

The Girl I Left Behind Me

I struck the trail in 'seventy-nine, the herd strung out behind me;
As I jogged along my mind ran back to the gal I left behind me.
The wind did blow, the rain did fall, the hail did fall and blind me;
I thought of that gal, the sweet little gal, the gal I left behind me!
That sweet little gal, that pretty little gal, the gal I left behind me! (2X)

If ever I get off the trail and the troubles they don't find me,
I'll make my way straight back again to the gal I left behind me.
She wrote ahead to the place I said, I was always glad to find it.
She says, "I'm true, when you get through, ride back and you will find me."
That sweet little gal, that pretty little gal, the gal I left behind me! (2X)

When we sold out I took the train, I knew where I would find her;
When I got back we had a smack, and that's no gol-darned lie, sir.
That sweet little gal, that pretty little gal, the gal I left behind me! (2X)

Sweet By and By

There's a land that is fairer than day, and by faith we may see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way, to prepare us a dwelling place there.
In the sweet by and by, we shall meet on that beautiful shore. (2X)

We shall sing on that beautiful shore, the melodious songs of the blest;
And our spirits shall sorrow no more, not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
In the sweet by and by, we shall meet on that beautiful shore. (2X)

To our bountiful Father above, we will offer the tribute of praise;
For the glorious gift of His love, and the blessings that hallow our days.
In the sweet by and by, we shall meet on that beautiful shore. (2X)

The Blue Juniata

Wild rovd an Indian girl, bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters of the blue Juniata.
Swift as an antelope, through the forest going,
Loose were her jetty locks in wavy tresses flowing.

Gay was the mountain song of bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters of the blue Juniata.
Strong and true my arrows are in my painted quiver,
Swift goes my light canoe on down the rapid river.

Bold is my warrior good, the love of Alfarata,
Proud waves his snowy plume along the Juniata.
Soft and low he speaks to me, then his war-cry sounding,
Rings his voice in thunder loud, from height to height resounding.

So sang the Indian girl, bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters of the blue Juniata.
Fleeting years have borne away the voice of Alfarata,
Still sweeps the river on, the blue Juniata.

Oh! Susanna

I came from Salem City, with my wash pan on my knee,
I'm going to California, the gold dust for to see.
It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry,
The sun so hot I froze to death, oh brothers, don't you cry.
(chorus) Oh Susanna, don't you cry for me,
I'm going to California with my wash pan on my knee.

I jumped aboard the 'Liza ship, and traveled on the sea,
And every time I thought of home, I wished it wasn't me.
The vessel reared like any horse, that had of oats a wealth,
I found it wouldn't throw me, so I thought I'd throw myself.
(chorus)

I thought of all the pleasant times we had together, dear,
I thought I ought to cry a bit, but couldn't find a tear.
The pilot's bread was in my mouth, the gold dust in my eye,
And though I'm going far away, dear brothers, don't you cry.
(chorus)

I soon shall be in Frisco, and there I'll look around,
And when I see the gold lumps there, I'll pick them off the ground.
I'll scrape the mountains clean, my boys, I'll drain the rivers dry,
A pocketful of rocks bring home, oh brothers, don't you cry!
(chorus)

Roll the Old Chariot Along

Hallelujah, Lord, roll the ole chariot along, just roll the ole chariot along;
Just roll the ole chariot along, and you won't be left behind.

If your mother wants to go, she can wear a starry crown; (3X)
And she won't be left behind. (chorus)

If your sister wants to go, she can wear a starry crown; (3X)
And she won't be left behind. (chorus)

If your father wants to go, he can wear a starry crown; (3X)
And he won't be left behind. (chorus)

If the sinner's in the way, we will stop and take him in;
And he won't drag on behind. (chorus)

If the Devil's in the way, we will run it over him; (3X)
And we won't drag on behind. (chorus)

If your brother wants to go, he can wear a starry crown; (3X)
And he won't be left behind. (chorus)

Highland Mary

Ye banks and braes and streams around the castle of Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs, your waters ne'er be drumlie.
There summer first unfold her robes, and there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last farewell of my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk, how rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade, I clasp'd her to my bosom.
The golden hours, on angel wings, flew o'er me and my dearie,
For dear to me as light and life, was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' many a vow and lock'd embrace, our parting was full tender,
And pledging aft to meet again, we tore ourselves asunder.
But, oh!, fell death's untimely frost, that nipt my flower sae early,
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay, that wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips, I ha'e oft kiss'd sae fondly.
And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance that dwelt on me sae kindly.
And mouldering now in silent dust, that heart that loved me dearly.
But still within my bosom's core, shall live my Highland Mary.

Captain Jinks

I'm Captain Jinks, of the Horse Marines, I feed my horse on corn and beans,
And sport young ladies in their teens, tho' a captain in the army.
I teach young ladies how to dance, for I'm the pet of the army.

(chorus)

Captain Jinks, of the Horse Marines, I feed my horse on corn and beans,
And often live beyond my means, tho' a captain in the army.

I joined my corps when twenty-one, of course I thought it capital fun;
When the enemy came of course I run, for I'm not cut out for the army.
When I left home, mama, she cried, "He's not cut out for the army!"

(chorus)

The first time I went out to drill, the bugle sounding made me ill;
Of the battle-field I'd had my fill, for I'm not cut out for the army.
The officers, they all did shout, "Why! kick him out of the army."

(chorus)

Oft in the Stilly Night

Oft in the stilly night, ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond mem'ry brings the light, of other days around me.
The smiles, the tears of childhood's years, the words of love then spoken.
The eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone, the cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night, ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad mem'ry brings the light, of other days around me.

When I remember all the friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall, like leaves in wintry weather.
I feel like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead, and all but he departed.
Thus in the stilly night, ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad mem'ry brings the light, of other days around me.

The Big Sunflower

There is a charm I can't explain, about a girl I've seen,
My heart beats fast when she goes past, in a dark dress trim'd in green.
Her eyes are bright as evening stars, so loving and so shy,
And the folks all stop and look around, whenever she goes by.

(chorus)

Oh I am as happy as a big sunflower,
That nods and bends in the breezes,
And my heart is as a light as the wind that blow,
The leaves from off the tree-zees.

As days past on and we became like friends of olden times,
I thought the question I would pop and ask her to be mine.
But the answer I received next day, how could she treat me so,
Instead of being mine for life, she simply answered, "No!"

(chorus)

I went next day dressed in my best, this young girl for to see,
To ask her if she would explain why she had shaken me.
She said she really felt quite sad to cause me such distress,
And when I said won't you be mine, of course she answered, "Yes!"

(chorus)

Happy Land

There is a happy land, far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand, bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing, worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring, praise, praise for aye.

Come to that happy land, come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand, why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be, when from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee, blest, blest for aye.

Bright, in that happy land, beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand, love cannot die.
Oh, then, to glory run; be a crown and kingdom won;
And, bright above the sun, we reign for aye.

Barbara Allen

All in the merry month of May, when the green buds they were swelling;
Young William Green on his deathbed lay, for the love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his servant to the town, to the place where she was dwelling;
Saying, "Master's sick and he send for you, if your name be Barbara Allen."

So slowly, slowly, she got up, and slowly she came nigh him;
And all she said when she got there, "Young man I believe you're dying."

"O yes, I'm low, I'm very low, and death is on me dwelling;
No better, no better I'll ever be, if I can't get Barbara Allen."

"Don't you remember in yonders town, in yonders town a-drinking;
You passed your glass around and round, and you slighted Barbara Allen?"

He turned his pale face to the wall, for death was on him dwelling,
"Hey do, hey do, my good neighbors all, hey do sweet Barbara Allen."

As she was going across the field, she heard the deathbells knelling;
And every stroke the deathbell give: "Hard-hearted Barbara Allen!"

"O Mother, O Mother, go make my bed, go make it both long and narrow;
Young William died for me today, and I'll die for him tomorrow."

They buried her near the old churchtower, and he was buried a-nigh her;
And out of his bosom grew a red, red rose; out of Barbara's grew a green briar.

They grew and they grew up the old churchtower, until they could grow no higher,
They locked and they tied in a true lover's knot, red rose wrapped around the green briar.

Nelly Was a Lady

Down on the Mississippi floating, long time I travel on the way;
All night the cottonwood a-toting, sing for my true love all the day.

(chorus)

Nelly was a lady, last night she died,
Toll the bell for lovely Nell, my dark Virginny bride.

Now I'm unhappy and I'm weeping, can't tote the cottonwood no more;
Last night, while Nelly was a-sleeping, death come a-knocking at the door.
(chorus)

When I saw Nelly in the morning smile when she open'd up her eyes;
Seem'd like the light of day a-dawning, just 'fore the sun begin to rise.
(chorus)

Close by the margin of the water, where the lone weeping willow grows;
There lived Virginny's lovely daughter, there she in death may find repose.
(chorus)

Down in the meadow 'mong the clover, walk with my Nelly by my side;
Now all them happy days are over, farewell my dark Virginny bride.
(chorus)

Uncle Sam's Farm

Of all the mighty nations in the east or in the west,
O this glorious Yankee nation is the greatest and the best,
We have room for all creation, and our banner is unfurl'd,
Here's a gen'ral invitation to the people of the world.

(chorus) Oh, come away, come away, come away I say!

Oh, come away, come away, come right away!

Oh, come to this country and have no fear of harm,

Our Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm.

St. Lawrence marks our northern line, as fast her waters flow;
And the Rio Grande our southern bound, 'way down to Mexico.
From the great Atlantic Ocean where the sun begins to dawn,
Leap across the Rock Mountains far away to Oregon.

(chorus)

While the South shall raise the cotton, and the West, the corn and pork,
New England manufactories shall do up the finer work;
For the deep and flowing waterfalls that course along our hills,
Are just the thing for washing sheep, and driving cotton mills.

(chorus)

Our father's gave us liberty, but little did they dream,
The grand results that pour along this mighty age of steam;
For our mountains, lakes, and rivers are all a blaze of fire,
And we send our news by lightning on the telegraphic wires.

(chorus)

Yes! We're bound to beat the nations for our motto's "Go ahead!"
And we'll tell the foreign countries that our people are well fed;
For the nations must remember that Uncle Sam is not a fool,
For the people do the voting, and the children go to school.

(chorus)

On Jordan's Stormy Banks

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, and cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land, where my possessions lie.

(chorus)

I am bound for the promised land,
O who will come and go with me?

O'er all those wide-extended plains, shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns, and scatters night away.

(chorus)

When shall I reach that happy place, and be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face, and in His bosom rest?

(chorus)