

VARIOUS

BEADLE'S DIME
SONG BOOK NO.
1

Various
Beadle's Dime Song Book No. 1

*http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=25570711
Beadle's Dime Song Book No. 1 / A Collection of New and Popular Comic
and Sentimental Songs.:*

Содержание

Gentle Annie	4
Nelly Gray	6
Poor Old Slave	8
A Thousand a Year	10
Answer to A Thousand a Year	12
The Old Play-Ground	14
Kitty Clyde	16
Willie, we have Missed You	18
Willie'll Roam no More	20
Kiss Me Quick and Go	22
ANNIE LAURIE	24
Nelly was a Lady	26
Down the River	28
Have you seen my Sister?	30
Bob Ridley	32
Kate Kearney	34
Answer to Kate Kearney	35
Home Again	36
Gentle Jennie Gray	38
Faded Flowers	40
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	41

Beadle's Dime Song Book No. 1 / A Collection of New and Popular Comic and Sentimental Songs

Gentle Annie

**Copied by permission of Firth, Pond &
Co., 547 Broadway, owners of the copyright**

Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie —
Like a flower thy spirit did depart;
Thou art gone, alas! like the many,
That have bloom'd in the summer of my heart.

CHORUS

Shall we never more behold thee,
Never hear thy winning voice again,
When the spring time comes, gentle Annie,
When the wild flowers are scattered o'er the plain?

We have roam'd and loved 'mid the bowers,
When thy downy cheeks were in bloom;
Now I stand alone 'mid the flowers,
While they mingle their perfumes o'er thy tomb.

***Chorus.*— Shall we never more, &c**

Ah! the hours grow sad while I ponder
Near the silent spot where thou art laid,
And my heart bows down when I wander
By the streams and the meadows where we stray'd.

***Chorus.*— Shall we never more, &c**

Nelly Gray

There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore,
There I've whiled many happy hours away,
A sitting and a singing by the little cottage door
Where lived my darling Nelly Gray.

CHORUS

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

When the moon had climb'd the mountain, and the stars were
shining too,
Then I'd take my darling Nelly Gray,
And we'd float down the river in my little light canoe —
While my banjo sweetly I would play.
Oh, my poor Nelly Gray, &c.

One night I went to see her, but she's gone, the neighbors say,
The white man bound her with his chain —
They have taken her to Georgia for to wear her life away,

As she toils in the cotton and the cane.

Oh, my poor Nelly Gray, &c.

My canoe is under water, and my banjo is unstrung,

I'm tired of living any more:

My eyes shall look downward, and my songs shall be unsung

While I stay on old Kentucky shore.

Oh, my poor Nelly Gray, &c.

My eyes are getting blinded and I can not see my way,

Hark! there's somebody knocking at the door:

Oh, I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nelly Gray;

Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

CHORUS

Oh, my Nelly Gray, up in heaven there they say

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

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

Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

Poor Old Slave

**Copied by permission of Russell & Tolman, 291
Washington St., Boston, owners of the copyright**

'Tis just one year ago to-day,
That I remember well,
I sat down by poor Nelly's side
A story she did tell;
'Twas about a poor, unhappy slave
That lived for many a year;
But now he's dead and in his grave,
No master does he fear.

Chorus.— The poor old slave has gone to rest,
We know that he is free;
Disturb him not, but let him rest,
Way down in Tennessee.

She took my arm, we walk'd along
Into an open field,
And here she paused to breathe awhile,
Then to his grave did steal.
She sat down by that little mound,

And softly whisper'd there,
"Come to me, father, 'tis thy child,"
Then gently dropp'd a tear.

***Chorus.*— The poor old slave, &c**

But since that time, how things have changed,
Poor Nelly that was my bride,
Is laid beneath the cold grave-sod,
With her father by her side.
I planted there upon her grave,
The weeping-willow tree,
I bathed its roots with many a tear,
That it might shelter me.

***Chorus.*— The poor old slave, &c**

A Thousand a Year

Robin Ruff. —

If I had but a thousand a year, Gaffer Green —

If I had but a thousand a year,

What a man would I be, and what sights would I see,

If I had but a thousand a year.

Gaffer Green. —

The best wish you could have, take my word, Robin Ruff,

Would scarce find you, in bread or in beer;

But be honest and true, say what would you do,

If you had but a thousand a year.

Robin Ruff. —

I'd do — I scarcely know what, Gaffer Green,

I'd go — faith, I scarcely know where;

I'd scatter the chink, and leave others to think,

If I had but a thousand a year.

Gaffer Green. —

But when you are aged and gray, Robin Ruff,

And the day of your death it draws near,

Say, what with your pains, would you do with your gains

If you then had a thousand a year?

Robin Ruff. —

I scarcely can tell what you mean, Gaffer Green,
For your questions are always so queer;
But as other folks die, I suppose so must I, —

Gaffer Green. —

What! and give up your thousand a year?
There's a place that is better than this, Robin Ruff, —
And I hope in my heart you'll go there, —
Where the poor man's as great though he hath no estate,
Ay, as if he'd a thousand a year.

Answer to A Thousand a Year

Have you heard the strange news just come down, Gaffer Green,

That they're talking of now far and near?

How young Robin Ruff has his wish sure enough,

And he's now got a thousand a year, Gaffer Green!

He's now got a thousand a year!

Young Rob's a good heart, and I'm glad Master Cross,

Oh, it will not spoil him, never fear!

In the face of the poor he will not shut his door,

Though he has got a thousand a year, Master Cross!

Though he has got a thousand a year!

But 'twould be but the way of the world. Gaffer Green,

If he did not see *now* quite so clear;

They say *yellow* mists rise, and soon dim a man's eyes,

When he once gets a thousand a year, Gaffer Green!

When he once gets a thousand a year!

Robin's eyes were not dim t'other day, Master Cross,

When his poor old friend Harry was here;

Robin soon cured his pain, and soon made sunshine again,

With a touch of his thousand a year, Master Cross!

With a touch of his thousand a year!

Ah! but Rob must take care, must take care, Gaffer Green,
Or he'll spend all his new-gotten gear;
How much better 'twould be – he may want it, you see —
If he saved all his thousand a year, Gaffer Green!
If he saved all his thousand a year!

If he spends the last pound that he's got, Master Cross,
He'll be richer than some folks, I fear;
For a heart such as Rob's, though 'neath tatters it throbs,
Is worth ten times a thousand a year, Master Cross!
Is worth ten times a thousand a year!

The Old Play-Ground

I'm sitting to-day in the old play-ground,
Where you and I have sat so oft together,
I'm thinking of the joys when you and I were boys
In the merry days now gone, John, forever;
'Twas here we sat in the merry olden time,
And we dream'd of the wild world before us,
And our visions and hopes of the coming time
Were as bright as the sun that shone o'er us.

CHORUS

I'm sitting to-day in the old play-ground,
Where you and I have sat so oft together,
I'm thinking of the joys when you and I were boys
In those merry days now gone, John, forever.

O'er the threshold, John, we pass'd forlorn,
To wander we knew not where,
The heaven we thought so bright was o'ershadow'd by night,
And the pathway lay dark and drear.
But I am sitting to-day in the old play-ground,
Where you and I have sat so oft together,

And these memories wild have made me a child,
As in the merry days now gone, John, forever.

Chorus. – I'm sitting to-day, &c

Kitty Clyde

**Copied by permission of Russell & Tolman, 291
Washington St., Boston, owners of the copyright**

Oh, who has not seen Kitty Clyde?
She lives at the foot of the hill,
In a sly little nook by the babbling brook,
That carries her father's old mill.
Oh, who does not love Kitty Clyde?
That sunny eyed, rosy cheek'd lass,
With a sweet dimpled chin that looks roguish as sin,
With always a smile as you pass.

CHORUS

Sweet Kitty, dear Kitty, my own sweet Kitty Clyde,
In a sly little nook by the babbling brook,
Lives my own sweet Kitty Clyde.

With a basket to put in her fish,
Every morn with a line and a hook,

This sweet little lass, through the tall heavy grass,
Steals along by the clear running brook.
She throws her line into the stream,
And trips it along the brook side,
Oh, how I do wish that I was a fish.
To be caught by sweet Kitty Clyde.

Sweet Kitty, dear Kitty, &c

How I wish that I was a Bee,
I'd not gather honey from flowers,
But would steal a dear sip from Kitty's sweet lip,
And make my own *hive* in her bowers.
Or, if I was some little bird,
I would not build nests in the air,
But keep close by the side of sweet Kitty Clyde,
And sleep in her soft silken hair,

Sweet Kitty, dear Kitty, &c

Willie, we have Missed You

**Copied by permisson of Firth, Pond & Co.,
547 Broadway, owners of the copyright**

Oh! Willie, is it you, dear, safe, safe at home?
They did not tell me true, dear, they said you would not come,
I heard you at the gate, and it made my heart rejoice,
For I knew that welcome footstep, and that dear familiar
voice,
Making music on my ear in the lonely midnight gloom,
Oh! Willie, we have miss'd you; welcome, welcome home.

We've long'd to see you nightly, but this night of all;
The fire was blazing brightly, and lights were in the hall,
The little ones were up 'till 'twas ten o'clock and past,
Then their eyes began to twinkle and they have gone to sleep
at last;
But they listen'd for your voice till they thought you'd never
come,
Oh! Willie, we have miss'd you; welcome, welcome home.

The days were sad without you, the nights long and drear,
My dreams have been about you, oh, welcome, Willie dear,

Last night I wept and watch'd, by the moonlight's cheerless ray,

Till I thought I heard your footsteps, then I wiped my tears away,

But my heart grew sad again, when I found you had not come;

Oh! Willie, we have missed you; welcome, welcome home.

Willie'll Roam no More

Yes, Mary, I have come, love, across the dark, blue sea,
To our peaceful, quiet home, love, our little ones and thee;
I've watch'd and waited nightly for the welcome hour to come,
When happily and brightly all the dear delights of home
Should greet my listening ear, love, upon my native shore;
Then wipe away thy tears, Mary, for thy Willie'll roam no more.

CHORUS

Thy Willie'll roam no more, thy Willie'll roam no more,
Then wipe away thy tears, Mary, for thy Willie'll roam no more.

How often since I left you, love, in solitude and tears,
Have I bless'd that love which clung to me through many
changing years;
And while I paced the silent deck, forgotten and alone,
Has my heart recall'd thy love-lit smile, thy sweet and gentle
tone.
Thy image, love, has e'er been shrined within this fond heart's
core;

But wipe away thy tears, Mary, for thy Willie'll roam no more.

***Chorus.*— Thy Willie'll roam no more, &c**

Dear Mary, when in life's sweet morn, in all thy youthful pride,

I bore thee, virgin, bathed in tears, from thy fond mother's side,

And promised at the altar to love through life as now,

Say, Mary, when life's sorrows came, did I forget that vow?

Your heart will own I left you, love, our fortunes to restore;

Then wipe away thy tears, Mary, for thy Willie'll roam no more.

***Chorus.*— Thy Willie'll roam no more, &c**

Kiss Me Quick and Go

The other night while I was sparking
Sweet Turlina Spray,
The more we whisper'd our love talking,
The more we had to say;
The old folks and the little folks
We thought were fast in bed, —
We heard a footstep on the stairs,
And what d'ye think she said?

CHORUS

“Oh! kiss me quick and go my honey,
Kiss me quick and go!
To cheat surprise and prying eyes,
Why kiss me quick and go!”

Soon after that I gave my love
A moonlight promenade,
At last we fetch'd up to the door
Just where the old folks stay'd;
The clock struck twelve, her heart struck two (too).
And peeping over head

We saw a night-cap raise the blind,
And what d'ye think she said?

Oh! kiss me quick and go my honey, &c

One Sunday night we sat together,
Sighing side by side,
Just like two wilted leaves of cabbage
In the sunshine fried;
My heart with love was nigh to split
To ask her for to wed,
Said I: "Shall I go for the priest,"
And what d'ye think she said?

Oh! kiss me quick and go my honey, &c

ANNIE LAURIE

Maxwelton Braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true;
Gie'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er forget will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift —
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on —
That e'er the sun shone on —
And dark blue is her e'e;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like the winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet,
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me;

And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Nelly was a Lady

Down on de Mississippi floating,
Long time I trabble on de way
All night de cotton-wood a toting,
Sing for my true lub all de day.

CHORUS

Nelly was a lady,
Last night she died;
Toll de bell for lubly Nell,
My dark Virginny bride.

Now I'm unhappy and I'm weeping,
Can't tote de cotton-wood no more:
Last night, while Nelly was a sleeping,
Death came a knocking at de door.

Nelly was a lady, &c

When I saw my Nelly in de morning
Smile till she open'd up her eyes,
Seem'd like de light ob day a dawning
Jist for de sun begin to rise.

Nelly was a lady, &c

Close by de margin ob de water,
Whar de lone weeping-willow grows
Dar lib'd Virginny's lubly daughter,
Dar she in death may find repose.

Nelly was a lady, &c

Down in de meadow 'mong the clober,
Walk wid my Nelly by my side:
Now all dem happy days am ober, —
Farewell, my dark Virginny bride,

Nelly was a lady, &c

Down the River

Oh! the river is up, and the channel is deep,
And the wind blows steady and strong;
Let the splash of your oars the measure keep,
As we row the old boat along.
Oh! the water is bright, and flashing like gold,
In the ray of the morning sun,
And old Dinah's away up out of the cold,
A getting the hoe-cake done.
Oh! the river is up, and the channel is deep,
And the wind blows steady and strong;
Let the splash of your oars the measure keep,
As we row the old boat along.

Chorus.— Down the river, down the river,
Down the Ohio;
Down the river, down the river,
Down the Ohio.

Chorus repeated

Oh! the master is proud of the old broad-horn,
For it brings him plenty of tin;

Oh! the crew they are darkies, the cargo is corn,
And the money comes tumbling in.
There is plenty on board for the darkies to eat,
And there's something to drink and to smoke;
There's the banjo, the bones, and the tambourine,
There's the song, and the comical joke.
Oh! the river is up, and the channel is deep,
And the wind blows steady and strong;
Let the splash of your oars the measure keep,
As we row the old boat along.

***Chorus.*— Down the river, &c**

Have you seen my Sister?

Say, my lovely friends, have you any pity
At your finger-ends? then listen to my ditty.
Our Kate has gone away, last Thursday night we miss'd her;
Good people do not smile, – say, Have you seen my sister?

If you have her seen, I hope you will advise her
To return to me, or I must advertise her;
Her waist is very thick, her stays give her a twister,
Now tell me, b'hoys and g'hals, Have you seen my sister?

She squints with both her eyes, in a manner very shocking,
She's got a mouth for pies, and wears no shoes or stockings;
I'm afraid she's gone astray, and some chap did enlist her,
I'm afraid she's gone for good; say, Have you seen my sister?

She wants her two front teeth, you'd see it when she'd titter.
She's got such little feet, Victoria's shoes won't fit her;
She wears no cap at all, but a great big muslin whister,
Now tell me once for all, Have you seen my sister?

Her figure's straight and tall, her conduct's very proper;
She's well provided, for she's eighteen pence in copper.
Now if you have her seen, you never could forget her,
For she's very much like me; now, Have you seen my sister?

Her mouth is very small, her nose is straight and natty,
I tell you once for all, this girl is very pretty
Now I'll sing you another song, and it shall be a twister,
If you will go with me, and help me find my sister.

Bob Ridley

Now white folks I'll sing you a ditty,
I'se from home, but dat's no pity,
Oh, to praise myself it am a shame,
But Robert Ridley is my name.

CHORUS

Oh, Bob Ridley ho, Oh, Bob Ridley ho,
Oh, Bob Ridley! Oh! Oh!! Oh!!!
ROBERT RIDLEY HO!

Oh, white folks I hab cross'd de mountains
How many miles I didn't count 'em,
Oh, I'se left de folks at de old plantation
An' come down here for my edecation.

Oh, Bob Ridley ho, &c

De first time dat I eber got a licken,

'Twas down at de forks ob de cotton picken;
Oh! it made me dance, it made me tremble,
I golly, it made my eyeballs jingle.

Oh, Bob Ridley ho, &c

New York City am a mighty fine one,
For beauty and location it ain't behind none;
Oh! de ladies all look so sweet and gidley,
Wonder dey don't fall in love wid old Bob Ridley.

Oh, Bob Ridley ho, &c

Kate Kearney

Oh! did you ne'er hear of Kate Kearney?
She lives on the banks of Killarney:
From the glance of her eye, shun danger and fly,
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.
For that eye is so modestly beaming,
You ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming;
Yet, oh! I can tell, how fatal's the spell,
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

O should you e'er meet this Kate Kearnev,
Who lives on the bank of Killarney,
Beware of her smile, for many a wile
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.
Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,
Yet there's mischief in every dimple;
And who dares inhale her sigh's spicy gale,
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

Answer to Kate Kearney

Oh, yes, I have seen this Kate Kearney,
Who lives near the lake of Killarney;
From her love-beaming eye, what mortal can fly,
Unsubdued by the glance of Kate Kearney?
For that eye so seducingly meaning,
Assures me of mischief she's dreaming;
And I feel 'tis in vain to fly from the chain
That binds me to lovely Kate Kearney.

At eve when I've met this Kate Kearney,
On the flower-mantled banks of Killarney,
Her smile would impart thrilling joy to my heart,
As I gaz'd on the charming Kate Kearney.
On the banks of Killarney reclining,
My bosom to rapture resigning,
I've felt the keen smart of love's fatal dart,
And inhal'd the warm sigh of Kate Kearney.

Home Again

Home again, home again,
From a foreign shore;
And, oh, it fills my soul with joy,
To meet my friends once more
Here I dropp'd the parting tear,
To cross the ocean's foam;
But now I'm once again with those
Who kindly greet me home.

Home again, &c

Happy hearts, happy hearts,
With mine have laugh'd in glee,
But, oh, the friends I loved in youth
Seem happier to me.
And if my guide should be the fate
Which bids me longer roam,
But death alone can break the tie
That binds my heart to home

Home again, &c

Music sweet, music soft,
Lingers round the place;
And, oh, I feel the childhood charm,
That time can not efface.
Then give me but my homestead roof,
I'll ask no palace dome;
For I can live a happy life
With those I love at home.

Home again, &c

Gentle Jennie Gray

My heart is sad, I'll tell you why,
If you'll listen to my lay,
Which makes me weep, when I sing
Of my gentle Jennie Gray;
But I never can forget the days,
When with Jennie by my side,
We talk'd of love and happiness,
When she should be my bride.

Chorus.— Hush the banjo, toll the bell,
I'm very sad to-day,
I can not work, so let me weep,
For my gentle Jennie Gray.

My Jennie had the sweetest face,
And eyes of sparkling jet,
With lips like new-born roses,
She was my darling pet;
But Death he called one morning,
And took my love away,
And left me lonely weeping,
For my gentle Jennie Gray.

***Chorus.*– Hush the banjo, &c**

And in the ground they laid her,
Close by my cabin door;
A rude stone marks the spot,
Where she sleeps to wake no more;
While at her grave I'm weeping,
At every close of day,
I fancy then, she's sleeping,
And not dead! my Jennie Gray.

***Chorus.*– Hush the banjo, &c**

Faded Flowers

**Copied by permission of Russell & Tolman, 291
Washington St., Boston, owners of the copyright**

The flowers I saw in the wild wood,
Have since dropp'd their beautiful leaves,
And the many dear friends of my childhood,
Have slumber'd for years in their graves;
But the bloom of the flowers I remember,
Though their smiles I shall never more see,

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на ЛитРес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.