



GUMBO CHAFF

as Sung at the different

Theatres.

Baltimore Published by G. Willig Jr.

G O M B O C H A F F

BALTIMORE Published and Sold by GEO. WILLIG J^r

On de Ohio bluff in de
state of Indiana , Dere's where I live, chock up to de Habbanna, Eb'ry mornin early
Massa gib me licker, I take my net and paddle and I put out de quicker, I jump into my kiff And I
down de river driff, And I cotch as many cat fish as ever nigger liff.

The musical score consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The music is in 2/4 time and the key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Now dis morning on a driff-log² tink I see an Alligator,
I scull my skiff around and chuck him sweet potato,
I cratch him on de head and try for to vex it,
But I could'nt fool de varmint no how I could fix it;
So I picks up a brick an' I fotch'd him sich a lick,
But twant nothin' but a pineknot 'pon a big stick.

Now old Massa build a barn³ to put de fodder in,
Dis ting an dat ting an' one ting anodder;
Thirty ninth Decembur time come a rise ob water,
An' it carry Massas barn much farder dan it ought to;
Then old Massa swear he cuss an' tare his hair,
Becase de water tuck de barn off he cou dnt tell where.

Now old Massa die on de 'lebenteenth⁴ of April,
I put him in de troff what cotch de sugar maple,
I digs a deep hole right out upon de level,
An' I do believe sure enough he's gone to de debil,
For when he live you know he light upon me so,
But now he's gone to tote de firewood way down below.

Den Missis she did marry Big⁵ Bill de weaver,
Soon she found out he was a gay deceiver,
He grab all de money and he put it in his pocket,
And de way he did put out was a sin to Davy Crocket;
So old Missis cry and 'gin to wipe her eye,
For she marry Bill de weaver she cou dnt tell why.

Now one day de sun gone down⁶ an' de days work over,
Old Gumbo Chaff he tink he'd live in Clover;
He jump into a boat wid his old Tamborine,
While schoonerhead Sambo play'd de Violin;
De way we saild to New Orleans never be forgotten,
Dey put me on de Levy dock to roll a bale of Cotton.

When I cotch hold de bale⁷ oh! den you ought to seen us!
First time dis child 'gan to show his genus;
I got hold de corner an' I give him sich a hug,
An' I light upon him like a duck 'pon a june bug;
Oh! you ought to been dare to see de Niggers laff,
For dey swore it was de debil or old Gumbo Chaff.

I learn'd to talk de French⁸ oh! a la mode de dancey,
Kick him shoe, tare him wool, parle vo de Francey,
Bone jaw Madamselle, Stevadors and Riggers,
Apple jack and sassafras and little Indian Niggers;
De natives laff'd an swore dat I was corn'd,
For dey neber heard sich French since dey was born'd.

I leab New Orleans early one⁹ day morning,
I jump'd aboard de boat jist as de day was dawning,
I hide behind de wood where de Niggers always toss 'um,
And lay low like de Coon when him tries to fool de Possum;
I lay dare still doe 'twas rather diffikill,
An dey did'nt find me out 'till I got to Louisville.

Dare Jim beats de drum¹⁰ an old Joe's de fifer,
An I is dat child what can read write an cifer;
Twice one is five den carry six to seven,
Twice six is twenty nine an eighteens eleven,
So 'twixt you and me its very plain to see,
Dat I learnt to play de Banjo by de double rule of three.

Now I rive on our farm on¹¹ de Ohio Bluff,
An' I tink of fun an' frolick old Gumbo's had enough;
Oh! de white folks at home I very much amuse,
When I sing dis song an tell 'em all de news;
So we'd music all night an dey set up sich a laff
When I introduced de Niggers to M^rs Gumbo Chaff.

(Gumbo chaff)