OLD JIM CROW.

It was twelve o'clock da night time, as someone did say, I took my finger for da saucer, and put de candle out.

De deh be take de noise when de negger is in da tire.

When along came watchman, and lool, how dey fi all.

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

When I got to de tire, I didn't know what to do,

But I heard a gemman cry, lay hold ob No. 2.

I went up to de Colonel, and ax'd how he hold ben,

He say, you saasy negger, you lay hold ob No. 10.

I work hard at da engine, deh de foreman send for rum,

Jelly, how my eye gisten, wen I see it cum.

When I saw de engine's comin', I say, if you please,

I'll thank you for a stiffer, and hunk ob bread and cheese.

I take one hren, and den I take another.

When I drink more, widout call me batter.

I Den I went down to Ann Street, didn't mean to stay,

But dey took me to da watch house, and I couldn't get away.

And de tin put all, de neggers had a hop,

I went in a little while, didn't mean to stop.

The house was toppy tovery, all turned upside down,

And de neggers had de dance on floor under groan.

De wit folks get a barrel of fun, and knock'm de head in,

And den dey dey cry fire. I'm sure it was a sin.

De neggers ruied out, as if it was a shower,

And when dey get up stair, dey let 'em hab de flour.

And such a set ob neggers, I'm sure it was a seen,

And such fun in white ink, I tink it was berry mean.

I was liv'd in de Virginny, and dey used to gib me

Hoe cakes, esses, and shungingage tea.

De way dey hallo de hoe cake, in de Virginny neber tire,

Dey put de cake upon de foot, and hold de foot to de tire.

If nature make me black man, and ober folks white,

I went to de Charleston, and on to Benker Hill,

Which once de British tried to climb, but found it diiffil.

Twas dare I saw de Nivy Yard, Likewise de Deal Rock.

Twas lumb by de best ob store, dug out in de Quincy Rock.

Near it lay de ship ob war, among de Constitution,

Which our brave heroes sold in, and put England in confusion.

De finest fun de ever happened, was in de city ob New York,

When dey told de British sger it was time to walk and talk.

Dey didn't know what to do, when dey found dey must be gone,

Kaw dey hab no aloe or locking on, and cold wether comin on.

So dey gaddered up dare fixed, and gun to much away,

And sailed for land ob Johnny Bull, about da break of dey.

When dey get back to England dey didn't fear de devil,

But dey rubber be exceed, dun fight wid Yankee rebel.

For dey are like a piece ob India rubber, you may hit'em on de scarse.

De harder dat you knock'em down, de higher up yah bounce.

Dare's a place day call de Roan, once fought for liberty,

Dey throw de nullifiers overboard, as once dey did de tea.

Dare's two ob a poleer, whose names me no forget,

One was massa George Washington, de other Laughy.

When de war was ober, and ober ting com to be,

De people make George Washington de great President.

Dey put all de states togedder, and tied a string around,

When de string is broke, dey, dey be done to de ground.

When dare's first set up, dare was only a dozen and one,

But now dare is twenty-four, and a number more to com.

Dare's twenty-four children belong to Uncle Sam,

And hab been berry duffful, except now and den.

You all know who Uncle Sam is, from de captain to de mate,

He's de fader ob de children ob these Nite States.

He's got a handsome fortune by industry's made,

And now his chief concern is, to gib his children a trade.

He's got one saasy daughter, her name is Caroline,

I'm told I'll hab to tie her up and gib her 20.

Now as for South Carolina, she'd better keep her passion is,

Or else she'll get a lichen now, before she done begin.

Johnny C. Calhoun is counting her, dey say he's pot de wedding ring.

And when de wedding' ob dey, dey are going to make him king.

When he walk up to Caroline, her em-anight hand to take,

Be careful de wedding don't turn out to be an Irish wake.

Dey say South Carolina is a fool, and so for Johnny C. Calhoun,

Who'll be worn 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 come back in de same place, and hit him on de knee.

O, withe folks, withe folks, I see you up to da idea,

I'm very much afraid dat you neber get anoff.

Now withe folks, withe folks, please to let me go,

And I'll cum back under night and jump Jim Crow.