

KIT CARSON'S
1st New Mexico Volunteers
STRING BAND
CIVIL WAR SONG BOOK



IN SINGABLE KEYS

WITH PLAYABLE CHORDS

BY

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AND

DAVID POULIN

INTRODUCTION

It's all Bill's fault. He started the whole thing. "We gotta learn some tunes," he says. There we are, sittin' by the campfire, staring at the glowing coals. "Know any songs?" he asks. "No," I says, "I'm too busy with the fifes and drums." Sometime later, here we are standin' in the chow line. "I'm gonna get an harmonica," he says, "We gotta learn some tunes." Next thing you know, Bill starts humming songs... then singing them; then playing 'em on the harmonica. He's either doin' a tune or talking about one. Finally, "I'm gonna get a banjo," he says, "take some lessons." "I'd better do something," I think to myself. I get a mandolin. Bill gets his banjo. Russ pulls a guitar out of his closet. And then, just when we didn't know enough to be dangerous, Joe shows up with a fiddle in one hand and banjo in the other. "Anybody wanna play some tunes?" he says; Ellen's right behind him with a mummy-case full of one very-oversized fiddle. And all hell breaks loose, 'cause they knew a lot of tunes. Pretty soon, we find out almost everybody in the whole company can play something, guitars, fiddles, banjos, spoons, bones, jugs, tinwhistles, recorders, and tambourines start popping out all over. And we only thought the drummer boys could play cards. Bill did it all right.

The First New Mexico Infantry Re-enactment group portrays a Civil War infantry unit which participated in the War Between the States in the spring and summer of 1862. Most of our songs include popular parlor and minstrel tunes, and common folk dances. Joe's extensive reading into Civil War Diaries such as "Hard Tack and Coffee", by John Billings, has given him a good idea on the kind of songs played by soldiers themselves.

The songs are notated with guitar chord letters and slashes which mean "repeat the previous chord". The instrumentals are noted by chords and slashes only. In 2/4 or 4/4 time there is a chord or slash on every beat. In 3/4 time, the notations are made on the #1 beat only. The 2 and 3 beats are meant to be followed by the same chord (except when notated in quotes, which means one chord or slash per beat). The notation "-" means that no chord is played on that beat. The condescending slave dialect used by the 'blackface minstrels' has been removed from these texts. I do not think the average solders on the front line would have been imitating the 'blackface' genre. They would have simply sung the songs in their own language. However, I kept the word darkie when I thought it was integral to the meaning of the song, but removed the word 'nigger' in all cases.

SOURCES

1. Joe Dietrich's notebook.
2. Richard Jackson's "Popular Songs of the 19th Century", Dover Publications, NY.
3. Richard Jackson's, "Stephen Foster Songbook", Dover Publications, NY.
4. Richard Crawford's "The Civil War Songbook", Dover Publications, NY.
5. Irwin Silber's "Soldier Songs and Home-front Ballads of the Civil War", Oak Publications, NY
6. Theodore Ralph's, "The American Song Treasury", Dover Publications, NY.
7. Notes from the Amoskeag Players - curtesy of Mike Bilbo.
8. George Carroll's publication of Bruce & Emmett's "The Drummers' and Fifers' Guide", Street Md.
9. Mattson & Walz's "Old Fort Snelling", Minnesota Historical Society, St. Paul, Minnesota.
10. George Carroll's publication of "The American Veteran Fifer", Street, Md.
11. "Little Golden Book of Favorite Songs", Hall & McCreary Co., Minneapolis
12. Notes and tunes from the recording, "Remember the Alamo."

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"The Battle Hymn of the Republic"

(common time 4/4)

G / / / G / / /
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
I have seen him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps;
I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,

C / / / G / / /
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
"As ye deal with My contemnners, so with you My Grace shall deal;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His Judgment Seat;
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;

G / / / G Em /
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword,
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant my feet!
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,

Am / G D7 G / / /
His truth is marching on.
His day is marching on.
Since God is marching on."
Our God is marching on.
While God is marching on.

Chorus:

G / / / G / / /
Glory, Glory Hallelu - jah,
C / / / G / / /
Glory, Glory Hallelu - jah,
G / / / G B7 Em /
Glory, Glory Hallelu - jah,
Am G D7 G / / /
His truth is marching on.

Words by Julia Ward Howe, to the music of "John Brown's Body".

"Hold the Fort"

(common time 4/4)

C / / / F / / /
Ho, my comrades, see the signal,
See the mighty host advancing,
See the glorious banner waving,
Fierce and long the battle rages,

C / / / G / / /
Waving in the sky;
Satan leading on,
Hear our bugle blow,
But our help is near,

C / / / F / / /
Reinforcements now appearing,
Mighty men around us falling,
In our leader's name we'll triumph,
Onward comes our great commander,

D7 / / / G7 / / /
Victory is nigh.
Courage almost gone.
Over every foe.
Cheer, my comrades, cheer.

Chorus:

C / F / C / / Em
"Hold the Fort, for I am coming,"

F / / / G7 / / /
Jesus signals still.

C / / / F / / /
Wave the answer back to heaven,

G7 / / / C / / /
"By thy Grace we will."

Words and music by Philip Paul Bliss.

"Lincoln and Liberty"

(march time 2/4)

D / G /
Hurrah for the choice of our nation,
Hurrah for the son of Kentucky
Then up with the banner so glorious,

D / G A7
Our chieftain so brave and so true,
The hero of Hoosierdom through;
The star-spangled red, white, and blue,

D / G /
We'll go for the great reformation, for
The pride of the Suckers so lucky, for
We'll fight til our banner's victorious, for

Chorus:

D A7 D /
Lincoln and Liberty, too!

D / G-A7 /
For Lincoln and Liberty, too,

D / G-A7 /
For Lincoln and Liberty, too,

D / G /
We'll go for the great reformation
The pride of the Suckers so lucky
We'll fight til our banner's victorious

D A7 D /
For Lincoln and Liberty, too.

Words by Jesse Hutchinson, music to the tune "of Old Rosin the Beau".

"Tramp!, Tramp!, Tramp!"

(march time 2/4)

G / / /
In the prison cell I sit
In the battle front we stood,
So with-in the prison cell

/ C / G
Thinking mother, dear, of you
When their fiercest charge they made
We are waiting for the day,

/ / / A7 / D7
And our bright and happy home so far away,
And they swept us off a hundred men or more,
That shall come to open wide the iron door,

/ G / /
And the tears they fill my eyes
But be - fore we reached their lines,
And the hollow eye grows bright,

/ C / G
'Spite of all that I can do,
They were beaten back dismayed,
And the poor heart almost gay,

/ C / D7 / G
Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.
And we heard the cry of vict'ry o'er and o'er.
As we think of seeing home and friends once more.

Chorus:

G / / / / / /
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,

D7 / / /
Cheer up comrades they will come,

G / /
And beneath the starry flag

/ C / G
We shall breathe the air again

/ Em / D7 / G / /
Of the free land in our own beloved home.

Words & music by George F. Root; published by Root & Cady in Chicago in 1864.

"Kingdom Coming"

(march time 2/4)

C / / / C / G /
Oh have you seen the master coming With a mustache on his face
He's six foot one way, two foot the other And he weighs three hundred pounds.
The people feel so lonesome living in the loghouse on the lawn,
The overseer he made us trouble, And he drove us 'round a spell;

C / / / C G C /
He come around here sometime this morning, Said he's gonna leave this place.
His coat so big he can't pay the tailor, And it won't go halfway 'round.
We moved our things to master's parlor For to keep it while he's gone.
We locked him up in the smokehouse cellar, With the key thrown in the well.

C / / / / / G /
He saw the smoke way up the river where the Lincoln gunboats lay
He drills so much they call him captain, and he gets so mighty tan.
There's wine and cider in the kitchen, And we will all have some;
The whip is lost, the handcuff broken, But master will have his pay;

C / / / / / G C /
He grab his hat and he left mighty sudden I think he's run away.
I expect he'll try to fool them Yankees for the think he's contraband.
I suppose they'll all be cornfiscated When the Lincoln soldiers come.
He's old enough, big enough, ought to've known better Than to went and run away.

Chorus:

F / / C / G /
The master run ha-ha; the darkey stay ho-ho.

C / / / / / G C /
It must be now the kingdom coming in the year of Jubilo.

Words & music by Henry Clay Work; published by Root & Cady in Chicago in 1862.

"The Battle Cry of Freedom"

(common time 4/4)

G / / / C / / /
Rally round the flag boys, rally once again.
We'll welcome to our number the loyal, true, and brave,
We are springing to the call from the East and from the West,

G / / / / D / /
Shouting the battle cry of "Freedom!"

G / / / C / / /
Rally from the hillsides, gather from the plains,
Although he may be poor, not a man shall be a slave,
We'll prove a loyal crew to the man we love the best,

G / / / D / G / /
Shouting the battle cry of "Freedom!"

Chorus:

G / / / G / / /
The Union forever, Hurrah! Boys, hurrah!

G / / / G / / D / /
Down with the traitors and up with the stars

G / / / C / / / /
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,

G / / / D / G / /
Shouting the battle cry of "Freedom!"

Words and music by George F. Root; published by Root & Cady in Chicago in 1862.

"The John Brown Song"

(common time 4/4)

C / / / / / / /
John Brown's body lies a-mouldin' in the grave,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown died that the slaves might all be free,
The stars above in heaven are brightly shining down,

F / / / C / / /
John Brown's body lies a-mouldin' in the grave,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown died that the slaves might all be free,
The stars above in heaven are brightly shining down,

C / / / / / Am
John Brown's body lies a-mouldin' in the grave,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown died that the slaves might all be free,
The stars above in heaven are brightly shining down,

/ G7 / / / C
His soul goes marchin' on.
His soul goes marchin' on.
His soul goes marchin' on.
His soul goes marchin' on.
His soul goes marchin' on.
On the grave of old John Brown.

Chorus:

C / / / / / /
Glory, glory, hallelujah!

F / / / C // /
Glory, glory, hallelujah!

C / / / / / /
Glory, glory, hallelujah!

G7 C
His soul goes marchin' on.

Words: Anonymous, music: "Say, Brothers, will you meet us?" (ascribed to William Steffe), circa 1860.

"All Quiet Along the Potomac Tonight"

(waltz time 3/4)

G D7 G / D7 / G /
"All quiet along the Potomac tonight," Except here and there a stray picket
"All quiet along the Potomac tonight," Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming,
His musket falls slack-- his face, dark and grim, Grows gentle with memories tender,
Then drawing his sleeve roughly o'er his eyes, He dashes off the tears that are welling,
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustles the leaves! Was it the moonlight so wond'rously flashing?

G D7 G / D A7 D7 /
Is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro, By a rifleman hid in the thicket;
And their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon, And the light of their campfires gleaming;
As he mutters a pray'r for the children asleep, And their mother--"May heaven defend her!"
And gathers his gun close up to his breast, As if to keep down the heart's swelling;
It look'd like a rifle! "Ha, Mary goodbye!" And his lifeblood is ebbing and plashing.

D7 / G / C A7 D /
'Tis nothing! a private or two now and then, Will not count in the news of the battle,
There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread, As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
The moon seems to shine as brightly as then -- That night, when the love yet unspoken
He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree, And his footstep is laging and weary,
"All quiet along the Potomac tonight," No sound save the rush of the river;

C D7 G C G Em G /
Not an officer lost! only one of the men, Moaning out all alone the death rattle.
And thinks of the two on the low trundle bed, Far away in the cot on the mountain.
Leap'd up to his lips, and when low murmur'd vows, Were pledg'd to be ever unbroken.
Yet onward he goes, thro' the broad belt of light, Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead, "The Picket's" off duty forever.

Chorus:

G / Em / D / G /
"All Qui - et along the Potomac tonight!"

Words by Ethel L. Beers, music by John H. Hewitt; published by Miller & Beacham in Baltimore in 1863.

"Weeping Sad and Lonely"

(common time 4/4)

G / / / C // / G / A7 / D7 / / /
Dearest love do you remember, When we last did meet,
When the summer breeze is sighing Mournfully along;
If amid the din of battle, Nobly you should fall,
But our country called you, darling, Angels cheer your way;

G / / / C // / G / D7 / G / / /
How you told me that you loved me, Kneeling at my feet?
Of when autumn leaves are falling, Sadly breathes the song.
Far away from those who love you, None to hear you call,
While our nation's sons are fighting, We can only pray.

D7 / / / G // / C / A7 / D7 / C7 /
Oh! how proud you stood before me, In your suit of blue,
Oft in dreams I see thee lying On the battle plain
Who would whisper words of comfort, Who would soothe your pain?
Nobly strike for God and liberty, Let all nations see,

G / / / Em // / G / D7 / G / / /
When you vowed to me and country, Ever to be true.
Lonely, wounded, even dying, Calling but in vain.
Ah! the many cruel fancies Ever in my brain.
How we love the starry banner, Emblem of the free.

Chorus:

C / / / G // / A7 / / / D7 / / /
Weeping sad and lonely, Hopes and fears how vain!

G / G7 / C // / G / D7 / G
When this cruel war is over, Praying that we meet again.

Words and music by Charles C. Sawyer and Henry Tucker. George C. Eggleston in "American War Ballads and Lyrics" published in 1889, asserted this tune to have been the most often played or sung on both sides, and the home front, throughout the war.

"Tenting on the old Campground"

(common time 4/4)

G / / / C / G / / D7 / G / / /
We're tenting tonight on the old Campground, Give us a song to cheer
We've been tenting tonight on the old Campground, Thinking of days gone by,
We are tired of war on the old Campground, Many are dead and gone,
We've been fighting today on the old Campground, Many are lying near;

G / / / C G / D7 / / / G / / /
Our weary hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so dear.
Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand, and the tear that said, "Goodbye!"
Of the brave and true who've left their homes, Others wounded long.
Some are dead and some are dying, Many are in tears.

Chorus:

G / / / C / / /
Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
G / / / D / / /
Wishing for the war to cease;
G / / / C / G /
Many are the hearts looking for the right
G / D7 / G / / /
To see the dawn of peace.
G / / / C / / /
Tenting tonight, Tenting tonight,
(last verse:) Dying tonight, Dying tonight,
D7 / / / G
Tenting on the old Campground.
Dying on the old Campground.

Words and music by Walter Kittredge; published by Oliver Ditson & Co. in Boston, 1864.

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home"

(march time 6/8)

Em / / /
When Johnny comes marching home again,
The old church bell will peel with joy,
Get ready for the Jubilee,
Let love and friendship on that day,

G / / /
Hurrah!, hurrah!

Em / / /
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
To welcome home our darling boy,
We'll give the hero three times three,
Their choicest treasures then display,

G / G7 /
Hurrah!, hurrah!

Em / Am /
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The village lads and lassies say,
The laurel wreath is ready now,
Let each one perform some part,

Em / D /
The ladies they will all turn out,
With roses they will strew the way,
To place upon his loyal brow,
To fill with joy the warrior's heart,

Em D Em D
And we'll all feel gay when

Em D Em /
Johnny comes marching home.

Words and music by "Louis Lambert" (Patrick S. Gilmore?); published by Henry Tolman & Co. in Boston, 1863.

"Marching Through Georgia"

(common time 4/4)

G / / / C / G /
Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song;
How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful sound!
Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,
"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast!"
So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,

G / / / A7 / D7 /
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along,
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!
When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for years;
So the saucy Rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast;
Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main;

G / C / G / / /
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,
Had they not forgot alas! to reckon with the host,
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,

D / / / G / / /
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus:

G / / / C / G /
Hurrah! Hurrah! We bring the jubilee!

G / / / D / / /
Hurrah! Hurrah! The flag that makes you free!

G / C / G / G7 /
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,

D / / / G / / /
While we were marching through Georgia.

Words and music by Henry Clay Work; published by Root & Cady in Chicago, 1865.

"We Are Coming Father Abr'am"

(march time 2/4)

G / / / D7 / G /
We are coming Father Abr'am, Three hundred thousand more,
If you look across the hilltops That meet the northern sky,
If you look all up our valleys Where the growing harvests shine,
You have called us and we're coming By Richmond's bloody tide,
D7 / G / A7 / D7 /
From Mississippi's winding stream And from New England's shore;
Long moving lines of rising dust Your vision may descry;
You may see our sturdy farmer boys Fast forming into line;
To lay us down for Freedom's sake, Our brothers' bones beside;
G / C / Am / D7 /
We leave our plows and workshops, Our wives and children dear,
And now the wind, an instant, Tears the cloudy veil aside,
And children from their mother's knees Are pulling at the weeds,
Or from foul treason's savage group, To wrench the murderous blade;
G / / / D7 / G /
With hearts too full for utterance, With but a silent tear;
And floats aloft our spangled flag In glory and in pride;
And learning how to reap and sow Against their country's needs;
And in the face of foreign foes Its fragments to parade;
G / Em / D7 / G /
We dare not look behind us, But steadfastly before.
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, And bands brave music pour.
And a farewell group stands weeping At every cottage door.
Six hundred thousand loyal men And true have gone before.
D / / / A7 / D /
We are coming Father Abr'am, Three hundred thousand more!

Chorus:

G / / / / / / / /
We are coming, we are coming, Our Union to restore;
C / G / D / / / /
We are coming Father Abr'am, With three hundred thousand more,
G G7 C / G D7 G /
We are coming Father Abr'am, With three hundred thousand more,

This version ascribes the words to William C. Bryant and the music to L.O. Emerson; published by Oliver Ditson in Boston in 1862. Another transcription with the same tune credits the words to James G. Gibbons.

"We Are Coming Father Abraam"

(march time 2/4)

C / / / / / G7 /
We are coming Father Abraam, Three hundred thousand more,
If you look across the hilltops That meet the northern sky,
If you look all up our valleys Where the growing harvests shine,
You have called us and we're coming By Richmond's bloody tide,

C / F / C G7 C /
From Mississippi's winding stream And from New England's shore;
Long moving lines of rising dust Your vision may descry;
You may see our sturdy farmer boys Fast forming into line;
To lay us down for Freedom's sake, Our brothers' bones beside;

C / / / / / G7 /
We leave our plows and workshops, Our wives and children dear,
And now the wind, an instant, Tears the cloudy veil aside,
And children from their mother's knees Are pulling at the weeds,
Or from foul treason's savage group, To wrench the murderous blade;

C / F / C G7 C /
With hearts too full for utterance, With but a silent tear;
And floats aloft our spangled flag In glory and in pride;
And learning how to reap and sow Against their country's needs;
And in the face of foreign foes Its fragments to parade;

G7 / C / D7 / G /
We dare not look behind us, But steadfastly before.
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, And bands brave music pour.
And a farewell group stands weeping At every cottage door.
Six hundred thousand loyal men And true have gone before.

C / F / C G7 C /
We are coming Father Abraam, Three hundred thousand more!

Chorus:

C / F / C / G7 /
We are coming, we are coming, Our Union to restore;

C / F / C G7 C /
We are coming Father Abraam, With three hundred thousand more,

This version has words by James G. Gibbons and music by Stephen Foster; published by S.T. Gordon in New York in 1862.

"Pat Murphy of the Irish Brigade"

(waltz time 3/4, fast)

A / D A
Says Pat to his mother, "It looks strange to see
The morning it broke, and poor Paddy awoke,
Sure, the day after battle, the dead lay in heaps,
No more in camp will his letter be read,

A / D /
Brothers fighting in such a queer manner,
He found Rebels to give satisfaction,
And Pat Murphy lay bleeding and gory,
Or his song be heard singing so gaily,

A / D A
But I'll fight till I die if I never get killed
And the drummers were beating the Devil's sad tune,
With a hole through his head by some enemy's ball
But he died far away from the friends that he loved,

A / D
For America's bright starry banner."
They were calling the boys into action.
That ended his passion for glory.
And far from the land of shillelagh.

Chorus:

A / D A
Far away in the East was a dashing young blade,

A / D /
And the song he was singing so gaily,

A / D A
'Twas honest Pat Murphy of the Irish Brigade,

A / D A
And the song of the splintered shillelagh.

Anonymous.

"The Vacant Chair"

(waltz time 3/4)

G / D7 /
We shall meet but we shall miss him, There will be one vacant chair;
At our fireside, sad and lonely, Often will the bosom swell
True, they tell us wreaths of glory Ever more will deck his brow,

G C D7 G
We shall linger to caress him, While we breathe our evening prayer;
At remembrance of the story, How our noble Willie fell;
But this soothes the anguish only, Sweeping o'er our heartstrings now.

D A7 D A7 D
When a year ago we gathered, Joy was in his mild blue eye,
How he strove to bear our banner Through the thickest of the fight,
Sleep today, Oh early fallen, In they green and narrow bed,

A7 D A7 D D7
But a golden chord is severed, And our hopes in ruin lie.
And uphold our country's honor, In the strength of manhood's might.
Dirges from the pine and cypress Mingle with the tears we shed.

Chorus:

G /
We shall meet but we shall miss him,

D7 /
There will be one vacant chair;

G C
We shall linger to caress him,

D7 G
While we breathe our evening prayer;

Words by Henry S. Washburn, and music by George F. Root; published by Root & Cady in Chicago, 1862.

"Just before the Battle, Mother"

(march time 2/4)

G / C / D7 / G /
Just before the battle, Mother, I am thinking most of you,
Oh, I long to see you, Mother, And the loving ones at home,
Hark! I hear the bugles sounding, 'Tis the signal for the fight,

G / C / D7 / G /
While upon the field we're watching, With the enemy in view.
But I'll never leave our banner, Till in honor I can come.
Now, may God protect us, Mother, As He ever does the right,

G / C / A7 / D7 /
Comrades brave are 'round me lying, Filled with thoughts of home and God;
Tell the traitors all around you, That their cruel words we know,
Hear the "Battle Cry of Freedom," How it swells upon the air,

G / C / D7 / G /
For well they know that on the morrow, Some will sleep beneath the sod.
In every battle kill our soldiers, By the help they give the foe.
Oh, yes, we'll rally 'round the standard, Or we'll perish noble there.

Chorus:

G / C /
Farewell Mother you may never

A7 / D D7
Press me to your breast again;

G / C /
But, Oh, you'll not forget me, Mother,

D7 / G /
If I'm numbered with the slain.

Words and music by George F. Root; published by Root & Cady in Chicago, circa 1864.

"The Siege of Vicksburg"

(to the tune of "Listen to the Mocking Bird")

(common time 4/4)

D7 / / / G / / / D7 / / / G / /
It was at the siege of Vicksburg... of Vicksburg... of Vicksburg;
Oh, well will we remember... remember... remember;
It was at the siege of Vicksburg... of Vicksburg... of Vicksburg;

D7 / / / G / / / C / D7 / G / /
It was at the siege of Vicksburg, When the Parrott shells were whistling through the air.
Of you and me in June and November, When the Minie balls were whistling through the air.
It was at the siege of Vicksburg, When the Parrott shells were whistling through the air.

Chorus:

D7 / / / G / / /
Verses 1& 3: Listen to the Parrott shells... Listen to the Parrott shells...
Verse 2: Listen to the Minie balls... Listen to the Minie balls...

D7 / / / G / / /
The Parrott shells were whistling through the air.
The Minie balls were whistling through the air.

D7 / / / G / / /
Listen to the Parrott shells... Listen to the Parrott shells...
Listen to the Minie balls... Listen to the Minie balls...

C / D7 / G / / /
The Parrott shells were whistling through the air.
The Minie balls were whistling through the air.

Anonymous campfire tune.

"Grafted into the Army"

(march time 6/8)

D / / /
Our Jimmy has gone for to live in a tent,
Dressed up in his unicorn, dear little chap,
Now in my provisions I see him revealed,

G / D /
They have grafted him into the army;

D / G G7
He finally puckered up courage and went,
It seems but a day since he sot in my lap,
A picket beside the contented field,

D A D /
They have grafted him into the army.

A / / /
I told them the child was too young, alas!
And these are the trousies he used to wear,
He looks kind of sickish -- begins to cry,

A / D A7
At the captain's fore-quarters, they said he would pass,
Them very same buttons, the patch and the tear;
A big volunteer standing right in his eye!

D / G G7
They'd train him up well in the infantry class,
But Uncle Sam gave him a bran' new pair,
Oh, what if the ducky should up and die,

D A7 D /
They have grafted him into the army.

Chorus:

D / / /
Oh, Jimmy, farewell! Your brothers fell

G / D /
Way down in Alabarmy;

D D7 G G7
I thought they would spare a lone widder's heir,

D A7 D /
But they grafted him into the army.

Words and music by Henry Clay Work; published by Root & Cady in Chicago, 1862.

"Hard Tack"

D / / / G / D /
Let us close our game of poker, take our tin cups in our hand,
Here's a hungry, thirsty soldier who wears his life away,
'Tis the wail that is heard, in the camp both night and day,
But through all these cries and murmurs, there comes a sudden hush,

D / A7 / D / /
As we all stand by the cook's tent door.
In torn clothes whose better days are o'er.
'Tis the murmur that's mingled with each snore.
As frail forms are fainting by the door.

D / / / G / D /
As dried mummies of hard crackers are handed to each man,
And he's sighing now for whiskey in a voice as dry as hay,
'Tis the sighing of the soul for spring chickens far away,
For they feed us now on horse feed that the cooks call mush,

D / A7 / D / /
Oh, Hard tack come again no more.

Chorus:

D / / / / G / D /
'Tis the song, the sigh of the hungry;
(Last Verse): It's the dying wail fo the starving;

D / / / / / A7
Hard Tack, Hard Tack, come again no more:
Hard Tack, Hard Tack, come again once more:

D / / / G / D /
Many days you have lingered on our stomach sore;
You were old and very wormy but we passed your failing sore;

D / A7 / D / / /
Oh! Hard Tack, come again no more.
Oh! Hard Tack, come again once more:

Anonymous; to the tune of "Hard Times Come Again No More".

"Goober Peas"

(march time 2/4)

C / / / F / C /
Sitting by the road-side on a summer day,
When a horse-man passes, the soldiers have a rule,
Just before the battle the General hears a row,
I think my song has lasted almost long enough,

C / / / F / G7 /
Chatting with my mess-mates passing time away,
To cry out their loudest "Mister here's your mule,"
He syas "the Yanks are coming, I hear their rifles now,
The subject's interesting, but rhymes are mighty rough,

C / / / F / C /
Lying in the shadow underneath the trees,
But another pleasure enchantinger than these,
He turns around in wonder, and what do you think he sees
I wish this war was over when free from rags and fleas,

C / F C G7 C /
Goodness how delicious, eating goober peas!
Is wearing out your Grinders, eating goober peas!
The Georgia Militia, eating goober peas!
We'd kiss our winves and sweethearts and gobble goober peas!

Chorus:

C / F / G7 / C /
Peas! Peas! Peas! Peas! eating goober peas!

C / F / C G7 C /
Goodness how delicious, eating goober peas!

Words by "A. Pindar, Esq.", music by "P. Nutt, Esq."; published by A. E. Blackmar in New Orleans in 1866. This is an anonymous Confederate soldier song that originated sometime during the war, but was not published until later.

"The Cumberland Crew"

(ballad style 6/8)

Am F Em
Oh, shipmates come gather and join in my ditty

C E7 Am
Of a terrible battle that happened of late;

F Em
Let each Union tar shed a tear of sad pity

C E7 Am
When he thinks of the once gallant Cumberland's fate.

E7 Am
The eighth day of March that told a terrible story,

Dm Am E7 Am
When many a brave tar to this world bid "adieu",

C G7 C
Our flag was wrapped in a mantle of glory

A E7 Am
By the herioc deeds of the Cumberland's crew.

That ill-fated day, about ten in the morning,
The sky it was cloudless and bright shone the sun;
The drums of the Cumberland sounded a warning
That told every man to stand by his gun.
When an iron clad frigate down on us came bearing,
High up in the air her base Rebel flag flew;
An emblem of treason she proudly was wearing,
Determined to conquer the Cumberland Crew.

They fought for three hours with stern resolution,
Till those Rebels found cannon could never decide;
For the flag of Secession had no power to quell them,
Though the blood from our scuppers did crimson the tide.
She struck us amidships, our planks she did sever,
Her sharp iron prow pierced our noble ship through;
And slowly we sank in Virginia's dark waters,
"We'll die by our guns," cried the Cumberland Crew.

"The Cumberland Crew", continued...

Oh, slowly she sank in the dark rolling waters,
Their voices on earth will be heard never more,
They'll be wept by Columbia's brave sons and fair daughters,
May their blood be avenged on Virginia's old shore.
And if ever sailors in battle assemble,
God bless our dear banner -- the red, white, and blue;
Beneath its proud folds we'll cause tyrants to tremble,
Or sink at our guns like the Cumberland Crew.

Anonymous.

*"Ho! brave hearts that went down in the seas,
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream,
Ho! brave land! with hearts like these,
Thy flag is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam.
- Henry Wadsworth Longfellow,
From "The Cumberland"*

"Roll, Alabama, Roll"

(common time 4/4)

G / / / / / D /
When the Alabama's keel was laid,
'Twas laid in the yard of Jonathan Laird,
Down the Mersey ways she rolled then,
From the Western Isles she sailed forth,
To Cherbourg port she sailed one day,
Many a sailor lad he saw his doom,
Till a ball from the forward pivot that day,
Off the three-mile limit in sixty-five,

D / G / D7 / / /
Roll, Alabama, roll,

G / / / Em / / /
'Twas laid in the yard of Jonathan Laird,
'Twas laid in the town of Birkenhead,
Liverpool fitted her with guns and men,
To destroy the commerce of the North,
To take count of prize money,
When the Kearsarge it hove in view,
Shot the Alabama's stern away,
The Alabama went to her grave,

G / D7 / G / / /
Oh, roll, Alabama, roll.

Traditional, adapted by Hermes Nye.

"All For Me Grog"

(Bill's song)

(common time 4/4; start with the chorus)

G / / / C / G /
Oh! where is me hat, me nogee nogen hat?
Oh! where is me shirt, me nogee nogen shirt?
Oh! where is me boots, me nogee nogen boots?
Oh! where is me pants, me nogee nogen pants?
I'm sick and stoney broke, and I'm parted from my smoke
I'm Sick to me head and I haven't been to bed,

G / / / D7 / / /
All gone for beer and tobacco!
All gone for beer and tobacco!
All gone for beer and tobacco!
All gone for beer and tobacco!
And the sky is looking blacker than the thunder
Since first we came ashore with all me plunder.

G / / / C / G /
Well, the brim is wore out and the crown is kicked about,
Well, the sleeves are wore out and the collar's kicked about,
Well, the soles are wore out and the heels are kicked about,
Well, the cuffs are wore out and the fly is kicked about,
And the tavern keeper, too, for I haven't got a sue
I've seen centipedes and snakes and I'm filled with pains and aches.

G / / / D7 G /
And me hair is looking out for better weather.
And me tails is looking out for better weather.
And me toes is looking out for better weather.
And me ass is looking out for better weather.
That's the way you're treated when you're out and under.
And I guess we'd better push out over yonder.

Chorus:

G / / / C / G /
And it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog,

G / / / D7 / / /
All gone for beer and tobacco.

G / / / C / G /
Spent all me tin, down on South Street drinking gin.

G / / / D7 G /
Now across the western ocean we must wander.

Traditional sailor drinking song.

"Drunken Sailor"

(common time 4/4)

Dm
What can we do with a drunken sailor,

C
What can we do with a drunken sailor,

Dm
What can we do with a drunken sailor,

Am Dm
Early in the morning?

Dm
Hoist him a-loft with a runnin' bowlin'
Into the scuppers, ahoy there sailors,
Into the brig till he gets up sober,

C
Hoist him a-loft with a runnin' bowlin'
Into the scuppers, ahoy there sailors,
Into the brig till he gets up sober,

Dm
Hoist him a-loft with a runnin' bowlin'
Into the scuppers, ahoy there sailors,
Into the brig till he gets up sober,

Am Dm
Early in the morning?

Chorus:

Dm
Way, hey and up she rises,

C
Way, hey and up she rises,

Dm
Way, hey and up she rises,

Am Dm
Early in the morning?

Traditional sea chantey.

"Blow the Man Down"

(waltz time 3/4, fast)

C

Come all you young fellers that follow the sea,
Aboard the black baller I first served my time,
We're tinkers and tailors and sailors and all,
'Tis larboard and starboard, on deck you will crawl,
Now when the Black Baller's preparin' for sea,
But when the Black Baller is clear of the land,

C A7 Dm

With a Ho, Ho, blow the man down.

G7

Now just pay attention and listen to me.
But on the Black Baller I wasted my time.
That sailed for good seamen aboard the Black Ball.
When kicking Jack Williams commands the Black Ball.
You'd bust your sides laughin' at sights that you see.
Old kicking Jack Williams gives every command.

C

Give me some time to blow the man down.

Traditional sea chantey.

"Old Dan Tucker"

(march time 2/4)

G / / /
Old Dan Tucker was a fine old man,
I come to town the other night,
Tucker was a hardened sinner,

D / G /
Washed his face with a frying pan,
Hear the noise and saw the fight,
Never said his Grace for dinner,

/ / / /
Combed his hair with a wagon wheel,
Watchman's runnin' all around,
The old sow squeal and the pig did squawl,

D / / G
Died with a toothache in his heel.
Cryin' "Old Dan Tucker's come to town!"
He ate the whole hog tail and all.

Chorus:

G / / /
Git out the way,.....

D / / /
Git out the way,.....

G / / /
Git out the way Old Dan Tucker,

D / / G
You're too late to git your supper.

Words by Daniel Decatur Emmett; published by Charles H. Keith, in Boston in 1843.

"The Yellow Rose of Texas"

(common time 4/4)

G / / / / / / / /
There's a yellow rose in Texas, that I am going to see.
Where the Rio Grande's flowing, and the stars are shining bright,
I'm going back to find her, because I love her so,

C / G / D / / / / /
No other feller knows her, nobody else but me.
We walked along the river on a quiet summer night,
We'll sing the songs together, we sang so long ago.

G / / / / / / / /
She cried so when I left her, it like to broke my heart.
She said, "If you remember when we parted long ago,
I'll play the banjo gaily, and sing the songs of yore,

C / G / D / G / / / / /
If we ever meet again, we never more will part.
You said that you'd come back to again and never leave me so.
And the yellow rose of Texas will be mine forever more.

Chorus:

G / / / / / / / /
She's the sweetest rose of color, a feller ever knew,
C / G / D / / / / / /
Her eyes are bright as diamonds, they sparkle like the dew.
G / / / / / / / /
You may talk about your dearest maids and sing of Rosalie,
C / G / D / G / / / / /
But the yellow rose of Texas beats the belles of Tennessee.

Composed and arranged by J.K.; published by Firth, Pond & Co. in 1858 in New York.

"Camptown Races"

(common time 4/4)

D / / / A7 / / /
Camptown ladies sing this song, Doo-dah, Doo-dah.
Long-tailed filly and a big black hoss, Doo-dah, Doo-dah.
Old muley cow come on the track. Doo-dah, Doo-dah.

D / / / A7 / D /
Camptown racetrack five mile long. Oh, Doo-dah-day.
Both fly the track and then cut across. Oh, Doo-dah-day.
Bobtail fling her on his back. Oh, Doo-dah-day.

D / / / A7 / / /
Went down there with my hat caved in. Doo-dah, Doo-dah.
Blind hoss stuck in a big mud - hole. Doo-dah, Doo-dah.
Then fly that track like railroad car. Doo-dah, Doo-dah.

D / / / A7 / D /
Come back home with a pocket full of tin. Oh, Doo-dah-day.
Can't touch bottom with a ten-foot pole. Oh, Doo-dah-day.
Running a race with a shooting star. Oh, Doo-dah-day.

Chorus:

D / / / G / D /
Goin' to run all night, goin' to run all day.

D / / /
Bet my money on a bob-tailed nag,

A7 / D /
Somebody bet on the bay.

Words and music by James A. Bland; published by Oliver Ditson Company in Boston in 1850.

"Darling Nelly Gray"

(common time 4/4)

D / D7 / G / / /
There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore,
When the moon had climb'd the mountain and the stars were shining too,
One night I went to see her but "she's gone!" the neighbors say,
My canoe is underwater and my banjo is unstrung,
My eyes are getting blinded and I cannot see the way,

D / / / A7 / / /
There I've whiled many happy hours away,
Then I'd take my darling Nelly Gray
The white man bound her with his chain,
I'm tired of living any more,
Hark! there's somebody knocking at the door --

D / D7 / G / / /
A sitting and a singing by the little cottage door
And we'd float down the river in my little red canoe,
They have taken her to Georgia for to wear her life away,
My eyes shall look downward and my songs shall be unsung
Oh! I hear the angels calling and I see my Nelly Gray,

D / A7 / D / / /
Where lived my darling Nelly Gray
While my banjo sweetly I would play.
As she toils in the cotton and the cane,
While I stay on the old Kentucky shore.
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

Chorus:

A7 / / / D / / /
Oh! my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away
(last verse:) Oh! my darling Nelly Gray, up in heaven there they say,

D / / / A7 / / /
And I'll never see my darling any more,
That they'll never take you from me any more,

D / D7 / G / / /
I'm sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day,
I'm a coming -- coming -- coming, as the angels clear the way,

D / A7 / D / / /
For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

D / G / A7 /

"Dixie's Land"

(march time 2/4)

C / / / F / / /
I wish I was in the land of cotton, Old times there are not forgotten;
Old Missus marry "Will-de-weaver," William was a gay deceaver;
His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaver, But that did not seem to greav'er;
Now here's a health to the next old Missus, An all the gals that want to kiss us;
There's buck-wheat cakes and 'Indian'batter, Makes you fat or a little fatter;

C / G7 C /
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

C / / / F / / /
In Dixie Land where I was born in, Early on one frosty mornin,
But when he put his arm around'er, He smiled as fierce as a 'forty-pounder'.
Old Missus acted the foolish part, And died for a man that broke her heart.
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow, Come and hear this song tomorrow.
Then hoe it down and scratch your gravel, To Dixie land I'm bound to travel.

C / C / G7 C /
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

Chorus:

C / F / D7 G7 /
Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray!

C / F / C / G7 /
In Dixie Land, I'll take my stand, to live and die in Dixie,

C / G / C / C /
Away, Away, Away down south in Dixie,

C / G / C / G C /
Away, Away, Away down south in Dixie,

Words and music by Daniel D. Emmett; published by Firth, Pond & Co. in New York in 1860.

"Oh! Susanna!"

(march time 2/4)

D / / / / / A7 /
I came from Alabama with my banjo on my knee,
I jumped aboard the telegraph, and travelled down the river,
I had a dream de other night When every thing was still;
I soon will be in New Orleans, And then I'll look all round,

D / / / / / A7 D /
I'm g'wan to Lousi - ana My true lover for to see,
De Lectric fluid magnified, and killed five hundred men
I thought I saw Susanna, A coming down de hill.
And when I find Susanna, I'll fall upon the ground.

D / / / / / A7 /
It rain'd all night the day I left, The weather it was dry,
De engine burst, the horse ran off, I really thought I'd die;
The buckwheat cake was in her mouth, The tear was in her eye,
But if I do not find her, Then I will surely die,

D / / / / / A7 D /
The sun so hot I froze to death; Susanna, don't you cry.
I shut my eyes to hold my breath, Susanna, don't you cry.
Says I'm coming from the South, Susanna, don't you cry.
And when I'm dead and buried, Susanna, don't you cry.

Chorus:

G / / / / / D / A7 /
Oh! Susanna, Oh! Don't you cry for me,
D / / / / / A7 D /
I've come from Alabama, with my banjo on my knee.

(repeat chorus)

Words and music by Stephen C. Foster; published by C. Holt, Jr. in New York in 1848.

"My Old Kentucky Home, Goodnight!"

(common time 4/4)

G / / / C / G / / / A7 / D / / /
The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home, 'Tis summer, the people are gay,
We hunt no more for the possum and the coon On the meadow, the hill and shore,
The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wherever the soldier may go:

G / / / C / G / / / D7 / G / / /
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make music all the day.
We sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, On the bench by the old cabin door.
A few more days, and the trouble all will end In the field where the sugar-canes grow.

G / / / C / G / / / A7 / D / / /
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor, All merry, all happy and bright:
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart, With sorrow where all was delight:
A few more days for to tote the weary load, No matter 'twill never be light,

G / / / C / G
By'n by Hard Times comes a knocking at the door,
The war has come and the soldiers have to part,
A few more days till we totter on the road,

/ / / D7 / G / / /
Then my old Kentucky Home, good night!

Chorus:

G C G / C G /
Weep no more, my lady, oh! weep no more today!
G / C / G /
We will sing one song For the old Kentucky Home,
G / D7 G /
For the old Kentucky Home, far away.

Words and music by Stephen C. Foster; published by Firth, Pond & CO. in New York in 1853.

"Jim Crack Corn"

(or, "The Blue Tail Fly")

(march time 2/4)

G / C / G / D7 /
When I was young I used to wait On Master and hand him the plate;
Then after dinner master sleep, He bid for me a vigil keep;
And when he ride in the afternoon, I followed with a hickory broom;
One day he rode aroun' the farm, The flies so numerous They did swarm;
The poney ran, he jumped and' pitched, an' tumble master in the ditch;
They laid 'im under a 'simmon tree, His epitaph is there to see:
Old master's gone, now let him rest, They say all things are for the best;

G / C / D7 / G /
Pass down the bottle when he got dry, And brush away the blue tail fly.
An' when he goin' to shut his eye, He told me watch the blue tail fly.
The poney being very shy, When bitten by the blue tail fly.
One chanced to bite him on the thigh, The devil take that blue tail fly.
He died, an' the jury wonder'd why The verdict was the blue tail fly.
'Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie, All by the means of the blue tail fly.
I'll never forget till the day I die, Old massa and that blue tail fly.

Chorus:

G / D7 / / / G /
Jim cracked corn I don't care, Jim cracked corn I don't care,
G / C / D7 / G /
Jim cracked corn I don't care, Old Master's gone away.

Published by F. D. Benteen in Baltimore in 1846. Originally used and published by Dan Emmett of the by the Virginia Minstrels, however, it is not known who wrote it.

"Buffalo Gals"

(march time 2/4)

D / G D
As I was lumb'ring down the street,
I asked her if she'd have a talk
I asked her "Would you want to dance
Oh I danced with the gal with a hole in her stockin'
I wanna make that gal my wife

A7 / G D
Down the street; down the street,
Have a talk, have a talk
Want to dance, want to dance"
Her hip kept a rockin' and her toe kept a knockin'
Gal my wife, gal my wife

D / G D
A handsome gal I chanced to meet,
Her feet took up the whole sidewalk
I thought that I would have a chance
I dance with the gal with a hole in her stockin'
Then I'd be happy all my life

A7 / D /
Oh she was fair to view.
As she stood close to me.
To shake a foot with her.
And we danced by the light of the moon.
If I had her with me.

Chorus:

D / / /
Buffalo gals won't you come out tonight?

A7 / D /
Come out tonight; come out tonight?

D / / /
Buffalo gals won't you come out tonight?

A7 / D /
And dance by the light of the moon.

One of the earliest minstrels named Cool White (John Hodges), of the Virginia Serenaders, wrote and published this song in 1844. At that time it was titled "Lubly Fan". By the 1850's it was a standard fife, fiddle, banjo tune.

"Ring, Ring de Banjo!"

(march time 2/4)

C / / / F / G7 /
The time is never dreary If the soldier never groans;
Oh! never count the bubbles While there's water in the spring:
Early in the morning On a lovely summer day,
My love I have to leave you While the river's running high:

C / F / C G7 C /
The ladies never weary With the rattle of the bones:
The soldier has no troubles While he's got this song to sing.
The Captain sent me warning He'd like to hear me play.
But I never can deceive you -- So dont you wipe your eye.

C / / / F / G7 /
Then come again Susanna By the gaslight of the moon;
The beauties of creation Will never lose their charm
On the banjo tapping, I come with dulcet strains;
I'm going to make some money; But I'll come another day--

C / F / C G7 C /
We'll tum the old Piano When the banjo's out of tune.
While I roam the old plantation With my true love on my arm.
The Captain fell to napping-- He'll never wake again.
I'll come again my honey, If I have to work my way.

Chorus:

C / / / F / G7 /
Ring, ring the banjo! I like that good old song,
C / F / C G7 C /
Come again my true love, Oh! Where you been so long?

(repeat chorus)

"Old Black Joe"

(common time 4/4)

D / / / G / D /
Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain
Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?

D / / / G Em A /
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away,
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again,
The children so dear that I held upon my knee,

D / / / G / D /
Gone from the earth to a better land I know,
Grieving for forms Now departed long ago?
Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go.

A7 / D / D A7 D /
I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe."

Chorus:

D / / / G / D /
I'm coming, I'm coming, for head is bending low:

A7 / D / D A7 D /
I hear those gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe."

Words and music by Stephen C. Foster; published by Firth, Pond & Co. in New York in 1851.

"The Glendy Burk"

(march time 2/4)

G D7 G / / / D7 /
The Glendy Burk is a mighty fast boat, with a mighty fast captain too;
The Glendy Burk has a funny old crew And they sing the boatman's song,
I'll work all night in the wind and storm, I'll work all day in the rain,
My lady love is pretty as a pink, I'll meet her on the way

G D7 G / / D7 G /
He sits up there on de hurricane roof And he keeps his eye on the crew.
They burn the pitch and the pine knot too, For to shove the boat along.,
Till I find myself on the levy dock In New Orleans again.
I'll take her back to the sunny old south And there I'll make her stay

G D7 G / / / D7 /
I can't stay here, for they work too hard; I'm bound to leave this town;
The smoke goes up and the engine roars And the wheel goes 'round and 'round
They make me mow in the hay field here And knock my head with the flail
So don't you fret my honey dear, Oh! dont you fret Miss Brown

G D7 G / / D7 G /
I'll take my duds and tote 'em on my back When the Glendy Burk comes down
So fair you well! for I'll take a little ride When the Glendy Burk come down.
I'll go where they work with the sugar and the cane And roll on the cotton bale.
I'll take you back 'fore the middle of the week When the Glendy Burk comes down.

Chorus:

G / / / D7 G /
Ho! for Lou'siana! I'm bound to leave this town;

G D7 G / / D7 G /
I'll take my duds and tote 'em on my back When the Glendy Burk comes down.

"The Boatman's Dance"

(common time 4/4)

A / / / / / / /
High row, the boatmen row, floatin down the river the Ohio.
High row, the boatmen row, floatin down the river the Ohio.

D A D A D A / /
The boatmen dance, the boatmen sing, the boatmen up to every thing,
The oyster boat should keep to the shore, The fishing smack should venture more,
I went on board the other day to see what the boatmen had to say;
I've come this time, I'll come no more, let me loose I'll go on shore;
When you go to the boatmen's ball, dance with my wife, or don't dance at all;
The boatman is a thrifty man, there's none can do as the boatman can;
When the boatman blows his horn, look out old man your hog is gone;

D A D A D A / /
An when the boatman gets on shore, he spends his cash and works for more.
The schooner sails before the wind, The steamboat leaves a streak behind.
Dar I let my passion loose an they crammed me in the callaboose.
For they're whole horse, an they're a bully crew with a hoosier mate and a captain too.
Sky blue jacket an tarpulaun hat, look out my boys for the nine tail cat.
I never saw a pretty gal in my life But that she was a boatman's wife.
He caught my sheep, he caught my goat, then put 'em in a bag an tote 'em to the boat.

Chorus:

A / / / / / F#m E7
Then dance the boatman dance, O dance the boatman dance,
A / / / D A E7 A
O dance all night till broad daylight, and go home with the gals in the morning.

By Dan Emmett; furnished by the Amoskeag Players.

"Angelina Baker"

(march time 2/4)

G / Em / Am / D7 /
'Way down on the old plantation. There's where I was born;
I've seen my Angelina In the springtime and the fall,
Early in the morning On a lovely summer day,

G / Em / Am D7 G /
I used to beat the whole creation Hoein' in the corn.
I've seen her in the cornfield And I've seen her at the ball;
I asked for Angelina, And they say: "She's gone away."

G / Em / Am / D7 /
Oh, then I work and then I sing, So happy all the day,
And every time I met her She was smiling like the sun;
I don't know where to find her, 'Cause I don't know where she's gone;

G / Em / Am D7 G /
Till Angelina Baker came And stole my heart away.
But now I'm left to weep a tear 'Cause Angelina's gone.
She left me here to weep a tear, 'Cause Angelina's gone.

Chorus:

G / C / G / C D (hold)
Angelina Baker! Angelina Baker's gone;
G7 / C7 C D7 / G /
She left me here to weep a tear, and beat on the old jawbone.

Words and Music by Stephen Foster; published in 1850, as played by the Christy Minstrels.

"Old Folks at Home"

(common time 4/4)

D // / G / / / D / / A7 // /
Way down upon the Swanee River, Far, far away,
All round the little farm I wandered When I was young,
One little hut among the bushes, One that I love,

D / / / G / / / D / A7 / D // /
There's where my heart is turning ever, There's where the old folks stay.
Then many happy days I squandered, Many's the songs I sung.
Still Sadly to memory rushes, No matter where I rove

D // / G / / / D // A7 // /
All up and down the whole creation, Sadly I roam,
When I was playing with my brother, Happy was I
When will I see the bees a humming All round the comb?

D / / / G / / / D / A7 / D // /
Still longing for the old plantation, And for the old folks at home.
Oh! take me to my kind old mother, There let me live and die.
When will I hear the banjo tumming Down in my good old home?

Chorus:

A7 / / / D / / / G / / / A7 // /
All the world is sad and dreary, every where I roam,

D / / / G / / / D / A7 / D // /
Oh! How my heart grows weary, Far from the old folks at home.

(repeat chorus)

Words and music by Stephen C. Foster; published by Firth, Pond & Co. in New York in 1851.

"Polly Wolly Doodle all the Day"

(march time 2/4)

C / / /
Oh I went down South for to see my Sal,
Oh my Sally was such a maiden fair,
Oh a grasshopper sat on a railroad track,
Oh I went to bed but it weren't no use,
From behind the barn down on my knees,
And he sneezed so hard with the hoopin' cough,

C / G7 /
Singin' polly wolly doodle all the day.

G7 / / /
For my Sally she was a spunky gal,
With her curly eyes and her laughing hair,
Was a-pickin' his teeth with a carpet tack,
'Cause my feet stuck out for a chicken roost,
I could swear I heard that ol' chicken sneeze,
That he sneezed his head and his tail right off,

G7 / C /
Sing polly wolly doodle all the day.

Chorus:

C / C /
Fare thee well, Fare thee well,

C F G7
Fare thee well my fair - y fay

G7 / / /
For I'm off to Lou'sianna for to see my Susy Anna

G7 / C /
Singin' polly wolly doodle all the day.

This songs seems to be anonymous.; it may be a genuine Negro song. It was a favorite of the black-faced minstrels in the mid 1850's.

"Listen to the Mocking Bird"

(common time 4/4)

D7 / / / G // / D7 // / G / /
I'm dreaming now of Hally... Sweet Hally... sweet Hally;
Ah! well I yet remember... remember... remember,
When the charms of spring awaken... awaken... awaken:

D7 / / / G // / C / D7 / G / /
I'm dreaming now of Hally, For the thought of her is one that never dies:
Ah! well I yet remember, When we gather'd in the cotton side by side;
When the charms of spring awaken, And the mocking bird is singing on the bough.

D7 / / / G // / D7 // / G / /
She's sleeping in the valley... the valley... the valley;
'Twas in the mild September... September... September,
I feel like one forsaken... forsaken... forsaken.

D7 / / / G // / C / D7 / G / /
She's sleeping in the valley, And the mocking bird is singing where she lies.
'Twas in the mild September, And the mocking bird was singing far and wide.
I feel like one forsaken, Since my Hally is no longer with me now.

Chorus:

D7 / / / G / / /
Listen to the mocking bird,... Listen to the mocking bird,

D7 / / / G / / /
The mocking bird still singing o'er her grave;

D7 / / / G / / /
Listen to the mocking bird,... Listen to the mocking bird,

C / D7 / G / / /
Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

Words by Septimus Winner (Alice Hawthorne), music by Richard Milburn; published by Winner & Schuster in Philadelphia in 1855.

"Skip to my Lou"

(common time 4/4)

G

Lost my partner, what'll I do?
I'll get another one, pretty one too.
Gone again, what'll I do?
I got another one, skip, skip, skip.

D7

Lost my partner, what'll I do?
I'll get another one, pretty one too.
Gone again, what'll I do?
I got another one, skip, skip, skip.

G

Lost my partner, what'll I do?
I'll get another one, pretty one too.
Gone again, what'll I do?
I got another one, skip, skip, skip.

D7

G

Skip to my lou, my darling.

This song is anonymous; Lou means sweetheart in the South.

"Hard Times Come Again No More"

(common time 4/4)

D / / / G / D /
Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears
There's a pale drooping maiden wh toils her life away
'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,

Bm D / A7 / D / /
While we all sup sorrow with the poor
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er:
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore,

D / / / / G / D
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears;
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave,

Bm D / A7 / D / /
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

Chorus:

D / / / / G D / /
'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary;

D / / / / / A7
Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no more:

D / / / / G / D
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door;

Bm D / A7 / D / / /
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

Words and music by Stephen C. Foster; published by Firth, Pond & Co. in New York in 1851.

"Vive la Compagnie"

(march time 6/8)

G / / /
Let Bacchus to Venus libations pour forth,
Let ev'ry old Bachelor fill up his glass,
Let ev'ry married man drink to his wife,
Come fill up your glasses I'll give you a toast,
Since all, with good humor, I've toasted so free,

G D7 G /
Vive la compagnie.

G / / /
And let us make use of our time while it lasts,
And drink to the health of his favorite lass,
the friend of his bosom and comfort of life,
Here's a health to our friend our kind, worthy host,
I hope it will please you to drink now with me.

G D7 G /
Vive la compagnie.

Chorus:

G / C /
Vive la vive la vive l'amour,

D7 / G /
Vive la vive la vive l'amour,

C / D /
Vive la vive la vive l'amour,

D7 / G /
Vive la compagnie.

No credits given; published by F.D. Benteen in Baltimore in 1844.

"Wayfaring Stranger"

(common time 4/4)

Am

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger,
I'm going there to see my mother.

Dm

Am

A traveling through this world of woe.
I'm going there, no more to roam.

Am

But there's no sickness toil or danger,
I'm just a going over Jordan,

Dm

Am

In that bright world through which I go.
I'm just a going over home.

This song was originally an Appalachian spiritual which was written circa 1780; it consoled many a pioneer. Modern folk singers turned it into a folk song.

"Kemo Kimo"

(common time 4/4)

G / / / C G / /
In Ca - ro - li - na the folks all go,
Oh, what do you do when the rain don't fall?
There was a frog who lied in a pool.

G / / / A7 / D7 /
Sing song kitty, can't you ki - me - oh?

G / / / C G / /
There's where the folks all plant the tow,
Crops grow small instead of tall.
Sure he was the biggest fool.

G / / / / / / / /
Sing song kitty, can't you ki - me - oh?

G / / / C G / /
Cover the ground all over with smoke,
Ev'ry thing seems to turn out wrong.
He could dance and he could sing.

G / / / A7 / D7 /
Sing song kitty, can't you ki - me - oh?

G / / / C G / /
Then their heads around they poke,
Cotton's short instead of long.
Make the woods aroun' him ring.

G / / / / / / / /
Sing song kitty, can't you ki - me - oh?

Chorus:

G / / / / / / / /
Ke - mo ki - mo, there, oh where?

D7 / G / Am / D7 / / /
With my hi, my ho, and in come Sally, singin'

G / D7 / G / D7 /
Sometime penny winkle ling-tum nip-cat

G / D7 / G C G
Sing song kitty, can't you ki - me - oh?

Furnished by the Amoskeag Players; Arranged by N.L.

"There Was an Old Soldier"

To the tune of "Turkey in the Straw"
(march time 2/4)

G / / /
There was an old soldier and he had a wooden leg;
Said the one old soldier, "Hey, give me a chew!"
Well, the one old soldier he was feeling mighty bad,

/ / D /
He had no tobacco, no tobacco could he beg.
Said the other old soldier, "I'll be damned if I do!
He said, "I'll get even, I will by gad."

G / / /
Another old soldier as sly as a fox,
Just save up your money and put away your rocks
He went to the corner, took his rifle from the peg,

/ / D G
He always kept tobacco in his old tobacco box.
And you'll always have tobacco in your old tobacco box."
And he stabbed the other soldier with a splinter from his leg.

Chorus:

G / / /
Turkey in the straw; haw, haw, haw.

C / / /
Turkey in the straw; hay, hay, hay.

G D G D
Hay tucka ho tucka hi tucka haw.

G / D G
Play an old tune called "Turkey in the Straw".

A traditional American folk song; taken from Joe's notebook.

"There was an old Soldier"

(march time 2/4)

D / A7 D
There was an old soldier and he had a wooden leg;
Said the one old soldier, "Hey, give me a chew!"
Well, the one old soldier he was feeling mighty bad,
Now there was an old hen and she had a wooden foot,

D / E7 A7
He had no tobacco, no tobacco could he beg.
Said the other old soldier, "I'll be damned if I do!
He said, "I'll get even, I will by gad."
And she made her nest by the mulberry root,

D D7 G Em
Another old soldier as sly as a fox,
Just save up your money and put away your rocks
He went to the corner, took his rifle from the peg,
She laid more eggs than any hen on the farm,

D / A7 /
He always kept tobacco in his old tobacco box.
And you'll always have tobacco in your old tobacco box."
And he stabbed the other soldier with a splinter from his leg.
And another wooden leg wouldn't do her any harm.

D / A7 D
He always kept tobacco in his old tobacco box.
And you'll always have tobacco in your old tobacco box."
And he stabbed the other soldier with a splinter from his leg.
And another wooden leg wouldn't do her any harm.

Found in Irwin Silber's "Soldier Songs and Home-front Ballads of the Civil War"; credited as a "Traditional American folk song".

"Cindy"

(march time 2/4)

G / G / G / D7 /
You oughter see my Cindy, She lives a way down South.
I wish I was an apple, A-hangin' on a tree,
My Cindy got religion, She had it once before,
Now Cindy is a sweet girl, My Cindy is a peach.
If I had thread an' needle, If I knew how to sew,

G / C / G / / /
Now she's so sweet the honey bees, They swarm around her mouth.
And every time that Cindy passed, She'd take a bite of me.
But when she heard my old banjo, She leaped upon the floor.
She threw her arms around me tight, An' hung on like a leech.
I'd sew that gal tomy coat tail, And down the road I'd go.

G / / / G / D7 /
The first I seen my Cindy, A standin' in the door,
If I were made of sugar, A-standin' in the town,
She took me to her parlor, She cooled me with her fan,
She kissed me and she hugged me, She called me sugar plum,
I want my Cindy, Cindy, Her lips and arms and feet.

G / C / G Am G /
Her shoes and stockin's in her hand, Her feet spread 'round the floor.
Then every time my Cindy passed, I'd shake some sugar down.
She said I was the purtiest thing, The shape of mortal man.
She hugged so tight I hardly breathed, I thought my time had come.
I never seen another gal, That Cindy couldn't beat.

Chorus:

C / /
Git along home, Cindy, Cindy,

G / /
Git along home, Cindy, Cindy,

C / /
Git along home, Cindy, Cindy,

G D7 G /
I'll marry you some day.

This song originated circa 1805 in the Appalachians; about the mid-1850's it became a favorite of fiddle and banjo players -- a great dance tune.

"Pop Goes the Weasel"

(march time 2/4)

C G C /
When night comes in as black as a sheep;
The lover when he pants through fear,
All New York in a rush now whirls,

/ G C /
The hen and her eggs are fast asleep.
To pop the question to his dear;
Where the World's Fair its flag unfurls,

/ G C /
Then into her nest with a serpent's creep...
He joins this dance then into her ear...
But the best World's Fair is when our girls go...

Chorus:

F G C /
Pop goes the weasel!

C F G G7
Of all the dances that ever was planned,
The temperance folks from South to Maine,
Then up from two lines as straight as a string,

C F G /
To galvanize the heel and hand,
Against all liquor spout and strain,
Dance in and out and three in a ring.

F / / /
There's none that moves so gay and grand, as
But when they feel the slightest pain,
Dive under like the duck and sing...

/ G C /
Pop goes the weasel!

Arranged by Charlie Twiggs; published by Stephen T. Gordon in New York in 1859.

"Billy Boy"

(common time 4/4)

C / / / / / /
Oh where have you been Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Did she ask you to come in, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Did she set for you a chair, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Can she bake a cherry pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Can she make a feather bed, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Just how old can she be, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?

C / / / G7 / / /
Oh where have you been charming Billy?
Did she ask you to come in charming Billy?
Did she set for you a chair charming Billy?
Can she bake a cherry pie charming Billy?
Can she make a feather bed, charming Billy?
Just how old can she be charming Billy?

G7 / / / C / / /
I have been to seek a wife, she's the joy of all my life,
Yes she asked me to come in, with a dimple on her chin,
Yes she set for me a chair, she has ringlets in her hair,
Yes she can bake a cherry pie, quick's a cat can wink an eye,
Yes she can make a feather bed, put the pillows at the head,
Three times six or four times seven, two times twenty and eleven,

F C / G7 / C / / /
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

This anonymous song is believed to have arrived in America just after the Revolution, circa 1800.

"Home Sweet Home"

(common time 4/4)

C F C / G7 / C /
Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,

C F C / G7 / C /
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child,

C F C / G7 / C /
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
The birds singing gaily that came to my call,
As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,

C F C / G7 / C
Which seek through the world is ne'er met with else where.
Give me that peace of mind that's dearer than all.
Through the wood bine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.

Chorus:

F / C / G7 / C /
Home, home, sweet home, there's no place like home,

F / C / G7 / C
Home, home, sweet home, there's no place like home.

Words by John H. Payne, music by Henry R. Bishop; published by G.E. Balke, in Philadelphia., circa 1832.

"The Riddle"

(common time 4/4)

G Em C G
I gave my love a cherry that has no stone.
How can there be a cherry that has no stone?
A cherry when it's bloomin' it has no stone.

D G D
I gave my love a chicken that has no bone.
How can there be a chicken that has no bone?
A chicken in an eggshell it has no bone.

Am G D
I gave my love a ring that has no end.
How can there be a ring that has no end?
A ring when it is rollin' it has no end.

C G Am G
I gave my love a baby with no cryin'
How can there be a baby with no cryin'?
A baby when it's sleepin' has no cryin'.

This Irish song reached our shores circa 1785 and gained wide popularity by 1812.

"Aura Lea"

(common time 4/4)

G / Am / D7 / G /
When the Blackbird in the Spring, On the willow tree
In thy blush the rose was born, Music, when you spake,
Aura Lea! the bird may flee, The willow's golden hair
When the mistletow was green, Midst the winter's snows,

G / Am / D7 G /
Sat and rock! I heard him sing, Singing Aura Lea
Through thine azure eye the morn, Sparkling, seemed to break.
Swing through winter fitfully, On the stormy air.
Sunshine in thy face was seen, Kissing lips of rose.

G / Em / / Am G /
Aura Lea, Aura Lea, Maid of golden hair;
Aura Lea, Aura Lea, Birds of crimson wing
Yet if thy blue eyes I see, Gloom will soon depart;
Aura Lea, Aura Lea, Take my golden ring;

G C Am / D7 / G /
Sunshine came along with thee, And swallows in the air.
Never song have sung to me As in that sweet spring.
For to me, serry Aura Lea Is sunshine through the heart.
Love and light return with thee, And swallows with the spring.

Chorus:

G / Em / / Am G /
Aura Lea, Aura Lea, Maid of golden hair;
G C Am / D7 / G /
Sunshine came along with thee, And swallows in the air.

Words by William W. Fosdick, music by George R. Poulton; published by John Church Jr. in Cincinnati in 1861.

"On Top of Old Smoky"

(fast waltz 3/4)

C F / /
On top of old smoky,
A-courtin's a pleasure,
A thief he will rob you,
They'll hug you and kiss you,
My sad heart is aching,

F C / /
all covered with snow,
A-partin' is grief,
And take what you have,
And tell you more lies,
I'm weary today,

C G7 / /
I lost my true lover,
A false-hearted lover,
But a false-hearted lover
Than the leaves on the willow,
My lover has left me,

G7 C F C
A-courtin' too slow.
Is worse than a thief.
Send you to your grave.
Or the stars in the skies.
I'm a feelin' this way.

Believed to be an American Appalachian tune; it was popular through-out the U.S. by the 1840's.

"Lorena"

(common time 4/4)

G / / / C / / / D7 / / / G / / /
The years creep slowly by Lore - na, The snow is on the grass again,
A hundred months have passed Lore - na, Since last I held that hand in mine,
We loved each other then Lore - na, More than we ever dared to tell;
The story of that past, Lore - na, Alas I care not to repeat,
Yes, these were words of thine, Lore - na, They burn within my memory yet;
It matters little now, Lore - na, The past -- is in the eternal Past,

G / / / C / / / D7 / / / G ///
The sun's low down the sky, Lore - na, The frost gleams where the flow'rs have been
And felt the pulse beat fast, Lore - na, Tho' mine beat faster far than thine.
And what we might have been, Lore - na, Had but our lovings prosper'd well --
The hopes that could not last, Lore - na, They lived, but only lived to cheat.
They touched some tender chords, Lore - na, Which thrill and tremble with regret.
Our heads will soon lie low, Lore -- na, Life's tide is ebbing out so fast.

Em / / / D7 / / Bm / / C / D7 /
But the heart throbs on as warmly now, As when the summer days were nigh;
A hundred months 'twas flowery May, When up the hilly slope we climbed,
But then, 'tis past -- the years are gone, I'll not call up thier shadowy forms;
I would not cause e'en one regret To wrangle in your bosom now;
'Twas not thy woman's heart that spoke; They heart was always true to me:
There is a Future! O thank God, Of life this is so small a part!

G / / / C / / / D7 / / / G / / /
Oh! the sun can never dip so low, Adown affection's cloudless sky.
To watch the dying of the day, And hear the distant church bells chimed.
I'll say to them, "lost years, sleep on! Sleep on! nor heed, life's pelting storm.."
For "if we try, we may forget," Were words of thine long years ago.
A duty stern and pressing, broke The tie which linked my soul with thee.
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod; But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart.

G / / / C / / / D7 / / / G / / /
Oh! the sun can never dip so low, Adown affection's cloudless sky.
To watch the dying of the day, And hear the distant church bells chimed.
I'll say to them, "lost years, sleep on! Sleep on! nor heed, life's pelting storm.."
For "if we try, we may forget," Were words of thine long years ago.
A duty stern and pressing, broke The tie which linked my soul with thee.
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod; But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart.

Words by Henry D. Webster, music by Joseph P. Webster; published by H. M. Higgins in Chicago circa 1862.

"Sweet Betsy from Pike"

(waltz time 3/4)

D A7 D /
Oh don't you remember sweet Betsy from Pike?
The Shanghia ran off and the oxen all died.
They soon reached the desert where Betsy gave out.
Sweet Betsy got up with a great deal of pain,

D G A7 /
Who crossed the big mountains with her lover Ike.
That morning the last piece of bacon was fried.
And down in the sand she lay rolling about,
And said she'd go back to Pike County again,

G D G D
With two yoke of oxen, a large yellow dog,
Poor Ike got discouraged and Betsy got mad,
While Ike in great horror looked on with surprise,
But Ike gave a sigh and they fondly embraced,

D A7 D /
And a tall Shanghai rooster and one spotted hog.
And the dog wagged his tail and looked wond'rously sad.
Sayin' "Betsy get up, you'll get sand in your eyes."
And travelled along with his arm 'round her waist.

Chorus:

D A7 D /
Sayin' "Goodbye Pike County, farewell for a while,

D A7 D /
We will come back again when we pan out our pile."

This song was extremely popular during the California Gold Rush. The tune is very old and comes from Scotland.

"Down in the Valley"

(waltz time 3/4)

G D7
Down in the valley, the valley so low,
Writing this letter containing three lines,
Roses love sunshine, vi'lets love dew

D7 G C G
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow,
Answer this question: "will you be mine?"
Angels in heaven know I love you,

G D7
Hear the wind blow dear, hear the wind blow.
"Will you be mine dear, will you be mine?"
Know I love you dear, know I love you,

D7 G C G
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.
Answer my question: will you be mine?"
Angels in heaven know I love you.

This song is centuries old, but this version was developed circa 1800, and was sung by Daniel Boone's followers as they moved West; by 1835 it was widely sung through-out the country.

"A Frog Went A-Courting"

(common time 2/4)

G C
A frog went a courtin', he did ride,
He rode till he reached Miss Mouse's door,
He sat little mousie on his knee,
She said, "I will ask my Uncle Rat,"
Hence old Uncle Rat did ride to town,
Now where will the wedding supper be,
The first to arrive was a big brown bug,
The next to arrive was Parson Fly,
The next to arrive was a big Tom Cat,
The last to arrive was Dick the Drake,

G
A - ha, ho - ho.

G
A frog went a courtin', he did ride,
He rode till he reached Miss Mouse's door,
He sat little mousie on his knee,
She said, "I will ask my Uncle Rat,
Hence old Uncle Rat did ride to town,
Now where will the wedding supper be,
The first to arrive was a big brown bug,
The next to arrive was Parson Fly,
The next to arrive was a big Tom Cat,
The last to arrive was Dick the Drake,

C G D7
With a sword and pistol by his side.
Where he had often been before,
And said, "Miss Mousie, marry me,"
And see what he will say to that,"
To buy his niece a wedding gown,
Down yonder in the hollow tree.
He drowned in the molasses jug.
He ate so much he nearly died.
He chased Miss Mouse and Uncle Rat.
Who chased the frog into the lake.

G
A - ha, ho - ho.

This song dates back to Elizabethan England, and came to America with the earliest settlers.

"Auld Lang Syne"

(march time 2/4)

G / D /
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
We twa ha'e run about the braes
We twa ha'e sported i' the burn,
And here's a hand, my trusty friend,

G / C /
and never brought to mind?
and pu'd the gowans fine,
from morning sun till dine,
and gie's a hand o' thine,

G / D /
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
We've wander'd mony a weary foot,
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd,
We'll take a cup of kindness yet,

C / G /
and days of auld, lang syne.
sin' auld lang syne.
sin' auld lang syne.
for auld lang syne.

Chorus:

G / D /
And days of auld lang syne, my dear,

G / C /
and days of auld lang syne,

G / D /
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,

C / G
sin' days of auld lang syne.

Words by Robert Burns, Scotland, 1759-1796; the tune is an ancient Scotch air.

"The Minstrel Boy"

(common time 4/4)

C / F / C G F
The minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
The minstrel fell, but the foeman's chain-
The minstrel boy shall return a - gain,

/ AM / C / G / C /
In the ranks of death you will find him;
Could not bring that proud soul un - der;
When we hear the news we will cheer it,

C / F / C G F
His father's sword he has gird - ed on,
The harp he loved ne'er played again,
The minstrel boy shall return again,

/ AM / C / G / C
And his wild harp slung behind him.
For he tore its chords a - sunder.
Torn perhaps in body, not in spir- it.

Chorus:

C G F / G F C /
"Land of Song!" said the warrior bard,
He said, "No chain shall sul - ly thee,
Then may he play his harp in peace,

AM / / / F G C /
"Tho' all the world be-tra-ays thee,
Thou soul of love and bra - ve - ry!
In a world as heaven in te - end - ed,

C / F / C G F
One sword at least thy rights shall guard,
Thy songs were meant for the proud and free,
When all the works of war shall cease,

/ AM / C / G C
One faithful harp shall praise thee."
They shall never sound in slav'ry."
And ev'ry battle shall be end - ded.

Words by Thomas Moore, Dublin, Ireland, 1779-1852; the tune is an ancient Irish air.

"Old Rosin the Beau"

(fast waltz time 3/4)

G / C /
I have travelled this wide world over,
When I'm dead and laid out on the counter,
And when I am dead I reckon,
I'll have to be buried I'm thinkin',
I feel the grim tyrant approaching,

G / C D
and now to another I'll go,
A voice you will hear from below,
The ladies will all want to know,
And I would like it done just so,
That cruel implacable foe,

G / C /
I know that good quarters are waiting
Singing some plain whiskey and water,
Just lift the lid off the coffin,
And be sure not to go contrary,
Who spares neither age nor condition

G D7 G /
To welcome old Rosin the Beau.
To drink to old Rosin the Beau.
And look at old Rosin the Beau.
To the wish of old Rosin the Beau.
Nor even old Rosin the Beau.

Chorus:

G / C /
To welcome old Rosin the Beau.
To drink &c.
To look &c.
To the wish &c.
Nor even &c.

G / C D
To welcome old Rosin the Beau.

G / C /
I know that good quarters are waiting

G D G /
To welcome old Rosin the Beau.

This tune was so popular in the early 1830's that there was a movement to make it the national anthem. Published by Osbourn Music Saloon Ld., Meignen & Co., Philadelphia, 1838.

"¡Ay Susanita!"

"Oh! Susanna!"

(march time 6/8)

Verso:

G C G / G D D7 /
Susanita se embarcó en un buque de vapor,

G C G / G D G /
Y suspirando decía, ¿Por qué se fué mi amor?

Continue verse:

G C G /
G C D7 /
G C G /
G D G /

Coro:

C / / / C / G /
¡Ay, Susanita! No llores por mí,

D7 / / /
Que me voy para Alta California

G D G /
A traer oro para Ti.

Continue Chorus:

C / / /
C / G /
D7 / / /
G D G /

From Robb's "Folk Music of New Mexico"; sung by Julianita Trujillo, Chimayó, NM in 1949. It was probably a complete tune, originally, but has more than likely suffered from oral history. It was possibly written sometime around the California goldrush, because the hero is going to California to get gold for his sweetheart (instead of coming from Alabama with a banjo on his knee). This is a wonderful example of what a nineteenth-century Hispanic musician might do with an American tune.

"Laredo"

(common time 4/4)

D / / / A7 / D
Ya me voy para el Laredo, mi bien, te vengo a decir adios.
Toma esa sa cajita de oro, mi bien, mira lo que lleva dentro,

D / / / A7 / D
De allá te mando decir, mi bien, como se mancuernan dos.
lleva amores, lleva celos, mi bien, y un poco de sentimiento.

G D A7 D
Toma esa llavita de oro, mi bien, abre mi pecho y veras.
Ya me voy para el Laredo, mi bien, Te vengo a decir adiós.

G D A7 D
Lo mucho que yo te quiero, mi bien, y el mal pago que me das.
De allá te mando decir, mi bien, como se mancuernan dos.

Translation:

I leave now to go to Laredo, my love, I come here to say farewell.
While I'm there I will sorely miss you, my love, how much I can never tell.
And this golden key, now take it, my love, and open my secret heart;
How much I shall always want you, my love and how great my pain to part.

And take now the chest of treasures, my love, and all that it may contain,
It holds all my great devotion, my love, my passion and sometimes my pain,
I leave now to go to Laredo, my love, I come here to say farewell;
While I'm there I will sorely miss you, my love, how much I can never tell.

A nineteenth Century love song referring to Laredo, Texas - this tune illustrates a combination of Spanish and Indian influence. Many a Hispanic soldier would have thought of a tune such as this when going out on campaign, instead of our own "Girl I left Behind Me".

"Las Chiapanecas"

"The Girls from Chiapas"

(waltz time 3/4)

D / / / / A7
Un clavel corté, por la sierra fui caminito a mi rancho,
Once I picked a flower from the mountainside, Near my ranch I found it.

A7 / / / / D /
Como el vien to fue mi caballo fiel, a llevarme hasta su lado.
Like the wind I flew on my gaithful horse to the side of my beloved;

D / / / / G
Linda flor de abril, toma este clavel, que brindo por mi pasión:
Lovely April flower, take the gift I bring, "Twill my passion prove to you;

G / D / A7 / D
No me digas no, que en tu boca está el secreto de mi amor.
Do not tell me "No"; in your lips I know is the secret of my love.

D / A7 / / D
Cuando la noche llegó, Y con su manto de azul,
Evening begins to descend, And with its mantle of blue,

D / A7 / / D
el blanco rancho cubrió, alrege el baile empezó:
Covers the ranch with its light, alrege el baile empezó:

Coro:

G / / / D / / /
Bai - la, mi chiapaneca, baila, baila con garbo,
Dance! dance! my Chiapenecan,

A7 / / D / /
baila lindo rayo de luz; (la, la, la, la, la)
Dance beautiful ray of light,

G / / / D / / /
Bai - la, me chiapaneca, baila, baila con garbo,
Dance my Chiapenecan; Dance with grace, Chiapenecan,

A7 / / / D A7 / / D
que en el baile la reina eres tú, chiapaneca gentil. O - lé!
For tonight, the queen of the dance is you, gentle Chiapenecan.

This song, "The Girls from Chiapas", was very popular in Mexico during the days of Stephen Foster; New Mexico was probably already American at the time, but this is very typical of the type of tune which came up to the Territory from Mexico. Dance was central to life here in New Mexico. Many diaries tell of the nightly fandangos in Santa Fe. Some accounts tell of dancing being discouraged, but that was possibly in the more rural areas. One account in the Hispanic newspaper "La Herencia" tells of an nineteenth century American who witnessed an eighty-year old man dancing with a twelve year-old girl. "They literally dance from the cradle to the grave!" he wrote.

"La Paloma Blanca"

"The White Dove"

(waltz time 3/4)

G / D7 / / / G /
Yo soy tu paloma blanca, tu eres mi pichón azul.

G / D7 / A7 D7 G /
Arrima me tu boquita, para hacer cu ru, cu cu.

Coro:

G / D7 /
A la jota, jota que baile, querida,

D7 / G /
A la jota, jota que baile, querida,

G / C /
A la jota, jota que baile, querida,

G D7 G /
Cu ru, cu ru, cu ru.

(repeat)

Translation:

I am your white dove, you are my blue pigeon;
Won't you come a little closer while we say, 'cu, ru, cu ru'.
Let us dance the jota, the jota together,
Let us dance the jota, the jota together,
Let us dance the jota, the jota together, together,
'Cu ru, cu ru, cu ru.'

"The White Dove", a love song of the Civil War period, such as one the volunteers of the First New Mexico would have sung around the camp fire. The softness of expression is not found as often in the American traditional folk songs as in the Hispanic tradition. But despite such open expressions of tenderness, as soldiers, they proved themselves time and again.

"Las Mañanitas"

(waltz time 3/4)

F C7 F Bb
Estas son las mañanitas que cantaba el Rey David,
Si el sereno de la esquina me quisiera hacer favor,

F Gm C7 F
Pero no eran tan bonitas como las cantan aquí.
De apagar su linternita mientras que pasa mi amor.

Coro:

C7 F C7 F
Despierta, mi bien, despierta, mira qué ya amaneció,

Bb F F C7 F
Ya los pajarillos cantan, la luna ya se metió.

Translation:

With a morning song we greet you, As King David used to sing,
But his song was not as lovely As is the music we bring.

Refrain:

Awake then, of my beloved, Awake, for the dawn is nigh;
Now the birds are sweetly singing; The moon has gone from the sky."

"Morning Greetings", a traditional serenade in Spain and Mexico, often associated with hilarious results. It is also considered a birthday song; and can be used as the last song of a dance since it has the connotations of an Hispanic "Auld Lang Zyne".

"Las Fuentes"

(waltz time 3/4)

G / D7 G
¡Ah, qué las fuentes! ¡Cómo se fueron,
Si te preguntan si te amo yo,

G / D7 G
y me dejaron aquí a padecer!
contesta pronto, diles que no;

G / D7 G
¡Ah, qué las fuentes! ¡Cómo se fueron,
Si te preguntan si te amo a ti,

G / D7 G
y me dejaron aquí a padecer!
Contesta pronto y diles que sí,

G C / /
Si porque te amo, joven querida,
Unos versitos tan singulares,

D7 / G /
Dueña de mis amores, ven...
que en mi memoria grabado están...

G / (F#) D7 /
¡En el jardín de las flores, ven,

D7 / G
Ven a hacerme feliz!

From Robb's "Folk Music of New Mexico"; sung by Mr. and Mrs. Durand, of Cuba, NM, in 1944.

"Valse Chiqueado"

"Coaxing Waltz"

(Waltz time 3/4)

G D7 C G D7 / C
Muchacho: En el llano está una yerba, que le nombran cargosanto.

Muchacha: En la puerta de tu casa, está una águila pintada.

Muchacho: En el día que te fuiste, No hay cosa que a mí me cuadre;

Muchacha: Dices que te vas mañana. Dime adiós para mi consuelo.

Muchacho: ¡Que bonita es la alema, Que cerca estará la marsa!

Muchacha: Si la de la frente china, O la coqueta reflata.

Muchacho: Limoncito verde, verde, Ya yo me voy a retirar,

G D7 C G / D7 G
Ya conozco a la Feliz. Ne me la pondrán tanto.
¡Qué más águila que tú, Correo maleta aguada!
Ni el dinero me consuela, Ni la fresca de las tardes.
¡Adiós lámpara lucida! ¡Adiós pedacito del cielo!
A que usted no me la divina, Cual de esas dos es mi chata.
(la muchacha piensalo)

Porque estás malo del genio, ¡ay! No me vayas a pegar.

Suggested Chorus during the Dance:

G / D7 / G / D7 /
G / D7 / G D7 G /

From Robb's "Folk Music of New Mexico"; sung by David Frescas, Ranchos de Taos, in 1956. This dance is a game for the amusement of all present. The girl sits in a chair while the boy dances slowly around her, attempting to coax her into dancing with him. They take turns singing a verse; or someone else can sing it for them. During the sixth verse, the girl must decide to dance or not. If not, the boy sings the last verse; if so, the music continues for a couple more verses. Traditionally, the participants were encouraged to make up their own verses. Robb's book also contains a version for an older married couple, and another version in which the host of the party participates. Those versions are spoken along with the music instead of sung.

"Un Canadien Errant"

"A Wandering Canadian"

Un Canadien errant, banni de ses foyers, (bis)
Un jour, triste et pensif, assis au bord des flots, (bis)
"Si tu vois mon pays, mon pays malheureux, (bis)
"O jours si pleins d'appa vous êtes disparus... (bis)
"Non, mais en expirant, O mon cher Canada! (bis)

Parcourait en pleurant des pays étrangers. (bis)
Au courant fugitif il adressa ces mots: (bis)
Va, dis à mes amis que je me souviens d'eux." (bis)
Et ma patrie, hélas! Je ne le verrai plus!" (bis)
Non regard languissant vers toi se portera..." (bis)

Translation:

A wandering Canadian lad, exiled from his home,
Wandered in tears through a foreign land.
One day, sad and thoughtful, seated beside a stream,
To the flowing current he addressed these words:
"If you see my country, my unhappy country,
Go, say to my friends that I remember them."
"Oh, days so full of delight, you have vanished,
And my country, alas, I will never see her again."
"No, but in dying, Oh my dear Canada,
My gaze will turn in sorrow towards you."

As a result of the Seven Years War France lost Canada to the French in the Treaty of Paris, 1763. By the 1800's, English oppression had not let up; although somewhat appeased by the right to keep their language and religion, the French and disadvantaged Anglos alike could stand the political and economic inequalities no longer. In 1837-38 Louis Papineau and Dr.E.B. O'Callaghan led a revolt in lower Canada, which was soon crushed. Another rebellion sprouted in Upper Canada with similar results. Hundreds of rebels had to flee their homes in exile; thus, the popularity of this song which was written in 1842 by Antoine Gérin-Lajoie. The next few decades saw rising tensions between England and the United States. Twenty -three years later, when the Civil War broke out, as they also had done during the American Revolution, hundreds of French again flocked south to join the American ranks. They would have well remembered this song in their times of loneliness and homesickness.

"The Ballad of the First New Mexico"

"El Corrido de la Primera Nueva Mexico"

I will tell you a story that happened,
A very long time ago,
When New Mexicans faced an invasion,
From Texans who came from below.

The President proclaimed an emergency.
The Governor gave us the call.
Captain Valdez and his men of Mora,
Were the first to answer the roll - Company A!

**Kit Carson became our commander,
We knew him - a capable man.
Francisco Chaves was second,
Both names were well known in this land.**

**We trained in the camp of instruction.
We guarded supplies on the trail.
We learned the drill of the soldier,
So the Texans would not prevail.**

The Texans rode up the Jornada;
They camped by the Rio Grande.
They crossed the river at Fort Craig,
To test if the fort could withstand.

They drew back across the river.
We were not sure of what they would do.
They marched to the fords of Val Verde,
Forcing us Yanks to pursue.

**Our first troop to cross to meet them,
Was that of our trusty Chacon.
He said that the sun was just rising,
When his horsemen rose out of the foam - Company K!**

**Then Chacon and the gringo Graydon,
Fought with the Texans there.
And the American battery of cannon,
Fired their shot, rending the air.**

The Texans found it was too hot,
To try to pass on to the ford.
They drew back to an arroyo to wait,
To wait for Texans more.

When they dared again to move forward,
Brave Seldon lined up his men;
Chacon and his troop now joined them,
And they charged through fire and flame.

The Union charge was furious.
The Texans withdrew to their hole.
The firing became sporadic.
The Confederates tried to hold.

Chacon and his men were firing,
But found that their site was too hot;
A cannon belonging to the enemy,
Was firing right at their spot.

Chacon and his men then charged them,
Whooping, hollering, and cryin',
The rebels ran, and they laso'd it,
And hauled it back to our lines.

Kit Carson with the rest of us,
Waited on the river's west bank.
We were kept on the road in formation,
To protect the army's left flank.

We'd had no food since the noon before,
Our stomachs felt it so wrong,
But our cartridge boxes were full,
And our hearts were beating strong.

Col. Roberts then asked for a hundred,
To drag the cannons across.
The regiment stepped forward and cheered as one.
Every man was ready to cross.

The battery was moved to the east side,
Where it began to fire anew.
The rebels soon were dismayed,
By the shot and shell that it threw.

Then our regiment was ordered,
To cross the fords to the right.
We helped more cannons to cross,
Then we marched to join in the fight.

We advanced through the woods and the thickets,
When suddenly we heard a wild yell,
Texans on horseback came charging,
Charging through shot and through shell

Colonel Carson told us "Be steady!"
Our bayonets shone in the sun.
Together we fired a volley,
And charged them at a run.

As we rushed towards the invaders,
The Texans began to slow,
Domingo Salazar from Company "G,"
Caught their flag as it fell so low - Company "G"!

The Texans ran for the mesa,
Chacon chased in wild careen.
He followed them up the side of the hill;
The moment was supreme.

**The sun was over the west mountains,
The officers pushed us ahead,
We expected to meet the enemy line,
But were ordered to retreat instead.**

**Kit Carson could not believe it,
But the order remained unrepealed.
The battery had been lost on the east side,
And the army was leaving the field.**

Kit Carson formed up the regiment,
We men did not know we had lost.
We marched to the fords in good order,
And took time to methodically cross.

The Confederates thought we were regulars,
The way we marched under fire.
They shot at us with our own cannon,
As the regiment marched to retire.

**Chacon and his men of Taos,
Stout men of company "K,"
The first on the field that morning,
Were the last to leave on that day.**

**The Texans thought they fought Regulars.
They thought the Hispanos no show.
But they never forgot the men that they fought,
Brave men from New Mexico.**

So that is the end of our story.
That is all that I can relate.
When brave sons that were born in Mexico,
Fought for the United States.

When brave sons that were born in Mexico,
Fought for the United States.

This song can be sung to the tune of "Old Rosen the Bow" or it can be sung to the original tune below.

3/4 time

CHORDS:

"a" PART: G // G // D // D // G // G // C // C //
G // G // D // D // C // C // G // G //
"b" PART: G // G // C // C // G // G // C // C //
G // G // D // D // C // C // G // G //

NOTES (actual notes vary from verse to verse):

"a" PART: G B B B B C B A A G B B B G B C
 G B B B C B A A B A G G G G A G
"b" PART: B C D D D D B D E E B C D D D G D E
 G A B B B B C B A A A A B A G G G A G

Play the "A" part twice and the "B" part twice and repeat.
(**"B" parts are printed in bold**).