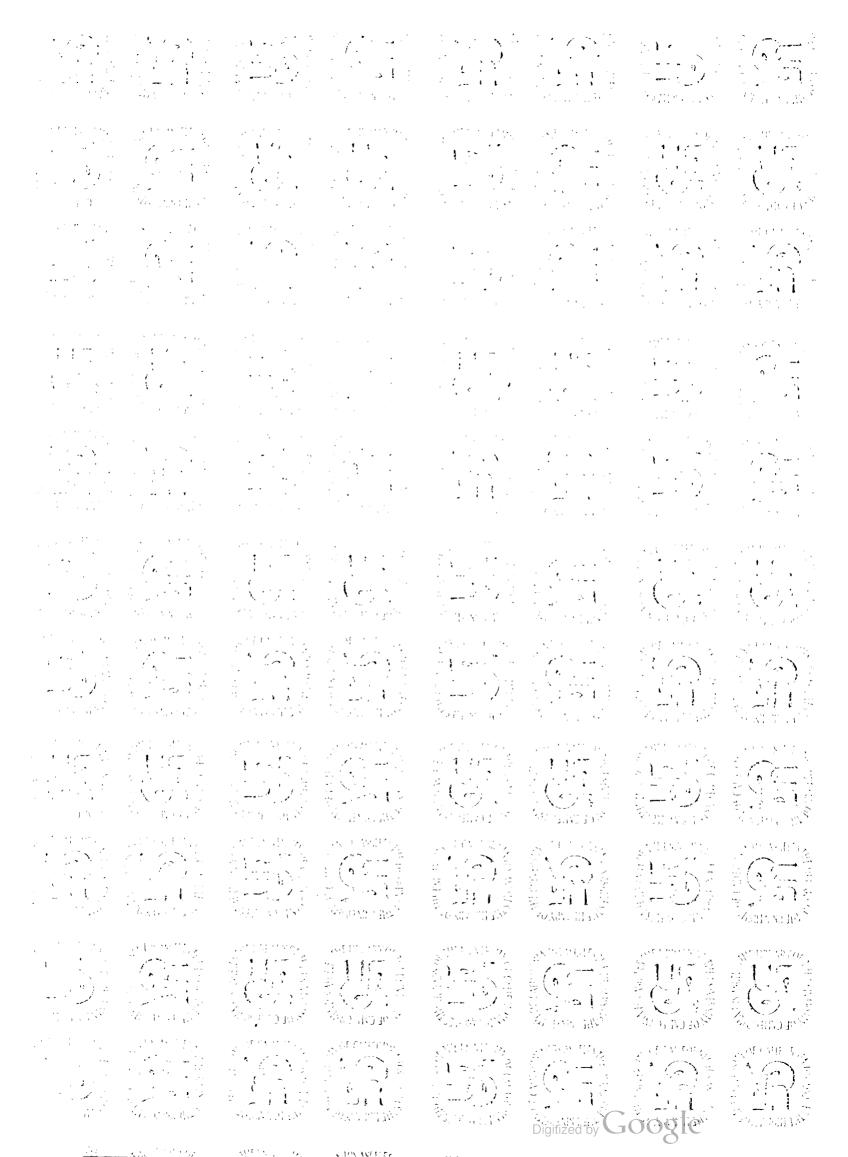
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## MINSTREL SONGS.

### OLD AND NEW

A COLLECTION OF

WORLD-WIDE, FAMOUS

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FOSTER MELODIES,

ARRANGED WITH

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GIFT OF CHARLES SEEGER

#### OLD FOLKS AT HOME.



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#### ANGEL GABRIEL.

#### END SONG



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Angel Cabstel. 10,005-4.

## "ANGELS MEET ME AT THE CROSS ROADS."

#### SONG AND CHORUS

By WILL S. HAYS.







Angels Most Me at de Crees Bonds S.MF-S.



#### THE LITTLE OLD CABIN IN THE LANE.

SONG AND CHORUS.



Copyright addeccixxi, by J. L. Peters.

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#### MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND.

Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.









#### SUSAN JANE.

A FAMOUS "END SONG" AND CHORUS.



STREET PARTS. 914-



#### THE YALLER GAL THAT WINKED AT ME.







I immediately asked her name.

And she said it was Lucinda:

She said I was a stunner, and for life that I had won her.

And married we should be—

So I'd dress up and I'd walk by her house

Every afternoon about three—

And I'd glanes up at the window for to see my dear Lucinda.

She's the valler gal that winh'd at me.

Oh you should have seen her on her wedding day.

She was handsome as a venus;

When the parson made us one, ah then the thing was done,

And I never felt so happy in my life,

So I've bought a little place out of town.

If you go by stop in and see—

You'll be welcom'd by a wife that's as dear to me as life.

She's the valler gal that wink'd at me.

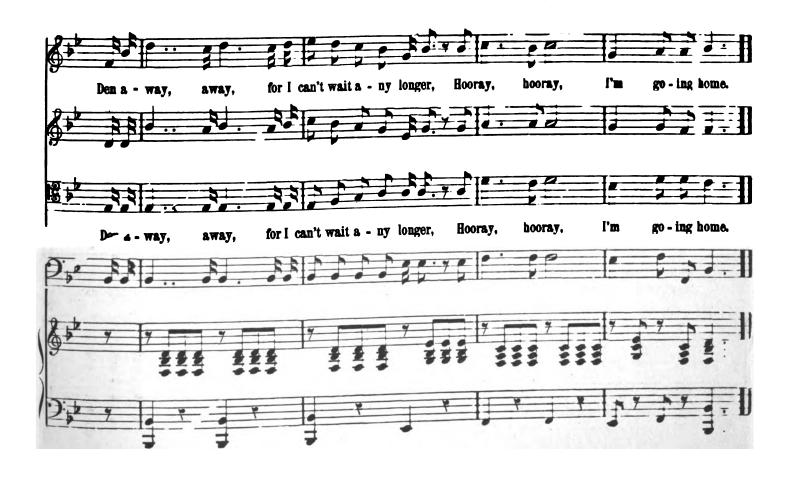
THE TALLER GAL THAT WINESD AT ME

#### OLE SHADY.

#### THE SONG OF THE CONTRABAND.







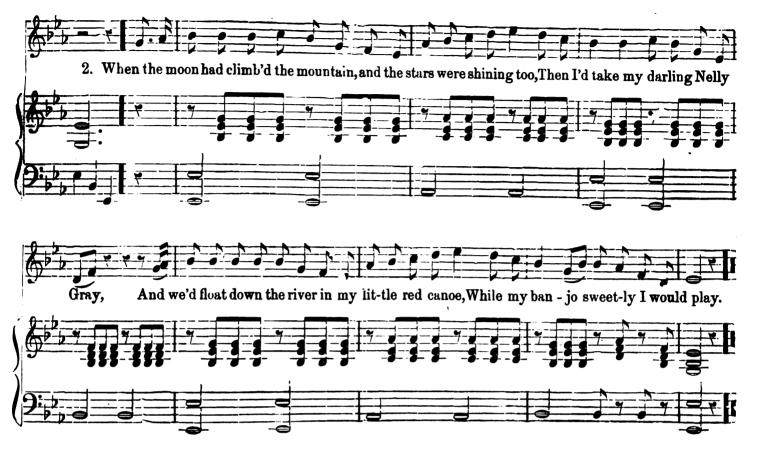


## DARLING NELLY GRAY.

B. R. HANBY.







#### THIRD VERSE.

One night I went to see her, but "she's gone!" the neighbors say.

The white man bound her with his chain;

They have taken her to Georgia for to wear her life away.

As she toils in the cotton and the cane.

CHORUS.

#### FOURTH VERSE.

My canoe is under water, and my banjo is unstrang,
I'm tired of living any more,
My eyes shall look downward, and my song shall be unsung.
While I stay on the old Kentucky shore.

Charles

#### FIFTH VERSE

My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see my way:

Hark! there's somebody knocking at the door—
Oh! I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nelly Gray.

Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

Chorus. to the last verse.

Chi my darling Nelly Gray, up in heaven there they say,

That they'll never take you from me any more,

I'm a coming—coming—coming, as the angels clear the way.

Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

# THE LITTLE BROWN JUG.

#### EASTBURN.



Entered according to Act of Omeron, in the year 1800, by J. E. WEEFER, in the Clerks Office of the District Ower for the Entern District of Proceedings





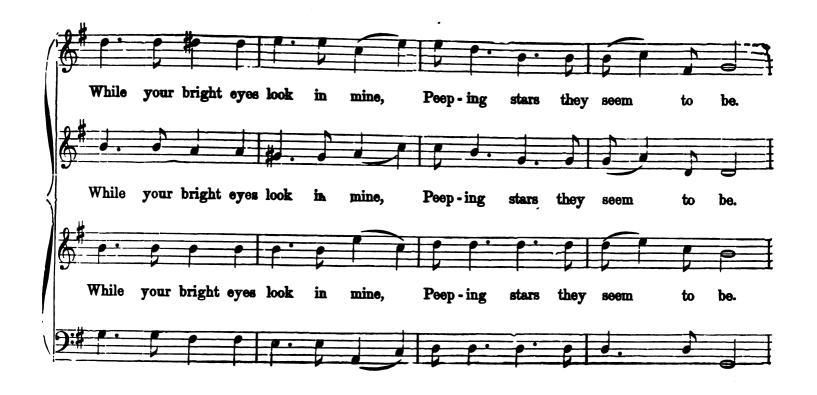
- 8. When I go toiling to my farm,
  I take little "Brown Jug" under my arm;
  I place it under a shady tree,
  Little "Brown Jug" 'tis you and me.—Che.
- If all the folks in Adam's race,
   Were gathered together in one place;
   Then I'd prepare to shed a tear,
   Before I'd part from you, my dear.—Cho.
- 5. If I'd a cow that gave such milk,
  I'd clothe her in the finest silk;
  I'd feed her on the choicest hay,
  And milk her forty times a day.—Cho.
- 6. The rose is red, my nose is, too, The violet's blue, and so are you; And yet I guess before I stop, We'd better take another drop.—Cho.

LRW. 180-4

## TWINKLING STARS ARE LAUGHING, LOVE.









SECOND YERSE.

Shining on you to bless;
Like the queen of night you fill
Darkest space with loveliness.
Silver stars how bright, love,
Mother moon in thronely might.
Claze on us to bless, love,
Purest vows here made to night.
Twinkling stars, was

# LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

### ALICE HAWTHORNE.

#### AUTHOR OF

Why Ask if I Remember thee? Fond Moments of my Childhood.

Only a Child!

Am I not true to thee? &c.



District Court of the U. S. for Restern District of Penn.

\* the Dist. Court of the U. S. sur the Sastern Dist. of Penn.







# Dixie's Land.







## ELLIE RHEE.

**OR** 

## CARRY ME BACK TO TENNESSEE.



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10439—4.





# I WANT TO SEE THE OLD HOME.



green, A.D., 1970, by J. L. PHYSHIB, in the Office of the Editoration of Congress of Westington. 14,269—4.





## LILLY DALE.

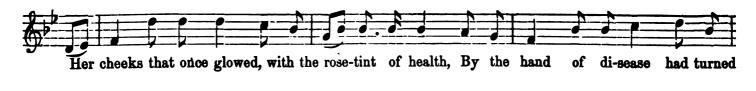
H. S. THOMPSON.







#### SECOND VERSE.



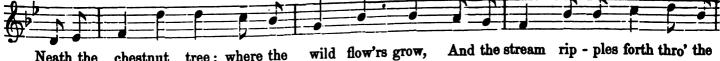


#### THIRD VERSE.



I must tell you where, near my own loved home, You must lay poor fail,

#### FOURTH VERSE.



chestnut tree; where the Neath the

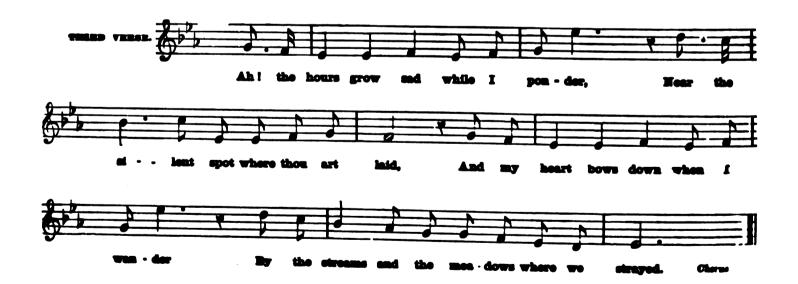


vale, Where the birds shall war-ble their songs in spring, There lay poor Lil - ly









# EARLY IN DE MORNIN'.

WILL S. HAYS.







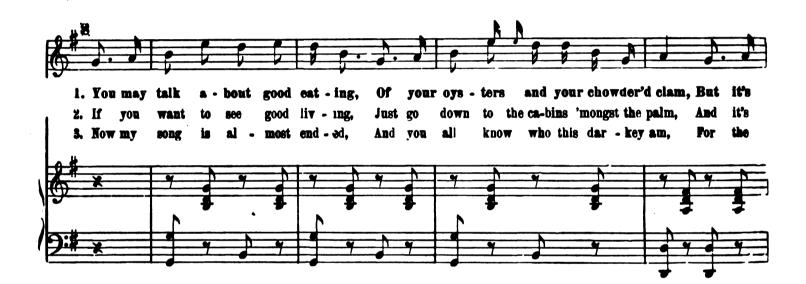
## GOOD SWEET HAM.

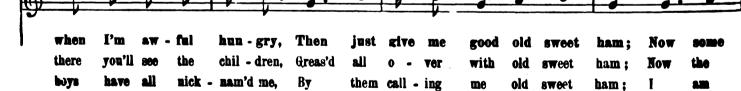
#### END SONG.

Words and Melody by HENRY HART.

Arr. by JAMES E. STEWART.









10.397-3

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## OHI SAM.

## A FAMOUS MINSTREL SONG.







## ROLKS THAT PUT ON AIRS.

Music composed oy W. H. COULSTON.

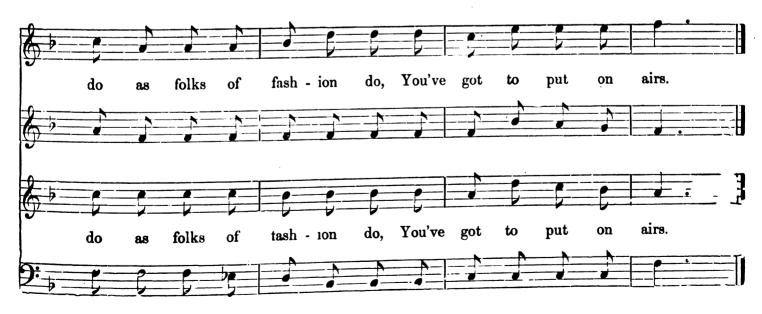


COUNTY ISS. by Law & WALKIEL-Copyright 1881, by W. R. County and



#### CHORUS.





Folks that Put on Aira



2.

De politician, first of all,
On 'lection day will stand,
And every man dat passes by,
He'll shake him by de hand.
But when he gets a good fat job,
For dat am all he cares,
He thinks himself some pumkins den:
Oh, don't he put on airs?

Chorus,

4.

A boy, too, when he's 'bout half grown,
Although he's "nary red,"
Has lots of hair around his mouth,
But none upon his head.
He patronizes tailor-shops,
Gets trust for all he wears;
And when he goes amongst de gals,
Oh, don't he put on airs?

Chorus.

3.

When a gal gets about sixteen,
She 'gins to think she's some:
A fop dat sports a big moustache
She kinder likes to come.
Two hours before de looking-glass,
To meet him she prepares;
And when she gets her fixin's on,
Oh, don't she put on airs?

Chorus.

5.

Dar's de great Atlantic Cable,
Some time ago 'twas laid;
Both Uncle Sam and Johnny Bull
Den thought dare fortunes made.
Somehow or other, I don't know,
But folks dat hold de shares
Begin to kinder think de thing
Am puttin' on some airs.

Chorus

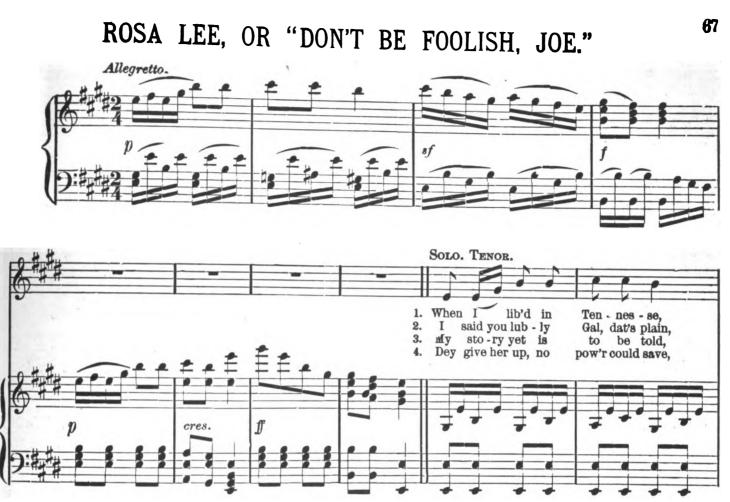
R.

'Tis true we Yankees go ahead
In all we undertake:
There's Tenbroeck and great Rarey, too.
Can British horses break.
Dar's Morphy next, a chess-man he
His laurels proudly wears.
Old Johnny Bull can't come to tea,
And needn't put on airs.

Chorne

Volke that Put on Airs.

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### IN THE LOUISIANA LOWLANDS.





# "THE VIRGINIA ROSE BUD."









# OH! I'SE SO WICKED.

Word and Music by G. C. HOWARD.







## TRABLING BACK TO GEORGIA.











## OHI SUSANNA.









### JORDAN IS A HARD ROAD TO TRABEL.

Composed by OLD DAN EMMET.







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#### "GWINE TO RUN ALL NIGHT."





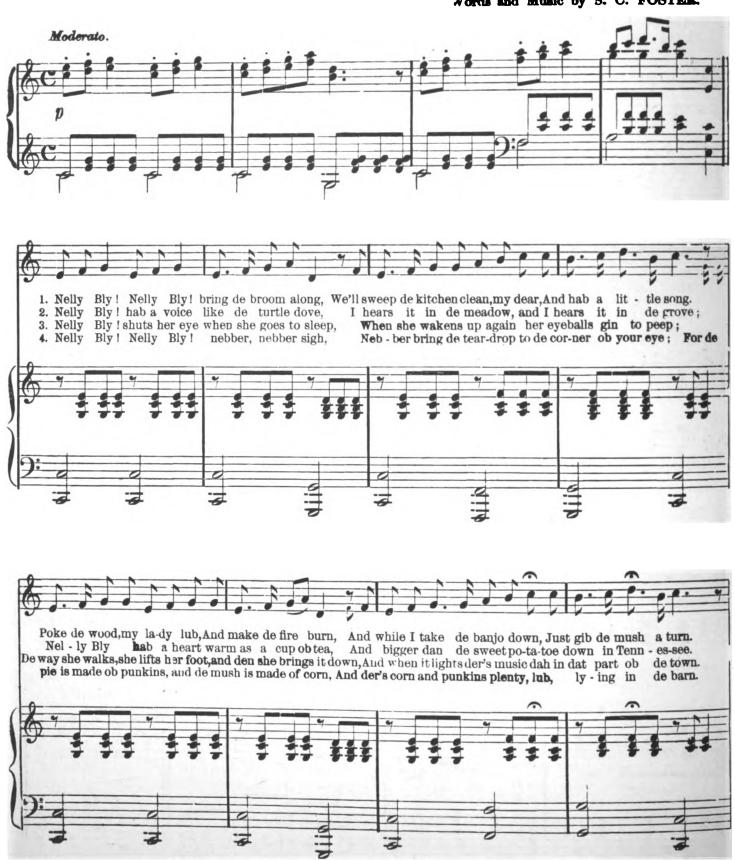
# ADOLPHUS MURNING GLORY.





#### NELLY BLY.

Nords and Music by S. C. FOSTER.



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### ROOT, HOG, OR DIE.







STEPHEN C. FOSTER.





### PICCAYUNE BUTLER.





## THE ALABAMA BLOSSOMS.

SONG AND DANCE.







## BALM OF GILEAD.







# GOOD BYE, LIZA JANE.

Arr. by EDDIE FOX.







## SETTIN' ON A RAIL.



I at de Raccon take a peep, An den so softly to him creep. I foun de Raccon fast asleep, An pull him off de rail, (Repeat. An fling him on de ground.

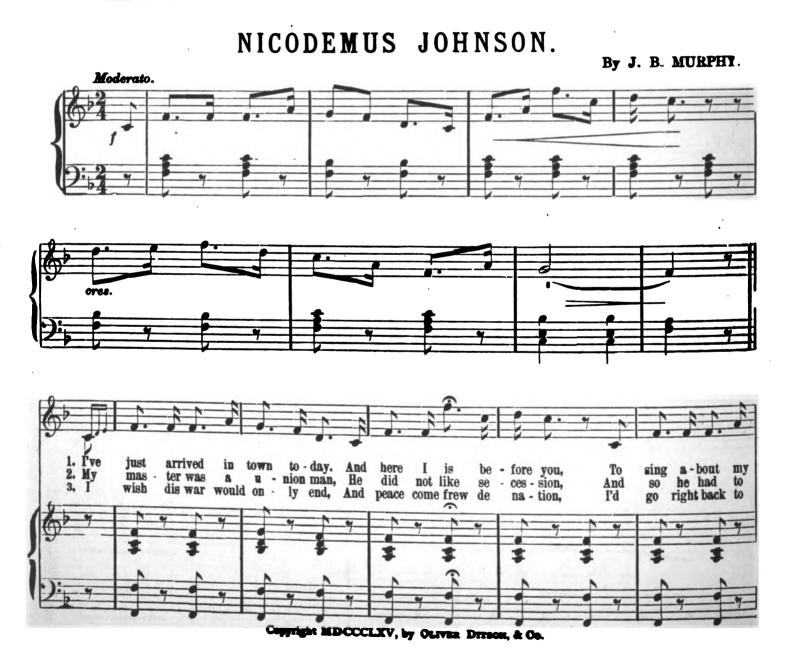
De Raccon gan to scratch and bite,
I hit him once wid all my might,
I bung he eye, an spile he sight,
O I'm dat child to fight, (Repeat.)
An beat de banjo too.

I tell de Racoon gin to pray,
While on de ground de Racoon lay,
But he jump up, and run away,
An soon he out ob sight, (Repeat.)
Sittin on a rail.

My ole Massa dead an gone,
A dose ob poison help him on.
De Debil say he funerat song,
Oh bress him, let him go. (Repeat.)
An joy go wid him too.

De Raccon hunt do werry quare,
Am no touch to kill de deer,
Be Case you kotch him wid out fear,
Sittin on a rail, (Repeat.)
Steepin werry sound.

The ali de songs dat eber I sung,
De Raccon hunt's de greatest one,
It always pleases old and young,
And den dey cry encore, (Repeat.)
An den I cum agin.

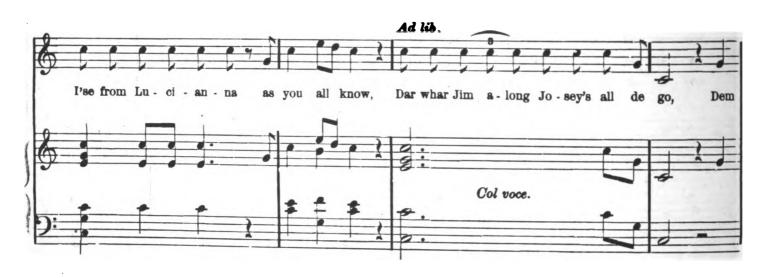


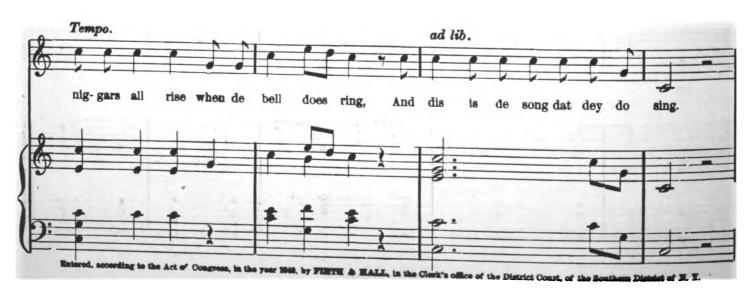


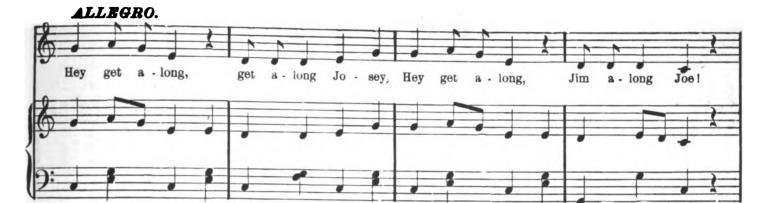
Mississus Johnson,--a.

## JIM ALONG JOSEY.













- ? Oh! when I get dat new coat which I expects to hab soon, Likewise a new pair tight-knee'd trousaloons, Den I walks up and down Broadway wid my Suzanna, And de white folks will take me to be Santa Anna, Hey get along, get along Josey Hey get along, Jim along Joe
- 1 My sister Rose de oder 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, get along Josey, Hey get along, Jim along Joe!
- Now way down South not very far off,
   A Bullfrog died wid de hooping cough,
   ad de oder side of Mississippi as you must know,

Dar's whar I was christene'd Jim along Joe.

Hey get along, get along Josey,
Hey get along, Jim along Joe'

5 De New York niggers tink dey're fine, Because dey drink de genuine, De Southern niggers dey lib on mush, And when dey laugh dey say Oh Hush. Hev get along, get a

Hey get along, get along Josey, Hey get along, Jim along Joe!

6 I'm de nigger that don't mind my troubles, Because dey are noting more dan bubbles, De ambition that dis nigger feels Is showing de science of his heels.

Hey get along, get along Josey, Hey get along, Jim along Joe!

Jim Along Josef. S.

## ZIP COON.





## OLD BOB RIDLEY.



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### MELINDA MAY.

Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.





Melioda May.—2.

### LITTLE MORE CIDER.

Arranged by AUSTIN HART.









#### BUFFALO GALS.





#### FLOATING SCOW OF OLD VIRGINNY.

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINIA.















## ROLL OUT! HEAVE DAT COTTON.

By WILL S. HAYS.





## LUCY LONG.



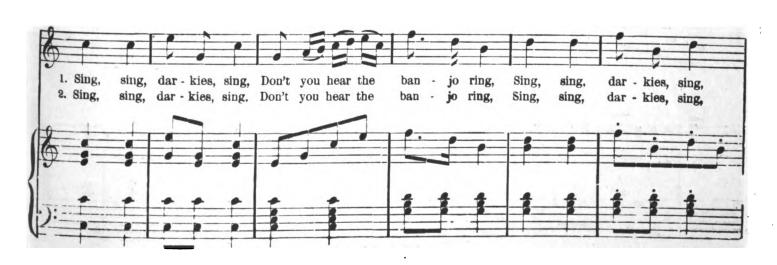






# SING, SING, DARKIES, SING.











Dearest Mas. 1



#### DE BOATMAN DANCE.





# SALLY, COME UP.

As sung by Dave Reed with unbounded success at the concerts of BUCKLEY'S SERENADER'S.



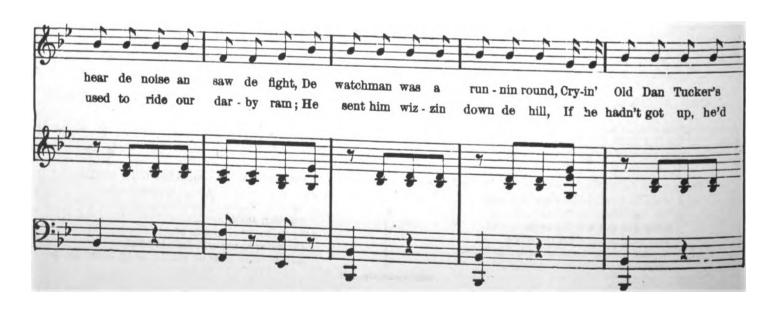


#### OLD DAN TUCKER.

A CELEBRATED BANJO SONG, ARRANGED FOR THE PLANO.









- 3 Old Dan Tucker an I got drunk,
  He fell in de fire an kick up a chunk,
  De charcoal got inside he shoe,
  Ler bless you, honey, how de ashes flew.
  CHO. 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.
   Cue. So get out de way, &c.

- 5 Tucker was a hardened sinner,
  He nebber said his grace at dinner;
  De old sow squeal de pigs did squall,
  He whole hog wid de tail and all.
  CHo. So get out de way, &c.
- 6 And now ole Dan is a gone sucker,
  And neber can go home to supper;
  Old Dan he has had his last ride,
  And de Banjo's buried by his side
  Cho. So get out de way, &c.

Old Dan Tucher. 2

## CLARE DE KITCHEN.

By T. RICE.



- I went to de creek, I couldn't git across, I'd nobody wid me but an old blind horse; But old Jim Crow came riding by, Says he, "old feller, your horse will die."

  I'ts clare de kitchen, &c.
- 3 My horse fell down upon de spot, Says he, "don't you see his eyes is sot;" So I took out my knife and off wid his akin, And when he comes to life I'll ride him agin. So clare de kitchen, &c...
- 4 A Jay bird sot on a hickery limb,
  He wink'd at me and I wink'd at him;
  I pick'd up a stone and I hit his shin.
  Says he, "you better not do that agin."
  So clare de kitchen, &c.
- 5 A bull frog dress'd in soger's close, Went in de field to shoot some crows; De crows smell powder and fly away, De bull frog mighty mad dat day. So clare de kitchen, &c.
- 6 Den down I went wid Cato Moore,
  To see de steamboat come ashore,
  Every man for himself, so I pick'd up a trunk,
  "Leff off." said de Captain, "or burn you wid a chunk."
  And clare de kitchen, &c.

- 7 I hab a sweetheart in dis town,
  She wears a yellow striped gown;
  And when she walks de street around,
  De hollow of her foot make a hole in de ground
  Now clare de kitchen, &c.
- S Dis love it a ticklish ting you know,
  It makes a body feel all over so.
  I put de question to coal black Rose,
  She as black as ten of spades, and got a lubly flat nose
  So clare de kitchen, &c.
- 9 "Go away," says she, "wid your cowcumber shin,
  If you come here agin I stick you wid a pin;"
  So I turn on my heel and I bid her good bye,
  And arter I was gone she began for to cry.
  So clare de kitchen, &c.
- 16 So now I'se up and off you see, To take a julep sangaree; I'll sit upon a tater hill, And eat a little whippoorwill. So clare de kitchen, &c.
- 11 I wish I was back in old Kentuck,
  For since I left it I had no luck,
  De gals so proud dey won't eat mush,
  And when you go to court 'em dey say, O hush!
  Its clare de kitchen, &c.

## GIDEON'S BAND.

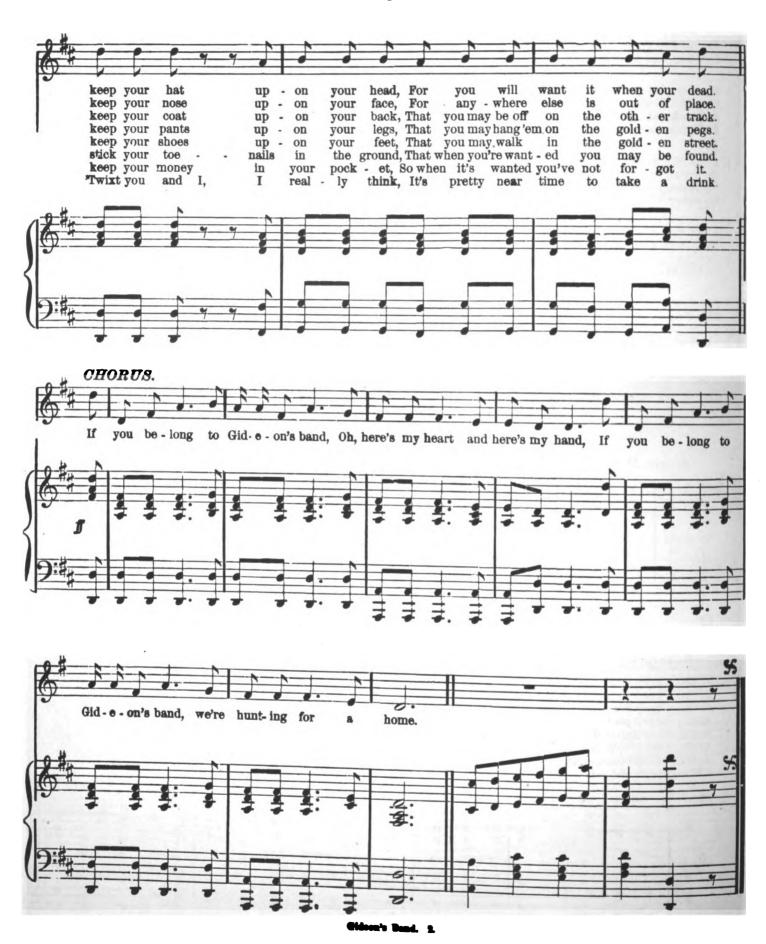
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Arranged by CHAS. R. DODWORTH.



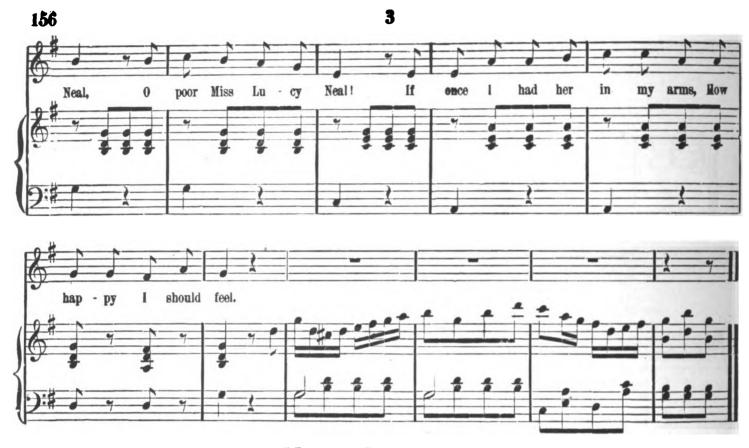


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## LUCY NEAL.





## JINGLE BELLS.









# DANDY JIM OF CAROLINE.





- 3 De bull dog cleared me out ob de yard, I tought I'd better leabe my card. I tied it fast to a piece ob twine, Signed "Dandy Jim of Caroline."
  For my ole massa, &c.
- 4 She got my card, an wrote me a letter,
  An ebery word she spelt de better,
  For ebery word an ebery line,
  Was Dandy Jim of Caroline.
  For my ole massa, &c.
- 5 Ch, beauty is but skin Jeep,
  But wid Miss Dinah none compete;
  She changed her name from lubly Dine,
  To Mrs. Dandy Jim of Caroline.
  For my ole massa. 4c.

- 6 An ebery little nig she had, Was de berry image ob de dad, Dar heels stick out three feet behing. Like Dandy Jim of Caroline. For my ole massa, 46.
- 7 I took dem all to church one day, An hab dem christen'd widout delay, De preacher christen'd eight or nine, Young Dandy Jims of Caroline. For my ole massa, &c.
- 8 An when de preacher took his text, He seemed to be berry much perplexed, For nothing cum across his mind, But Dandy Jims of Caroline. For my ole massa, &c.

OH! DAT WATERMELON.





#### POOR OLD UNCLE RUFE.





#### BABYLON IS FALLEN!

Sequel to "Kingdom Coming."

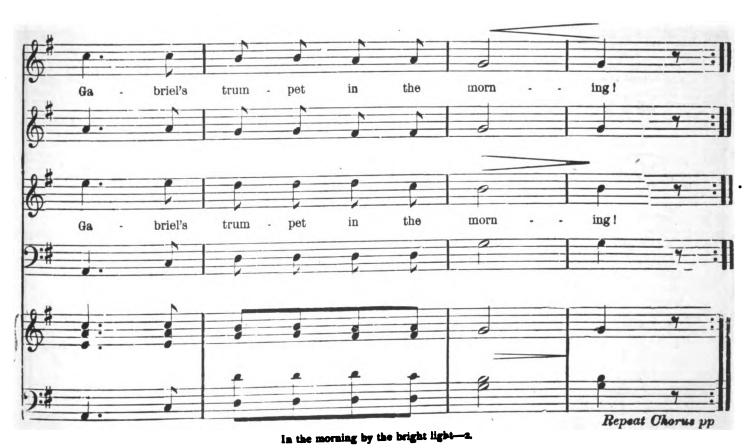




# IN THE MORNING BY THE BRIGHT LIGHT.







# THE OLD HOME AINT WHAT IT USED TO BE.





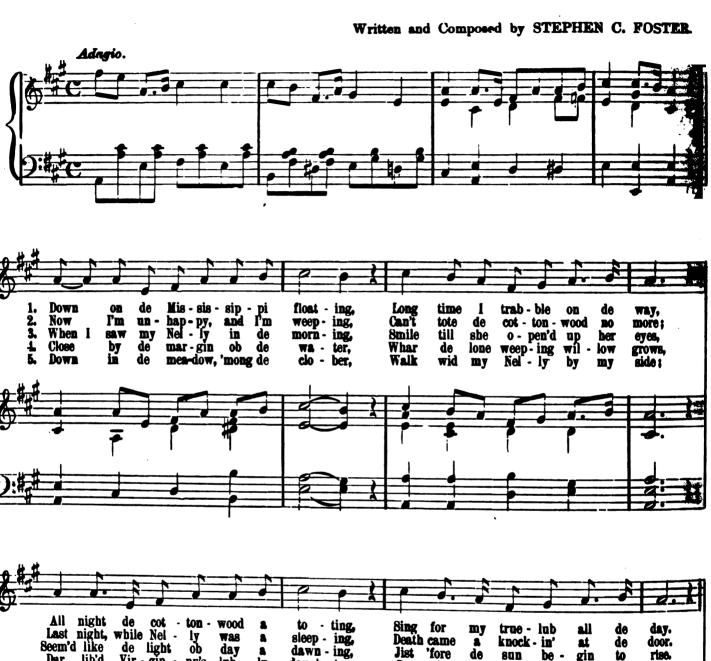
# "I'SE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE."

By C. A. WHITE.





#### NELLY WAS A LADY.





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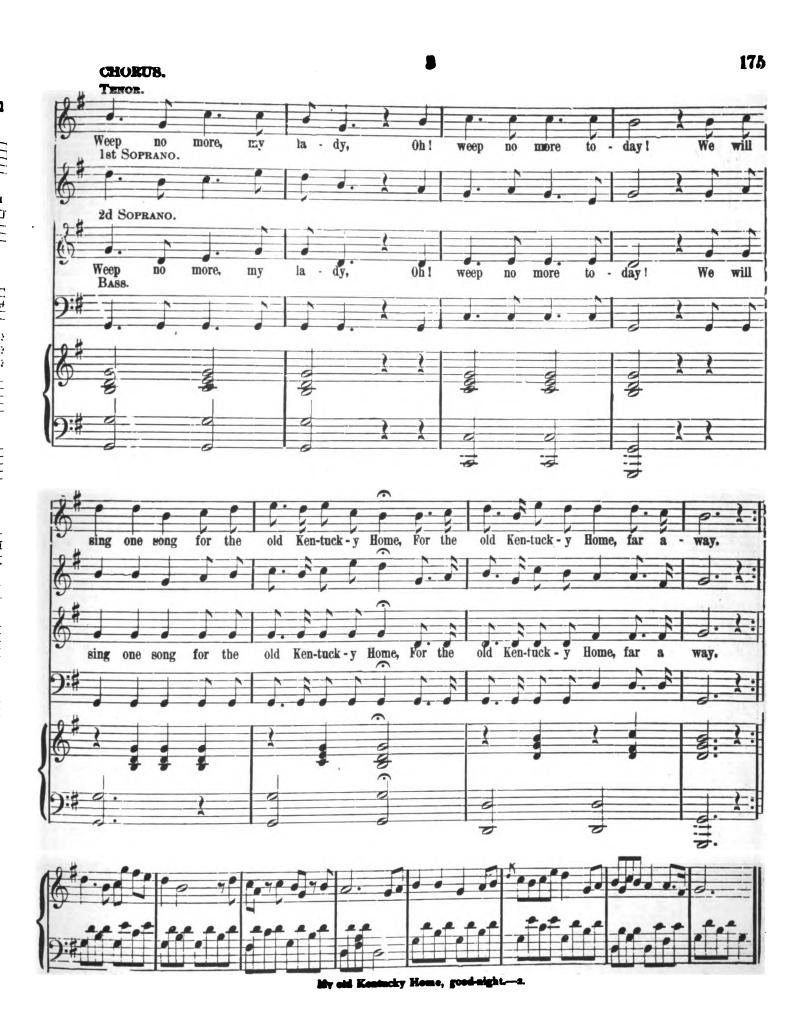


Mally was a Lady,--a

# MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD-NIGHT.

Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.





# DE GOSPEL RAFT.





### DE GOLDEN WEDDING.





#### KINGDOM COMING.









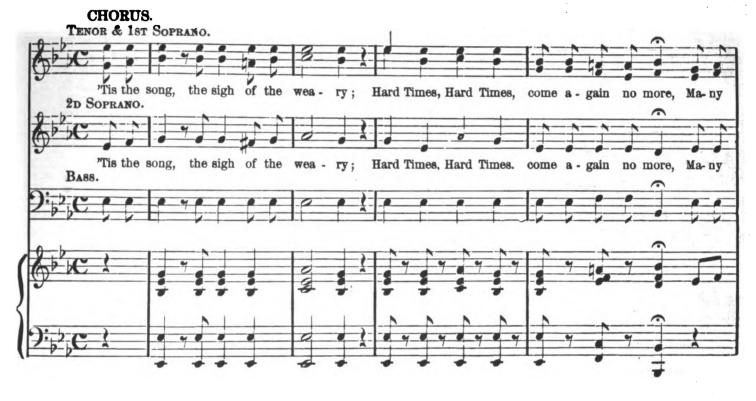
"Keep in de Middle ob de Road."-2

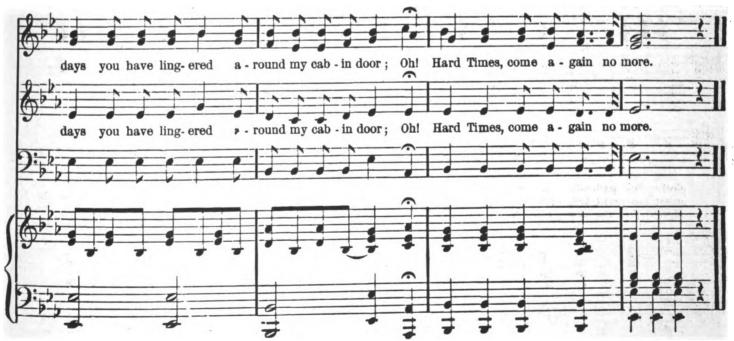
#### HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE.

Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.









Mari Times, Come Acris no Moss-e

#### WAKE NICODEMUS.

#### Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.





### SHINE ON.







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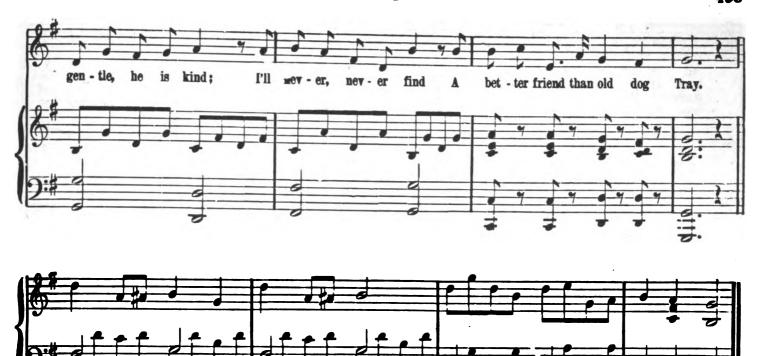




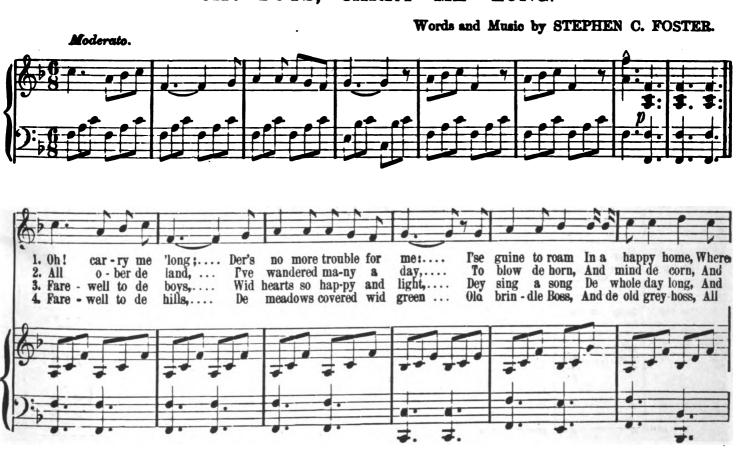


# OLD DOG TRAY.





# OH! BOYS, CARRY ME 'LONG.



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### OH! DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS!

Song and Chorus.



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Uh, Dem Golden Slippers.-

OLD BLACK JOE.









# THE OLD CABIN HOME.



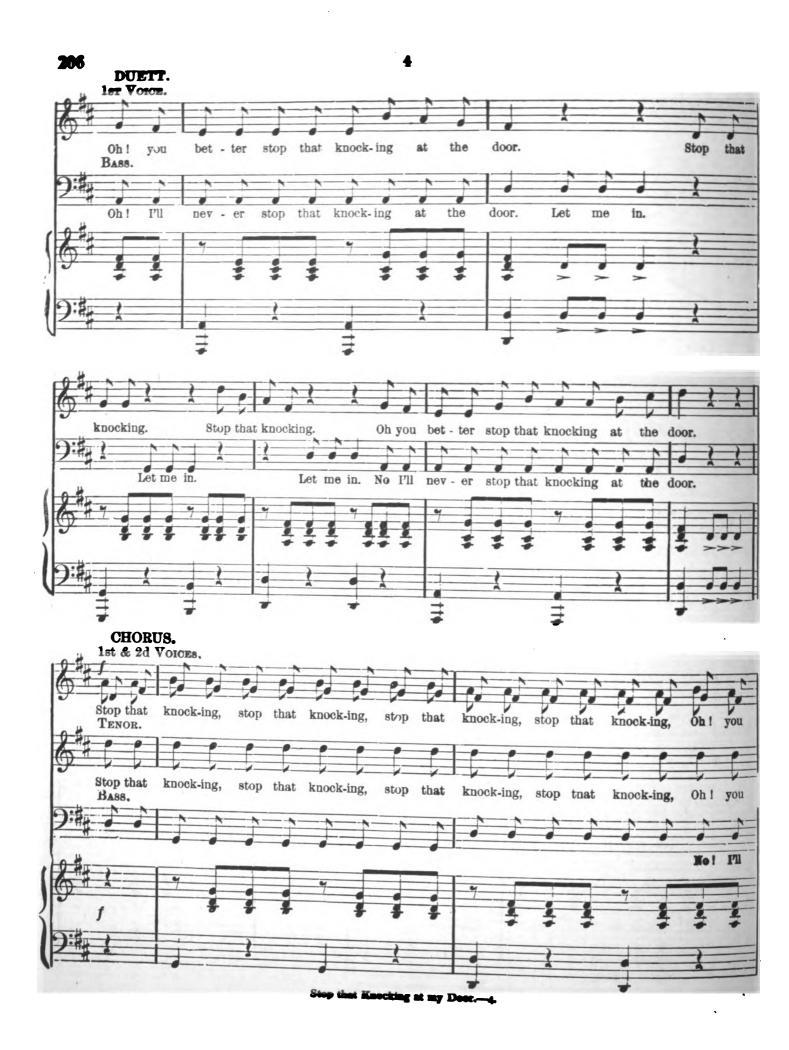


# STOP THAT KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

Words and Music by A. F. WINNLMORE.



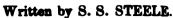






# TOM-BIG-BEE RIVER,

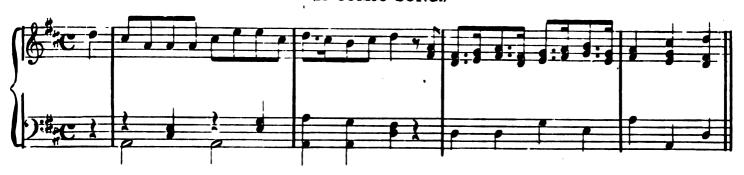
OR GUM TREE CANOE.

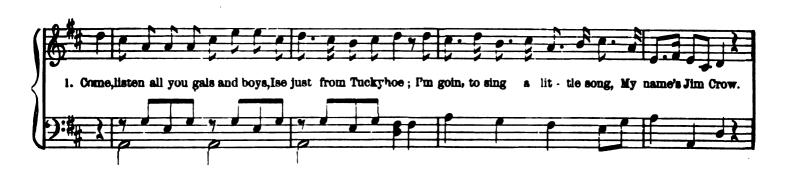




#### JIM CROW.

#### (A COMIC SONG.)







- I went down to de river, I didn't mean to stay; But dere I see so many gala, I couldn't get away.
- 3 And arter I been dere awhile.
  I tought I push my boat:
  But I tumbled in de river,
  An I find myself afloat.
- 4 I git upon a flat boat, I cotch de Uncle Sam; Den I went to see de place where Dey kill'd de Packenham.
- 5 And den I go to Orleans, An, feel so full of tight; Dey put me in de Calaboose, An, keep me dere all night.
- 6 When I got out I hit a man, His name I now forgot;

- But dere was noting left of him Cept a little grease spot.
- An oder day I hit a man,

  De man was mighty fat
  I hit so hard I nockt him in
  To an old cockt hat.
- 8 I whipt my weight in wildcata, I eat an alligator; I drunk de Missessippy up! O I'm de very creatura.
- 9 I sit upon a hornet's nest, I dance upon my bead; I tie a wiper round my neck An, den I go to bed.
- 10 I kneel to de buzzard,
  An, I bow to the crow;
  An eb'ry time I weel about
  I jump jis so.

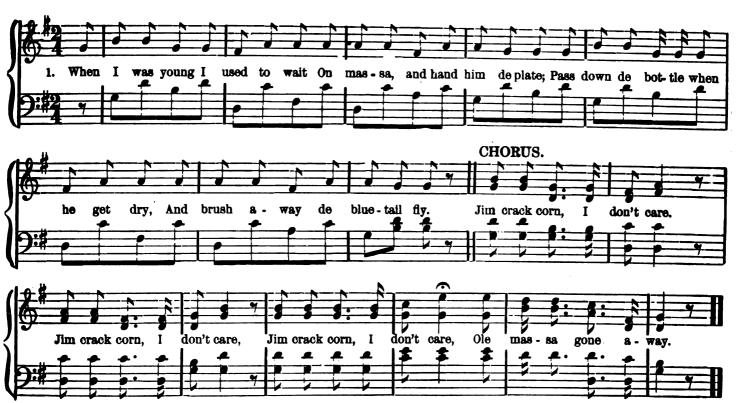
# WALK, JAW BONE.

8. S. STEELE.



- 2. De corn de driver from me rob, An' he make me est de cob; 1 chaw de cob until my gums Stick out like Carolina plums. Walk, jaw bone, &c.
- 3. Dey fasten me up under de barn,
  Dey feed me dar on leaves ob corn;
  It tickled my digestion so,
  Dat I cotch de cholerophoby, oh.
  Walk, jaw bone, &c.
- 4. Dey made me a scar-crow in de field, And a buzzard come to get his meal, But in his face I blowed my bref, An' he was a case for ole Jim Death. Walk, jaw bone, &c.
- 5. Next come a hungry eagle down,
  Oh! gosh thinks I, dis nig's done drown;
  But he winked an' cried "I'se de bird ob de free
  And won't eat de meat ob slabery."
  Walk, jaw bone, &c.
- 6. Next come a weasel for my juice, An' he gnawed till he untied me loose, An' den I made off wid a quick salarm, An' lef' him be widout a dram. Walk, jaw bone, &c.

#### JIM CRACK CORN.



- Den arter dinner massa sleep, He bid dis niggar vigil keep; An' when he gwine to shut his eye, He tell me watch de blue-tail fly. Jim crack corn, &c.
- An' when he ride in de arternoon,
   I follow wid a hickory broom;
   De poney being berry shy,
   When bitten by de blue-tail fly.
   Jim crack corn, &c.
- One day he rode around de farm, De flies so numerous dey did swarm; One chance to bite him on the thigh, De debble take dat blue-tail fly.
   Jum crack corn, &c.

- 5. De poney run, he jump an' pitch, An' tumble massa in de ditch; He died, an' de jury wonder'd why De verdic, was de blue-tail fly. Jim crack corn, &c.
- Ole massa gone, now let 'im rest Dey say all tings am for de best I neber forget till de day I die, Ole massa an' dat blue-tail fly. Jim crack cora, &c.

### LUBLY DINE.

#### Written and Composed by J. SANFORD.







# THE JOLLY RAFSTMAN.

Words by ANDREW EVANS.









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