

OLD SONGS OF THE 70'S

Old songs of the 70's... (L.W.)

Dar was a frog lived in a spring.

Dar was a frog lived in a spring, sing song, Polly, wont you ki meo,
He had such a cold that he could not sing, sing song, Polly, etc.
I pulled him out and throwed him on the ground, sing song, Polly, etc.
Ole frog he bounced and run around, sing song, Polly, etc.

Kay mo, ki mo, dar row wah, muh hi, muh ho, muhrumstipummerdiddle.
Soot bag, pilly winkum, linkum, nipeat, sing song Polly, wont you ki meo.

Say, Miss Mouse, will you marry me?

Say, Miss Mouse, will you marry me?

With a ring dom bonny mitty ki mo.

Yes, kind sir, I'll marry thee,

With a ring dom bonny mitty ki mo.

Ki munnun ero giléo gero, ki munnun ero, gildo,

Spring a little, sprung a little,

Merry wiggy hat band,

Ring dom, bonny mitty ki mo.

Say, Miss Mouse, are you within, (this is the first verse)

With a ring dom bonny mitty ki mo.

Yes, kind sir, I am within,

With a ring dom bonny mitty ki mo.

Ki munnun ero gildo gero, ki munnun ero, gildo,

Spring a little, sprung a little,

Merry wiggy hat band,

Ring dom bonny mitty ki mo.

Old songs of the 70's--80's ((L.W.)

My grandfather's clock.

My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf
So it stood ninety years on the floor.
It was taller by half than the old man himself,
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more.
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born,
And was always his treasure and pride,
But it stopped - short - never to go again when the old man died.

Ninety years without slumbering, - tick! tick! Its life seconds numbering,
tick! tick!
It stopped - short - never to go again when the old man died.

In watching its pendulum swinging to and fro
Many hours had he spent while a boy,
For in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know
And to share both his grief and his joy.
For it struck twenty-four when he entered at the door
With a blooming and beautiful bride,
But it stopped - short - never to go again when the old man died. Chorus.

My grandfather said that of those he could hire
Not a servant so faithful he found,
For it wasted no time and had but one desire
At the close of each week to be wound.
It was kept in its place, not a frown upon its face,
And its hands never hung by its side,
But it stopped - short - never to go again when the old man died. Chorus

It rung an alarm in the dead of the night,
An alarm that for years had been dumb,
And we knew that his spirit was pluming for flight,
That his hour of departure had come,
Still the clock kept the time with a soft and muffled chime,
As we silently stood by his side.
But it stopped - short - never to go again when the old man died. Chorus.

Old songs of the seventies. (L.W.)

The wearing of the green.

Arrah, Paddy, dear, and did ye hear the news that's goin' round.
The shamrock is forbidden for to grow on Irish ground.
St. Patrick's day no more shall ^{be} the blessing it has been,
They're hanging men and women for the wearing of the green.

It's the most distressed country that ever I have seen,
For they're hanging men and women for the wearing of the green.
(There are more verses to many of these songs which I have forgotten.)

The time I've lost in wooing (Tom Moore)

The time I've lost in wooing, in watching and pursuing
The light that lies in woman's eye has been my heart's undoing.
Though wisdom oft has sought me, I scorned the lore she brought me,
My only books were woman's looks and folly's all they taught me.

On her smile when beauty granted, I hung ^{with} was gaze enchanted,
Like him, the sprite, whom maids by night oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, beauty won me but whils her eyes were on me,
If once their ray was turned away, O, winds could not outrun me.

And are these follies going, and is my proud heart growing
Too cold and wise for brilliant eyes again to set it going.
Ah! vain, alas! the endeavor for bonds so sweet to sever,
Poor wisdom's chance against a glance is now as poor as ever.

Old songs of the 70's (L.W.)

Wait for the wagon

Every Sunday morning with Jacob by my side,

We'll jump into the wagon and we'll all take a ride.

Wait for the wagon, wait for the wagon,

Wait for the wagon and we'll all take a ride.

The river is up, the channel is down.

The river is up, the channel is down, the wind blows steady and strong.

The flash of the oars as it rows the boat along.

Down the river, down the river, down the river, heigho! heigho!

Down the river, down the river, down the river, heigho!

Canadian Boat Song.

--

Faintly as tolls the evening chime, our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.

Soon as the woods on shore grow dim we'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, etc.

Ottawa's tide, this trembling moon will see us float over thy surface soon.
Will see us float over thy surface soon.

Saint of this green isle, hear our prayer,

Grant us cool heavens and favoring air.

Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,

The rapids are near and the daylight's past,

The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Old songs of the 70's.

Whar's yuh gwine, Ephy?

Whar's yuh gwine, Ephy? Ise bound for the Union.

Whar's yuh gwine, Ephy? Away! Away!

Whar's yuh gwine, Ephy? Ise bound for the Union.

Saddle up the old gray mule and never mind the whip.

Hooray! Hurrah! For Johnson is the man.

(A lively jig starts here and everybody dances.)

A Spanish cavalier

A Spanish cavalier stood in his retreat and on his guitar played a tune, dear.

The music so sweet I love to repeat in words that I now sing to you, dear.

Say, darling, say, when I'm far away, sometime you may think of me, dear,

Bright sunny days will soon fade away, remember what I say and be true, dear,

I'm off to the wars, to the wars I will go to fight for my country and you, dear,

And if I should fall in vain I will call, will call on my country and you, dear,

Say, darling, say, etc.

When the war is o'er to you I'll return, back to my country and you, dear,

But if I should fall on you I will call the blessings of my country on you, dear,

Say, darling, say, etc.

Old songs of the 70's (L.W.)

Old Dan Tucker

Old Dan Tucker was a fine old man, he washed his face in a frying pan, hee).
He combed his hair with a wagon wheel and he died with the toothache in his

Get out the way, old Dan Tucker, get out the way, old Dan Tucker,
Get out the way, old Dan Tucker, you're too late to have any supper.

Way down south in Shinbone Alley, there I lived with my Aunt Sally,
Name on the gate and the number on the door and the next house over the
grocery store. Get out the way, etc.

Way down south in the old church steeple, there I saw some colored people,
Some were black and some were blacker, some were the color ob a chaw terback
Get out the way, etc.

Old dog Tray

--

Old dog Tray is ever faithful, grief (beef) cannot drive him away.
He's bob-tailed and he's blind and his tail hangs down behind,
And he wags it back and forward every day.

Old Grimes

--

Old Grimes is dead that poor old soul, we ne'er shall see him more,
He used to wear an old gray coat that buttoned up befaw-aw-ore.

I wish I had some boards and nails to fence my garden round,
To keep the neighbors divilish hogs from rooting up my grah-ah-ound.

Old songs of the 70's (L.W.)

He bright smile haunts me still

'Tis years since last we met, and we may never meet again,
I have struggled to forget but that struggle was in vain.
For her voice lives on the breeze, and her spirit comes at will,
And at midnight on the seas, her bright smile haunts me still.

I have sailed neath alien skies, I have crossed the desert path,
I have seen the storm arise like a giant in his wrath.
Every danger I have known that a reckless life can fill,
But her presence has not flown, her bright smile haunts me still.

John Anderson, my Jo,

John Anderson, my Jo, John, when first we were acquent,
Your locks were like the raven's your bonnie brow was brent.
But now your brow is bald, John, your locks are like the snow,
But blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John, we've climbed the hill together,
And mony a canty day, John, we've spent with ain anither.
Now we maun totter down, John, and hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep together at the foot, John Anderson, my Jo.

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Old songs of the 70's (L.W.)

Lo! while the zephyrs of nightfall

Lo! while the zephyrs of nightfall balmily wander around,
Bells from yon village are chiming, sweetly, how sweetly they sound.
Dear is your music, ye clear ringing bells,
Passion to quiet profound, sinks to the soothing spell.

Heard ye the voices of nature from the soft winds floating round,
Voices that sing in the twilight, pleasantly calling us home.
Dear is your music, ye clear ringing bells,
Passion to quiet profound, sinks to thy soothing spell.

Sounds of the summer night.

The cares of the day are over and gently fades the light,
Come list in the quiet evening the sounds of the summer night.
Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill! Echoing far o'er hill and meadow. } (Chorus)
Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill! In the summer night.

The song of the plaintive warbler is trembling on the air,
While merry the cricket's chirping is heard in the garden fair. (Chorus)

Hark! Hark! By the marshy river the bullfrog sounds his song,
While quick in the rushy water is plunging the answering throng. (Chorus)

Yes, come in the quiet evening when the cares of the day are o'er,
And list to the pleasant music that comes to the cottage door. (Chorus)

(All sorts of animals are imitated in the chorus.)

Old Songs of the 70's (L.W.)

Would I were with thee.

Would I were with thee every day and hour,
Which now I pass so sadly far from thee.
Would that my form possessed the magic power
To follow where my heavy heart would be.
Where'er thou art on land or sea, would I were with thee,
Would I were with thee, with thee eternally.

Would I were with thee when no longer feigning
The hurried laugh which stifles back a sigh,
When thy young lip pours forth its sweet complaining,
And tears have quenched the light within thine eye.
When all seem dark and sad below, would I were with thee,
Would I were with thee, were with thee in thy woe.

Would I were with thee when the world forgetting,
The wearied limbs upon the turf are thrown,
When bright and red the evening sun is setting,
And all thy thoughts belong to heaven alone.
When happy dreams thy thoughts employ, would I were with thee,
Would I were with thee, were with thee in thy joy.

Would I were with thee when the day is breaking,
And when the moon has lit the lonely sea,
Or when in crowds some careless note awaking
Speaks to thy heart in memory of me.
In joy or pain, by sea or shore, would I were with thee,
Would I were with thee, were with thee evermore.

Old songs of the 70's (L.W.)

Kitty Wells

--

You ask what makes this darky weep, why he like others am not gay,
What cause the tears roll down his cheek from early morn till close of day.
A story, darkies, you shall hear, for in my memory fresh it dwells,
'Twill cause you all to shed a tear at the grave of my poor Kitty Wells.

The birds ^{were} singing in the morning and the myrtle and the ivy ^{were} in bloom.
The sun on the hill was dawning, it was there we laid her in her tomb.

I never shall forget the day that we together roamed the dells,
I kissed her lips and named the day that I should marry Kitty Wells.
But death came to my cabin door and stole away my joy, my pride,
And when I found she was no more I laid my banjo down and cried.

The birds ^{were} singing in the morning and the myrtle and the ivy ^{were} in bloom.
The sun on the hill was dawning, it was there we laid her in her tomb.

Old songs of the 70's

Mollie Darling

Won't you tell me, Mollie darling, that you love none else but me.

For I love you, Mollie darling. you are all the world to me.

O. tell me, Mollie, that you love me, put your little hand in mine

Say you love me, Mollie darling

Mollie, sweetest, dearest, fairest! Look up, darling, tell me this,

If you love me, Mollie darling, let your answer be a kiss.

Stars are shining, Mollie darling, through their mystic veil of light,

They are laughing, Mollie darling, while fair Luna hides her light.

No one listens but the flowers, while they hang their heads in shame,

They are modest, Mollie darling, when they hear me call your name.

Mollie, sweetest, dearest, fairest, etc.

Maggie May

--

The spring has come, the flowers in bloom,

The birds sang out their lay,

Down by a little running brook

I first saw Maggie May.

She had a roguish jet black eye

Was singing all the day,

O, how I loved her none can guess,

My little Maggie May

My little winsome Maggie, she was singing all the day,

O, how I loved her none can guess

My little Maggie May.

Sweet Ella Ree so kind and true in her little churchyard lies.
Her grave is bright with drips of dew, but brighter were her eyes.
Then carry me back to Tennessee, there let me live and die
Among the fields of yellow corn in the land where Ella lies.
Her pretty eyes and gentle form methinks I yet can see
I love the spot where she was born, way down in Tennessee.
Then carry me back to Tennessee, etc.

The summer moon will soar and set, the night bird trill their lay.
The possum and the coon so softly step round the grave of Ella Ree.
Then carry me back to Tennessee, etc.

Old songs of the '70's

O, teach me how from love to fly .

O, teach me how from love to fly, its dangerous paths to shun,
To guard the heart, to shield the eye, or I must be undone.

With thine impression on my heart no time nor power can move,
'Tis vain, alas! the task I find to love and not be loved

(Major Kurtz' song)

Old songs of the 20's

Katie's secret.

--

The sunlight is beautiful, mother, and sweetly the flowers bloom today.

The birds in the branches of hawthorne are carolling ever so gay.

And down by the rock in the meadow the rill ripples by with a song.

And, mother, I, too, have been singing the merriest all the day long (D.C.)

Old songs of the 70's

She's the prettiest girl I know.

I have known her since her childhood when her roguish heart was free,

And she made me, O, so happy when she gave her heart to me.

And of all the pretty maidens I have known since years ago,

She's the fairest rose in Salem, she's the prettiest girl I know.

O. her eyes are bright as diamonds and her brow as white as snow.

She's the fairest rose in Salem, she's the prettiest girl I know.

I have loved her long and dearly and I love her night and day,

I am going down to meet her and I'll never come away.

For I cannot love another while my heart keeps throbbing so

For the fairest girl in Salem. She's the prettiest girl I know.

O. her eyes are bright as diamonds and her brow as white as snow.

She's the fairest girl in Salem, she's the prettiest girl I know.

Old songs of the 70's

L.W.

The little old log cabin in the lane

I am getting old and feeble now and I can work no more,

I have laid the rusty bladed hoe to rest.

Old Massa and old Missus they are sleeping side by side,

And their spirits now are roaming with the blest.

Things have changed about the place since the darkies all am gone,

And I cannot hear them singing in the cane,

O, the only ^{friend} ~~man~~ that's left me now's that little boy of mine,

In that little old log cabin in the lane.

De chimney am topplin' down and de roof am cavin' in,

And I aint got long around here to remain.

O, the only friend that's left me is that little boy of mine,

In that little old log cabin in the lane.

(Second verse here. Cannot recall it(L.W.))

De footpath now am kibbered o'er that led us round the hill,

And the fences they're all going to decay,

De crik am all dried up whar we used to go to mill,

But time has turned its course the other way.

O, I aint got long to around ^{here} but what little time I've got,

I will try am be contented to remain.

And de angels dey will watch me when I lays me down to sleep,

In my little old log cabin in the lane.

De chimney am topplin' down and de roof am cavin' in, etc.