JIM CROW.

OLD JIM CROW'S come agin, as you must all know,
And ebery body say I cum to jump Jim Crow
CHORUS.—Weel about and turn about, and do jis so,
Ebery time I weel about, I jump Jim Crow.

My name is Daddy Rice, as you berry well do know,
And none in de Nited States like me, can jump Jim Crow.

I was born in a cane brake, and cradled in a trough,
Swam de Mississippi, whar I cotch'd de hoopen coff.

To whip my weight in wild cats, eat an alligator,
And drink de Mississippi dry, I'm de very *critter*.

I went to de woods, heard a debil of a howl,
I look'd up a tree, and saw a great owl.

I off wid my hat, stuck my heel in de ground,
And then went to work to grin the owl down.

I grinn'd wid my eyes open, and den wid um shut,
But I could not diskiver dat I stirred de owl a foot.

Den I grinn'd slantendicular, den wid one eye,
'Twould have done your soul good to see de feathers fly.

Den I climb'd up de tree, and I wish I may be shot,
If I had'nt been grinning at a great pine knot.

I'm like de frost in ole December, git my foot widin de ground,
Takes a hook and ladder company to try to pull me down.

And eben when you get me down, I melt and run about,
You'll hab to send for engine, to cum and put me out.

Though you tink you got me out, some heat dar will remain,
Nex morning, bright and early, I'll be blazing up agin.

I've been to ole Kentucky, whar I hab you for to know,
Dat all de pretty ladies dar lub Jim Crow.

I've been to Philadelphia, New York and Baltimore,
But when I got to Boston, it beat all I'd seen before.

Dey build most all dar houses out ob brick and stone,
Dey run em up so high, dey almost reach de moon.

Dey talk ob de Philadelphia markets, an de New York markets, loud,
But de ole market, here in Boston, will be seen among de crowd.

No matter what is wantin, in de market you can buy
From a quarter of an ox, down to a punkin pie.

Dare is someting I gwaing to tell you, which I want you all to know,
Dare is a pretty lady here, in lub wid Jim Crow.

Lor bless de lubly creature, I teach dem how to dance,
And show dem de new step, just arrived from France.

Dis is de style ob Alabama, what dey hab in Mobile,
And dis is Louisiana, whar dey trike upon de heel.

Here's Virginny double trouble, whar dey dance de corn chuck,
And dare's de real scientific, what dey hab in Kentuck.

Here's de long Island ube, or de hunck ober dee,
And here's de Georgia step, by de double rule ob tree.

Here's de kneel to Carleton's daughter, what dey hab in Indi-an,
And here's de ole Mississippi step, and fetch it if you can.

And dare is ole Virginny, she cut a pretty figger,
I neber go dar, kase dey don't respect de nigger.

It was twelve o'clock de udder night, or somewhere dare about,
I took my finger for de snuffers, and put de candle out.

De debil take de noise when de nigger is so tire.
When along came watchman, and hollar, fire!! fire!!

O, I got out ob de bed, put on my close widout much fright,
And started for de fire, in de middle ob de night.

When I got to de fire, I did'nt know what to do.
But I heard a gemman cry, lay hold ob No. 2.

I went up up to de Colonel, and ax'd how he'd ben,
He say, you sassy nigger, you lay hold ob No. 10.

I work hard at de engine, den de foreman send for rum,
Jolly, how my eye glisten, wen I see it cum.

When I saw de eatables a comin, says I, if you please,
I'll thank you for a stiffer, and hunk ob bread and cheese.

I take one horn, and den I take anoder.
When I drink more, white man call me brudder.

Den I went down to Ann Street, did'nt mean to stay,
But dey took me to de watch house, and I couldn't get away.

And de tin pot alley, de niggers had a hop,
I went in a little while, didn't mean to stop.

The house was topsy turvey, all turned upside down,
And de niggers had de dance ten foot under groun.

De wite folks get a barrel of flour, and knock'd de head in,
And den de way dey cried fire. I'm sure it was a sin.

De niggers rushed out, as if it was a shower,
And when dey got up stair, dey let 'em hab de flour.

And such a set ob niggers, I'm sure was neber seen,
And such fun in white folk, I tink was berry mean.

I was liv'd in ole Virginny, and dey used to gib me
Hoe cakes, sassafras, and shangalanga tea.

De way dey bake de hoe cake, in ole Virginny neber tire,
Dey put de cake upon de foot, and hold de foot to de fire.

If nature make me black man, and oder folks white,
I went to ole Boston, where dey learn me left and right.

I went into de cradle, where dey rock'd sweet Liberty,
And dare I saw de names ob those who made their country free.

I went across to Charlestown, and on to Bunker Hill,
Which once de British tried to climb, but found it diffikil.

'Twas dare I saw de Navy Yard, likewise de Dry Dock,
'Twas lin'd by de best ob stone, dug out ob Quincy Rock.

Near it lay de ship ob war, among dem de Constitution,
Which our brave heroes sail'd in, and put England in confusion.

De finest fun dat eber happened, was in de city ob New York,
When dey told de British soger it was time to walk and talk.

Dey did'nt know what to tink ob it, when dey found dey must be gone,
Kase dey hab no shoe or tocking on, and cold wedder comin on.

So dey gaddered up dare fixeds, and 'gan to march away,
And sailed for land ob Johnny Bull, about de brake ob day.

When dey got back to England dey didn't fear de debbil,
But dey radder be excused, dan fight wid Yankee rebel.

For dey are like a piece ob India rubber, you may hit 'em on de sconce,
De harder dat you knock 'em down, de higher up they bounce.

Dare's a place dey call de Boson, once fought for liberty,
Dey'd throw de nullifiers overboard, as once dey did de tea.

Dar's two ole sogers, whose names me no forget,
One was massa George Washington, de oder Laughayit.

When de war was ober, and ebery ting content,
De people make George Washington de great President.

Den he put all de States togedder, and tied a string around,
And when de string is broken, boys, dey'll tumble to de ground.

When dey was first set up, dare was only a dozen and one,
But now dare is twenty-four, and a number more to cum.

Dese twenty-four children belong to Uncle Sam,
And hab been bery dutiful, except now and den.

You all know who Uncle Sam is, from de captain to de mate,
He's de fader ob de children of dese Nited State.

He's got a handsome fortune by industry's made,
And new his chief concern is, to gib his children a trade.

He's got one sassy daughter, her name is Caroline,
I'm 'fraid he'll hab to tie her up and gib her 39.

Now as for South Carlina, she'd better keep her passion in,
Or else she'll get a licken now, before she does begin.

Johnny C. Calhoun is courting her, dey say he's got de wedding ring.
And when de wedding' ober, dey are going to make him king.

When he walks up to Caroline, her sun-bright hand to take,
Be careful de wedding don't turn out to be an Irish wake.

Dey say South Carolina is a fool, and as for Johnny C. Calhoun,
He'll be worse dan Davy Crockett, when he tried to fool de coon.

Oh, he took up his crooked gun, and fired round de maple tree,
De ball came back in de same place, and hit him on de knee.

O, wite folks, wite folks, I see you're up to snuff,
I'm bery much afraid dat you neber get anuff.

New wite folks, wite folks, please to let me go,
And I'll cum back anuder night and jump JIM CROW.

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