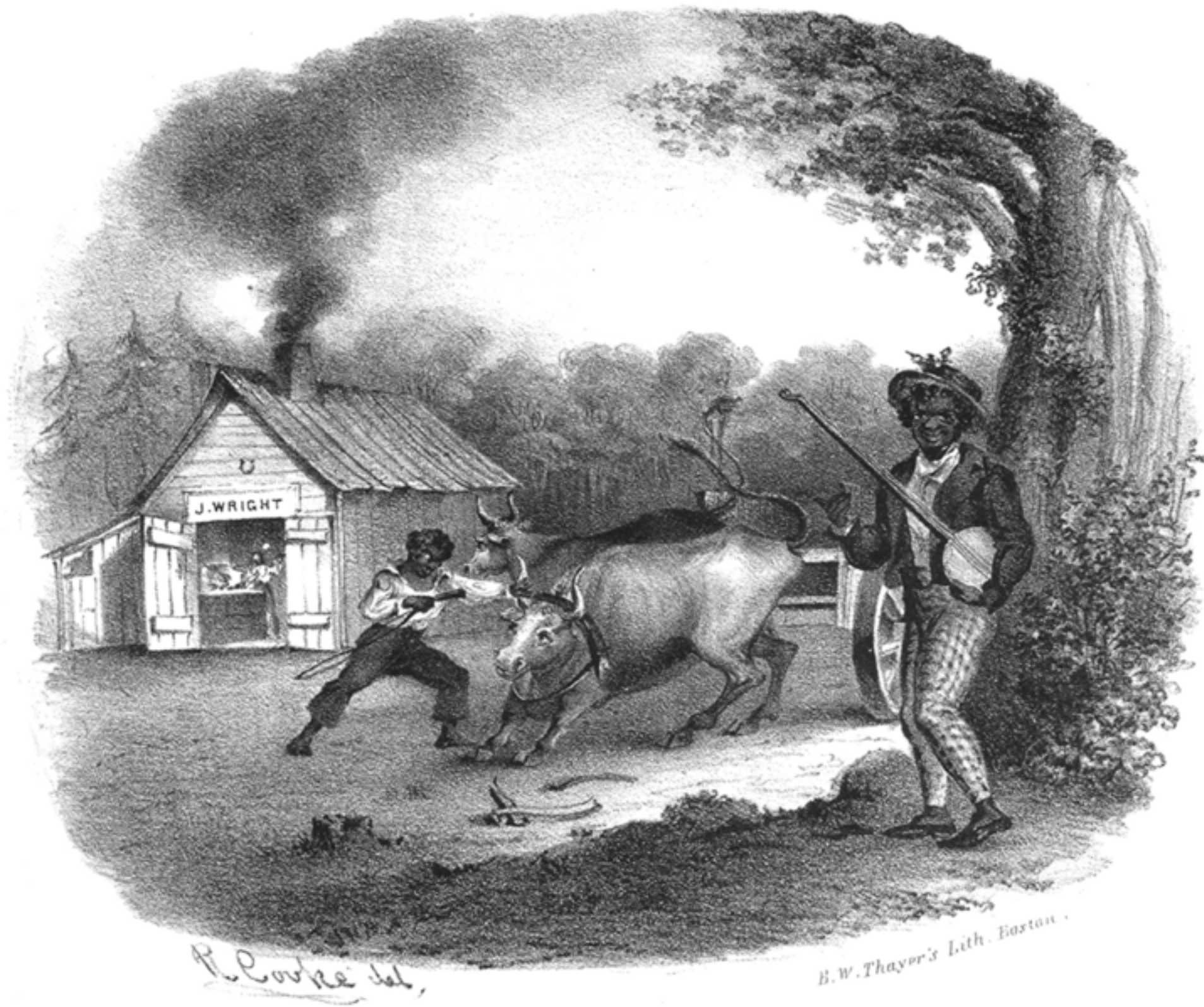


SWEENEY'S VIRGINIA MELODIES.



R. Cooke del.

B. W. Thayer's Lith. Boston

JONNY BOKER,
 OR DE BROKEN YOKE IN DE COALING GROUND.
 THE ORIGINAL BANJO SONG
As sung with great applause at the
TREMONT THEATRE,
 BY
J. W. SWEENEY.

BOSTON.
 Published by HENRY PRENTISS, 33 Court St.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1840 by H. Prentiss in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

JONNY BOKER OR THE BROKEN YOKE.

As I went up to
Lynchburg town, I broke my yoke on de coal-ing ground; I drove from dare to
bow-ling spring, And tried for to mend my yoke and ring. O Jonny Boker
help dat nigger do Jonny Boker do.

The musical score is written in 2/4 time. The vocal line is on a single treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are placed below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords that support the melody.



2

I drove from dare to Wright's ole shop
 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 Jonny Boker &c.

3

Says I Mr Wright habnt long for to stay
 He cotched up his hammer knocked right away
 Soon as he mended my staple and ring
 Says I Mr Wright do you charge any thing
 O Jonny Boker &c.

4

Says he to me I neber charge
 Unless de job is werry large
 For little jobs dat is so small
 I neber charge any ting at all
 O Jonny Boker &c.

(Save three cents dat time.)

5

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 Jonny Boker &c.

(De ole nigger was fast stalled dat time.)

6

I put my shoulder to the wheel
 Upon de ground I placed my heel
 Den we make a mighty strain
 But all our efforts prove in vain
 O Jonny Boker &c.

7

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 Jonny Boker &c.

8

Says he to me I will help thee
 He tuk out his horses No. 3
 I wiped from my eyes the falling tears
 He hitched his horses before my steers
 O Jonny Boker &c.

9

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 Jonny Boker &c.