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## Music of the Ethiopian Serenaders

Music of the Ethiopian Serenaders

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## MUSIC

OF THE

# FITTOPIAM SEREMADERS.

HINE SONES

AND A SET OF COTESSIONS

FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Dandy Jim of Caroline,
Miss Lucy Long,
Boatman's Dance,
Old Dan Tucker,
My Old Aunt Sally.

Miss Lucy Neal,
The Ole Grey Goose,
Going Ober de Mountain,
'Twill Never do to Gib it up So,
Set of Cotillions.

E. FERRETT & CO.,

PHILADELPHIA—68 SOUTH FOURTH STREET.

NEW YORK—237 BROADWAY.

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FOR TWENTY-PIVE CENTS.

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remain and the arman of the arm

A CELEBRATED

## Ethiopian Melody,

ARBANGED FOR THIS WORK BY HIMSELF.





I drest myself from top to toe,
And down to Dinah I did go,
Wid pantaloons strapp'd down behind,
Like Dandy Jim of Caroline.
For my ole massa, &c.

De bull-dog clear'd me from de yard,
I tought I'd better leab my card,
I tied it fast to a piece ob twine,
Signed "Dandy Jim from Caroline."
For my ole massa, &c.

She got my card den wrote a letter,
An ebery word she spelt de better,
For ebery word and ebery line
Was Dandy Jim of Caroline.
For my ole massa, &c.

Oh, beauty it is but skin deep,
But wid Miss Dinah none compete,
She changed her name from lubly Dine
To Mrs. Dandy Jim of Caroline.
For my ole massa, &c.

An ebery little nig she had
Was de berry image ob de dad,
Dar heels stick out three feet behind,
Like Dandy Jim of Caroline.
For my ole massa, &c.

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.

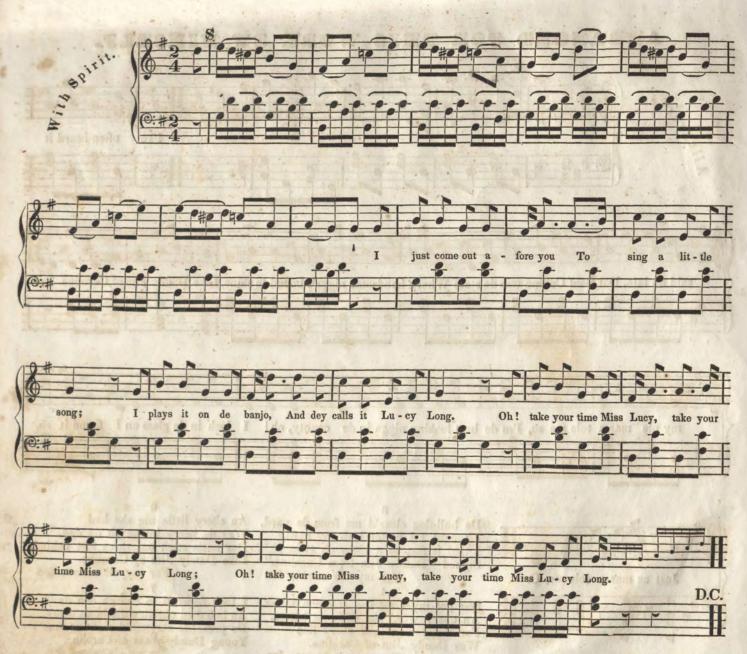
And when de preacher took his text,
He seem'd so berry much perplex'd,
Dat nothing cum across his mind,
But Dandy Jims of Caroline.

For my ole massa, &c.

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# IIISS BUCT LONG.

#### A POPULAR NEGRO SONG.



2

I ask her for to marry,
She had'nt much to say;
But said, she'd rather tarry,
So I let her have her way.
Oh! take your time, &c.

My mamma's got de tisic,

And my daddy's got de gout;

Good morning, Mister Physic,

Does your mother know you're out?

Oh! take your time, &c.

If I had a scolding wife,

As sure as she was born,

I'd tote her down to New Orleans

And trade her off for corn.

Oh! take your time, &c.

#### DANDY JIM.



Forward two and cross over-Chassez and Dechassez-Cross over to places and Balancez.





Right Hand half round, Left Hand back—Balancez on a line—Promenade half round—Forward two back to back—Forward four and back—Right and Left to places.

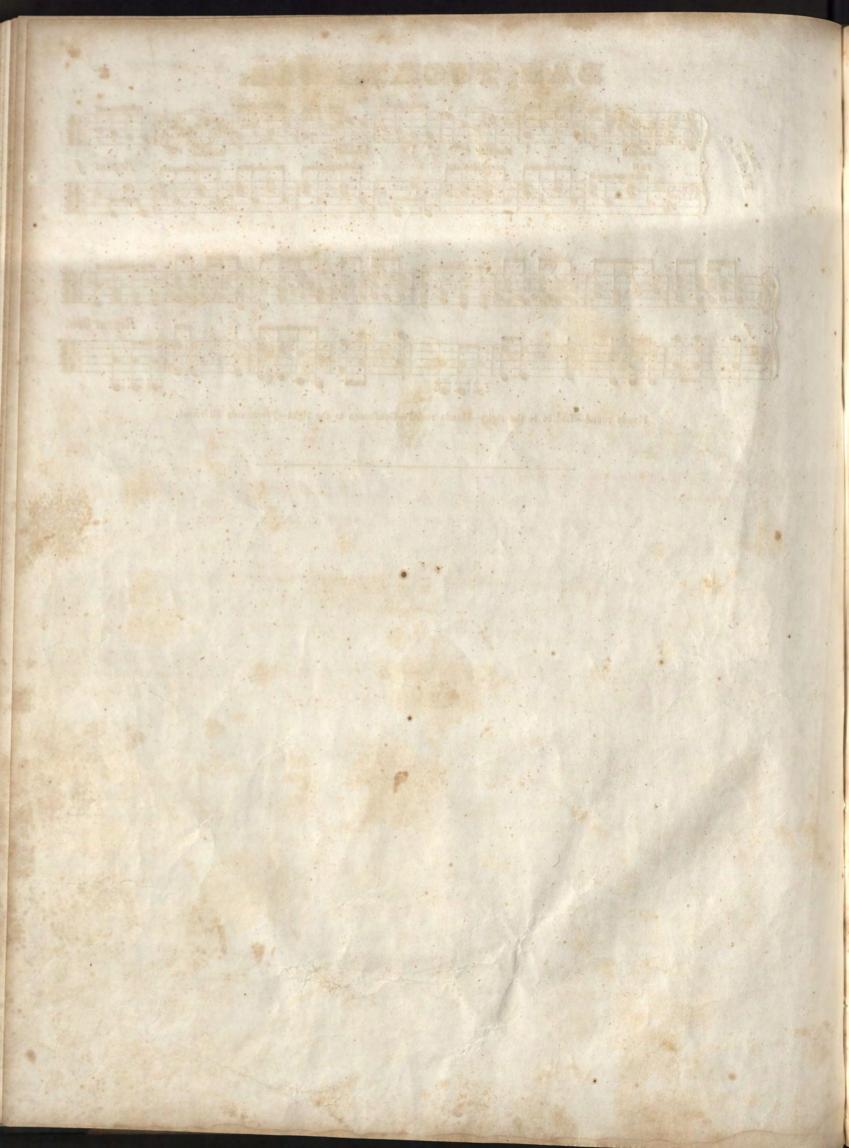


Forward four and turn partners-Forward three-One gentleman forward twice-Chassez half round, right and left to places.

## DAN TUCKER JIG.



Hands round—Ladies to the right—Hands round—Gentlemen to the right—Promenade all round.



# WA OPD WALL STEEL.

A Celebrated Bthlopfan Melody.

#### COMPOSED BY HERSELF.









I ax her—won't you took a ride wid me upon de lebee,
She jump up an crack her heel, an swore dat she was ready,
I nebber spoke anudder word, nor shall I gib de reason,
Why I lite on her 'fections for de balance ob de season,
Season, de season ! de balance ob de season,
Why I lite on her 'fections for de balance ob de season,
Sally, O, Sally, my old aunt Sally!
Ra-ree-ri-ro-round de corner Sally!

I hitch de bull before de cart like a clever feller,
Hit 'im a cut to make 'em go,—de bull begin to beller,
I turn round to look for Sal—I nebber shall forget 'em,
Dar I see her makin tracks across de sandy bottom,
Bottom, de bottom, across de sandy bottom,
Par I see her makin tracks across de sandy bottom, &c.

Up de hill and down de dale, I didn't seem to mind her,
De bull's tail stuck out behind as he kept up behind her;
He run slap agin a stump an found himself mistaken,
Sal dodge on todder side an tried to save her bacon,
Bacon, her bacon, an tried to save her bacon,
Sal dodge on todder side an tried to save her bacon,
Sally, O, Sally, my old aunt Sally I
Ra-ree-ri-ro-round de corner Sally. 5

6 I brace my back agin a stump, de bull he look so savage,
Sez he "old hoss I'll eat you up, jist like I would a cabbage ™
I saftly creep up to him deu, (like a nigger stealin)
I lites upon 'em like a pig upon a tater peelin,
Peelin, de peelin, upon a tater peelin,
I lites upon 'em like a pig upon a tater peelin,
Sally, O, Sally, my old aunt Sally,
Ra-ree-ri-ro-round de corner Sally.

7

Now I want to hab you all pay particlar 'tention,
To a sarcustancial fact I'm gwine now to mention;
I want to hab you all to know—for spunk I isn't a lackin,
Sept when I'se goin to hab a fite, an den I wants good backin,
Backin, backin, an den I wants good backin,
Sept when I'se goin to hab a fite, and den, &c.

I gib her a piece ob my advice, to hunt some udder lodgin,
De bull kept gwine round de stump, an Sally kept a dodgin,
She jump a rod or two aside, you orter seen her bound it,
If de bull ain't broke de stump, he still is gwine round it,
If de bull ain't broke de stump, he still is gwine round it, &c

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# MISS BU TEALE. Or the Hellow Gal.

A CELEBRATED ETHIOPIAN MELODY.



2 She used to go out wid us,
To pick cotton in de field,
And dare is whar I fell in love
Wid my pretty Lucy Neale.
Oh! poor Lucy Neale, &c.

I ask'd Miss Lucy would she hab me,
How glad she made me feel;
When she gib to me her heart,
My pretty Lucy Neale.
Oh! poor Lucy, &c.

Den de Niggas gib a ball, Miss Lucy danced a reel,

But none was dar dat could compare Wid my pretty Lucy Neale. Oh! poor Lucy, &c.

My Massa he did sell me, Because he thought I'd steal, Which caused a separation
Of myself and Lucy Neale.
Oh! poor Lucy, &c.

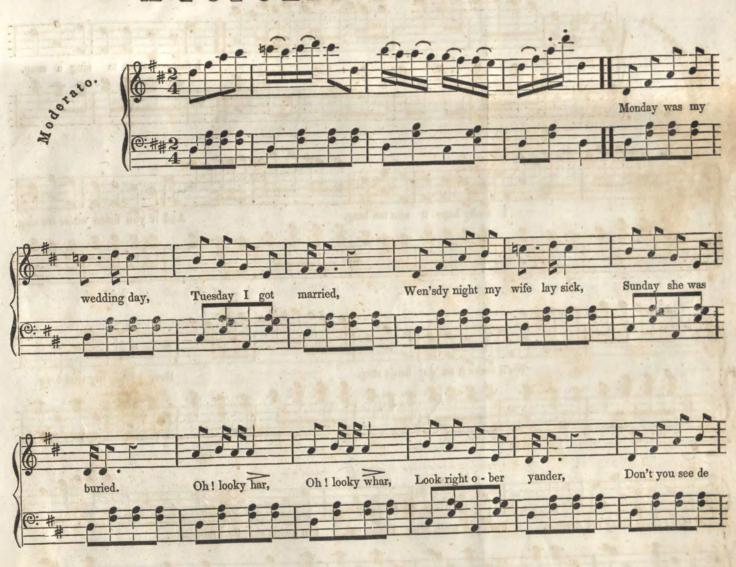
My boat it was a pine log,
Widout rudder or keel,
And I floated down de ribber
Crying poor Lucy Neale.
Oh! poor Lucy, &c.

Miss Lucy she was taken sick,
She eat too much corn meal,
De Doctor he did gib her up,
Alas! poor Lucy Neale.
Oh! poor Lucy, &c.

One day I got a letter,
And jet black was de seal,
It was de announcement ob de death
Of my poor Lucy Neale,
Oh! poor Lucy Neale,
Oh! poor Lucy Neale,
If I only had you by my side,
How happy I should feel.

# THE OLE CRAT GOOSE,

#### A POPULAR BANJO SONG.





Wen'sdy night my wife took sick,
Despair ob death cum o'er her:
Oh! some did cry, but I did laff
To see dat death go from her.
Oh! looky dar, &c.

I ask Miss Dinah Rose one day
In de ole cart to ride,
She war, by gosh, so berry fat
I couldn't sit beside her.
Oh! looky dar, &c.

When she was gittin out de cart
Miss Dinah lose her shoe,
And den I spied a great big hole
Right in her stocking through.
Oh! looky dar, &c.

Says I to her: you Dinah gal
Only looky dar,
Dem heels are sticking out too far,
As a nigger I declar.
Oh! looky dar, &c.

Says she to me, you nigger Jo,
What are you about?
Dere's science in dem 'ere heels,
And I want em to stick out.
Oh! looky dar, &c.

## COING OBER DE MOUNTAIN.

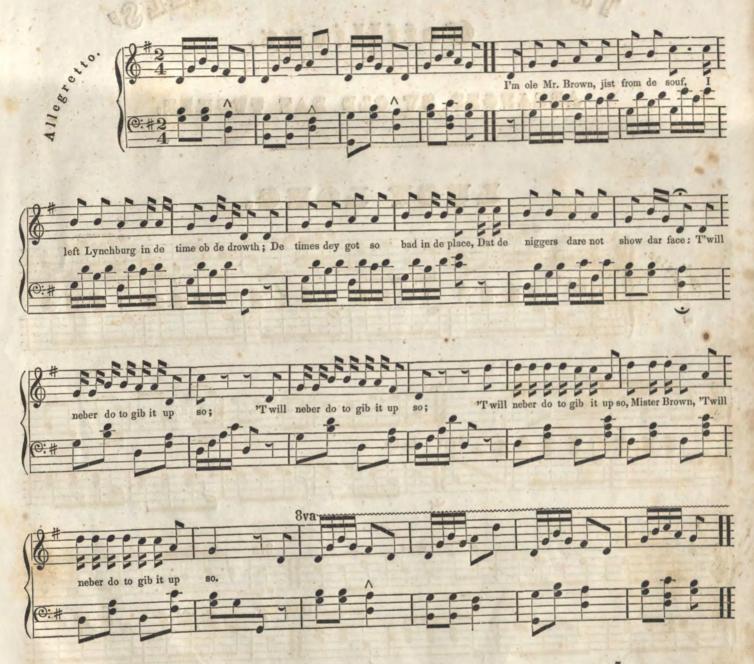
ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.



Ebery day when Sunday come,
He comb'd his head wid a horse jaw-bone;
He went to split some oven-wood,
And split himself up clar to foot.
Ree, ro, &c.

## TWILL NEBER DO TO GIB IT UP SO.

A Savourite Banjo Song.



Old Jim ribber I floated down,
My backer boat it run upon de groun;
De pine log come wid a rushin din,
An stove bote ends ob de ole boat in.
It will neber do, &c.

De ole log rake me aft an fore,
It left my cook-house on de shore;
I thought it wouldn't do to gib it up so,
So I scull myself ashore wid de ole banjo.
It will neber do, &c.

I gits on shore an feels berry glad, I looks at de banjo and feels berry mad; My foot slip an I fell down, "Twill neber do to gib it up so, Mr. Brown. It will neber do, &c,

By golly but it made de ole nig laff,
Wid my boat I made a raff,
I had a pine tree for a sail,
And steer'd her down wid my coat-tail.
It will neber do, &c.

I met wid a cat-fish in de riber,
I gosh, but it made dis nigger shiber;
I steer'd right straight for de critter's snout,
An turn de ole catfish inside out.
It will neber do, &c.

Dat same night, as de sun did set,
I ribed in town wid my clothes all wet,
De niggers built up a great fire,
If dat's not true den I am a liar.
It will neber do, &c.

Master on de wood-pile barkin like a dog,
Toad in de mill-pond, settin on a log,
Possum up a gum tree, saucy, fat an dirty,
Come kiss me, gals, or I'll run like a turkey
It will neber do to gib it up so,
It will neber do to gib it up so,
It will neber do to gib it up so,
It will neber do to gib it up so.
It will neber do to gib it up so.

80

# THE VIRGINIA MINSTRELS.

#### ABRANCED BY OLD DAN TUCKER.

#### LUCY LONG.



Right and Left-Balancez and turn-Ladies Chain-Promenade half round-Right and Left to places.

# BOATMAN'S DANCE.

A Popular Song.

#### SUNG BY THE VIRGINIA MINSTRELS.



When you go to de boatman's ball,
Dance wid my wife, or dont dance at all,
Sky-blue jacket, tarpaulin hat,
Look out boys for de nine tail cat.
Dance, de boatman, &c.

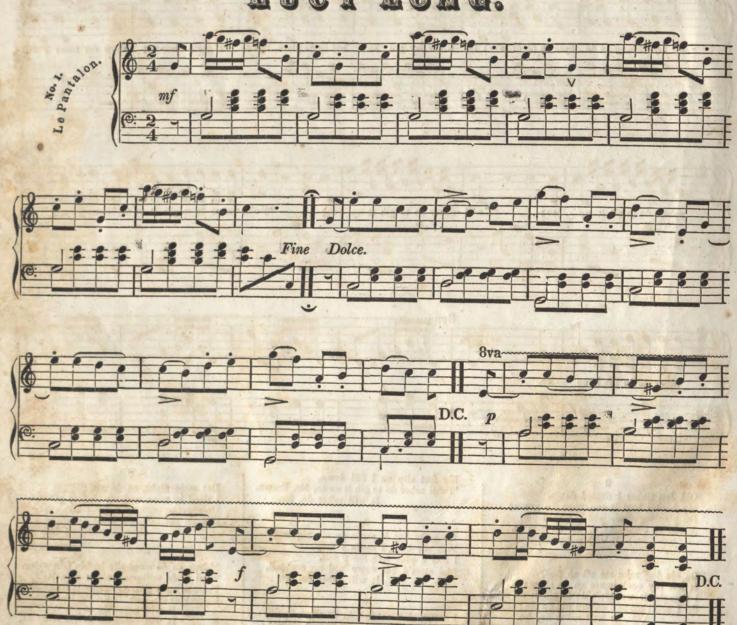
When de boatman blows his horn
Look out ole man your hog is gone,
He stole my sheep, he stole my shoat,
Chuck em in a bag and tote em to de boat.
Dance, de boatman, &c.

Ober de mountain, slick as an eel,
De boatman slide down on his heel;
De wind did blow, de waves did toss
I belieb my soul de boatman loss.
Dance, de boatman, &c.

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# OLD DAN TUCKER.

A Celebrated Banjo Song,

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.



And what you tink it was about, He tread on my corn, I kick him on de shin,

And dat's de way dis row begin, So get out de way, &c. And now Ole Dan is a gone sucker And neber can go home to supper, Ole Dan he has had his last ride And de banjo's buried by his side, So get out de way, &c.