

WALK, JAW BONE.

S. S. STEELE.

Moderato.

1. In Car - o - line, whar I was born, I

husk de wood, an' I chop de corn, A roast-ed ear to de house I bring, But de dri- ver cotch me and he sing:

CHORUS.

Walk, jaw bone, Jen-ny come a-long, In come Sal- ly wid de bootees on, Walk, jaw bone, Jen- ny, come a-long,

In come Sal- ly wid de boot-ees on.

2. De corn de driver from me rob,
An' he make me eat de cob;
I 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 catch de cholero-phobia, 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 slaberry."
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.
7. Den down de bank I see'd a ship,
I slide down dar on de bone ob my hip;
I crossed de drink an' yare I am,
If I go back dar, I'll be damn!
Walk, jaw bone, &c.

JIM CRACK CORN.

1. When I was young I used to wait On mas-sa, and hand him de plate; Pass down de bot-tle when

CHORUS.

he get dry, And brush a-way de blue-tail fly. Jim crack corn, I don't care.

Jim crack corn, I don't care, Jim crack corn, I don't care, Ole mas-sa gone a-way.

2. 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.
3. 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.
4. 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.
Jim 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.
6. Dey laid 'im under a 'simmon tree,
His epitaph am dar to see :
"Beneath dis stone I'm forced to lie,
All by de means ob de blue-tail fly."
Jim crack corn, &c.
7. 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 corn, &c.