

UNCLE COFFEE'S



ETHIOPIAN SONGSTER

*A SELECTION OF COMMON
MINSTREL SONGS AND TUNES
FROM THE MIDDLE 1800'S*

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Many of the songs in *Uncle Coffee's Ethiopian Songster* are common, blackface, minstrel songs from the antebellum period. Each retains the original words of the original songs. Some contain particular words which are harsh and offensive to the modern ear. Despite this, the songs have been kept in the original for reasons of authenticity.

What may be appropriate on the march or around the campfire at a Civil War living history is not necessarily appropriate around all campfires. The proper circumstances for these songs to be sung depend upon time, place and manner .

- *Silas Tackitt and Uncle Coffee*
(Seattle, 2009)

ANGELINA BAKER

Way down on de ol' plantation, dah's where I was born ;
I used to beat de whole creation, hoein' in de corn.
Oh! Den I work and den I play, so happy all de day ;
Den Angelina Baker came, and stole my heart away.

*CHORUS : Angelina Baker!
Angelina Baker's gone!
She left me hear to weep a tear,
And beat on de ol' jawbone.*

I've seen my Angelina, in de spring-time and de fall ;
I've seen her in de corn-field, and I've seen her at de ball.
And ebry time I met her she was smiling like de sun ;
But now I'm left to weep a tear 'cause Angelina's gone.
Angelina Baker &c.

Angelina am so tall, she nebber see de ground ;
She hab to take a wellumscope to look down on de town.
Angelina likes de boys, as far as she can see dem ;
She use to run ol' Massa 'round, an' ax him for to free dem.
Angelina Baker &c.

Early in de morning ob a lubly summer day,
I ax for Angelina, and de say "*she's gone away.*"
I dont know whar to find her, cause I dont know whar she's gone ;
She left me hear to weep a tear, and beat on de ol' jawbone.
Angelina Baker &c.

DANDY JIM OB CAROLINE

I've often heard it said of late,
Dat Souf Carolina am de state ;
Whar handsome niggers bound to shine,
Like Dandy Jim from Caroline.

I drest myself from top to toe,
And down to Dinah, I did go ;
Wid pantaloons strapp'd down behine,
Like Dandy Jim from Caroline.

*CHORUS : For my ol' massa tol' me so,
I de best lookin' nigger in de County O ;
I look in de glass an' I found it so,
Jus' like massa told me O.*

De bull dog clar'd me out ob de yard,
I taught I'd better leabe my card ;
I tied it fast to a piece ob twine,
Signed, "Dandy Jim from Caroline.

She got my card an' wrote me a letta,
An' eb'ry word she spelt de betta ;
For eb'ry word an' eb'ry line,
Was "Dandy Jim from Caroline."
For my ol' massa &c.

Oh, beauty it is but skin deep,
But wid Miss Dinah none compete ;
She chang'd her name from lubly Dine,
To Mrs. Dandy Jim from Caroline.

An' ebry little nig we had,
Was de berry image ob dar dad ;
Dar heels stick out tree feet behine,
Like Dandy Jim from Caroline.
For my ol' massa &c.

I took dem all to church one day,
An' hab dem christened wid-out delay ;
De Preacher christened eight or nine,
Young Dandy Jims from Caroline.

An' when de Preacher took he tea,
 He seem'd to be berry much perplee ;
 For noting cum across he mine,
 But Dandy Jim from Caroline.
For my ol' massa &c.

DARLING NELLY GRAY

Dare's a low green valley on de ol' Kentucky shore ;
 Where I've whiled many happy hours away.
 A sitting and a singing by de little cottage door,
 Where lived my darling Nelly Gray.

CHORUS :

*My darling Nelly Gray! Dey have taken you away ;
 And I'll never see my darling any more.
 I'm sittin' by de river, and I'm weepin' all de day ;
 For you've gone from de ol' Kentucky shore.*

Wen de moon had climb de mountain, an' de stars were shinin' too,
 Den I'd take my darling Nelly Gray.
 We'd float on down de river in my little red canoe ;
 While my banjo sweetly I would play.
My darling Nelly Gray &c.

One night I went to see her, but "*she's gone!*" de neighbors say,
"De white man hab bound her wid a chain."
 Dey hab taken her to Georgia for to wear her life away,
 As she toil in de cotton and de cane.
My darling Nelly Gray &c.

My canoe is under water, and my banjo is unstrung ;
 I'm tired of living any more.
 My eyes shall look downward, and my song shall be unsung ;
 While I stay on de ol' Kentucky shore.
My darling Nelly Gray &c.

My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see my way ;
 Hark! Dare's somebody knocking at de door.
 Oh! I hear de angels calling, an' I see my Nelly Gray ;
 Farewell to de ol' Kentucky shore.

LAST CHORUS :

*Oh! my darling, Nelly Gray, up in heaven dare dey say ;
 Dat dey'll never take you from me any more ;
 I'm a coming, coming, coming, as de angels clare de way,
 Farewell to de ol' Kentucky shore.*

DE BOATMAN DANCE

*CHORUS - 2x : Hi ho, de boatmen row,
 Floating down de river, de O-hi-o.*

De boatman dance, de boatman sing,
 De boatman up to ebry ting ;
 An' when de boat men gets on shore,
 He spends his cash and works for more.

*REFRAIN : Den dance de boatman dance,
 O dance de boatman dance ;
 O dance all night till broad daylight,
 An' go home wid de gals in de morning.*

THEN CHORUS

De oyster boat should keep to de shore,
 De fishin' smack should venture more ;
 De schooner sails before de wine-d (wind),
 De steamboat leaves a streak behind.

REFRAIN, THEN CHORUS

I wen' on board de odder day,
 To see what de boatman had to say ;

Dar I let my passions loose,
 An' dey cram me in de callaboose.
REFRAIN, THEN CHORUS

I've come dis time, I'll come no more,
 Let me loose I'll go on shore ;
 For dey whole hoss, and dey a bully crew,
 Wid a hoosier mate as captin, too.
REFRAIN, THEN CHORUS

When you go to de boatman's ball,
 Dance wid de wife, or don't dance at all ;
 Sky blue jacket an tarpaulin hat,
 Look out my boys for de nine tail cat.
REFRAIN, THEN CHORUS

De boatman am a thrifty man,
 Dars none can do as de boatman can ;
 I nebber a see putty gal in my life ;
 But dat she was a boatman's wife.
REFRAIN, THEN CHORUS

When de boatman blow his horn,
 Look out ol' man your hog is gone ;
 He cotch my sheep, he cotch my shoat,
 Den put em in a bag an' tote em to de boat.
REFRAIN, THEN CHORUS

**DE CAMPTOWN RACES or
 GWINE TO RUN ALL NIGHT,**

De Camptown ladies sing dis song :
 Doo-dah! doo-dah!
 De Camptown race-track five mile long ;
 Oh! doo-dah day!

I come down dare wid my hat caved in ;
 Doo-dah! doo-dah!
 I go back dare wid a pocket full ob tin ;
 Oh! doo-dah day!

*CHORUS : Gwine to run all night!
 Gwine to run all day!
 I bet my money on de bobtail nag ;
 Somebody bet on de bay.*

De long tail fly and de big black hoss ;
 Doo-dah! doo-dah!
 De fly de track and dey both cut across ;
 Oh! doo-dah day!

De blind hoss stricken in a big mud hole ;
 Doo-dah! doo-dah!
 Can't touch bottom wid a ten foot pole ;
 Oh! doo-dah day!
Gwine to run all night &c.

Ol' muley come on de track ;
 Doo-dah! doo-dah!
 De bob-tail fling her ober his back ;
 Oh! doo-dah day!

Den fly along like a rail-road car ;
 Doo-dah! doo-dah!
 Runnin' a race wid a shootin' star ;
 Oh! doo-dah day!
Gwine to run all night &c.

See dem flyin' on a ten mile heat ;
 Doo-dah! doo-dah!
 Round de race track, den repeat ;
 Oh! doo-dah day!

I win my money on de bob-tail nag ;
Doo-dah! doo-dah!

I keep my money in an ol' tow bag ;
Oh! doo-dah day!

Gwine to run all night &c.

**DE FLOATING SCOW OF OLD VIRGINNY or
TAKE ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY**

On de floating scow ob ol' Virginia,
I worked from day to day ;
A raking 'mongst de oyster beds,
To me, it was but play.

*CHORUS : But now I'm ol' and feeble too,
I cannot work any more.
Den take me back to ol' Virginny
To de ol' Virginia shore.*

O, if I was but young again,
I would lead a different life ;
And I'd save money and buy a farm,
I'd take Dinah for my wife.

*CHORUS : But now Ol' Age, he holds me tight,
And my limbs are growing sore ;
Den take me back to ol' Virginny,
To de ol' Virginia shore.*

Oh, when I'm dead and gone to rest,
Lay de ol' banjo by my side ;
Let de Possum an' coon to de funeral go,
For dey was my only pride.

*CHORUS : Den in soft repose I take my sleep,
And I'll dream for eber more ;
Den take me back to ol' Virginny,
To de ol' Virginia shore.*

EPHRAIM'S LAMENT

Come niggers listen to dis song, dat I is gwine to sing ;
It will not be so berry long, but 'tis de berry ting.

To make you start and ope your eyes, and like a Bullfrong croak ;
For when you see dis nigger cry, you know him heart am broke.

*CHORUS : Oh! Ephraim's heart am broke,
Oh, Ephraim he must die ;
He thought her love was in her heart,
But only in in her eye.*

*Oh! Ephraim's heart am broke,
Oh, Ephraim don't you cry ;
Dat gal will soon come back again,
And to your arms will fly.*

My Chloe was de lubliest gal, in all Virginny state ;
She was de flower of ebbry ball, de star dat ruled my fate.

She say for me her lub no change, doe all de nigger tease her ;
Tru field and wood wid dem to range, 'Spec-ly dat nigger Ceasar.
Oh! Ephraim's heart &c.

Upon her truth I did rely, and tink she change would nebber ;
She say for me she'd sooner die, dan her lub from me to sebber.

But wid my heart she only play, like angler wid de fishes ;
Wid nigger Ceas she run away, while I was washing dishes.
Oh! Ephraim's heart &c.

GEN. BUTLER (*tune : Yankee Doodle*)

But-ler and I went out from camp,
 From Bethel to make a battle ;
 And then the Southrons whupped us back,
 Just like a drove of cattle.

*CHORUS : Come throw your swords and muskets down,
 You do not find them handy ;
 Although we Yankees cannot fight,
 At running we're the dandy.*

And then we got a monster gun,
 Which gives us satisfaction ;
 For seven miles or just a space,
 We Yankees love inaction.
Come throw your swords &c.

Whenever we go out to fight,
 The Southrons give us lickens ;
 But then we strive to get revenge,
 By stealing all their chickens.
Come throw your swords &c.

Old Butler stays in Fort Monroe,
 And listens to the firing ;
 And when his men have met defeat,
 He goes out the fort inquiring.
Come throw your swords &c.

They say that Butler will not fight
 Is certainly a scandal ;
 For not a trophy he has gained,
 Except an old pump handle.
Come throw your swords &c.

GWINE OBER DE MOUNTAIN

'Twas in a slash Vir-ginny break,
 Sambo lib, some call him Jake ;
 Picked up on dem banjo strings,
 Dis am de song dat he would sing.

*CHORUS : Ree Rom-a Ro-ree-o,
 Come along my darling!
 Or fare thee well my Dinah gal,
 For I'm gwine ober de mountain.*

Push de ol' horse on like mad,
 Wop him till he grin quite glad ;
 Dey come for debt upon dat day,
 He cut him stick 'cause he couldn't pay.
Ree Rom-a &c.

O, Dinah, cut along wid me,
 Come wid me to a new country ;
 Says, she, "*dear Sambo, dat I will,*"
 Gidee! how I slash de knacker up de hill.
Ree Rom-a &c.

Him play de Banjo all de day,
 Crows meat couldn't feed de way ;
 Dinah for to make him go,
 Wop him well wid de ol' Banjo.
Ree Rom-a &c.

When our journey slick through done,
 Kick our legs 'way wid much fun ;
 Split de wing an' on we go,
 Play-ing 'way on de ol' Banjo.
Ree Rom-a &c.

Ol' horse pitch on all ob him knees,
 Didn't rain al-tho' it freeze ;
 Waited a week to find his breafe,
 Dat was de cause of ol' horse deaf.
Ree Rom-a &c.

Scoop de ditch, and lay him in,
 Like de debil he did grin ;
 Two doctors came to see what ail,
 Say him die wid da "ear ache" in his tail.
Ree Rom-a &c.

Dinah den grow berry cross,
 All for poor ol' Crows meat loss ;
 In one place I kiss her twice,
 And dat she said was berry nice.
Ree Rom-a &c.

An' ober de mountain I did go,
 I stumble ober to brodder Joe ;
 Ask him cibil, "how you're do?"
 "None de betta for seeing you."
Ree Rom-a &c.

Reach Philadelphy de berry next day,
 Nigger den was berry gay ;
 Massa Jones die ob it make,
 Leab all his money to Dinah and Jake.
Ree Rom-a &c.

So den our journey was all done,
 Me and Dinah make but one ;
 Grin like 'possums up a tree,
 None so happy ab Dinah and me.
Ree Rom-a &c.

JIM ALONG JOSEY

I'se from Lucianna as you all know,
 Dat's whar Jim along Josey's all go ;
 Dem niggers all rise when de bell does ring,
 And dis am de song dat dey sing.

*CHORUS - 2x : Hey get along, Jim Along Josey,
 Hey get along, Jim along Joe!*

My sister Rose de udder night did dream,
 Dat she was floating up and down de stream ;
 And when she woke she began to cry,
 And de white cat picked out de black cat's eye.
Hey get along &c. - 2x

Now way down South not very far off,
 A Bullfrog died ob de hooping cough ;
 And de oder side of Mississippi as you must know,
 Dar's where I was christen'd Jim along Joe.
Hey get along &c. - 2x

De New York boys tink dey're fine,
 Because dey drink de genuine ;
 De Southern boys dey lib on mush,
 And when dey laugh dey say, "Oh Hush."
Hey get along &c. - 2x

JIM JAWBONE - (tune : Yankee Doodle)

Jim Jawbone was a color'd man,
 Ob de true nigga blood, sah,
 In old Virginny he did grow,
 Among de 'bacca buds, sah.

His fader cum from Alabam',
 His moder cum from Guinea,
 Dey suckled little Jawbone wid
 De leaf ob ole Virginny.

*CHORUS : Suc-cess to de to-bac-co leaf,
 An' nigga's Jawbone Grinny,
 Sing may dey raise for our relief,
 De plant ob ole Virginny.*

Dey cradled in tobacco stalks,
 Dis blooming infant black, sah;
 An' long before he larnt to talk,
 He squealed de name of "bacca."

Soon as young Jim fus larnt to creep,
 dey missed an' thought him killed, sah,
 But dey found him in de field asleep, upon a bacca hill, sah,
Success to de tobacco leaf, &c.

As Jim growed up, de more he show
 His vegetable breed, sah;
 His 'plexion from the de sable crow,
 Turned like de yallar weed, sah;

His limbs growed so jist like de plant,
 When cutting time come round, sah,
 He took 'em for tobacco stalks,
 An' cumself clar down, sah.
Success to de tobacco leaf, &c.

So poor Jim Jawbone had to die,
 All by dis sad slipstake, sah,
 He hung him up wid stalks to dry,
 Upon de 'bacca brake, sah;

Dis pipe I cut out ob de bone,
 Dat growed out ob his shin, sah,
 An' de more I smoke de 'bacca out,
 De more keeps coming in, sah,
Success to de tobacco leaf, &c.

**JOHNNY BOKER, or
 DE BROKEN YOKE IN DE COALING GROUN'**

As I went up to Lynchburg town,
 I broke my yoke on de coaling ground ;
 I drove from dare to Bowling Spring,
 And tried for to mend my yoke and ring.

*CHORUS - 2x : O, Johnny Booker, help dat nigger ;
 Do, Johnny Booker, do.*

I drove from dare to Wright's ol' shop,
 I hollered to my driver and told him to stop ;
 Says I, "Mr. Wright have you got a yoke?"
 He seized his bellows and blew up a smoke.
O, Johnny Booker &c. - 2x

Says I, "Mr. Wright hab 'nt long for to stay."
 He cotched up his hammer, an' knocked right away,
 Soon as he mended my staple and ring.
 Says I, "Mr. Wright, do you charge for any thing?"
O, Johnny Booker &c. - 2x

Says he to me, "I never charge
 Unless dat job am mighty large.
 For dose jobs dat am so small,
 I nebber charge for any ting at all."
O, Johnny Booker &c. - 2x

I drove from dar to Anthony's Mill,
 And tried to pull up dat are hill ;
 I whipped my steers and pushed my cart,
 But all I could do, I could'nt make a start.
O, Johnny Booker &c. - 2x

I put my shoulder to de wheel,
 Upon de ground I placed my heel ;
 Den we make a mighty strain,
 But all our efforts prove in vain.
O, Johnny Booker &c. - 2x

Dare cum a waggoner driving by,
 I sat on de ground and 'gan for to cry ;
 Says me to him, "*some pity take*
And help me up for conscience sake."
O, Johnny Booker &c. - 2x

Says he to me, "*I will help dee.*"
 He took out his horses number three ;
 I wiped from my eyes de falling tears,
 He hitched his horses before my steers.
O, Johnny Booker &c. - 2x

Den to me he did much please.
 He pulled me up wid so much ease.
 His horses were so big and strong.
 De way dey pulled dis nigger along.
O, Johnny Booker &c. - 2x

JUMP, JIM CROW

I come from ole Kentucky, a long time ago,
 Where I first larn to wheel about and jump Jim Crow.

*CHORUS : Wheel about and turn about and do jis so,
 Eb'ry time I weel about and jump Jim Crow,*

I used to take him Fiddle ebry morn and ar-ter-noon ;
 And charm de old Buzzard and dance to de Racoon.
Wheel about and etc.

I went down to de riber, I didn't mean to stay ;
 But dere I see so many galls, I couldn't get away.
 I git 'pon a flat boat, I cotch de Uncle Sam ;
 Den I went to see de place where dey kill'd Packenham.
Weel about and etc.

An' den I go to New Orlean, an' feel so full of fight ;
 Dey put me in de Calaboose, an' keep me dare all night.
 I went to Hoboken to hab a promenade ;
 An' dar I see de pretty gals drinking Lemonade.
Wheel about and etc.

Dat sour and dat sweet is berry good by gum ;
 But de best of lemonade is made by adding rum.
 At de Swan cottage is de place I think ;
 Whar dey make dis'licious an 'toxicating drink.
Wheel about and etc.

De great Nullification and fuss in de South ;
 Is now before Congress to be tried by word ob mouth.
 De hab had no blows yet and I hope dey nebber will ;
 For its berry cruel in bredren one anoders blood to spill.
Wheel about and etc.

Wid Jackson at de head dey soon de ting may settle ;
 For ole Hickory is a man dat's tarnal full ob mettle.
 Should dey get to fighting perhaps de blacks will rise ;
 For deir wish for freedom is shining in their eyes.
Wheel about and etc.

An' if de blacks should get free I guess dey'll fee some bigger ;
 An' I shall consider it a bold stroke for de niggarr.
 I'm for freedom an' for Union altogether ;
 Although I'm a black man de white is call'd my brodder.
Wheel about and etc.

I'm for union to a gal an' dis is a stubborn fact ;
 Bit if I marry an' don't like it I'll nullify de act.
 I'm tired of being a single man an' I'm tarmined to get a wife ;
 For what I think de happiest is de swee married life.
Wheel about and etc.

Its berry common 'moung de white to marry and get divorced ;
 But that I'll nebber do unless I'm really forced.
 I think I see myself in Broadway wid my wife upon my arm ;
 And to follow up de fashion dere sure can be no harm.
Wheel about and etc.

Now my Broder Niggers, I do not tink it right ;
 Dat you should laugh at dem who happen to be White.
 I'm so glad dat I'm a Nigger, an' don't you wish you was too ;
 For den you'd gain popularity by jumping Jim Crow.
Wheel about and etc.

KEEMO KIMO

In South Car'lina de niggers go :
Sing song kitty can't you ki' me oh!
 Dats whar de white folks plant dere tow.
Sing song kitty can't you ki' me, oh!

Cover de ground all over wid smoke.
Sing song kitty can't you ki' me, oh!
 And up de niggers heads dey poke.
Sing song kitty can't you ki' me oh.

*CHORUS : Keemo Kimo! -- Dar! oh whar?
 Wid my hi, my ho, and in come Sally singing
 Some times penny winkle, lington, nipcat --
 Sing song kitty can't you ki' me oh.*

Milk in de dairy nine days ol',
Sing song kitty can't you ki' me oh.
 Frogs and de skeeters getting mighty bold ;
Sing song kitty can't you ki' me oh!

Dey try for to sleep but it ain't no use.
Sing song kitty can't you ki' me oh.
 Dere legs hang out for de chickens to roost.
Sing song kitty can't you ki' me oh!
 Chorus.

Dar was a frog lived in a pool,
Sing song kitty can't you ki' me oh!
 Sure he was de biggest fool--
Sing song kitty can't you ki' me oh!

For he could dance and he could sing,
Sing song kitty can't you ki' me oh!
 And make de woods around him ring.
Sing song kitty can't you ki' me oh.
 Chorus.

MISS LUCY LONG

Oh! I jist come out a-fore you,
 To sing a little song ;
 I plays it on de Banjo,
 And dey calls it Lucy Long,

CHORUS : *Oh! take your time, Miss Lucy,
Take your time, Miss Lucy Long ;
Oh! take your time Miss Lucy,
Take your time, Miss Lucy Long.*

Miss Lucy she is handsome,
And Miss Lucy she is tall ;
To see her dance Cachucha,
Is death to Niggers all.
Oh! take your time Miss Lucy, &c.

Oh! Miss Lucy's teeth is grinning,
Just like an ear ob corn ;
And her eyes dey look so winning!
Oh would I'd ne'er been born.
Oh! take your time Miss Lucy, &c.

I axed her for to marry ,
Myself de toder day ;
She said she'd rather tarry,
So I let her habe her way.
Pray take your time Miss Lucy, &c.

If she makes a scolding wife,
As sure as she was born ;
I'd tote her down to Georgia,
And trade her off for Corn.
Then take your time Miss Lucy, &c.

De worl was made in just six days,
An' finish berry strong ;
But I guess it de seventh,
To finish Lucy Long.
So take your time Miss Lucy, &c.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD-NIGHT

De sun shines bright in de ol' Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, de darkies are gay ;
De corn top's ripe and de meadows in de bloom,
While de birds make music all de day.

De young folks roll on de little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright ;
By 'n by Hard Times come knocking at de door,
Den my ol' Kentucky Home, good night!

*CHORUS : Weep no more, my lady,
Oh! weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for de ol' Kentucky Home,
For my ol' Kentucky Home far away.*

Dey hunt no more for possum and de coon
On de meadow, de hill, and de shore ;
Dey sing no more by de glimmer of de moon,
On de bench by de ol' cabin door.

De day goes by like a shadow o're de heart,
Wid sorrow where all was delight ;
De time has come when de darkies have to part,
Den my ol' Kentucky Home, good-night!
Weep no more, my lady &c.

De head must bow and de back will have to bend,
Wherever de darkey may go ;
A few more days, and de trouble all will end
In de field where de sugar-canes grow.

A few more days for to tote de weary load,
 No matter, 'twill never be light ;
 A few more days till we totter on de road,
 Den my ol' Kentucky Home, good-night!
Weep no more, my lady &c.

OH! SUSANNA

I come from Alabama, wid my Banjo on my knee ;
 I's g'wine to Lou'siana, my true lub for to see.
 It rain'd all night de day I left, de wedder it was dry ;
 De sun so hot I froze to deaf, Susanna, dont you cry.

*CHORUS - 2x : Oh! Susanna,
 Do not cry for me ;
 I come from Alabama
 Wid my Banjo on my knee.*

I jumped aboard de telegraph, and trabbled down de ribber ;
 De 'lectrick fluid magnified, and kill'd five hundred nigger.
 De bul-gine bust and de hoss ran off, I really thought I'd die ;
 I shut my eyes to hold my breafe, Susanna, don't you cry.
Oh! Susanna &c. - 2x

I had a dream de udder night, when ebry ting was still ;
 I thought I saw Susanna dear, a coming down de hill.
 De buckwheat cake was in her mouf, de tear was in her eye ;
 I says, *I'se coming from de souf, Susanna, dont you cry.*
Oh! Susanna &c. - 2x

Oh! when I gets to New Orleans, I'll look all round and round ;
 And when I find Susanna, I'll fall right on de ground.
 But if I do not find her, dis darkey will surely die ;
 And when I'm dead and buried, Susanna, don't you cry.
Oh! Susanna &c. - 2x

ORIGINAL OLD DAN TUCKER

I come to town de udder night,
 I hear de noise an' saw de fight ;
 De watchman was a runnin' roun',
 Crying, "*Ol' Dan Tucker's come to town!*"

*CHORUS : So, get out de way!
 Get out de way!
 Get our de way, Ol' Dan Tucker ;
 You're too late to get your supper.*

Tucker is a nice ol' man,
 He use to ride our darby ram ;
 He sent him whizzen down de hill,
 If he hadn't got up he'd lay dar still.
So, get out de way &c.

Here's my razor in good order,
 Magnum bonum--jis hab bought 'er;
 Sheep shell oats, Tucker shell corn,
 I'll shabe you soon as de water get warm.
So, get out de way &c.

Ol' Dan Tucker an' I got drunk,
 He fell in de fire an' kick up a chunk ;
 De charcoal got inside he shoe,
 Lor' bless you, honey, how de ashes flew.
So, get out de way &c.

Down de road foremost de stump,
 Massa make me work de pump ;
 I pump so hard I broke de sucker,
 Dar was work for ol' Dan Tucker.
So, get out de way &c.

I went to town to buy some goods,
 I lost myself in a piece of woods ;
 De night was dark I had to suffer,
 It froze de heel of Daniel Tucker.
So, get out de way &c.

Tucker was a hardened sinner ;
 He nebber said his grace at dinner.
 De ol' sow squeel, de pigs did squall ;
 He 'hole hog wid de tail and all.
So, get out de way &c..

OLD KING CROW

Now gemmen hear what I'se gwine to say,
 It am a fac' and dat you know ;
 It cum for pass on a berry fine day,
 And its all about dat "Ol' King Crow!"

*REFRAIN : Dat ol' King Crow,
 He's de brackest tief I know ;
 He nebber say nuffin,
 But, "Caw! Caw! Caw!"*

*CHORUS : Jenny get yer hoe cake! Oh! don't bodder me!
 Fetch along de hoecake! I tell you tain't done.
 Will you bring de hoecake! Go long, don't bother me,
 I'll fetch along de hoecake ; Soon it am done.*

I went out in de ol' corn field,
 Someting holler, "hulloa Joe" ;
 I look'd up in de ol' oak tree,
 And dere he sot dat Ol' King Crow.
REFRAIN THEN CHORUS

Say I ol' crow get out ob dere,
 Before I shoot you wid my hoe ;
 Nuffin say but spread his wings,
 Den away he flew dat Ol' King Crow.
REFRAIN THEN CHORUS

OLD UNCLE NED

Dere was an ol' darkey,
 dey call'd him Uncle Ned ;
 He's dead long ago, long ago!

He had no wool
 On de top ob his head ;
 De place whar de wool ought to grow.

*CHORUS : Den lay down de shubble and de hoe,
 Hang up de fiddle and de bow ;
 No more hard work for poor Ol' Ned ,
 He's gone whar de good niggers go.*

His fingers were long
 Like de cane in de brake ;
 He had no eyes for to see.

He had no teeth
 For to eat de corn cake ;
 So he had to let de corn cake be.
Den lay down de shubble &c.

When Ol' Ned die
 Massa take it mighty bad ;
 De tears run down like de rain.

Ol' Missus turn pale
 And she gets berry sad ;

Cause she nebber see his like again.

Den lay down de shubble &c.

OLE ZIP COON

I went down to Sandy hook t'other arternoon,

I went down to Sandy hook t'other arternoon,

I went down to Sandy hook t'other arternoon,

And de fus man I chanced to meet was old Zip Coon

Ole Zip Coon, he a larned scholar,

Ole Zip Coon, he a larned scholar,

Ole Zip Coon, he a larned scholar,

Sings, "*Possum up a gum tree*" an' "*Cooney in de hollar.*"

CHORUS : Possum up a gum tree and Cooney on a stump,

Possum up a gum tree &c.

Den ober dubble trubble, Zip Coon will jump.

Possum on a log playin' wid him toes,

Possum on a log, &c.

Up comes a guinea hog an' off her goes.

Buffalo in a cane break, ole owl in a bush,

Buffalo in a cane break, &c.

Lauffin' at de black snake tryin to eat mush.

Possum up a gum tree &c.

Nice corn's a growin, and Sukey loves gin.

Nice corn's a growin, &c.

Rooster's done crowin at ole nigga's shin.

Oh, Coone's in de hollow an possum in de stuble.

Oh, Coone's in de hollow, &c.

An' its walk, chalk, ginger blue, jump, double trouble.

Possum up a gum tree &c.

Oh, a bull frog sot an' watch de alli-gator,

Oh, a bullfrog sot, &c.

An' jump upon a stump an offer him a tater,

De alligator grined an' tried for to blush,

De alligator grined, &c.

An de bull frog laughed an' cried "Oh! Hush!"

Possum up a gum tree &c.

Ole Sukey Blue-skin, she is in lub wid me,

Ole Sukey Blue-skin &c.

An' I went de udder arter noon to take a dish ob tea.

An' what do you tink Suke an' I had for supper,

An' what do you tink &c.

Why chicken foot an' possum heel wid-out any butter.

Possum up a gum tree &c.

My ole missus she's mad wid me,

My ole missus, &c.

Cause I wouldn't go wid her in-to Tennessee.

Massa build him barn an' put in de fodder,

Massa build him, &c.

Twas dis ting an' dat ting, an' one ting or udder.

Possum up a gum tree &c.

Did you eber see de wild goose sailin' on de ocean,

Did you eber see, &c.

Oh de wild goose motion is a berry pretty notion.

Ebry time de wild goose beckens to de swaller,

Ebry time &c.

You hear him hol-lar, "google, google, google gollar."

Possum up a gum tree &c.

I spose you hab beard ob de battle ob New Orleans

I spose you hab heard, &c.

Ware ole General Jackson gib de British beans:

Dare de Yankee boys do de job so slick,
 Dare de Yankee, &c.
 For dey coch Pakenham, an row'd him up de creek.
Possum up a gum tree &c.

Now way down South, close to de moon,
 Now way down South, &c.
 Dare libs de ole rogue dat dey calls Calhoun.
 Now long time past he has been trying.
 Now long time past, &c.
 Dat sas-sy trick what day call nullify-in.
Possum up a gum tree &c.

He try to run ole Hickory down,
 He try to run, &c.
 But he strike a snag an' run-a-ground,
 Dis snag by gum it ware a whopper,
 Dis snag by gum, &c.
 An' sent him into dock to get new copper.
Possum up a gum tree &c.

In Phil-a-del-fi-e is ole Biddle's bank,
 In Phil-a-del-fie, &c.
 Ole hickory examined him an' found him rather crank.
 He tells Nick to go an' not to make a muss
 He tells Nick &c.
 So hurrah for Jackson, he am de boy for us.
Possum up a gum tree &c.

I tell you what will happen now, berry soon
 I tell you &c.
 De Nited States Bank will be blown to de moon.
 Dare General Jackson will him lampoon.
 Dare General Jackson &c.
 And de berry next president will be Zip Coon.
Possum up a gum tree &c.

And when Zip Coon our president shall be,
 And when Zip Coon &c.
 He make all de little coon sing, "Possum up a tree."
 Oh, how de little coons will dance an' sing,
 Oh, how de little coons &c.
 When he tie dare tails togedder cross de lim dey swing.
Possum up a gum tree &c.

Oh' if I was President, ob dese United States,
 Oh, if I was President, &c.
 I'd lick 'lasses candy an' swing upon de gates,
 Zip shall be President, Crockett shall be vice,
 Zip shall be President &c.
 An den dey two togedder will hab de tings nice.
Possum up a gum tree &c.

Many tings to tork about, but don't know which come first,
 I hab many tings to tork about &c.
 So here de toast to Old Zip Coon before he 'gin to rust.
 May he hab de pret-ty girls, like de King ob ole,
 May he hab de pret-ty girls, &c.
 To sing dis song so may times before he turn to mole.
Possum up a gum tree &c.

**SETTIN' ON A RAIL or
 THE RACCOON HUNT**

As I walk'd out by de light ob de moon,
 So merrily singing dis same tune ;
 I cum across a big raccoon ;
 A sittin' on a rail.
*CHORUS : Sittin' on a rail, sittin' on a rail ;
 Sittin' on a rail, an' Sleepin' berry sound.*

I, at de Raccoon, take a peep,
 An' den so softly to 'im creep ;
 I foun' de Raccon fast asleep,
 An' pull him off de rail.
*Pull him off de rail, pull him off de rail ;
 Pull him off de rail ; an' fling him on de ground.*

De Raccoon 'gan to scratch and bite,
 I hit him once wid all my might ;
 I bung he eye, an' spile he sight,
 Oh, I'm dat child to fight.
*I'm dat child to fight, I'm dat child to fight ;
 I'm dat child to fight, and play de banjo, too.*

I tell de Raccoon 'gin to pray,
 While on de ground de Raccoon lay ;
 But he jump up, and run away,
 An' soon he out ob sight.
*Soon he out ob sight, soon he out ob sight ;
 Soon he out ob sight, sittin' on a rail.*

My ol' Massa dead am gone,
 A dose ob poison help him 'long ;
 De Debil say he funeral song,
 Oh bress him, rhet him go.
*Bress him, rhet him go, bress him, rhet him go ;
 Bress him, rhet him go, an' joy go wid him, too.*

De Raccoon hunt it am berry quare,
 Am no touch to kill de deer ;
 Because you kotch him wid out fear,
 A sittin on a rail.
*Sittin' on a rail, sittin' on a rail ;
 Sittin' on a rail ; sleepin' berry sound.*

Ob all de songs dat eber I sung,
 De Raccoon Hunt's de greatest one ;
 It always pleases ol' and young,
 And den dey cry encore.
*Den dey cry encore, den dey cry encore ;
 Den dey cry encore, an' den I takes a bow.*

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