

Ob all de songs dat eber I sung,  
 De Racoon 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.*

# UNCLE COFFEE'S



## ETHIOPIAN SONGSTER

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

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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.*

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**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.*

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**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.

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:

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.*

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 ;

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!

---

**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 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.

---

**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.

---

**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.*

*CHORUS : Keemo Kimo! -- Dar! oh whar?  
Wid my hi, my ho, and in come Sally singing  
Some times penny winkle, lingtum, 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,

Ol' horse pitch on all ob him knees,  
Didn't rain al-tho' it freeze ;  
Waited a week to find his breaif,  
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.*

*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 eby 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 Pakenham.  
*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.*

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;