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How-Do-You-Do?

How-do-you-do everybody,
How-do-you-do?
How-do-you-do everybody,
How are you?
Here's a song I sing and play,
Just to pass the time away,
It's the way I like to say,
How-do-you-do?
How-do-you-do, Oh, how-do-you-do,
How-do-you-doodle, doodle, doodle-do?
Just who wrote it I forgot
Whether its written or written or rotten.
Oh, how-do-you-doodle, doodle, doodle-do?

How-do-you-do, old timers,
How are you?
You remember way back
When girls were girls and men were men
They're so different
Now from then
How-do-you-do?
How do you do, Oh, how do you do?
How do you doodle, doodle, doodle-do?
Now even grandmas bob their hair
Smoke cigarettes and learn to swear.
Oh, how-do-you-doodle, doodle, doodle-do?

Jesse James

Last Saturday night,
The moon was shining bright,
He robbed the Otterville train,
He was a dirty little coward,
Who shot Mr. Howard,
And he laid Jesse James in his grave.

. Chorus

Jesse had a wife,
Who mourned for his life,
His children they were brave,
He was a dirty little coward,
Who shot Mr. Howard,
And he laid Jesse James in his grave.

'Twas Saturday night,
The moon was shining bright,
He robbed the Denver train,
He was a dirty little coward,
Who shot Mr. Howard,
And he laid Jesse James in his grave.

Chorus

They went to the depot,
It wasn't very far,
The agent for to see,
He fell upon his knees,
And delivered up the keys
To Frank and Jesse James.

Chorus

This very song was made,
By Billy Moshka,
No sooner than the news arrived,
They say there was no man
With the law in his hand,
Could tak. Jesse James alive.

Chorus

Little Robert Ford,
He was one of the gang,
How his heart did crave,
He ate of Jesse's bread,
And slept on Jesse's bed,
And he laid Jesse James in his grave.

Chorus

Jesse drew his belt,
You bet he never felt,
That his enemy was so nigh,
But little Robert Ford,
He did spy,
And Jesse came tumbling from the chair.

Chorus

The ladies held their breath,
When they heard of Jesse's death,
They wondered how he came to die,
He was shot upon the sly,
By little Robert Ford,
And they laid Jesse James in his grave.

Just Before the Battle, Mother

Just before the battle, Mother,
I am thinking most of you,
While upon the field we're watching,
With the enemy in view.
Comrades brave are round me lying,
Filled with tho'ts of home and God;
For well they know that on the morrow
Some will sleep beneath the sod.

Chorus

Farewell, Mother, you may never
Press me to your heart again;
But oh, you'll not forget me, Mother,
If I'm numbered with the slain.

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding,
'Tis the signal for the fight;
Now may God protect us, Mother,
As he ever does the right.
Hear the "Battle Cry of Freedom,"
How it swells upon the air;
Oh yes, we'll rally round the standard,
Or we'll perish nobly there.

Fate of Floyd Collins

Now come on all you people
And listen while I tell
The fate of Floyd Collins,
The lad we all knew well
His face was fair and handsome
His heart was true and brave
His body is now sleeping
In the lonely sand stone cave.

Dear mother, don't you worry
Dear father, don't be sad
I'll tell you all my troubles
In an awful dream I had
I dreamed I was a prisoner
My life, they could not save,

I cried, "Oh! must I perish
Within the silent cave."

The rescuing party labored
They worked both night and day
To move the mighty barrier
That stood within the way
We'll rescue Floyd Collins
This was their battle cry:
We'll never, no we'll never let
Floyd Collins die.

But there came that fatal morning
The sun rose in the sky
The rescue party labored
We'll save him by and by
But Oh! how sad the ending
His life they could not save
His body is now sleeping
In the lonely sand stone cave.

Oh! listen you young people
Of Floyd Collin's fate
And get right with your maker
Before it is too late.
It may not be a sand cave
In which we find our tomb,
But at the bar of judgment
We too, must meet our doom.

The Old Maid Song

I'll tell you a story of a burglar man who went to
rob a house,
In at the open door he crept quiet as a mouse,
Thinking all was well within, he crept up close
to the wall
He didn't know it was an old maid's room or he
wouldn't have had the gall.

Just then the old maid came walking in,
"Oh Gee, but I'm tired," she said, thinking all
was well within.

She forgot to look under the bed. She took out
her teeth and big glass eye and the hair from
the top of her head.

The burglar man had seventeen fits as looked
from under the bed.

From under the bed the burglar crept, he was a
total wreck,

Then the old maid was wide awake and grabbed
him by the neck,

She neither fainted nor shouted but she was as
calm as a clam.

"At last my prayers have been answered," she
says, "and I have found a man."

The old maid her revolver drew and to the burglar
said,

"Young man you've got to marry me or I'll blow
off the top of your head."

The burglar looked from right to left but saw no
chance to scoot,

He thought of the teeth and the big glass eye and
says, "For gosh sakes shoot."

Darling Nelly Gray

There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky
shore,

Where I've whiled many happy hours away,
A sitting and a singing by the little cottage door
Where lived my darling Nelly Gray.

Chorus 1 and 2

O my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken her away,
And I'll never see my darling any more;
I'm sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the
day,
For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

When the moon had climbed the mountain, and
the stars were shining too,

Then I'd take my darling Nelly Gray,
And we'd float down the river in my little red
canoe,
While my banjo sweetly I would play.

Chorus 1 and 2

My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see my
way;
Hark there's somebody knocking at the door,
O I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nelly
Gray,
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

Chorus 3

O 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 Spanish Cavalier

A Spanish cavalier stood in his retreat,
And on his guitar played a tune, dear,
The music so sweet that oftentimes repeat
The blessing of my country and yours, dear.

Chorus

Say, darling, say when I am far away,
Sometimes you may think of me, dear;
Bright, sunny days will soon fade away,
Remember what I say and be true, dear.

I am off to the war, to the war I must go,
To fight for my country and you, dear;
But if I should fall, in vain I may call
The blessing of my country and you, dear.

Chorus

And when the war is o'er, to you I'll return,
Back to my country and you, dear;
But if I be slain you may seek me in vain,
Upon the battlefield you may find me.

Chorus

The Hickman Song

Edward Hickman was raised in Kansas
He's a boy that we all knew well,
He was raised up by good people
But the truth he never would tell.

He never thought of murder
Until trouble begun
And he murdered little Marion Parker
And he's waiting now to be hung.

It will be on a Friday evening
Just as the clock strikes one
A crowd of people will gather
Out to see poor Ed Hickman hung.

He will march right out on the scaffold
Just as sad and as blue as can be
And he will say to the crowd looking
toward him,
"Please turn your backs on me."

There'll stand his dear old mother
With the tears in her dear old eyes
And she'll cry out, "Lord have mercy,
Let me kiss my dear boy goodbye."

The Big Rock Candy Mountains

One evening as the sun went down
And the jungle fire was burning
Down the track came a hobo hiking,
And he said, "Boys I'm not turning,
I'm headed for a land that's far a-way,
Beside the crystal fountains,
So come with me, we'll go and see,
The big Rock Candy Mountains."

Chorus 1

In the big Rock Candy Mountains,
There's a land that's fair and bright,
Where the hand-outs grow on bushes,

And you sleep out every night,
Where the box cars all are empty,
Where the sun shines every day,
On the birds and the bees,
And the cigarette trees,
And the lemonade springs,
Where the blue bird sings,
In the big Rock Candy Mountains.

Chorus 2

In the big Rock Candy Mountains,
All the cops have wooden legs,
The bull-dogs all have rubber teeth,
And the hens lay soft boiled eggs,
The farmer's trees are full of fruit,
And the barns are full of hay,
Oh I'm bound to go,
Where there aint no snow
Where they hung the Turk
That invented work,
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

Chorus 3

In the big Rock Candy Mountains,
You never change your socks
And the little streams of alcohol
Come trickling down the rocks,
Where the brake-men have to tip their hats,
And the railroad bulls are blind,
There's the lake of stew,
And of whiskey too,
You can paddle all around 'em
In a big canoe.
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

Jim Blake

"Jim Blake, your wife is dying."
Came o'er the wires tonight;
The news was brought to the station
By a lad half dead with fright.
He rushed into the office,

His face was awful white,
Send a wire to dad on his engine,
"That mother is dying tonight".
Jim Blake, our oldest driver;
He pulled the fast express;
He had held the throttle lever
The most of his life, I guess.

2

So when I found this message
Was for my comrade, Jim,
You can bet I sent in a hurry
That sad dispatch to him.
In something like an hour
Jim's wire came back from Cur;
Tell wife I'll be there by midnight,
And say I'm praying for her.
I left my son in the office,
Took the wire to Jim's dear wife;
And I found a dying woman
With scarcely a breath of life.

3

O'er hill and bridge and valley
There rode that midnight train;
With lightning flashing around him
Amid that dreadful strain;
But Jim held on to the throttle
A guiding her wild flight,
And his voice creed out in the darkness,
God speed the express tonight.

4

In something like an hour
Jim's train will be along;
But, oh, here is a message
Oh, God, there's something wrong.
Yes here it say's disaster,
Jim's train is in the ditch;
The engineer is dying,
Derailed by an open switch.

5

And here is one more message,
From the engineer, I guess;
"Tell wife we'll meet in Heaven—
Don't wait for the fast express!"

Twenty-five Years From Now

I'm crazy about the things I've learned from the women, I've met,
But I find out I don't understand a thing about them yet.

I went down to a village town and I bought me a new lid,

Pa and Ma they laughed at me but not like Katie did.

Twenty-five years from now, twenty-five years from now,

They won't know my cady, twenty-five years from now.

Chorus

I had a nice little pencil and a dog whose name was Ted.

Could make my old dog follow me but the pencil had to be lead.

Twenty-five years from now, twenty-five years from now,

Nothing but sky writing, twenty-five years from now.

Chorus

I asked my girl to give me a kiss, and what do you think she said,

She said, "She wouldn't kiss me", so I kissed her instead.

Twenty-five years from now, twenty-five years from now,

She'll be glad to give me a kiss, twenty-five from now.

Chorus

I asked that girl to marry me and what do you think she said,

She said, "She wouldn't marry me if the rest of the world was dead."

Twenty-five years from now, twenty-five years from now.

She'll be glad to marry me, twenty-five years from now.

Oh Susanna

I came from old Alabama
With a banjo on my knee
And I'se goin' to Louisiana,
My true love for to see.
It rained all day the night I left,
The weather, it was dry
The sun was so hot I froze to death,
Now Susana don't you cry.

Chorus

Oh Susanna don't you cry for me
Case I came from old Alabammy
With a banjo on my knee.

I had a dream the other night
When everything was still,
I thought I saw Susanna
Comin' down the hill,
The buckwheat cake was in her mouth
The tears were in her eyes
Says I, "I'se a comin' from the south,
Susanna, don't you cry.

Chorus

I jumped aboard a telegraph
And traveled down the river,
The electric crew got magnified
And killed five hundred niggers,
The Bulgene burst, the horse run off,
I really thought I'd die,
I shut my eyes to hold my breath,
Susanna, don't you cry.

Well soon I'll be in New Orleans
And then I'll look around
And when I find Susanna
I'll fall upon the ground,
But if I do not find her
This darkey sure will die,
And when I'se dead and buried
Susanna, don't you cry.

From Born 100,000 Years Ago

I Was Born 100,000 Years Ago

I was born a hundred thousand years ago,
Oh, there's not a thing in history I don't know,
I saw Peter, Paul and Moses playing ring around
a roses,
And I'll shoot the guy that says it isn't so-o.

I saw Caesar when he crossed the Rubicon,
It's a fact I built the raft he crossed it on,
I saw Hannibal at home, and Nero burning Rome,
I even saw the fall of Babylon.

I saw Eve and Adam driven from the door,
I'm the guy that picked the fig leaves that they
wore,
When the apple they were eating, I was round the
corner peeking,
I can prove that I'm the guy that ate the core.

I saw Washington afloat a cake of ice,
I saw Grant and Billy Sherman shaking dice,
I saw Roosevelt's big laugh, that split his face in
half,
And Pershing set the trap for German dice.

I saw Absalom a-hanging by the hair,
When they built the wall of China, I was there,
I saved King Solomon's life, and he offered me a
wife,
I said, "Now your talking business, have a chair."

The Queen of Sheba fell in love with me,
We were married in Milwaukee secretly,
In Washington I shook her, just to join with
General Hooker,
Chasing skooters out of lazy Tennessee.

In the Moulin Rouge one evening I was sitting,
Sipping Cocktails with the Empress Josephine,
When along the great White Way, Napoleon
chanced to stray,
And I shot him in the belly with a bean.

I was present at the battle of the Nile,
Were the bullets flying there? Well, I should smile,
I saw David with his sling put Goliath on the ring,
He was doing forty seconds to the miles.

Now you may believe that what I say 's not true,
But what difference can that really make to you,
I'm just shooting you this line, to pass away the
time,
And now I'm going to quit because I'm through.

The Bright Sherman Valley

(Tune of Red River Valley.)

From this valley, they tell me you're leaving,
I will miss your blue eyes, and bright smile
For you take with you, all the sunshine
That has brightened my path for awhile.

Let's consider, awhile ere' you leave me,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,
But remember the bright Sherman Valley
And a cowboy who has loved you so true.

Do you think of the home you are leaving,
Of your parents, so kind and true.
Do you think of the hearts you are breaking,
Of a cowboy who has loved you so true.

When I go to my home in the evening, how sad, and
How lonely 'twill be,
And I pray to the Lord to forgive you,
For the trouble you've caused me to see.

I have waited a long time my darling,
For those words that you never would say,
And at last my poor heart it is breaking
For they tell me you're going away.

When you're far from the scenes of the valley,
And they tell me your jojourneys are thru,
Then remember, the Bright Sherman Valley
And a cowboy who loved you so true.

September 15, 1927

The Butcher Boy

liberty

X
1

In London city where I did dwell,
A butcher's boy I loved so well
He courted me my life away and with me then
He would not stay.

2

There is a strange house in this town
Where he goes up and sits right down
He takes another girl on his knee.
He tells her things that he won't tell me.

3

I have to grieve I'll tell you why.
Because she has more gold than I.
Her gold will melt and silver fly,
In time of need she'll be as poor as I.

4

I went up stairs to go to bed,
And nothing to my mother said.
But mother said, "Your acting queer,
What is the trouble my daughter dear?"

5

"Oh mother dear you need not know
The pain and sorrow grief and woe.
Give me a chair and sit me down with pen and ink
To write words down.

6

Oh dig my grave both wide and deep
Place a marble stone at my head and feet.
Upon my breast a snow white dove,
To show the world that I died for love.

7

And when her father first came home,
"Where is my daughter, where has she gone?"
He went up stairs and the door he broke
And found her hanging to a rope.

8

He took his knife and cut her down
And in her bosom, these words he found
"A silly girl am I, you know
To hang myself for the butcher's boy.

9

Must I be bound while he goes free
Must I love a boy that don't love me.
Alas! Alas! It will never be
Until oranges grow on apple trees."

You Can't Blame Me for That

Some how I'm always laughing
If skies are blue or gray,
When things go wrong I sing a song
And laugh the blues away,
A man with hair so curly
It started in to fall
He tried a new hair tonic
And now he has no hair at all.

Chorus

But you can't blame me for that,
No you can't blame me for that,
Oh, no, no, you can't blame me for that.

Each day we read of holdups
Of someone getting hurt,
A lady just got thirty days
For holding up a skirt.
When pa and ma got married
Ma says, "No children, dear."
The stork was hard of hearing
So that's the reason that I'm here.

A man slept on the sofa
Each night since he's been wed
He slept there just because
His wife ate crackers while in bed.
A chicken once was setting
On twelve eggs, Oh what luck!
She hatched out eleven baby chicks
But the other was a duck.

Titantic

Titantic was a ship on her maiden trip,
She sailed across the Atlantic ocean wide;
It was a pleasure trip, millionaires on board the
ship,
But some never lived to reach the other side.

Chorus

Titantic was her name, Atlantic was her fame,
She sank about five hundred miles from shore;
Sixteen hundred were unsaved
Who went down in the angry waves, went down
in the angry waves to rise no more.
It was a frightful scene, just as an awful dream,
To see so many perish beneath the waves;
Children, husbands and their wives were pleading
for their lives.
But they all went down beneath the angry waves.

Chorus

"'Twas a dark and moonless night, there was not
a gleam of light
To lighten the darkness on the sea.
Must have been a solemn sound just as the ship
went down
To hear the band play, "Nearer, my God, to
Thee; nearer to Thee."

Chorus

Mrs. Isadore Strauss, the wife and husband lost,
They were to each other noble, true and brave.
As they sang that evening hymn, she preferred to
die with him
And they both went down beneath the angry
waves.

Chorus

"'Twas an eager waiting crowd who had gathered
like a cloud
To watch the ocean steamer as she came,
But the captain and the crew went down in the
ocean blue
And they never, never heard them call their
name.

The Blind Girl

They say, dear father, that tonight
You'll wed another bride;
That you will clasp her in your arms
Where my dear mother died.

That she will lean her graceful head
Upon your loving breast,
Where she, who now lies low in death
In her last hours did rest.

They say her name is Mary, too,
The name my mother bore;
But, father, is she kind and true,
Like the one you loved before?

And are her steps so soft and low,
Her voice so sweet and mild;
And, father, will she love me, too,
Your blind and helpless child?

Please, father, do not bid me come
To meet your new-made bride;
I could not greet her in the room
Where my dear mother died.

Her picture's hanging on the wall,
Her books are lying near;
And there's the harp her fingers touched,
And there's her vacant chair.

The chair whereby I used to kneel
To say my evening prayer;
Dear father, it would break my heart,
I could not meet her there.

And when I cry myself to sleep,
As now I often do,
Then softly to my chamber creep,
My new mamma and you.

Then bid her gently press a kiss
Upon my throbbing brow,
Just as my own dear mamma did;
Papa, you are weeping now.

I know I love you, papa, dear,
But how I long to go
Where God is light, and I am sure
There'll be no blind ones there.

Now let me kneel down by your side,
And to our dear Savior pray
That God's right hand may lead you both
Up life's long, weary way.

The prayer was offered, and a song—
I am weary now, she said;
Her father raised her in his arms
And laid her on the bed.

And as he turned to leave the room,
One joyful cry was given;
He turned and caught the last sweet smile,
His blind girl was in heaven.

They buried her by her mother's side,
And raised a marble fair;
On it inscribed the simple words:
"There'll be no blind ones there."

The Dying Cowboy

As I went riding by Tom Sherman's bar room
By Tom Sherman's bar room so early one morn,
I spied a young cowboy all clothed in white linen
All clothed in white linen, as though for the grave.

Chorus

Then beat the drum lowly and play the fife slowly
And beat the death march as they bear me along
Take me to the graveyard and place the sod o'er
me,
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done
wrong.

Oh, once in a saddle I used to go dashing,
Oh, once in a saddle I used to ride gay,
I first took to drinking and then to card playing
But now I am shot through the breast and must die.

So bring all around me a crowd of young cowboys
and tell them the history of a comrade's sad fate
So go tell one another before they go further
To stop their fond gambling before it is too late.

So bring to my bedside a cup of cold water
A cup of cold water the poor fellow said
But just as he uttered, his spirits departed,
He went to his master, the poor fellow was dead.

Charles Guiteau

1

Come, all ye tender Christians,
Wherever you may be,
And likewise pay attention,
To these few lines from me;
On the thirteenth day of June, sir,
I am condemned to die,
For the murder of James A. Garfield,
Upon the scaffold high.

Chorus

My name is Charles Guiteau
The name I'll never deny,
I leave my aged parents,
In sorrow here to die,
Oh, little did I think,
While in my youthful bloom,
I'd be taken to the scaffold,
To meet my fatal doom.

2

Down at the union depot,
I tried to make my escape,
But providence was against me,
I proved to be too late;
The policeman came and took me,
While in my youthful bloom,
And now to the scaffold,
That I must go to meet my fatal doom.
As with
Is the
Chorus

My sister came to prison,
To bid me a last adieu,
She threw her arms around my neck,
And wept most bitterly;
She said, "Today, dear brother,
You are condemned to die,
For the murder of James A. Garfield,
Upon the scaffold high."

Chorus

I tried to play insane,
But I found that would not do,
The people being against me,
It proved to be untrue;
Judge Ross pronounced the sentence,
The clerk he wrote it down,
And now to the scaffold,
I must go to meet my fatal doom.

Chorus

They took me to the prison,
To answer for my fault,
For the murder of James A. Garfield,
Who I so willfully shot;
Now all who stand around me,
My wretched fate to see,
Don't glory in my downfall,
I pray you pity me.

Chorus

The Cowboy's Dream

Last night as I lay on the prairie
And looked at the stars in the sky
I wondered if ever, a cowboy
Would drift to that sweet bye and bye
The road to that bright happy region
Is a dim narrow trail so they say
But the broad one that leads to perdition
Is posted and blazed all the way. must die.

Chorus

Roll on, roll on, roll on, little doggies, roll on,
roll on,
Roll on, roll on, roll on, little doggies, roll on.

They say there will be a great round-up
And cowboys like doggies will stand
To be marked by the riders of judgment,
Who are posted and know every brand
For they like the cows that are locoed,
Stampede at the sight of a hand
Are dragged with a rope to the round-up
Or get marked with some crooked man's brand.
They tell of another big owner
Who's near overstocked so they say
But who always makes room for the sinner
Who drifts from the straight narrow way.

My Boy's Voice

Oh! what is the sweetest music
That comes to your listening ear?
Can you tell me in words that are simple,
The sweetest you ever hear?

Did you ever wake in the night time
And listen for footsteps to come
When your boy was away from your keeping
And you knew that he should be home?

Did you ever wake in the night time
And silently pray to your God,
Then came a sound through the darkness
That in thankfulness made you sob?

It may be the sound of whistling,
Or a song in a sweet boyish voice
That brings to our heart satisfaction
For this is my sweetest choice.

As sweet as the fair white robed angels
That are gathered around Heaven's throne,
As sweet as the prayer that is answered
Is the sound of My Boy coming home.

I Wish I Was Single Again

I wish I was single again, Oh then, Oh then,
I wish I was single again, Oh then,
When I was single my pockets would jingle
Now I wish I was single again.

I married me a wife, Oh then, Oh then,
I married me a wife, Oh then,
I married me a wife true as my life
But I wish I was single again.

My wife she died, Oh then, Oh then,
My wife she died, Oh then,
My wife she died and I laughed till I cried
To think I was single again.

I went to the funeral, Oh then, Oh then,
I went to the funeral, Oh then,
I went to the funeral and sang Yankee Doodle
To think I was single again.

I married me another, Oh then, Oh then,
I married me another, Oh then,
I married me another, the devil's grandmother
Oh I wish I was single again.

She beat me, she banged me, Oh then, Oh then,
She beat me, she banged me, Oh then,
She beat me, she banged me, she swore she would
hang me
Now I wish I was single again.

She went for the rope, Oh then, Oh then,
She went for the rope, Oh then,
She went for the rope and I thought I would crouch
Oh I wish I was single again.

The rope it did break, Oh then, Oh then,
The rope it break, Oh then,
The rope it did break and I escaped
And now I am single again.

Strawberry Roan

I was layin round town just spendin' my time
Out of a job and not making a dime
When up steps a feller and says, "I suppose
You're a bronco rider by the looks of your clothes."
Well he guesses me right and a good one I'll claim,
"Do you happen to have any bad ones to tame?"
He says he has one that's a good one to buck
And a throwin' good riders he's had lots of luck
He says, this old bronco hasn't never been rode,
The guy that gets on him is sure to get throwed,
I gets all excited and asked what he pays
To ride this old pony a couple of days
He offers a ten spot and I says, "I'm your man
The bronc never lived that I cannot fan
The bronc never tried nor he never drew breath
That I cannot ride till he starves plumb to death."
He says, "Get your saddle, I'll give you a chance."
We got in the buck board and went to the ranch
We waited till morning right after chuck,
I went out to see if that outlaw could buck
Down in the horse corral standing alone
Was this old cabayo of Strawberry Roan.
He had little pin ears that touched at the tip
And a big 44 brand on the left hip,
He was spavined all round and had pigeon toes,
Little pig eyes and a big roman nose,
He was yew necked and old with a long lower jaw
You could tell at a glance he was a regular outlaw.
I buckled on my spurs and I was feelin' plumb fine
Pulled down my hat and curled up my twine,
I throwed the loop on him, well I knew then
Before I had rode him I'd sure earn my ten
I got the blind on him with a terrible fight,
Next come the saddle and I screwed it down tight
Then I stepped on him and pulled up the blind.
I'm sittin' in his middle to see him unwind
He bowed his old neck and I'll say he unwound.
He seemed to quit livin' down there on the ground
He went up to the east and come down to the west
Me sittin' on him a doin' my best,
He was sure frog walkin' I heaved a big wandering

He only lacked wings for to be on the fly
He turned his old belly right up to the sun
For he was a sun fishin' sun of a gun,
He was the worst bronco I've seen on the range
He could turn on a nickel and leave you some
change.

While he was buckin' he squalled like a shoat
I tell you that outlaw sure got my goat
I tell all the people that outlaw could step
And I was still on him a buildin' a rep,
He come down on all fours and turned up his side
I don't see how he kept from a losin' his hide,
I lost my stirrup and also my hat,
I was clawin' that leather as blind as a bat
With a phenomenal jump he made a high dive
He sent me a whizzin' up there through the sky,
I turned forty flips and come down to the earth,
I sat there a cussin' the day of his birth.
I know there's some ponies that I cannot ride
Some of them livin' and they haven't all died
I bet all my money there's no man alive
That can ride that old strawberry
When he makes that high dive.

May I Sleep in Your Barn Tonight, Mister?

One night it was dark and was storming
When along came a tramp in the rain.
He was making his way to some station
To catch a long distance train.

May I sleep in your barn tonight, Mister?
It is cold lying out on the ground,
And the cold north wind, it is whistling
And I have no place to lie down.

Oh, I have no tobacco or matches,
And I'm sure that I'll do you no harm
The rope will tell you my story kind mister,
The rope is through my heart like a thorn.
And now I am s

It was three years ago last summer,
I shall never forget that sad day
When a stranger came out from the city
And said that he wanted to stay.

One night as I came from my work shop,
I was whistling and singing with joy.
I expected a kind hearted welcome
From my sweet loving wife and my boy.

But what should I find but a letter,
It was placed in a room on a stand,
And the moment my eyes fell upon it
I picked it right up in my hands.

Now this note said my wife and the stranger
They had left and taken my son,
Oh, I wonder if God up in heaven,
Only knows what this stranger has done.

When the Work's All Done This Fall

A group of jolly cowboys discussing plans at eve
says one,
I'll tell you something boys if you will listen please.
I am an old cow puncher boys although I'm dressed
in rags,
I used to be a bad one and take on great big jags
But I still have a home boys, a good one you all
know,
Although I have not seen it since very long ago
But I'm going back to Dixie once more to see them
all,
Yes I'm going to see my mother when the work's
all done this fall.

When I left my happy home boys my mother for
me cried
She begged me not to leave her, boys, for me she
would have died.
My mother's heart is breaking for her wandering
boy, that's all

And with God's help I'll see her when the work
all done this fall.

That very night the cowboy went out to stand
guard

The night was dark, cloudy and storming very
hard,

The cattle all got frightened and rushed in with
stampede,

The cowboy tried to turn them while riding at full
speed,

While riding in the darkness so wildly he did
shout.

He tried his best to head them and turn the herd
about

His saddle pony stumbled and on the boy did fall
And he won't see his mother when the work's all
done this fall.

Just send my mother my wages, the wages I have
earned

For I won't live to see her, my last steer I have
turned.

I'm going to a new range, I hear the master's call
And I'll not see my mother when the work's all
done this fall.

George you may have my saddle and Bill you take
my bed,

Jack you may have my pistol for I will soon be
dead

But boys think of me kindly as you look upon
them all

For I'll not see my mother when the work's all
done this fall.

They buried him at sun rise, no tombstone at his
head

With nothing but a little slab and this is what he
said,

Poor Charlie died at daybreak his saddle horse did
fall

And he won't see his mother when the work's all
done this fall.

In the Baggage Coach Ahead

In a dark, stormy night, as the train rattled on,

All the passengers had gone to bed,

Except one young man with a baby in his arms

Who sat there with a bowed down head,

The innocent one began crying just then,

As though its poor heart would break;

The angry man said, "Make that child stop its
noise,

For it's keeping all of us awake,"

"Put it out" said another: "don't keep it in here,

We've paid for our berths and want rest,"

But never a word said the man with the child,

As he fondled it close to his breast.

"Where is its mother, go take it to her,"

This a lady then softly said.

"I wish that I could," was the man's sad reply,

"But she's dead in the baggage coach ahead."

Chorus

While the train rolled onward, a husband sat in
tears,

Thinking of the happiness of just a few short
years,

For baby's face brings pictures of a cherished
hope that's dead.

But baby's cries won't waken her, in the bag-
gage coach ahead.

Every eye filled with tears, when his story he told,
Of a wife who was faithful and true,

He told how he had saved all his earnings for
years,

Just to build up a home for two,
How, when heaven had sent him this sweet little
babe,

Their young, happy lives were blest,
His heart seemed to break when he mentioned her
name,

And, in tears tried to tell them the rest.
Every woman arose to assist with the child,
There were mothers and wives on that train,

And soon was the little one sleeping in peace
With no tho't of sorrow or pain,
Next morning at the station, he bade all good-by
"God bless you," he softly said.
For each had a story to tell in his home,
Of the baggage coach ahead.

The Little Log Cabin in the Lane

1

I'm getting old and feeble now, I cannot work n
more
I've laid the rusty bladed hoe away
Old master and old misses am dead and sleeping
side by side.
Their spirits now are roaming with the blest.
The scenes am changed about the place, the
darkies am all gone.
I'll never hear them singing in the cane,
And I'm the only one that's left with this old dog
of mine,
In the little log cabin in the lane.

Chorus

The chimney is falling down, the roof is caving in.
I ain't got long around here to remain,
But the angels watches o'er me when I lay down to
sleep,
In the little log cabin in the lane.

2

There was a happy time. To me was many years
ago.
When the darkies used to gather round the door.
When they used to dance and sing at night,
I'd play the old banjo but at last I cannot play it
anymore.
The hinges, they got rusted and the door has
tumbled down,
And the roof let's in the sunshine and the rain
And the only friend I got is this good old dog of
mine,
In the little old log cabin in the lane.

Chorus

Little Mary Fagan

Little Mary Fagan, she went
To town one day,
She went to the pencil factory
To get her little pay.

She left her home at seven,
She kissed her mother goodbye,
But not once did the poor child think
That she was going to die.

Then the villan met her
With a brutal heart
We know he smiled and told Little Mary,
"You go home no more."

He sneaked along behind her
Until she reached the middle room
Then he laughed and said,
"Little Mary you've met your fatal doom."

Newt, he was the watchman
And when he wound the key
Away down in the basement
Little Mary he could see.

He called for the policemen
Their names I do not know,
They came to the pencil factory
And told Newt, that he must go.

Her mother sits a weeping
She weeps and moans all day,
She prays to meet her baby
In a better world someday.

Judge Long pronounced the sentence,
You bet he didn't fail,
He found the prisoner guilty
And sent him right to jail.

Astonished at the question,
The angels they did say
Why he killed poor Mary
Upon one holiday.

Where the River Shannon Flows

There's a pretty spot in Ireland,
I always claim for my land,
Where the fairies and the blarney,
Will never, never die;
It's the land of the shillalah,
My heart goes back there daily,
To the girl I left behind me,
When we kissed and said good-bye.

Chorus

Where dear old Shannon's flowing,
Where the three-leaved Shamrock grows,
Where my heart is I am going,
To my little Irish rose;
And the moment that I meet her,
With hug and kiss I'll greet her,
For then's not a colleen sweeter,
Where the river Shannon flows.

Sure no letter I'll be mailing,
For soon will I be sailing,
And I'll bless the ship that takes me,
To my dear old Erin's shore;
There I'll settle down forever,
I'll leave the old sod never,
And I'll whisper to my sweetheart,
"Come and take my name, asthore."

Chorus

The Letter Edged in Black

I was standing by my window yesterday morning
Without a thought of worry or of care,
When I saw the postman coming down the path-
way,
With such a happy smile and jaunty air.
Oh, he rang the bell and whistled while he waited,
And then he said: "Good morning to you, Jack."
But he little knew the sorrow that he brought me
When he handed me a letter edged in black.

Chorus

I heard the postman whistling yester morning
Coming down the pathway with his pack,
Oh, he little knew the sorrow that he brought me
When he handed me a letter edged in black.

Then with trembling hands, I took the letter from
him;

I broke the seal, and this is what it said:
"Come home, my boy, your poor old father wants
you,

Come home, my boy; your mother dear is dead.
Oh, your mother's words, the last she ever uttered,
Were: 'Tell my boy I want him to come back!'
My eyes are blurred, my poor old heart is breaking,
While I'm writing you this letter edged in
black."

Oh, I bow my head in sadness and in sorrow,
The sunlight of my life it now has fled,
Since the postman brought that letter yester
morning,

Saying: "Come, my boy, your mother, dear, is
dead."

Oh, it said: "Forgive the angry words that were
spoken;

You know I never meant them don't you, Jack?
Oh, the angels bear me witness, I am asking
Your forgiveness in this letter edged in black."

The Ragged Bum

Tune of "Wreck of the Old 97."

On a cold winter day when the snow was falling
And the wind blew icy cold,
When a bum struck town with his gall for baggage
And this story so worn and old,
Oh, the wind it whistled through his dark long
whiskers,
And his jib was out of whack,
When this bum into a barroom staggered,
And then he made this crack.

Chorus

Do I ever give up, no I never give up
I travel on my gall
So mark this down gentle barkeeper until again
I call.

Said the ragged bum to the bloated barkeeper
As he tackled the lunch on the bar
Have you got any crackers to go with these
Pickles, as he swiped one from the jar
Have you changed the sheet on the poker table
So I will not soil my back
He wiped his nose on his glossy coat sleeve
And then he made this crack:

Chorus

Oh, his eyes were like two burnt holes in a blanket
And his nose was a purple red
His coat was like a flag of many colors
And he smelt like something dead
He would hand in his bottle like an old time toper
As he called for his apple jack
But alas this poor bum he got the jimjams before
He made this crack:

Chorus

Silver Threads Among the Gold

Darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow today;
Life is fading fast away,
But my darling you will be, will be
Always young and fair to me.

Chorus

Darling, I am growing, growing old,
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow today;
Life is fading fast away.

When your hair is silver white,
And your cheeks no longer bright,
With the roses of the May

I will kiss your lips and say;
Oh, my darling, mine alone, alone,
You have never older grown,
Yes, my darling, mine alone,
You have never older grown,
Yes, my darling, mine alone,
You have never older grown.

Love can never more grow old,
Locks may lose their brown and gold,
Cheeks may fade and hollow grow;
But the hearts that love will know,
Never, never, winter's frost and chill;
Summer warmth is in them still,
Never winter's frost and chill,
Summer warmth is in them still.

Love is always young and fair,
What to us is silver hair,
Faded cheeks, or steps grown slow.
To the hearts that beat below;
Since I kissed you mine alone, alone,
You have never older grown;
Since I kissed you mine alone,
You have never older grown.

The Bronco Buster

I once knew a guy that thought he was swell,
He drifted out west where the cowpunchers
dwell,
He wore a loud hat with a brim that was wide,
And a 45 gun hung down by his side.
His cayuse and saddle were branded the best,
His chaps and his bridle and all of the rest.
He blowed in at a place that was called Camp
Custer,
And let it be known that he was a bold broncho
buster.
He tooted and spouted and gave it out fair,
He could ride any critter that ever wore hair.
Now the boys at the ranch soon heard of this gent.
And down to Camp Custer a bunch of them went.

They brought along Sue, a flea bitten roan,
The worst bucking broncho that ever was known.
Not a man from the west, the north, or the east,
Could stay on the back of the old buckin' beast.
They soon found this duffer that said that he could
ride.

Took him out to the corral where old Susan was
tied.
They strapped on a saddle and told him to mount,
And if he pulled leather it sure wouldn't count.
When old Sue humped her back the boys gave a
yell,

And that guy left the saddle like "a bat out of
hell."

He made seven turns in the air it was said,
And lit on the ground on the back of his head.
One more bold buster who said that he could—
But the evidence shows that he didn't make
good.

My Blue Ridge Mountain Home

I never thought that I could be so sad
Till I left my mountain home
But the time is a coming when I'll be so glad
And I never more will roam
And I've learned a lesson that I won't forget
Wherever I may be.
And Oh how I'm a longing for the folks back home
For they mean more than all the world to me

Chorus

When the stars go to winking
And I start in to thinking, of a girl I left behind
And I keep on a straying, while I know she is a
praying, that I'm coming back sometime.
With the old fiddle singing, I'll soon be a swinging
To the tune of Home Sweet Home
For I know she'll be waiting at the old garden gate
My Blue Ridge Mountain Home.

The Convict and the Rose

In my prison cells so dreary,
Alone I sat with weary heart,
Thinking of my lonely darling,
From her forever I must part.

A rose she sent me as a token,
She sent it just to light my gloom
To tell me that her heart was broken,
To cheer me before I meet my doom.

She wrote, "I took it from the garden,
Where once we wondered side by side,
But now you hold no hope of pardon
And I can never be your bride."

The judge would not believe my story
The jury said I had to pay
So to your rose and all it's glory
Not guilty is all that I can say.

Goodbye sweetheart, for in the morning
I'll meet my maker and repose,
And when I die at dawning
Against my heart you'll find your rose.

I've Just Come Back to Say Good-Bye

A loving husband held his wife close
to his throbbing heart,
And said "Be brave, my darling, I
know it is hard to part;
I'll leave you with my dearest friend;
he'll watch our babe and you,"
Then softly kissing her once more
said, "Tom, old friend, be true;"
Their hands met in a tight, firm clasp,
then Jim turns down the lane,
Got half way down, he then turns back
to kiss his wife again;
He finds them both in a strong embrace,

Nell's hair on Tom's Breast lay,
He gave one agonizing cry, then sobbingly
did say:

Chorus

"I've just come back to say good-by
and press you to my heart,
To tell you how I love you, once again
before we part;
I've just come back to hear your
voice and gaze into your eye;
I've just come back to kiss your lips and
then to say good-by."

"Twas in a miner's cabin, in the lone
hills far away,
A miner sat one evening—it was Jim,
his hair turned gray;
He is thinking of his darling wife, he
softly breathes her name,
And wonders do they think of him together
in their shame;
A man stops at his open door, his lips
are parched and dry;
"I've found you, Jim, I've done no sin;
old friend, I'm going to die.
Your wife is true, I swear to you, true
as the stars that shine;
I only dried her tears away when you
came back to say:

Chorus

The Preacher and the Bear

The preacher went out hunting,
"Twas on one Sunday morn
"Twas against his religion
he took his gun along
He shot himself some very fine quail
And one old grizzly hare,
But on his way returning home
He met a great big grizzly bear
The bear marched out in the middle of the road

And walked to the coon you see
That coon got so excited
He climbed a persimmon tree
The bear sat down upon the ground
The coon clumb out on a limb
He cast his eye to the Lord in the sky
And these words said to him.

Chorus

Oh Lord, didn't you deliver Daniel
From the lion's den
And also deliver Jonah
From the belly of the whale
And then the Hebrew children
From the firey furnace,
So the good book do declare
Now Lord, if you can't help me
For goodness sake don't you help that bear?

The coon sat up in that tree
I think it was all night
Says he, "Now Lord if you help that bear
Your gonna see an awful fight
Well about that time the limb let go
And the coon came tumbling down
You'd ought to have seen him get out his razor,
He struck the ground cuttin' right and left
And he put up a pretty game fight
But the bear made a lock around him
And squeeze him a little bit tight,
The coon, he dropped his razor
But the bear held on with a vim
And then he cast his eye
To the Lord in the sky and once more
Said to him:

The Wreck of No. 9

On a cold winter night, not a star was in sight,
And the north wind was howling down the line,
With his sweetheart so dear stood a brave
engineer
With his orders to pull old No. 9.

She kissed him goodbye with a tear in her eye,
But the joy in his heart he could not hide,
For the whole world seemed bright, when she told
him that night,
That tomorrow she'd be his blushing bride.

On the wheels hummed a song as the train rolled
along,
And the black smoke came pouring from the stack,
And the headlight of gleam seemed to brighten
his dream,
For tomorrow he'd be going back.

He sped round the hill and his brave heart stood
still;
For a headlight was shining in his face,
And he whispered a prayer as he threw on the air,
For he knew this would be his final race.

In the wreck he was found lying there on the
ground
And he asked them to raise his weary head,
As his breath slowly went, this message he sent
To the maiden who thought she would be wed.

There's a little white house that I bought for our
own,
Where I dreamed we'd be happy by and by,
And I'll leave it to you for I know you'll be true,
Till we meet at the Golden Gate, Goodbye.

The Wreck of the Titanic

1

It was on a Monday morning just about one o'clock,
When the great Titanic began to reel and rock,
Then the people began to cry, saying Lord we're
gon'a die.

It was sad when that great ship went down,
When they heard the signal ring they were headed
for the shore.

The rich folks they declared they wouldn't ride
with the poor,
Below they were cursed and had to go
It was sad when that great ship went down.
Chorus

It was sad when that great ship went down,
It was sad when that great ship went down,
There were husbands and wives
Little children lost their lives,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

2

When they built the great Titanic they said:
What could they do?
They said: They would build a ship that the whales
would not go through.
But God with His mighty hand showed the world
it could not stand.

It was sad when that great ship went down.
When the people on the ship were a long way from
home,

With all the people around them didn't know
their time had come.
But death came ridin' by, 16 hundred had to die.
It was sad when that great ship went down. (CHO)

The Wreck of the Old 97

They gave him his orders,
At Mt. Rose Virginia,
Saying, "Pete your way behind time.
This is not 38 but it's old 97,
You must put her in Center on time."

He looked around and says to his black greasy
firemen
'Just shovel in a little more coal,
And when we cross the White Oak Mountains,
You can watch old 97 roll."

It's a mighty rough road from Linchburg to
Denver,
On a line with a three mile grade.

It was on that grade that he lost his air brakes
You can see what a jump he made.

He was going down the grade making ninety
miles an hour,
When his whistle broke into a scream,
He was found in the wreck with his hand on the
throttle
And scalded to death with steam.

Now all you young ladies must stop and take
warning,
For here is a lesson you can learn,
Never speak harsh words to your true loving
husband
For he may leave you and never return.

Uncle Ned

There was an old darkey and his name was Uncle
Ned,
And he died long ago, long ago;
He had no wool on the top of his head,
In the place where the wool ought to grow.

Chorus

Then lay down the shovel and the hoe,
Hang up the fiddle and the bow;
For there's no more work for poor old Ned,
He's gone where the good darkies go.

His fingers were long as the cane in the brake,
And he had no eyes for to see;
And he had no teeth for to eat a hoe cake,
So he had to let the hoe cake be.

One cold, frosty morning, Old Ned died,
Massa's tears they fell like the rain;
For he knew when Ned was laid in the ground,
He'd never see his like again.

When the Moon Shines Down Upon the Mountain

There's a picture in my mind that I cannot forget,
Try so hard and yet, I cannot forget,
Of a girl who's waiting for me underneath the
moon,
I'll be seein' her now pretty soon.

Chorus

When the moon shines down upon the mountain
She'll be waiting underneath it's slide,
Like a whipperwill sings in the valley
She'll be singing far into the night.
Oh, why did I ever start to roam
And leave my dear ones all alone?
When the moon shines down upon the mountain
I'll be coming round the bend for home.

Memories bring back to me a place I used to dwell,
Of one I loved so well, where I used to dwell,
Of some one whose always stuck to me through
thick and thin,
I'll be coming back to her again.

Chorus

The Coon Song

Although it's not my color
I'se feelin' mighty blue
I've got a lot of troubles
I'll tell them all to you,
I'se really great disgusted
With life, and that's a fact
'Cause my hair is wooley
And because my color is black.

Chorus

Coon, Coon, Coon,
I wish my color would fade,
Coon, Coon, Coon,
I'd like a lighter shade,
Coon, Coon, Coon,

It's morning, night and noon
I'd rather be a white man
Instead of an old black coon.

My gal she took a notion
Against the colored race
And said if she should wed me
I'd have to change my face,
She said if she should wed me
That she'd regret it soon
And now I'm shocked good and hard
But I am a coon.

I had my face enameled
And I had my hair made straight,
I dressed up like a white man
And I certainly did look great,
I started out to meet her
Just shortly after dark
And on my way to meet my babe,
I had to cross the park.

Just as I was thinking
I had things fixed up right
I passed a tree where two doves sat
Amaking love at night.
They stopped and looked me over
And I saw my finish soon
'Cause both the doves said good and loud
It's a coon.

After the Ball

A little maiden climbed on an old man's knee,
Begged for a story: "Do, uncle, please.
Why are you single, why live alone?
Have you no children, have you no home?"
"I once had a sweetheart, years, years ago,
Where she is now, pet, you soon will know.
List to the story, I'll tell it all,
I believed her faithless, after the ball."

Chorus

After the ball is over, after the break of morn,
Many the dancers that are leaving, after the stars
are gone;
Many the hearts that are aching, could we but read
them all,
Many are the hopes that have vanished, after the
ball.

"Bright lights were flashing, from this gay ball-
room,
Softly the music playing sweet tunes,
There sat my sweetheart, my love, my own.
'Give me some water, leave me alone.'
When I returned, pet, there stood a man,
Kissing my sweetheart, as lovers can.
Down fell the glass, pet, broken, that's all,
Just as my heart felt, after the ball.

Chorus

"Long years have passed, child, I've never wed,
True to my lost love, though she is dead.
She tried to tell me, tried to explain,
I would not listen, pleading in vain;
One day a letter came from a man,
It was her brother, so the letter ran,
That's why I'm lonely, have no home at all,
I broke my heart, pet, after the ball."

Chorus

Oh! Bury Me Out on the Prairie

Oh, I've got no use for the women
A true one may never be found,
They use a man for his money and when
It is gone they'll turn him down.
They are all alike at the bottom
Selfish and grasping for all,
They'll stay by a man while he is winning
And laugh in his face at his fall.
My pal was a straight young puncher,
Honest and upright and square,

But he turned to a gunman and a gambler
And a woman sent him there.

Quicker and sure was his gun play
Till his heart and his body lay dead
When a Vacquero insulted her picture
And he filled him full of lead.

All night long they trailed him
Through mesquite and through chaparral,
I couldn't but think of the woman
As I saw him pitch and fall.

If she'd been the pal that she should have
He might have been raising a son
Instead of out there on the prairie
To fall by the ranger's gun.

Death slow sting did not trouble,
His chances for life were too slim,
But where they were putting his body
Was all that worried him.

He lifted his head on his elbow
And the blood from his wound flowed red,
He looked at his pals who stood around him
And whispered to them and said:

"Oh! bury me out on the prairie
Where the coyotes may howl o'er my grave,
Oh! bury me out on the prairie
And some of my bones will be saved.

Wrap me up in my blankets
And bury me deep 'neath the ground,
And cover me over with boulders
Of granite, huge and round."

So they buried him out on the prairie
A And the coyotes still howl o'er his grave,
B His soul is now resting
From the unkind cuts she gave.

And many a similar puncher
As he rides by the pile of stones
Recalls some similar woman
And envies his worn bones.

Hand Me Down My Walking Cane

Hand me down my walking cane
Hand me down my walking cane
Hand me down my walking cane
I'm a gonna leave on the midnight train
All my sins have been taken away.

Hand me down my bottle of corn
Hand me down my bottle of corn
Hand me down my bottle of corn
I'm a gonna get drunk as sure as you're born
Cause all my sins have been taken away.

I got drunk and was put in jail
I got drunk and was put in jail
I got drunk and got in jail
I have no one to go my bail
All my sins have been taken away.

Oh the beans was bad and the meat was tough
Oh the beans was bad and the meat was tough
Oh the beans was bad and the meat was tough
And Oh Gee! I couldn't go that stuff
Cause all my sins been taken away.

If I had listened to what Mamma said
If I had listened to what Mamma said
If I had listened to what Mamma said
I would have been sleeping on a feather bed
Cause all my sins been taken away.

Little Brown Jug

My wife and I live all alone
In a little log hut called our own
She loved gin and I loved rum
tell you what, we'd lots of fun.

'Tis you who makes me wear old clothes,
'Tis you who makes my friend, my foe,
Here you are so close to my nose
tip her up and down she goes.

When I go toiling to my farm
I take little brown jug under my arm
Place it under a shady tree
Little brown jug 'tis you and me.

Before the folks of Adam's race
We're gathered together in one place
Then I'd prepare to shed a tear
Before I'd part with you my dear.

If I had a cow that gave such milk
I'd dress her in the finest silk
I'd feed her on the choicest hay
And milk her forty times a day.

The rose is red, my nose is too,
The voilets blue and so are you,
And yet before I stop
I guess I'd better take another drop.

Chorus

Ha, Ha, you and me, little brown jug
Don't I love you
Ha, Ha, little brown jug 'tis you and me.

HARD TIMES IN NEBRASKA

(Tune: Springtime in the Rockies)

It's hard times in Nebraska
Our crops are rotting there
While workers starve on slop lines
And their families despair.
Our taxes and our interest
Cannot be met this year
In this land of wealth and plenty,
In this land of Wall Street rule.

Our houses leak and totter,
Our children freeze in rags,
Our corn sells for a nickle,
And spuds won't pay for bags.
For working hard and faithful
You'll take our farms and tools
In this land of wealth and plenty,
In this land where Wall Street rules.

You set the price on products
Tell us what we must pay
And when we buy our groceries
You also have your way.
You call us sovereign farmers
But really we are fools
In this land of wealth and plenty,
In this land of Wall Street rule.

The international bankers
Our credit did abuse:
Though Dawes got 80 million
Yet us they did refuse
But we will band in union
To break their money pools
In this land of wealth and plenty,
In this land of Wall Street rule.

FINALE

(Tune: Marching Through Georgia)

Unite! Unite! To gain our liberty
Unite! Unite! In union we'll be free
So we'll spread this message from Nebraska to
the sea;
The farmers are marching to Freedom.

'SOLIDARITY'

(Tune: John Brown's Body)

The Farmers learned their lesson, now,
as everyone can see.

The Farmers knew the bankers are their great-
est enemy.

We'll organize and fight until we gain the vic-
tory

In One Big Solid Union!

(Chorus)

Solidarity Forever! Solidarity Forever!

Solidarity Forever!

For in Union we are Strong!

The men all stick together, and the boys are
fighting fine.

The women and the children are beside us all
the time.

No laws, No threats can stop us, when we all
march out in line,

In One Big Solid Union!

(Chorus)

It is we who plowed the prairies, built the barns
and houses there.

And in spite of droughts and hoppers, we've
made multi-millionaries.

Now we stand foreclosed and homeless, 'mid the
riches we have made,

But in Union We are Strong.

(Chorus)

We worked our wives and children, and done as
we were told.

Signed their notes and paid their interest, just
to fill their pots with gold.

But today we're strongly banded, and we'll
break Their vicious hold.

For In Union We are Strong!

(Chorus)

In our hands is placed a power greater than
their Hoarded gold.

Greater than the might of armies, magnified
a thousandfold,

We can bring to birth the new world from the
ashes of the old,—FOR IN UNION WE ARE

STRONG!

(Chorus)