

## Camptown Races

Stephen C. Foster (1826-1864)

De Camptown ladies sing dis song -- Doo-dah! doo-dah!  
De Camptown racetrack five miles long -- Oh! doo-dah day!  
I come down dah wid my hat caved in -- Doo-dah! doo-dah!  
I go back home wid a pocket full of tin -- Oh! doo-dah day!

Chorus

Gwine to run all night! Gwine to run all day!  
I'll bet my money on de bob-tail nag -- Somebody bet on de bay!

De long tail filly and de big black hoss -- Doo-dah! doo-dah!  
Dey fly de track and dey both cut across -- Oh! doo-dah day!  
De blind hoss sticken in a big mud hole -- Doo-dah! doo-dah!  
Can't touch bottom wid a ten foot pole -- Oh! doo-dah day!

Chorus

Old muley cow come on to de track -- Doo-dah! doo-dah!  
De bob-tail fling her ober his back -- Oh! doo-dah day!  
Den fly along like a rail-road car -- Doo-dah! doo-dah!  
Runnin' a race with a shootin' star -- Oh! doo-dah day!

Chorus

Seen dem flyin' on a ten mile heat -- Doo-dah! doo-dah!  
Round de race track, den repeat -- Oh! doo-dah day!  
I win my money on de bob-tail nag -- Doo-dah! doo-dah!  
I keep my money in an old tow-bag -- Oh! doo-dah day!

Chorus

## My Old Kentucky Home

Melody - Stephen C. Foster, 1853 (1825-1864)

Oh, the sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,  
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay.  
The corn top's ripe and the meadows 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 the Hard Times come a knocking at the door.  
Then my old Kentucky home, goodnight!

Chorus:

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, 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 darkies 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 sugarcane grow.  
A few more days for to tote the weary load,  
No matter, 'twill never be light,  
A few more days till we totter on the road,  
Then my old Kentucky home good night!

Chorus:

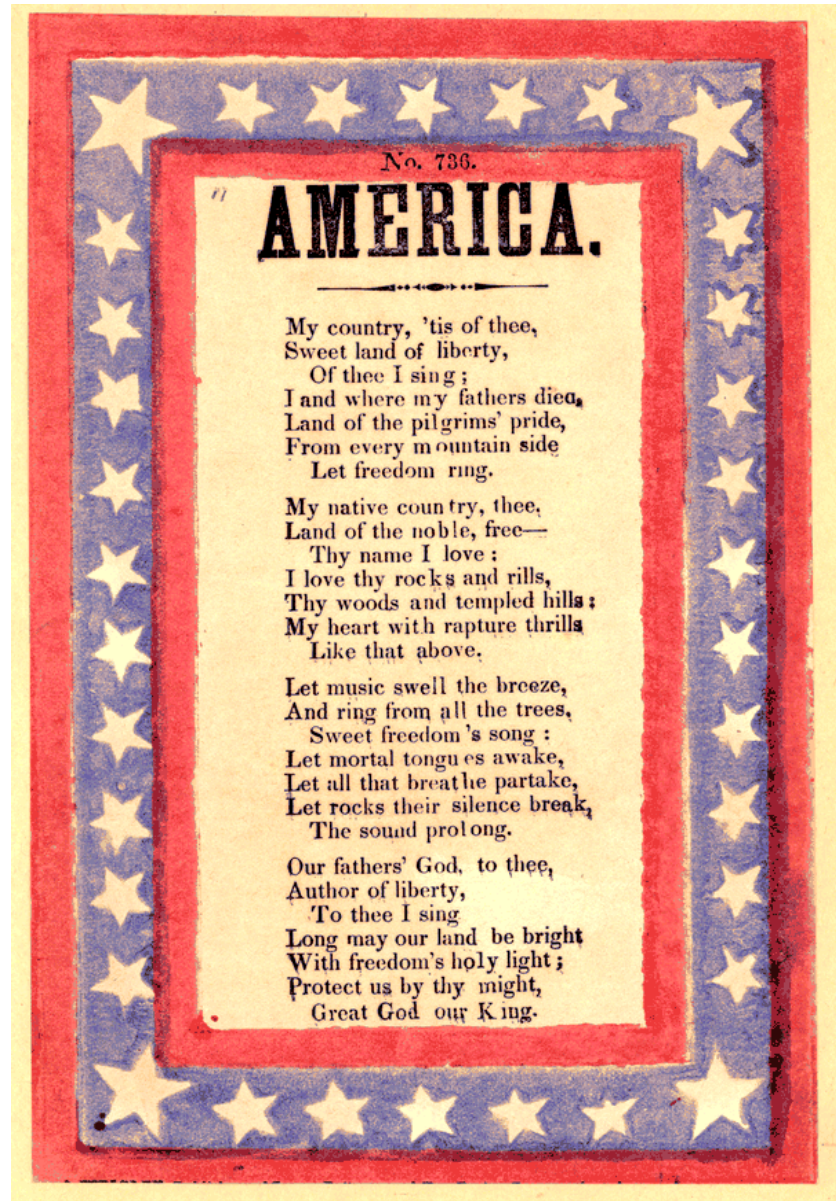
## AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
I and where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrims' pride,  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble, free--  
Thy name I love:  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills:  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees,  
Sweet freedom's song:  
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To thee I sing  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God our King.



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SHELF LOCATION: Civil War Song Sheets, Series 1, Volume 1

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**"Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!**  
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,  
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled,  
Heavy to get and light to hold,  
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,  
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled,  
Spurned by the young, but hugged by old,  
To the verge of the church yard mold ;  
Price of many a crime untold.  
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!  
Good or bad a thousand fold!  
How widely its agencies vary,  
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—  
As even its minted coins express :  
Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,  
And now of a bloody Mary."

So sang the lamented Tom Hood, long years ago, and so he might sing at the present day, could he but see the Gold exchanged for the various Fashionable Goods at J. R. MEAD & Co's great Clothing Emporium of the Pacific coast. There at all times can be found GENTLEMEN'S FINE CLOTHING of the latest styles, and an endless variety of FURNISHING GOODS, all direct from their manufactory in New York.

*Establishments*—corner Montgomery and Bush streets, and corner Sansome and Washington streets,

**SAN FRANCISCO.**

Picnic Songs. Song for Independent Day (1842)  
 From *The Massachusetts Temperance Union* (Boston, 1842)

Song for Independent Day.

TUNE—"Yankee Doodle."

1. Cold wa-ter is the drink for me, Of  
 2. Your ar-ti-fi-cial drinks are made, The

all the drinks the best, sir; Your grog, of whate'er name it be,  
 ap-pe-lite to please, sir, And help along the honest trade,

I dare not for to taste, sir. Give me dame nature's  
 Of those who live at ease, sir. But those who buy, most

on-ly drink, And I can make it do, sir; Then  
 dear-ly pay For all such drinks as these, sir; For,

what care I what others think! The best that ever grew, sir,  
 what they take to 'wet their clay, Is sure to bring disease, sir.

3. Your logwood wine is very fine,  
 I think they call it "Port," sir;  
 You'll know it by this certain sign,  
 Its roughness in the throat, sir.  
 'T is true that Yankees are most shrewd,  
 And wooden nutmegs make, sir;  
 But who'd have thought Port wine was brew'd  
 This side the big salt lake, sir.
4. We need not send to Portugal,  
 Nor go to good old Spain, sir;  
 The best of wine is at our call,  
 Port, Lisbon, or Champaigne, sir.  
 They'll make us any kind we choose,  
 Without the aid of grape, sir;  
 And when 't is done, will not refuse  
 A price to make it take, sir.
5. Some love to swig New England rum,  
 And some do Cider choose, sir;  
 But, so they only make "drunk come,"  
 No matter what they use, sir.  
 But I'll not touch the poisonous stuff,  
 'Since all the brooks are free, sir;  
 Give me cold water, 't is enough,  
 That cannot injure me, sir.

## Zip Coon

Thomas Birch

New York: Atwill's Music Saloon, 1834

O ole Zip Coon he is a larned skoler,  
O ole Zip Coon he is a larned skoler,  
O ole Zip Coon he is a larned skoler,  
Sings posum up a gum tree an coony in a holler,  
possum up a gum tree, coony on a stump,  
possum up a gum tree, coony on a stump,  
possum up a gum tree, coony on a stump,  
Den over dubble trubble, Zip Coon will jump.

[Finish to each verse.]

O zip a duden duden duden zip a duden day.  
O Zip a duden duden duden zip a duden day.  
O Zip a duden duden duden zip a duden day.  
Zip a duden duden duden zip a duden day.

O it's old Suky blue skin, she is in lub wid me,  
I went the udder arter noon to take a dish ob tea;  
What do you tink now, Suky hab for supper,  
Why chicken foot an possum heel, widout any butter.

O zip a duden duden duden zip a duden day.  
O Zip a duden duden duden zip a duden day.  
O Zip a duden duden duden zip a duden day.  
Zip a duden duden duden zip a duden day.

Did you eber see the wild goose, sailing on de ocean,  
O de wild goose motion is a bery pretty notion;  
Ebry time de wild goose, beckons to de swaller,  
You hear him google google google goller.

O zip a duden duden duden zip a duden day.  
O Zip a duden duden duden zip a duden day.  
O Zip a duden duden duden zip a duden day.  
Zip a duden duden duden zip a duden day.

I tell you what will happin den, now bery soon,  
De Nited States Bank will be blone to de moon;  
Dare General Jackson, will him lampoon,  
An de bery nex President, will be Zip Coon.

O zip a duden duden duden zip a duden day.  
O Zip a duden duden duden zip a duden day.  
O Zip a duden duden duden zip a duden day.  
Zip a duden duden duden zip a duden day.

And wen Zip Coon our President shall be,  
He make all de little Coons sing possum up a tree;  
O how de little Coons, will dance an sing,  
Wen he tie dare tails togedder, cross de lim dey swing.

O zip a duden duden duden zip a duden day.  
O Zip a duden duden duden zip a duden day.  
O Zip a duden duden duden zip a duden day.  
Zip a duden duden duden zip a duden day.

Now mind wat you arter, you tarnel kriter Crocket,  
You shant go head widout ole Zip, he is de boy to block it;  
Zip shall be President, Crocket shall be vice,  
An den dey two togedder, will hab de tings nice.

O zip a duden duden duden zip a duden day.  
O Zip a duden duden duden zip a duden day.  
O Zip a duden duden duden zip a duden day.  
Zip a duden duden duden zip a duden day.

I hab many tings to tork about, but don't know which come first,  
So here de toast to old Zip Coon, before he gin to rust;  
May he hab de pretty girls, like de King ob ole,  
To sing dis song so many times, 'fore he turn to mole.

O zip a duden duden duden zip a duden day.  
O Zip a duden duden duden zip a duden day.  
O Zip a duden duden duden zip a duden day.  
Zip a duden duden duden zip a duden day.