times three,
Will cry, Hey! for the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee." Chorus.

"Then away to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks—
Ere I own a usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
Ye hae not seen the last of my bonnet and me!" Chorus.

A HIGHLAND LAD

A Highland lad my love was born,
The lowland's laws he held in scorn,
But he was faithful to his clan,
My gallant braw John Highland man.

Chorus: Heh! my braw John Highland man,
And ho! my braw John Highland man.
There's not a lad in all the land,
Can match with my John Highland man.

With his philibeg and his tartan plaid,
And his good claymore down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant braw John Highland man.

Chorus: So heh! my braw John Highland man, etc.

They banished him across the sea,
But ere the bud was on the tree,
The pearls adown my cheeks they ran,
Embracing my John Highland man. Chorus.

But oh, they caught him at the last,
And bound him with their fetters fast,
My curse upon them every one:
They've hanged my braw John Highland man. Chorus.

OH DEAR, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE

Chorus: Oh dear! what can the matter be?
Dear, dear! what can the matter be?
Dear, dear! what can the matter be?
Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promised to bring me a fairing would please me,
 And then for a kiss how he vowed he would tease me;
 He promised to bring me a bunch of blue ribbon,
 To tie up my bonnie brown hair. Chorus.

He promised to bring me a basket of posies,
 A handful of lilies, a garland of roses;
 And a little straw hat to set off the blue ribbon,
 That tied up my bonnie brown hair. Chorus.

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Wot you how she treated me,
 As I went o'er the braes of Balloch?

She vowed, she swore she wad be mine,
 She said she loved me best of any,
 But oh! the fickle, faithless quean,
 She's ta'en the carl and left her Johnny.

Oh! she was a canty quean!
 Weel could she dance the hieland walloch.
 How happy I, had she been mine,
 Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
 Her wee bit mouth sae sweet and bonnie,
 To me she always will be dear,
 Tho' she's forever left her Johnny.

THE SANDS O' DEE

"Oh! Mary, go and call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 Across the sands o' Dee!"
 The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
 And all alone went she;
 The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
 And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand
 And o'er and o'er the sand,
 And 'round and 'round the sand,
 As far as eye could see.

The blinding mist came down and hid the land,
 And never home came she.
 The blinding mist came down and hid the land,
 And never home came she.

"Oh! is it weed or fish or floating hair,
 A tress of golden hair,
 Of drown-ed maiden's hair,
 Among the nets at sea?"
 Oh! never salmon yet that shone so fair,
 Among the stakes of Dee!
 Oh! never salmon yet that shone so fair.
 Among the stakes o' Dee!

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
 The cruel, crawling foam,
 The cruel, hungry foam,
 To her grave beside the sea.
 But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
 Along the sands o' Dee.
 But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
 Along the sands of Dee.

Nellie, my daughter, sang this with infinite pathos and sweetness. I think it one
 of the finest songs in the language. K. P. B.

THE THREE FISHERS

Three fishers went sailing away to the West,
 Away to the West as the sun went down;
 Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
 And the children stood watching them out of the town;
 For men must work, and women must weep,
 And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
 Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
 And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
 They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
 And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
 But men must work, and women must weep,
 Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
 And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
 In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
 And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
 For those who will never come home to the town;
 For men must work, and women must weep,
 And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep;
 And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

A FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN

I'll sing you a good old song, made by a good old pate,
 Of a fine Old English Gentleman, who had an old estate,
 Who kept up his old mansion at a bountiful old rate,
 With a fine old porter to relieve the old poor at the gate,
 Like a Fine Old English Gentleman all of the Olden time.

His hall so old was hung around with guns and spears and bows,
 And swords and good old bucklers, that had stood against old foes,
 And there his worship sat in state in doublet and trunk hose
 And drank his cup of good old sack to warm his good old nose, Like, etc.

When winter old brought frost and cold, he opened house to all,
 And though threescore and ten his years, he featly led the ball,
 Nor was the houseless wanderer e'er turn-ed from his hall,
 For while he feasted all the great, he ne'er forgot the small, Like, etc.

But time though sweet is strong in flight and years rolled swiftly by,
 And autumn's falling leaves proclaimed the old man he must die,
 He laid him down right tranquilly, gave up life's latest sigh,
 And mourning friends around him stood and tears bedimmed each eye,
 For the Fine Old English Gentleman all of the Olden Time.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

A wet sheet and a flowing sea, and a wind that follows fast,
 That fills the white and rustling sail, and bends the gallant mast,
 That bends the gallant mast, my boys, while, like an eagle free,
 Away the good ship flies and leaves old England on the lee.

"Oh! for a soft and gentle wind," I heard a fair one cry,
 But give to me the roaring breeze, and white waves heaving high,
 And white waves heaving high, my boys, the good ship tight and free;
 The world of waters is our home, and merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horn-ed moon, there's lightning in yon cloud;
 And hark the music, mariners, the wind is piping loud.
 The wind is piping loud, my boys, the lightning flashing free;
 The hollow oak our palace is, our heritage the sea.

GAILY THE TROUBADOUR

Gaily the Troubadour touched his guitar,
 As he was hastening home from the war,
 Singing, "From Palestine far have I come,
 Ladylove, Ladylove, welcome me home."

She for the Troubadour hopelessly wept,
 Sadly she thought of *him*, while others slept,
 Singing, "To Palestine fain would I roam,
 Troubadour, Troubadour, come to thy home."

Hark! 'Tis the Troubadour breathing her name,
 Under the battlements softly he came,
 Singing, "From Palestine far have I come,
 Ladylove, Ladylove, welcome me home."

RORY O'MORE

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn.
 He was bold as a hawk and she soft as the dawn.
 He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
 And he thought the best way to do that was to tease:
 "Now Rory, be aisy", sweet Kathleen would cry,
 Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye.
 "With your tricks I don't know, in troth, what I'm about.
 Faith, you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out."
 "Oh, jewel", says Rory, "that same is the way
 You've treated my heart for this many a day.
 And 'tis plaised that I am, and why not, to be sure?
 For it's all for good luck", says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed then", says Kathleen, "Don't think of the like,
 For I half gave a promise to Soothing Mike.
 The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound."
 "Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
 "Now, Rory, I'll cry, if you don't let me go.
 Shure I drame every night that I'm hating you so".
 "Oh", says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
 For drames always go by contraries, my dear.
 Oh, jewel, keep draming that same till you die,
 And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie.
 And 'tis plaised that I am, and why not, to be sure?
 Since 'tis all for good luck", says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, me darlint, you've teased me enough;
 And I've thrashed for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;
 And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste,
 So I think after that I may talk to the priest".
 Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
 So soft and so white, without freckle or speck,
 And he looked in her eyes that were beaming with light,
 And he kissed her sweet lips (Don't you think he was right?).
 "Now, Rory, leave off, sir, you'll hug me no more.
 That's eight times today that you've kissed me before".
 "Then here goes another", says he, "to make sure,
 For there's luck in odd numbers", says Rory O'More.