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✓
MY



OWN SONG BOOK:

A

WELL SELECTED COLLECTION

OF

THE MOST POPULAR

SENTIMENTAL, PATRIOTIC AND
HUMOROUS SONGS.

EACH SONG ARRANGED AND SET TO MUSIC.

HARRISBURG, PA.

FOR SALE BY W. O. HICKOK.

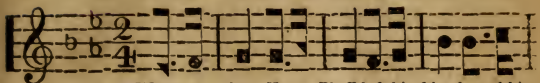
1840.

ADVERTISEMENT.

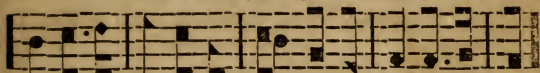
If you want to "drive dull cares away,"—
come buy my song book.

COMPILER.

Harry Bluff.



When a boy, Harry Bluff left his friends and his



home, And his dear native land o'er the ocean to roam;



Like a sapling he sprung, he was fair to the view, He was



true Yankee oak, boys, the older he grew, Though his



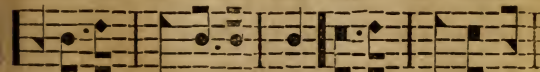
body was weak and his hands they were soft, When the signal was



giv'n he was first man a - loft. And the vet'rans all



cried, he'd one day lead the van; Though rat - ed a



boy, he'd the soul of a man, And the heart of a

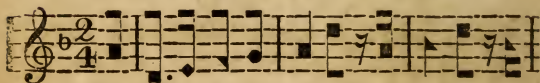


true Yankee Sailor.

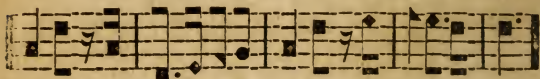
When to manhood promoted and burning for fame,
 Still in peace or in war, Harry Bluff was the same;
 No true to his love, and in battle so brave,
 That the myrtle and laurel entwin'd o'er his grave.
 For his country he fell, when, by victory crown'd,
 The flag, shot away, fell in tatters around,
 And the foe thought he'd struck, but he sung out,
 "Avast!"

For Columbia's colours he nail'd to the mast,
 And he died like a true Yankee sailor.

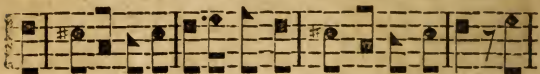
O Peggy is my darling.



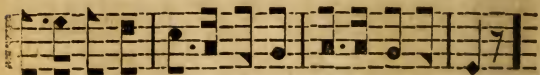
O Peggy is my darling, my darling, my



darling, O Peggy is my darling, my own lovely dear.



At church or ball or market day, Beside their dearest fair, The



swains confess the queen away, If Peggy is not there. D. C.

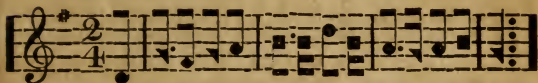
2 The plighted Youth his troth betrays,
 The aged thrill to hear;
 And ev'n her rivals murmur praise,
 Unconscious, when she's near.—
 Oh! Peggy, is my darling, &c.

3 Tho' gaudier flow'rs I trow may flaunt,
 Along the gay parterre ;
 The blushing rose in shelter'd haunt,
 Is sweeter far, to wear.—
 Like her that is my darling, &c.

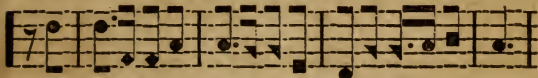
4 O dear's the dream of youthful days,
 On glory's wings to flee ;
 But dearer, that while thousands gaze,
 She only smiles on me.—
 And says, she'll be my darling, &c.
 O! Peggy is, &c.



“Oh! no, I'll never mention him.”



Oh! no I'll never mention him, His name is never heard;
 My lips are now forbid to speak That once familiar word:



From sport to sport they hurry me, To banish my regret;



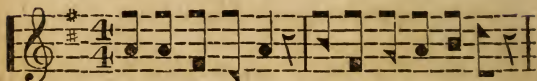
And when they win a smile from me, They think that I forget.

2 They bid me seek, in change of scene,
 The charms that others see ;
 But were I in a foreign land,
 They'd find no change in me.
 'Tis true that I behold no more
 The valleys where we met ;

I do not see that hawthorn tree,
But how can I forget.

- 3 They tell me, he is happy now,
The gayest of the gay ;
They hint that he forgets his vow,
But heed not what they say :
Like me, perhaps, he struggles with
Each feeling of regret,
But if he loves as I have lov'd,
He never can forget.

Sambo's 'dress to he Bredren.



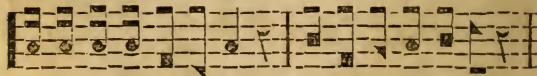
Broder let us leave Buera lan' for Hatee,



Dar you be recieve gran' as Lafa'ette, Make a mity show,

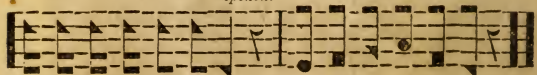


Wen we lan' from steam ship, I be like Munro, You like Louis Fillip.



Chinger ringer ring ching ching, Ho ah dink um darkee,

Spoken.



Chinger ringer ring ching Chaw, Ho ah dink um darkee.

2 O dat equal sod,
 Hoo no want to go - e?
 Dar we feel no rod,
 Dar we hab no fo - e :
 Dar we lib so fine,
 Wid our coach an hors - e,
 An ebry time we dine,
 Hab one, two, tree, fore cors - e.
 Chinger &c.

3 No more carry hod,
 No more iceter o - pe,
 No more dig the sod,
 No more krup de sho - pe ;
 But hab wiskers gran,
 An prominade de street - e,
 Wid butys ob de lan,
 Were we in full dress meet - e.

4 No more carry bag,
 An wid nail an tick - e,
 Nasty dirty rag,
 Out ob gutter pick - e :
 No more barro weel,
 All about the street - e,
 No more blige to steel,
 Den by massa beet - e.

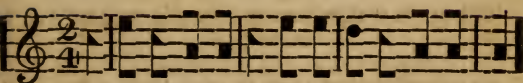
5 No more witeman stare,
 Wen we stan in mob - e,
 An frite our lubly fair,
 Wich make dem sy an sob - e ;
 Dar our wives be gran,
 An in dimons shin - e,
 Wile ebry kuler'd man,
 Hab much he drink ob win - e.

- 6 Dar smoke de bess segar,
 Fech from de havanah,
 Wile our dorters fair,
 Play on de Pianah ;
 No more cry hot corn,
 Or pepper pot all hot - e,
 But work de lubly lorn,
 And res in shady grot - e.
- 7 No more our son, kry, sweep,
 No more he be the lack - e,
 No more our dorters weep,
 Kays dey kall dem black - e :
 No more dey sarvant be,
 No more wash an kook - e,
 But ebry day we see,
 Dem read the novel book - e.
- 8 No more wid black an brush,
 Make boot an shoe to shin - e,
 But hab all good tings flush,
 An all ob dem subblim - e :
 No more dance for eel,
 An all dem sort ob fish - e,
 No more eat korn meal,
 But hab de bess ob dish - e.
- 9 Dar we hab partys big,
 Dar dance an play de fiddle,
 Dar walse an hab de jig,
 Kast off an down de middle ;
 Den in de gran saloon,
 We take de blushing damsull,
 Were eyes shine like de moon,
 And ebry mouf dey cram full.

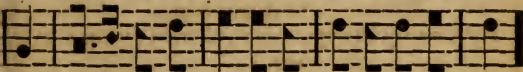
10 Dar dance at night de jig,
 Wat witeman kall kotilon,
 In hall so mighty big,
 He hole a half a milon ;
 Den take our partners out,
 Den forword too and back - e,
 Den kros an turn about,
 An den go home in hack - e.

11 Dare too we sure to make,
 Our dorters de fine la - dee,
 An wen dey husban take,
 Dey bove de comon gra - dee
 An den perhaps our Son,
 He rise in glories splendor,
 An be like Washington,
 He countries great defender.
 Chinger, &c.

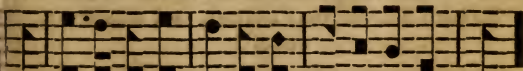
George Riley.



'Twas on a summer morning, the weather being fair,



I stole for recre - ation, down by a river clear,



I overheard a damsel most grievously complain;



'Twas for her absent lover, that ploughs the raging main.

- 2 White she was thus lamenting and mourning for
her dear,
I spied a gallant sailor, who unto her drew near,
With eloquence complaisant he did salute the fair,
Saying "my darling creature, why do you wan-
der here?"
- 3 "The absence of my lover," this fair one did
reply,
"This makes me here to wander, to languish and
to cry,
He's the darling of my heart, for him I grieve
alone,
And if he never does return, I'll never cease to
mourn."
- 4 Then says the gallant sailor, "what was your
lover's name?
Perhaps by your description I'll chance to know
the same,
Or if you could forget him and give your heart to
me
Till death it does demand me, I, too, will con-
stant be."
- 5 "George Reiley they do call him, a lad both
neat and trim,
He's manly in deportment, there's few can equal
him,
He's the darling of my heart, it's him I do adore,
So take this for your answer, and trouble me no
more."
- 6 "Madam, I had a messmate, George Riley was
his name,
I think from your description he surely was the
same.

Two years we spent together on board the old
 Bellflower,
 And such a loyal messmate I never had before.

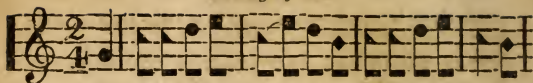
7 But on the 12th of April, near to Port Royal bay,
 He had a great engagement, that lasted all one
 day,
 Betwixt Rodney and De Grace, where many a
 man did fall,
 Your lover fell a victim to a French cannon ball.

8 While in his welt'ring gore your loyal lover lay,
 With broken heart and trembling voice, these
 words I heard him say,
 Farewell my lovely Nancy, were you but stand-
 ing by,
 Gazing my last upon you, contended would I die."

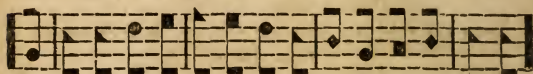
9 This melancholy story wounded her heart full
 deep,
 She rung her hands and tore her hair, and bit-
 terly did weep ;
 She says "my joys are ended, if all you tell is true,
 Instead of having pleasure, my sorrow but renew."

10 He could no longer listen to hear his love com-
 plain,
 He flew into her arms and did himself reveal,
 And by a private sign, her love straightways she
 knew,
 Farewell all grief and sorrow — all sorrow now
 adieu.

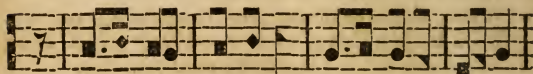


Corn Cobs.*As sung by Hill.*

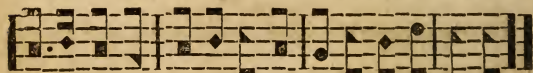
There was a man in our town, I'll tell you his condition,



He sold his oxen and his plough, To buy him a commission.



Corn Cobs twist your hair, Cartwheels run round you,



Fiery dragons take you off, And mortar pestal pound you.

- 2 When this man a commission got,
 He prov'd to be a coward,
 He wouldn't go to Canada,
 For fear he'd get devour'd. Corn Cobs. &c.
- 3 But he and I we went to town,
 Along with Captain Goodin,
 And there we saw the Yankee boys,
 As thick as hasty puddin. Corn Cobs &c.
- 4 Now there was Gen'ral Washington,
 With all the folks about him,
 He swore they got so tarnal proud,
 They couldn't do without him. Corn Cobs &c.
- 5 And there they had a great big thing,
 Big as a log of maple,

And ev'ry time they wheel'd it round,
It took two yoke of cattle. Corn Cobs &c

6 And when they went to fire it off,
It took a horn of powder,
It made a noise like Dady's gun,
Only a nation louder. Corn Cobs &c.

And there they had a little thing,
All bound round with leather,
With little sticks to beat upon,
To call the men together. Corn Cobs &c.

8 And there we saw a hollow stick,
With six holes bor'd right in it,
And ev'ry time they blow'd upon,
We thought the devil was in it. Corn Cobs &c.

9 And there we saw them with big knives,
Stuck in a peace of leather,
And when the Captain he cri'd draw,
They all draw'd out together. Corn Cobs &c.

10 Now brother Ike was very bold,
As bold as Captain Crocket,
For he sneak'd round on t'other side,
And held on Daddy's pocket. Corn Cobs &c

11 Now I and brother Ike goes hum,
We wasn't fraid of powder,
For Daddy said he'd learn us both,
To scream a little louder. Corn Cobs &c.

12 Our cousin Jim he went to town,
With a pair of striped trowses,
He swore the town he couldn't see,
There was so many houses. Corn Cobs &c.

- 13 Our aunt Jemima climb'd a tree,
 She had a stick to boost her,
 And there she sat a throwing corn,
 At our old bob tail rooster. Corn Cobs &c.
- 14 Now cousin Sal she went to town,
 And got upon a steeple,
 She took a frying pan of grog,
 And pour'd it on the people. Corn Cobs &c.
- 15 Our uncle Ben he lost his cow,
 And didn't know where to find her,
 And when the cow she did cum hum,
 She had her tail behind her. Corn Cobs &c.
- 16 Now sister Sue grows very thin,
 And no one knows what ails her
 She us'd to eat nine pound of pork
 But now her stomach fails her. Corn Cobs &c.
- 17 And now I've sung you all my song,
 I've told you all the causes
 And all that I do want of you,
 Is all your kind applauses. Corn Cobs &c.

Jim Crow.

As sung by Rice.



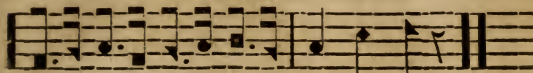
Come listen all you gals & boys, I'm just from Tuckey hoe ;



I'm goin to sing a little song, My name's Jim Crow



Weel about and turn about and do jis so



Eb'ry time I weel about, I jump Jim Crow.

- 2 I'm a rorer on de fiddle,
An down in ole Virginny,
Dey say I play de skientific,
Like massa Pagganinny.
- 3 I cut so many munky shines,
I dance de galloppade ;
An wen I done, I res my head,
On shubble, hoe or spade.
- 4 I met Miss Dina Scrub one day,
I gib her sich a buss ;
An den she turn an slap my face,
An make a mighty fuss.
- 5 I went down to the ribber,
I didnt mean to stay ;
But dare de galls dey charm me so,
I coudent get away.
- 6 O den I cast de sheeps eye,
Dey all den fall in lub ;
I pick my choose among dem dare,
An took Miss Dina Scrub.
- 7 De udder gals dey gin to fight,
I teld dem wait a bit ;
I'd hab dem all, jis one by one,
As soon as I tourt fit.

- 8 I wip de lion ob de west,
 I eat de Allegator,
 I put more water in my mouf,
 Den boil ten load ob tator.
- 9 De way dey bake de hoe cake,
 Virginny nebber tire ;
 Dey put de doe upon de foot,
 An stick im in de fire.
- 10 De he Nigs in de Orleans,
 Dey tink demselves so fine ;
 But Nigs in ole Virginny,
 Be so black dey shine.
- 11 I sets uppon de bulls horn
 I hops uppon dis toe ;
 I tie de seasarp roun my neck,
 An den I dance jis so.
- 12 O den I go to Washinton,
 Wid bank memorial ;
 But find dey tork sich nonsense,
 I spen my time wid Sal.
- 13 I make de speech rite udder side,
 Too Burjus ob Rode ile ;
 I gib im sich a mighty cut,
 Dat make de hole house smile.
- 14 I teld dem dare be Ole Nick,
 Wat wants de bank renew ;
 He gib me so much mony,
 O Lor, dey want it too.
- 15 I den go to de Presiden,
 He ax me wat I do ;

I put de veto on de boot,
An nullefy de shoe.

16 He laff most harty tink how smart,
I spick so mighty big ;
He tole me for go to de house,
An call dem all a pig.

17 O den I goes to New York,
To put dem rite all dare ;
But find so many tick heads,
I gib up in dispair.

18 For dare be Webb he tick uppon,
De paper dat he sell ;
De principal, wat he say good,
I tink im worse as hel.

19 I take de walk to Niblow's,
Wid Dina by my side ;
An dare we see Miss Watson,
De Paganini bride.

20 She sing so lubly dat my heart,
Went pit a pat jis so ;
I wish she fall in lub wid me,
I'd let Miss Dina go.

21 I dare sings all deze verses,
An tre tousand more ;
An wen I done, dey all screem out,
Let's gib de Nig encore.

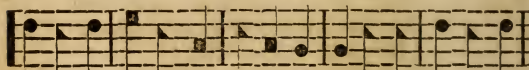
The American Star.



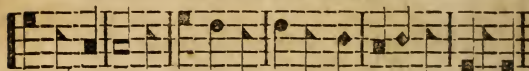
Come, strike the bold anthem, the war dogs are howling, Al-
The red clouds of war o'er our forests are scowling, Soft



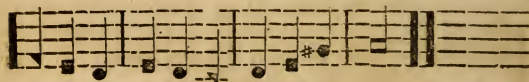
ready they eagerly snuff up their prey, } The infants, af-
peace spreads her wings and flies weeping away; }



frighted, cling close to their mothers, The youth grasp their swords, for the



combat prepare, while beauty weeps fathers, and lovers and brothers, who



rush to display the A - me - ri - can Star.

2 Come blow the shrill bugle, the loud drum awaken,
The dread rifle seize, let the cannon deep roar;
No heart with pale fear, or fain doubtings be shaken,
No slave's hostile foot leave a print on our shore:
Shall mothers, wives, daughters and sisters left weeping,
Insulted by ruffians, be dragged to despair!
Oh no! from her hills the proud eagle comes sweeping,
And waves to the brave the American Star.

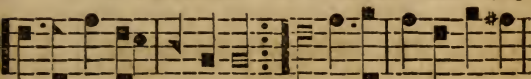
3 The spirits of Washington, Warren, Montgomery,
Look down from the clouds, with bright aspect serene;
Come, soldiers, a tear and a toast to their memory,
Rejoicing they'll see us as they once have been,
To us the high boon by the gods has been granted,
To speed the glad tidings of liberty far;
Let millions invade us, we'll meet them undaunted
And vanquish them by the American Star.

- 4 Your hands, then, dear comrades, round liberty's altar,
 United we swear by the souls of the brave!
 Not one from the strong resolution shall falter,
 To live independent, or sink to the grave!
 Then, freemen, fill up—Lo! the striped banner's flying,
 The high bird of liberty screams through the air;
 Beneath her oppression and tyranny dying—
 Success to the beaming American Star.

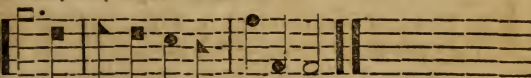
Mary's Dream.



1. The moon had climb'd the highest hill, That
 2. And from the Eastern summit shed Her
 4. When soft and low a voice she heard, Say'ng



- rises o'er the source of Dee,
 silver light on tow'r and tree, 3. When Mary laid her down to
 "Mary weep no more for me." D. C.



sleep, She thought of Sandy far at sea.

- 2 She from her pillow gently rais'd
 Her head, to ask who there might be;
 She saw young Sandy shivering stand,
 With pallid cheek and hollow eye;
 Oh! Mary, dear, cold is my clay,
 It lies beneath the stormy sea;
 Far, far from thee I sleep in death,
 So, Mary, weep no more for me."
- 3 "Three stormy nights and stormy days,
 We toss'd upon the raging main,

And long we strove our bark to save,
 But all our striving was in vain ;
 E'en then, when horror chill'd my blood,
 My heart was fill'd with love for thee ;
 'The storm is past, and I'm at rest,
 So, Mary, weep no more for me."

- 4 " O maiden dear, thyself prepare,
 We soon shall meet upon that shore,
 Where love is free from doubt and care,
 And thou and I shall part no more."
 Loud crew the cock, the shadow fled,
 No more of Sandy could she see ;
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 " Sweet Mary, weep no more for me."
-

The Mason's Farewell.

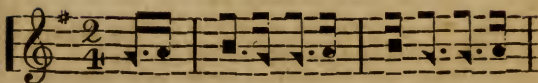
By Burns.

To the same Air.

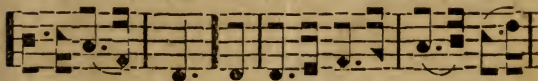
- 1 ADIEU, a heart-warm fond adieu,
 Dear brothers of the mystic tie ;
 Ye favor'd and enlighten'd few,
 Companions of my social joy ;
 Though I to foreign lands must hie,
 Pursuing fortune's slippery ba' ;
 With melting heart and brimful eye,
 I'll mind you still tho' far awa.
- 2 Oft have I met your social band,
 To spend a cheerful festive night ;
 Oft honor'd with supreme command,
 Presided o'er the sons of light ;
 And by that hieroglyphic bright,
 Which none but craftsmen ever saw,
 Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
 Those happy scenes when far awa.

- 3 May freedom, harmony, and love,
 Unite you in the grand design,
 Beneath th' Omniscient eye above,
 The glorious Architect divine!
 That you may keep the unerring rule,
 Still guided by the plummet's law,
 Till order bright completely shine,
 Shall be my prayer when far awa.
- 4 And you farewell, whose merits claim
 Justly that highest badge to wear;
 May Heaven bless your noble name,
 To Masonry and Scotia dear;
 A last request permit me here,
 When yearly you're assembled a',
 One round, I ask it with a tear,
 To him, the friend, that's far awa.

Jim Brown.



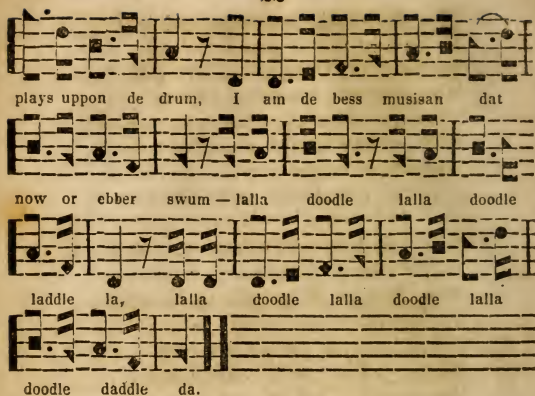
I am de sassy nigger, An dey
 I hate de common nigger, I no



call me Jim Brown, I plays uppon de Ban - jo
 shake'm by de han, O shaw I am de leader ob de



all about de town. } I plays uppon de fife, an I
 famous nigger band.



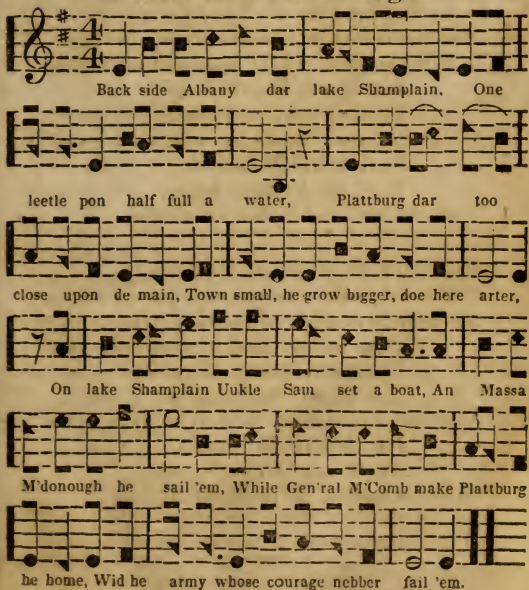
- 2 De way I comes to play de Fife an carry ob de Sword,
 I practise on de Bango wid sugar in de guord;
 De niggars dey all dance, wen I begin to play,
 Dey dance from de mornin till de close ob day.
 I plays upon de Bango, where eber I do go,
 An wen I kiss de lubly gals, I smack jis so. lalle doodle &c
- 3 De gals in de city dey all rún arter me,
 Because I am so handsome de like dey neber see;
 Dey coax me to choose one ob dem, but I dont know who she'll be
 Dey are sich lubly creters, an dey all lubs me.
 I plays upon de Harp, an den dey sing so sweet,
 O shaw, it does my heart good, wen eber we do meet. lalle &c.
- 4 I was born on Long Island dar close to Oyster Bay,
 I work uppon de farm dar for two shillings a day;
 But my genius dat too great, for Massa to diskiver,
 So I jump on board de Steam Boat as she cum down de riber,
 I plays upon de Gong, de tune dey call Jim Crow,
 De way I raise de steam on board was no ways slow. lalle &c.
- 5 I den lan in great style de first at Astor house,
 I ax dem to serve up well cook'd, a fine roast mouse;
 I gobled dat all down, an den I call for drink,
 Dey gib me den so much ob dat, my eyes begun to blink.
 I plays upon de Lyre, an dey begin to sing,
 O shaw, dey dont know music, or any such a ting. lalle &c.
- 6 I den goes to de play house de opperer to see,
 To criticise on Mr. Wood, for he knows me;
 He's bery good in some tings, but cant wid me compare,
 For instance in Bravurers, I make de hole house stare.

I plays upon de Fiddle, an dey all cry sing Jim Brown,
I ax dem pray excuse me, fore I hab just cum to town.

7 I den goes to de Mayor, I ax for a commission,
To lead de famous Brass Ban I show him my petition,
He say he tink me first rate, he beg me take a seat,
Wid all de Corporation, I dar set down to eat,
I plays upon de Trombone, to see wat dey would say,
One Alderman he bawls out, Jim Brown sound your A.

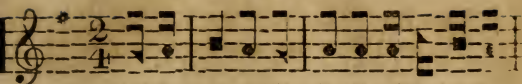
8 Since Music in dis city, now be all de rage,
I'll teach de skientific, an sing upon de stage ;
O den I'll hab de encores, from aff de lubly sex,
An wen I choose one for my wife, O, de rest ob dem be vex,
I plays on de Piano, I teach dem dance so gay,
O shaw, I lub de charmin gals, any time ob day.

Battle of Plattsburgh.

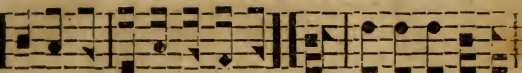


Back side Albany dar lake Champlain, One
leetle pon half full a water, Plattsburg dar too
close upon de main, Town small, he grow bigger, doe here arter,
On lake Champlain Uukle Sam set a boat, An Massa
M'donough he sail 'em, While Gen'ral M'Comb make Plattsburg
he home, Wid he army whose courage nebber fail 'em.

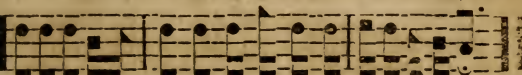
- 2 Elebenth day September 1814,
 Gub'ner Probose wid he british army,
 Dress 'imself up, make all tings clean,
 Cum to Plattburg tea party cortin ;
 An he boat cum too,
 Arter Uncle Sam boat,
 Massa Donough look sharp out de winder,
 Den Gen'ral Maccomb,
 Ah, he alway home,
 Catch fire too jis like tinder.
- 3 Bow wow wow den de cannon gin't roar,
 In Plattburg an all 'bout dat quarter,
 Gub'ner Probose try he han pon de shore,
 Wile he boat try he luck pon de water ;
 But Massa Macdonough,
 Kick he boat in de head,
 Broke he heart, broke he shin, tove he caf in ;
 An Gen'ral Maccomb,
 Start ole Probose home,
 Tort me soul den I muss die laffin.
- 4 Probose scart so he lef all behine,
 Powder, ball, cannon, tea pot an kittle,
 Sum say he cotch he cold, wat perish in he mind,
 'Cause he eat so much raw on cold vittle ;
 Uncle Sam berry sorry,
 Too be sure for he pain.
 Wish he nuss imsef up well an arty ;
 For Gen'ral Maccomb,
 An Massa Donough, home,
 Wen he notion for nudder tea party.
-

They're a' Noddin!

And they're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin, And they're
Fine.



a' noddin at our house at hame. The cats lo'e milk, and the



dogs lo'e broo, The lads lo'e lasses and the lasses lo'e lads too. D.C.

2 O they're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin.

O they're a' noddin at our house at hame.

In comes old Dame wi'a pan o' good broo,

The de'el take ye a' for ye've been a noddin too.

An we're a' noddin, &c.

3 O we're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,

O we're a' noddin at our house at hame,

An' how d'ye dame and how d'ye thrive.

An' how many bairns ha ye? Lassie I ha' five:

An' they're a' noddin, &c.

5 O we're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,

O we're a' noddin at our house at hame.

My Jammie tarry not, when your country ca's,

For glory waits on him wha for Scotland fa's;

While we're a' noddin, &c.

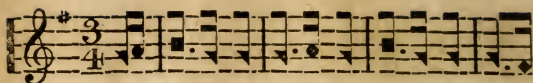
5 O we're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,

O we're a' noddin at our house at hame;

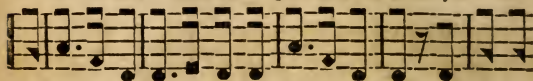
But the drums they beat, and the pipes they play,

And the fouk are a' crazy for to march away;

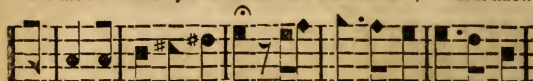
While we're a noddin, &c.

Billy Barlow.

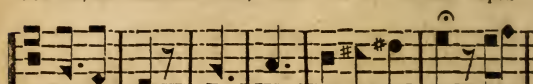
Now ladies and gentlemen how do you do?



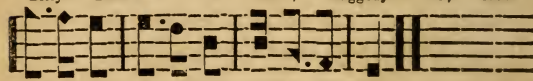
I come out before you with one boot and one shoe, I don't know



how 'tis, but somehow 'tis so, Now is n't it hard upon



Billy Barlow. O dear, raggedy O, Now



is n't it hard upon Billy Barlow.

- 2 Do show me a boarding house, where I can stay,
I'm so hungry and sleepy, I've eat nothing to day,
They'll not let me in at Astor's I know,
But a market stall's vacant for Billy Barlow.
O dear, raggedy O, There's a market stall, &c.

- 3 As I went down the street the other fine day,
I met two fair ladies just coming this way;
Says one,—now that chap, he isn't so slow,
I guess not, says the other, that's Mr. Barlow.
O dear raggedy O, I guess not, &c.

- 4 I'm told there's a show coming into town,
Red Lions, and monkeys and porcupines brown;
But if they should show, I shall beat them, I know.
For they've never a varmint, like Billy Barlow.
O dear, raggedy O, For they've never, &c.

- 5 I went to the Races on Long Island so gay,
The man at the gate then, he ask'd me to pay;

What pay, Sir, says I, and I look'd at him so,
Pass on Sir, I know you, you're Mr. Barlow.

O dear raggedy O, Pass on Sir, &c.

6 I had been on the track, but a minute or two,
When the people flock'd round me, what I tell you is true;
Who's that little fat gentleman, does any one know?
Yes says a young lady, that's Mr. Barlow.

O dear raggedy O, Yes says &c.

7 There's a nigger been here, who they say was Jim Crow,
But he clear'd out the moment I came, you must know.
If you doubt what I say, I can prove it is so,
Just look at the rigging of Billy Barlow.

O dear raggedy O, Just look at &c.

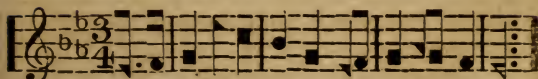
8 O dear but I'm tir'd of this kind of life,
I wish in my soul I could find a good wife;
If there's any young Lady here, in want of a beau,
Let her fly to the arms of sweet Billy Barlow.

O dear raggedy O, Let her fly, &c.

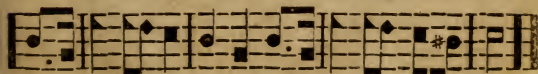
9 Now ladies and gemmen I bid you good bye,
I'll buy a new suit, when clothes aint so high;
My hat's shocking bad as all of you know,
But looks well on the head of Billy Barlow.

O dear raggedy O, But looks well &c.

The last piece of Silver.



1. 'Tis the last piece of silver, Left gleaming alone,
2. All its glitt'ring companions Have vanish'd—are gone;
4. To reflect back its brightness, Or give dye for dye.



3. No sip of its kindred, No levy is nigh. D.C.

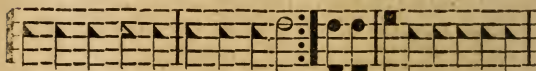
- 2 "They have left me—a lone one—
The last silver gem—
Each piece is expended,
Go spend me with them,
And kindly, O send me
With those that have fled—
Where my mates of the pocket
Are hoarded and dead!"

3 " O soon may I follow,
 When partners wont stay ,
 And from cash-shining circle
 The gems drop away !
 When good fips have vanish'd,
 And quarters have flown !
 Oh ! who would inhabit
 'This pocket alone !"

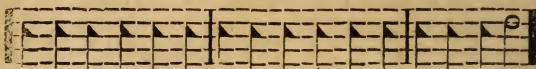
Feyther & I.



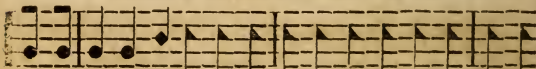
My mother were dead and sister were married And
 So I tho't that before any longer I tarried To



nob'dy at home but feyther and I } But I swore she a model should
 get a good wife my fortune I try ;



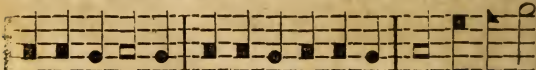
be of my mother for ne'er was a better wife under the sky,



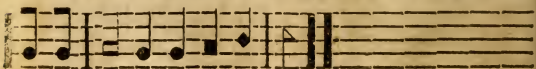
So we mounted our nags to find out such an - other, we mounted



our nags to find out such an - other, And set out a courting,



feyther and I and feyther and feyther and I so we set



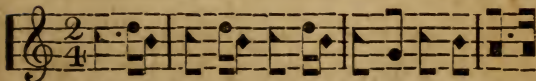
out a courting feyther and I.

2 Farmer Chaff have a datur that's famous for breedin,
 She do dance and do play and do sing and do write;
 But she never do talk, for she's always a readin
 About ravishments, ghosts and divels in white;
 Woons says I, at that fun you wont find me a good un,
 To be mine, girl, far other fish you must fry;
 The wife for my money must make a good puddin,
 The wife for my money must make a good puddin,
 So we'll wish you good morning, feyther and I.
 And feyther and I, &c.

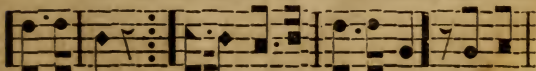
3 Alas! farmer's girls be as bad as their betters,
 Poor prudence and decency 's left in the lurch.
 They paint pictures and faces, write stories and letters,
 And dresses like sheets standin up in a church;
 'Stead of sittin at home, shirts and table cloths darnin,
 Or picklin of cabbage, or makin a pie—
 All the clodpoles are standin astound at their larnin,
 All the clodpoles are standin astound at their larnin,
 Sad wives for the like of feyther and I.
 And feyther and I, &c.

4 So just as we didn't know, what to be arter,
 "Odds woons" cried out feyther, "a nabor of mine,
 Died a twelvemonth ago—left a sister and datur,
 And they both can milk cows and make gooseberry wine."
 So to see them we went,—this fell out on a Monday,
 We neither shilly shally, foolish nor shy,
 The licence were bought and the very next Sunday,
 The licence were bought and the very next Sunday,
 They were both of them married to feyther and I.
 And feyther and I, &c.

When in youth I loved a Maid.

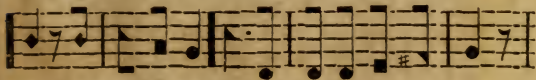


When in youth I loved a maid, I sobb'd as roasted
 Till her smiles my suit approv'd, My sighs, my sighs would

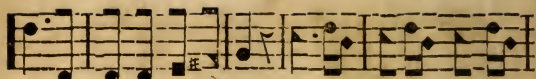


apples will,
 turn a mill.

{ My sighs would turn a mill. If she



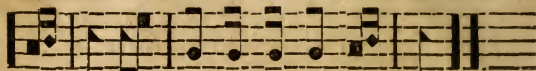
laugh'd or danc'd or sung, I with joy was like to die;



I with joy was like to die; If she frown'd I tho't I'd



hang, Oh dear Oh dear what a fool was I! Oh dear what a fool



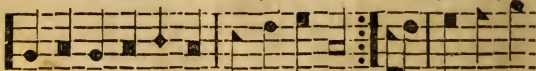
was I! Oh dear what a fool was I.

- 2 Now if beauty proves too coy,
 My jug of warming wine I quaff;
 Should her smiles but frowns employ,
 Ha! ha! how merrily then I laugh
 How merrily then I laugh.
 If she pouts, or frets, or sighs,
 I sing while her fancy holds
 I sing while her fancy holds
 If to rave, or storm, she tries,
 I dance I dance to the tune she scolds.
 I dance to the tune she scolds,
 I dance to the tune she scolds.

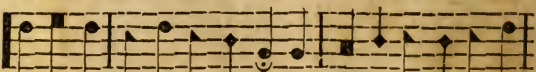
Jessie the flower O'Dumblane.



The sun has gone down o'er the lofty Benlomond, And
 While lonely I shay in the calm summer gloaming, To



left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene, /
 muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o'Dumblane. } How sweet is the



briar wi' its soft faulding blossom, And sweet is the birk wi' its



mantle o' green, Yet sweeter an' fairer, and dear to my bo-



som, Is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r O'Dumblane.

- 2 She's modest as ony, an' blythe as she's bonny,
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ain,
 An' far be the villain divested o' feeling,
 Wha'd blight in its blossom the sweet flow'r o' Dumblane.
 Sing on, thou sweet Mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen,
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
 Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

- 3 How lost were my days, till I met wi' my Jessie,
 The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain,
 ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
 Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.
 Tho' mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
 An' reckon as naething the height o' its splendor,
 If wanting sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

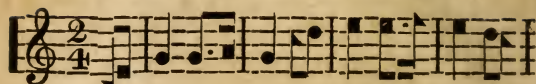
Mine Katy, vat lives on de plain.

To the same Air.

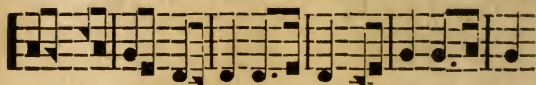
- 1 De sun vas gone down just behind de plue mountains,
 Und left de tark night to come on us again,
 Ven I shtumbled along 'mongst de schwamps und de fountains,
 Just to see vonst mine Katy, vat lives on de plain.
 Sing on, den, you purd, mit your song for de night,
 Its so nish ven de hills sing your song vonst again,
 Such joy to my heart, und such monstrous delight,
 Brings sweet little Katy, vat lives on de plain.
- 2 How schweet is de lily, mit its brown-yellow plossom,
 Und so is de meadow, all cover'd mit grain,
 But noding's so schweet, nor yet shticks in my posom.
 Like schweet little Katy, vat lives on de plain.
 She's pashful as any—like her dere's not many;
 She's neider high larnt, nor yet foolish nor vain,
 Und he's a great villian, mitout any feelin,
 Dat would hurt little Katy, vat lives on de plain.
- 3 My days were like noding, till I met mit my Katy,
 All dem tings in de town, dey vere nonshense and pain;

I saw not de gal I would call my dear lady,
 Till I met mit my Katy, vat lives on de plain.
 I dont care how high I may get in de nation,
 From all dem high places I'd come town again,
 Und dink it vas noding to have a great shtation,
 Ven I couldn't get Katy, vat lives on de plain.

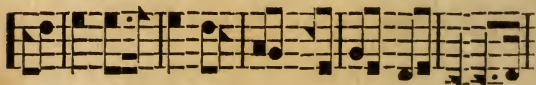
The American Volunteer.



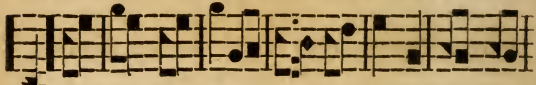
The trumpet sounds, my country calls, A



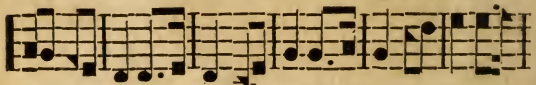
hostile band our shores invade, I go to dare



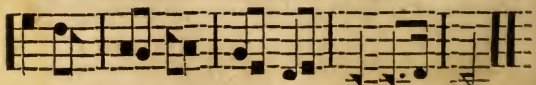
the cannon balls, And dye in blood my battle-



blade. And Mary, gentle and sincere, Weep not, I



pray, when thus we part, Drive from thine eye the falling



tear, And banish sorrow from thy heart.

2 For should I coward-like await
 The foes' approach in marshal pride,
 And see them force our farm-house gate,
 With lust and rapine by their side—

I could not bear the keen rebuke,
 Thy screams would speak in that dread hour,
 I could not bear thy helpless look,
 When struggling with a ruffian's power.

- 3 No, get my war-horse, I'll away
 And meet the invader on the stran
 And they shall surely rue the day,
 They dar'd upon our coast to land.
 And weep not, Mary, If I fall,
 Nor heave thy bosom with a sigh—
 Death is the common lot of all,
 'Tis for my country I shall die.
- 4 And teach our little darling boy
 That life is not with slav'ry wed,
 Teach him to yield it up with joy,
 At freedom's call, on honour's bed.
 Tell him 'twas thus our heroes fought ;
 And Mary, be thou sure to tell
 Our little one, that thus he ought
 To fight, for thus his father fell.

The plain gold Ring.

To the same Air.

- 1 He was a knight of low degree,
 A lady, high and fair, was she ;
 She dropt the ring, he rais'd the gem,—
 'Twas rich as eastern diadem.
 Nay, as your mistress' trophy, take
 The toy when next a lance you break ;
 He to the tourney rode away,
 And bore off glory's wreath that day.
- 2 How did his ardent bosom beat,
 When hast'ning at his lady's feet,
 The ring and wreath he proudly laid ;
 " O keep the ring," she softly said.
 " A ring so rich I may not wear,
 Let me return a gift so rare !"
 " Dear youth, a plain gold ring," she sigh'd
 " From you, were worth the world beside."

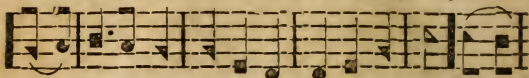
The meeting of the Waters.



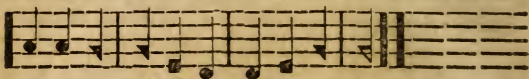
There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet,



As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet,
O the last ray of feeling and life must depart,



Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart, Ere the



bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

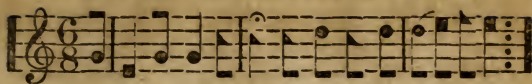
- 2 Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green:
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.
- 3 'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made each dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the blest charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.
- 4 Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best,
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!

The Relics of Washington.

By Silas S. Steele.

Tune.—Meeting of the Waters.

- 1 Where thy bright wave Potomac by fair Vernon sweeps,
There, shrouded in glory, great Washington sleeps;
There the spirits of freedom exultingly roam
Their blessings to breathe on the Patriot's tomb!
- 2 No proud marble rears its high crest o'er his dust,
For glory's hand lights up the grave of the just;
And the sun of his valor, which brighter still glows,
Shall hallow the spot where his relics repose,
- 3 While the Genius of Freedom the earth shall illumine,
His deeds shall light forth her brave sons to his tomb;
And his name's hallow'd splendor a watchword shall be
For millions who yet shall resolve to be free.

The old Maid's Soliloquy.

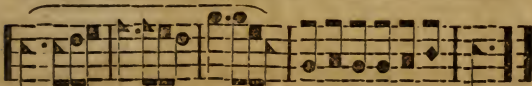
Last night the dogs did bark, I went to the gate to see,
A fine young man was coming, But he wasn't coming to me



And it's O, what will become of me? O, what shall I do?



No body coming to marry me! No body coming to



woo,

No body coming to woo.

2 My dad's a lab'ring man—
My mother did nothing but spin,
And I a pretty young girl,
But money came slowly in.
And it's O, &c.

3 I once was young and fair,—
They say I was scornful and bold;
Alas! I now despair,
For ah! I am growing old!
And it's O, &c.

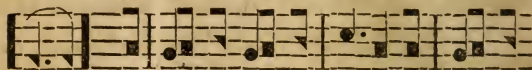
4 And must I die an old maid,
O dear! 'tis a dreadful thought!
And all my bloom must fade;
But surely it is not my fault.
And it's O, &c.

Blue eye'd Mary.

He. Come, tell me blue eye'd stranger, Say whither dost thou



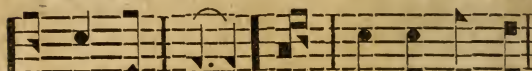
roam! O'er this wide world a ranger, Hast thou no friend, no



home. *She.*—They call'd me blue eye'd Mary, When friends and



fortune smil'd. But ah! how fortune varies, I now



am sorrow's child. But ah! how fortune



varies I now am sor - row's child.

He. 2 Come here, I'll buy thy flowers,
And ease thy hapless lot,
Still wet with waning showers,
I'll buy, forget me not.

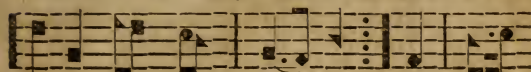
She. 3 Kind Sir, then take these possies,
They're fading like my youth,
But never, like these roses,
Shall wither Mary's truth.

He. 4 Look up, thou poor forsaken,
I'll give thee house and home,
And if I'm not mistaken,
Thou'lt never wish to roam.

She. 5 Once more I'm happy Mary,
Once more has fortune smil'd;
Who ne'er from virtue vary,
May yet be fortune's child.

The Soldier's Return.

When wild war's deadly blast was blown, And
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless, And



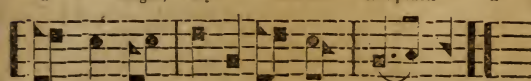
gentle peace re - turn - ing, { I left
mony a widow mourning,



the lines and tented field, Where long I'd been



a lodger, My humble knapsack a'



my wealth, A poor but honest sodger.

2 A leal, light heart was in my breast,

My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;

And for fair Scotia's hame again,

I cheery on did wander.

I thought upon the banks o'Coil,

I thought upon my Nancy,

I thought upon the witching smile

That caught my youthful fancy.

3 At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,

Where early life I sported;

I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,

Where Nancy aft I courted:

Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,

Down by her mother's dwelling!

And turn'd me round to hide the flood

That in my een was swelling.

4 Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,

Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,

O! happy, happy may he be,
 That's dearest to thy bosom!
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,
 And fain wad be thy lodger;
 I've serv'd my king and country lang,
 Take pity on a sodger.

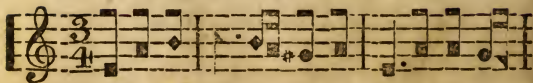
5 Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
 And lovelier than ever:
 Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
 Forget him shall I never:
 Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
 Ye freely shall partake it,
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

6 She gaz'd—she reddened like a rose—
 Syne pale like ony lily;
 She sank within my arms, and cried,
 Art thou my ain dear Willie?
 By him who made yon sun and sky—
 By whom true love's regarded,
 I am the man; and thus may still
 True lovers be rewarded.

7 The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
 And find thee still true-hearted;
 Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
 And mair we'se ne'er be parted.
 Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
 A mailen plenish'd fairly;
 And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

8 For gold the merchant ploughs the main.
 The farmer ploughs the manor;
 But glory is the sodger's prize;
 The sodger's wealth is honour,
 The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger,
 Remember he's his country's stay
 In day and hour of danger.

Black eye'd Susan.



All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, The streamers



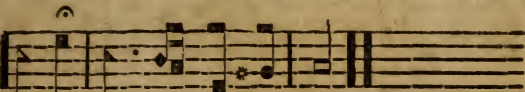
waving to the wind, When black ey'd Susan came on board; Oh!



where shall I my true love find? Tell me, ye jovial



sailors, tell me true, If my sweet William If my sweet



William sails among your crew.

- 2 William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro;
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd and cast his eyes below.
 The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
 And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

- 3 So the sweet lark, high poised in air
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If, chance, his mate's shrill note he hear,
 And drops at once into her nest
 The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

- 4 "O, Susan! Susan! lovely dear:
 My vows shall ever true remain;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear.
 We only part to meet again
 Change, as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee

- 5 "Believe not what the landmen say
 Who tempt, with doubts, thy constant mind
 They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
 In ev'ry port a mistress find—
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

- 6 If to fair India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in di'monds bright ;
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory so white.
 Thus, ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.
- 7 Though battle calls me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
 Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
 William shall to his dear return.
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly.
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

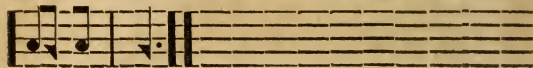
Let's drive dull care away.



Why should we at our lots complain, Or grieve at our



distress? Some think if they could riches gain, They'd gain true

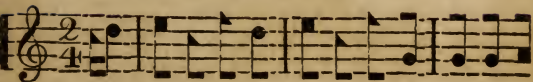


happi - ness.

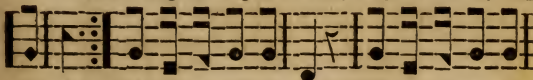
- 2 Alas! how vain is all their gain!
 This life will soon decay.
 Then whilst we're here with friends so dear,
 Let's drive dull cares away.
- 3 The only circumstance in life,
 That ever I could find,
 To soften care or temper strife,
 Was a contented mind;
- 4 Having that store we have much more
 Than wealth could e'er convey,
 And whilst we're here with friends so dear,
 We'll drive dull cares away.
- 5 Why should the rich despise the poor?
 Why should the poor repine?
 We all will in a few years more,
 In equal friendship join.

- 6 We're much to blame, we're all the same,
This life is made of clay,
So whilst we're here with friends so dear,
Let's drive dull cares away.
- 7 Let's make the best we can of life,
Not render it a curse,
But take it as you would a wife,
For better or for worse.
- 8 Life at the best is but a jest,
A dreary winter's day,
So whilst we're here with friends so dear,
We'll drive dull cares away.
- 9 Decline of life, old age comes on,
And we are young no more—
Let's not repine at what we've done,
Nor grieve that youth is o'er;
- 10 But cheerful be, as formerly,
And innocently gay,
And whilst we're here, with friends so dear,
Let's drive dull cares away.

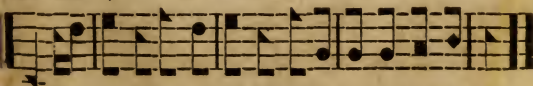
My long tail Blue.



I've come to town to see you all, And ax you how
I'll sing a song not verry long, About my long



you do; } Oh for de long tail blue, Oh for de long tail
tail blue: }

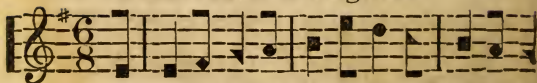


blue. I'll sing a song not verry long, About my long tail blue.

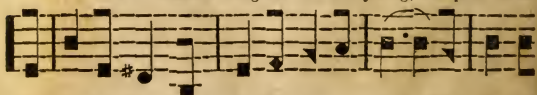
- 2 Some niggers dey hab but one coat,
But I know I've got two;
I wears a jacket all de week,
An Sunny my long tail blue.
Oh for de long tail blue, &c.

- 3 An den I take de lubly lass,
 One, two, tre, for to walk ;
 An once we fall in a mud pon,
 I tink we look like chalk.
 Oh for de long tail blue, &c.
- 4 Jim Crow he korting a white gall,
 I tink dey call her Sue ;
 I guess she kick de nigger out,
 An swung my long tail blue.
 Oh for de long tail blue, &c.
- 5 Now Sue she be what I call snug,
 She dress de tip top fashion,
 She always hab dat lubly smile ;
 An nebber in a passion.
 Oh for de long tail blue, &c.
- 6 For goin once up de Five Points,
 I holler'd arter Sue ;
 De watchman he den took me up,
 An tore my long tail blue.
 Oh for de long tail blue, &c.
- 7 I took it to de Tailor shop,
 To see wat he could do ;
 He took a needle an some tread,
 An sow'd my long tail blue.
 Oh for de long tail blue, &c.
- 8 He sow'd one side de tail haf up,
 Wich wen I put him on ;
 Set all de galls to grin at me,
 As I walk de lubly lawn.
 Oh for de long tail blue, &c.
- 9 If you want to win de Ladies heart,
 I tell you wat you do ;
 Go to he great big Tailor shop,
 An buy de long tail blue.
 Oh for de long tail blue, &c.

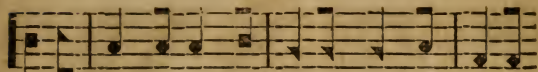
A Mason's Daughter.



A mason's daughter fair and young, The pride of all



the virgin throng, Thus to her lover said; Tho' Damon



I your flame approve, Your actions praise, Your person



love, Yet still I'll live a maid.

2 None shall untie my virgin zone,
But one to whom the secret's known,
Of fam'd free masonry;
In which the great and good combine,
To raise, with generous design,
Man to felicity.

3 The lodge excludes the fop and fool,
The plodding knave, and party tool,
That liberty would sell;
The noble, faithful, and the brave,
No golden charms can e'er deceive,
In slavery to dwell.

4 This said, he bow'd, and went away,
Beply was made, without delay,
Return'd to her again;
The fair one granted his request,
Connubial joys their days have blest,
And may they e'er remain.

'I canna, winna marry yet.'



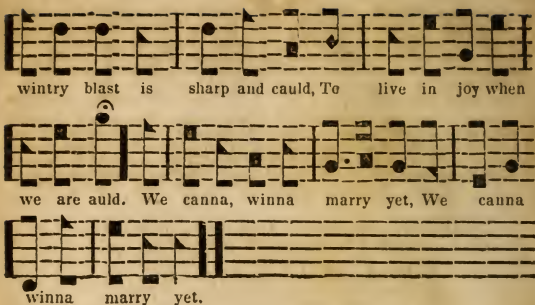
Tho' weel I like ye, Jonny lad, I canna, winna



marry yet, Your een can make me blithe and gay, Yet we a-

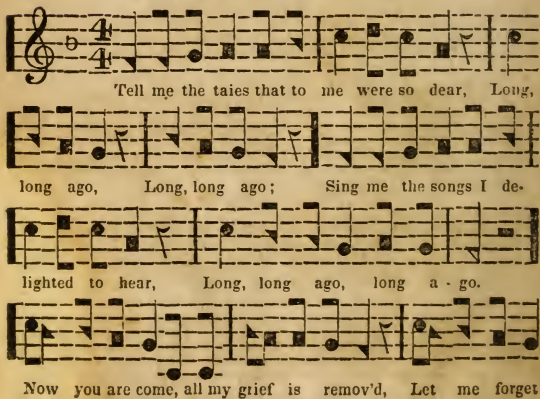


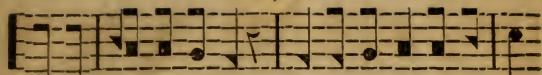
while maun tarry yet, Ye are but young, and I'm not auld, The



2 A woddèd life's oft dearly bought,—
I canna, winna marry yet.
Ye hae but little—I hae nought,
Sae we awhile maun tarry yet :
My heart's your ane, ye need nae fear,
But let us wait anither year,
And love and toil and scrape up gear
We canna, winna marry yet.

Long ago.





that so long you have lov'd, Let me believe that you love



as you lov'd, Long, long ago, long a - go.

- 2 Do you remember the path where we met,
 Long, long ago—long, long ago;
 Ah! yes, you told me you ne'er would forget,
 Long, long ago, long ago.
 Then to all others my smile you preferred,
 Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
 Still my heart treasures the praises I heard,
 Long, long ago, long ago.

- 3 Though by your kindness my fond hopes were rais'd,
 Long, long ago—long, long ago—
 You by more eloquent lips have been praised,
 Long, long ago, long ago;—
 But by long absence your truth has been tried,
 Still to your accents I listen with pride,
 Blest as I was when I sat by your side,
 Long, long ago, long ago.

Jim along Josey!

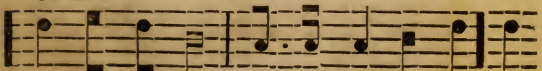


I cum from old Virginny one very fine day De
 Wid de Banjo in my hand I'll play de merry tune Dat



riber was froze and I skeeted all de way,
 de niggers used to dance by de light ob de moon.

Chorus.



Hey cum along Jim along Josey, Hey



cum along, Jim along Joe.

- 2 De niggers gib a ball on de forty lebenth June,
And den dey couldn't keep dare fiddles in tune,
So dey sent for me and I did go.
And dis is de tune I played on de Banjo.
Hey cum along, &c.
- 3 I went to a ball todder end ob de town,
Ten foot in de cellar right upon de bare ground,
One niggarr blowed de bugle till he burst de clamanet,
And I played de Banjo till dis old nigga sweat.
Hey cum along, &c.
- 4 Old Miss Corkum she was dere.
She wanted a lock ob dis nigga's hair,
So arter dat we danced two reels,
And den her shins dropped down upon her heels.
Hey cum along, &c.
- 5 A bull frog jumped from out ob de spring,
But he was so cold dat he could not sing,
He tied his tail to a hickory stump,
He raired and he pitched but he couldn't make a jump.
Hey cum along, &c.
- 6 I met a nigger wench and Moses how she grinned,
Now dis nigger wench was extolling ob her shin,
Now dis nigger wench dat I chanced to meet,
Her toes was in de house and her heels in de street.
Hey cum along, &c.
- 7 When dis nigga sings de white folks semble round,
Den you here some observations made pon de ground,
One feller laughed and Moses how he'd holler,
He grinned till he split his coat clear to de collar.
Hey cum along, &c.
- 8 De New York niggers dey tink demselves fine,
Cause dey dring mint juleps and smoke de gennine,
Dere's a feller in our crowd and he goes de whole figger,
And I'se what you call a real old Virginny nigger.
Hey cum along, &c.

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Long
and short

