THE
OLD PLANTATION
MELODIES
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OLD PLANTATION MELODIES
THE OLD PLANTATION MELODIES

WRITTEN and COMPOSED BY
STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER
WALTER KITTREDGE
and others

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PUBLISHERS & NEW YORK
AND BOSTON
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MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD NIGHT!

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home; The summer, the dark-eyes are gay,

The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make music all the day:

The young folks roll on the little cabin floor, All merry and happy and bright.

Ruby Hard Times comes a-knocking at the door, Then my old Kentucky Home, good night!

Weep no more, my lady; Oh! weep no more today! We will sing one song for the old Kentucky Home, for the old Kentucky Home is away.
MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD-NIGHT!

THE sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home;  
'Tis summer, the darkeys are gay;  
The corn-top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom,  
While the birds make music all the day.  
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,  
All merry, all happy and bright;  
By-'n'-by Hard Times comes a-knocking at the door,—  
Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my lady;  
Oh, weep no more to-day!  
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky Home,  
For the old Kentucky Home far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon  
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;  
They sing no more, by the glimmer of the moon,  
On the bench by the old cabin door.  
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,  
With sorrow where all was delight;  
The time has come when the darkeys have to part,—  
Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

CHORUS.

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,  
Wherever the darkey may go;  
A few more days, and the trouble all will end  
In the field where the sugar-canes grow;  
A few more days for to tote the weary load,—  
No matter, 't will never be light;  
A few more days till we totter on the road,—  
Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

CHORUS.
The sunshine bright in the old Kentucky home;
'Tis summer, the darkeys are gay;
The corn-top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By’n’by Hard Times comes a-knocking at the door.

Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!
Weep no more, my lady;
Oh, weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song
for the old Kentucky Home,
For the old Kentucky Home
far away
They hunt no more for the possum and the coon
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
They sing no more,
by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the
old cabin door.
The day goes by
like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow
where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkeys have to part.
Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!
The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days,
and the trouble all will end.
In the field where the sugar-canes grow.
A few more days for to totoe the weary load;— No matter, it will never be light; A few more days till we totter on the road,— Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!
CHRISTINE NILSSON

AS SHE APPEARED WHEN SINGING "THE SWANEE RIVER."
OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Way down upon de Swannee river, Far, far away,

Dere's where my heart is longing, dere's where de old folks stay.

All up and down de whole creation, Somdy I roam,

Still longing for de old plantation. And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS

All de world is sad and dreary, Eb'ry where I roam,

Ob! darkey, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home.

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OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Way down upon de Swanee ribber,
   Far, far away,
Dere’s wha my heart is turning ebber,
   Dere’s wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
   Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
   And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS.

All de world am sad and dreary,
   Ebrywhere I roam;
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary
   Far from de old folks at home!

All round de little farm I wander’d
   When I was young;
Den many happy days I squander’d,
   Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder,
   Happy was I;
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder!
   Dere let me live and die.  

CHORUS

One little hut among de bushes,
   One dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem’ry rushes,
   No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming
   All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming,
   Down in my good old home? 

CHORUS.
Way down upon de Swanee river,
Far, far away
Dare's wha my heart
is turning ebb'er,
Dare's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down
de whole creation
Sadly I roam.
Still longing for de old plantation.

And for de old folks at home.
All de world am sad
and dreary,
Everywhere I roam;
Oh, darkeys,
how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home!
All round de little farm
I wander'd
When I was young;
Den many happy days
I squander'd,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing
wid my brudder,
Happy was I;
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder! 
Dere let me live and die.
One little hut
among de bushes.
One day I love,
still sadly to my memory
rushed,
no matter where I roved.
When will I see de bees
a-humming
All round de comb!
When will I hear
Edie banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home!
"TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND"
We're tenting to-night on the old Camp ground, Give us a song to cheer Our weary hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so dear.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night, Wishing for the war to cease, Many are the hearts looking for the night To see the dawn of peace.

Tenting to-night; Tenting to-night, Tenting on the old Camp ground.

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TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

WE'RE tenting to-night on the old Camp ground;
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, — a song of home,
And friends we love so dear.

CHORUS.
Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right
To see the dawn of peace.
    Tenting to-night,
    Tenting to-night,
    Tenting on the old Camp ground.

We've been tenting to-night on the old Camp ground,
    Thinking of days gone by,
Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand,
    And the tear that said, "Good bye!"
    CHORUS.

We are tired of war on the old Camp ground:
    Many are dead and gone
Of the brave and true who've left their homes;
    Others have been wounded long.
    CHORUS.

We've been fighting to-day on the old Camp ground,
    Many are lying near;
Some are dead, and some are dying,
    Many are in tears.
    CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right
To see the dawn of peace.
    Dying to-night,
    Dying to-night,
    Dying on the old Camp ground.
We're tenting tonight on the old Camp ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts,
A song of home.
And friends we love so dear.
We've been tenting to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone by,
Of the lovd'ones
at home
that gave us
the hand,
And the rear that said "Good bye!"
We are tired of war
on the old Camp ground,
Many are dead and gone,
Of the brave and true
who've left their homes.
Others have been wounded long.
We've been fighting today on the old camp ground. Many are lying near.
Some are dead, and some are dying,
Many are in tears.
MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Bring the good old bugle, boy, we'll sing another song—

Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along—

Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty from sand strong.

While we were marching through Georgia,

CHORUS.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the jubilo fleet, Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!" So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea, While we were marching through Georgia.

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MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

WRITTEN IN HONOR OF SHERMAN’S FAMOUS MARCH FROM
“ATLANTA TO THE SEA.”

RING the good old bugle, boys, we’ll sing another song—
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.

“Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!”
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia.   CHORUS.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honor’d flag they had not seen for years;
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia.   CHORUS.

“Sherman’s dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast!”
So the saucy rebels said, and ’t was a handsome boast;
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon with the host,
While we were marching through Georgia.   CHORUS.

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,—
Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.   CHORUS.
Sing it as we used to sing it,
Fifty thousand strong,
While we were
Marching through Georgia.
How the darkeys shouted
When they heard the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled
Which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes
even started from the ground.
While we were marching
through Georgia.
Yes, and there were Union men
Who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honor'd flag
They had not seen for years;
Hardly could they be restrained
from breaking forth in cheers,
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through Georgia.
“Sherman's dashing Yankee boys
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So the saucy Rebels said,
And 'twas a handsome boast; —
Had they not forgot, alas!
To reckon with the host,
While we were marching through Georgia.
So we made a thoroughfare
For Freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude.
Three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us,
For resistance was in vain,
While we were marching
Through Georgia.
"Hurrah! Hurrah!
We bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The flag that makes you free!"
So we sang the chorus
From Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching
Through Georgia.
MASSA’S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND.

Round de meadows am a ring-ing, De dar-key’s mourn-ful song,

While de mockin’-bird am sing-ing, Hap-py as de day am toog.

Where de i-vy am a creep-ing, Over de gray-y grassy hill.

Dere old mas-sa am a sleep-ing, Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

CHORUS.

1st Voice.

Down in de corn-field, Hear dat mourn-ful sound:

All de dar-keys am a weep-ing, Mas-sa’s in de cold, cold ground.

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MASSA'S IN DE COLD, COLD GROUND.

ROUND de meadows am a-ringing
De darkey's mournful song,
While de mocking-bird am singing,
Happy as de day am long.
Where de ivy am a-creeping
O'er de grassy mound,
Dare old massa am a-sleeping,
Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

CHORUS.

Down in de cornfield
Hear dat mournful sound:
All de darkeys am a-weeping,
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

When de autumn leaves were falling,
When de days were cold,
'Twas hard to hear old massa calling,
Cayse he was so weak and old.
Now de orange-tree am blooming
On de sandy shore,
Now de summer days am coming,
Massa nebber calls no more.

Massa make de darkeys love him,
Cayse he was so kind;
Now, dey sadly weep above him,
Mourning Cayse he leave dem behind.
I cannot work before to-morrow,
Cayse de tear-drop flow,
I try to drive away my sorrow,
Pickin' on de old banjo.
Round de meadows am a ringing,
De darkey's mournful song,
While de mocking bird am singing.
Happy as de day am long.
Where de ivy am a creeping,
O'er de grassy mound,
Dace old massa am a sleeping,
Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.
Down in de cornfield
Hear dat mournful sound:
All de darkeys am a-weeping,
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.
When de autumn leaves were falling,
When de days were cold,
'Twas hard to hear
old massa calling, 
'cause he was so weak
and old.
Now de orange-tree am blooming
On de sandy shore.
Now de summer days am coming,
Massa nebber calls no more.
Massa make de darkeys love him, 'cause he was so kind;
Now, dey sadly weep above him, mourning cause he leave dem behind.
I cannot work before tomorrow,
cause de tear-drop flow,
I try to drive away
my sorrow,
Pickin' on de old banjo.
TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

Tempo di Marcia.

I. In the prison cell I sit Thinking, mother dear, of you, And our
bright and happy home so far away, And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of
all that I can do, Though I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

When the chorus is sung this may be omitted after the first verse.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching, Cheer up, comrade, they will come, And be-
neath the starry flag We shall breathe the air again Of the free-land in our own be-lov-ed home.

Chorus.

marching, comrades, they will come.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching on, O cheer up, compadres, they will come, And be-
neath the starry flag We shall breathe the air again, Of the free-land in our own be-lov-ed home.
IN the prison cell I sit
Thinking, mother dear, of you,
And our bright and happy home so far away,
And the tears they fill my eyes,
Spite of all that I can do,
Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

CHORUS.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching;
Cheer up, comrades, they will come,
And beneath the starry flag
We shall breathe the air again
Of the free-land in our own beloved home.

In the battle front we stood
When their fiercest charge they made,
And they swept us off a hundred men or more,
But before we reached their lines
They were beaten back dismayed,
And we heard the cry of vict'ry o'er and o'er.

CHORUS.

So within the prison cell
We are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door.
And the hollow eye grows bright,
And the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends once more.

CHORUS.
In the prison cell I sit
Thinking Mother dear, of you,
And our bright and happy home so far away,
And the tears they fill my eyes
spite of all that I can do,
Tho' I try to cheer my comrades
and be gay.
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
the boys are marching,
cheer up comrades
they will come,
And beneath the Starry flag
We shall breathe the air again,
Of the freeland in our own beloved home.
In the battle front we stood
When their fiercest charge they made,
And they swept us off a hundred men or more.
But before we reach'd their lines
They were beaten back dismayed,
And we heard the cry of vict'ry
O'er and o'er.
So within the prison cell,
We are waiting
for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door.
And the hollow eye grows bright,
And the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends once more.
NELLY was a LADY
NELLY WAS A LADY.

Down on de Missisippi floating,
Long time I tramp'ble any way,
All night down cotton wood way,
Sing for my truth till all de day.

CHORUS

Nelly was a lady,
Last winter she died,
Toll de bell for ugly Nell—My dark Virginny bride.

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NELLY WAS A LADY.

DOWN on de Mississippi floating,
Long time I tramble 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 Virginnny 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 knockin' at de door.

CHORUS.

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 'fore de sun begin to rise.

CHORUS.

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

CHORUS.

Down in de meadow 'mong de clober,
Walk wid my Nelly by my side;
Now all dem happy days am ober,
Farewell, my dark Virginnny bride.

CHORUS.
Down on de Mississippi floating,
Long time I trabble on de way,
All night de cotton-wood
a toting,
Sing for my true-love all de day.
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 tole de cotton-wood
no more;
Last night, while Nelly was a-sleeping,
Death came a knockin' at de door.
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 'fore de sun begin to rise.
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.
Down in de meadow
'mong de clober,
Walk wid my Nelly
by my side;
Now all dem happy days
am ober,
Farewell, my dark Virginny bride.