

VOCAL

BANJOIST.

A COLLECTION OF

POPULAR AND FAVORITE SONGS,

ARRANGED FOR THE

BANJO.

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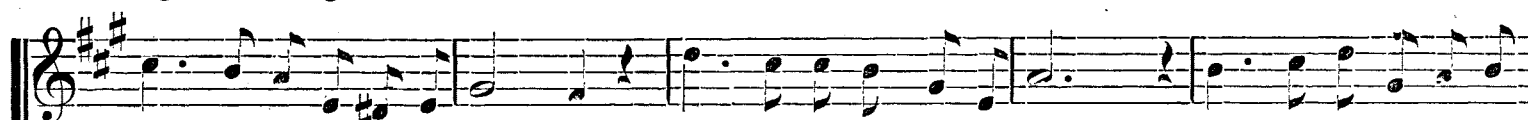
SWEET THOUGHTS.

Words by M. BROWN.

Music by EMIL E. HANSEN.
Arr. for Banjo by GAD ROBINSON.



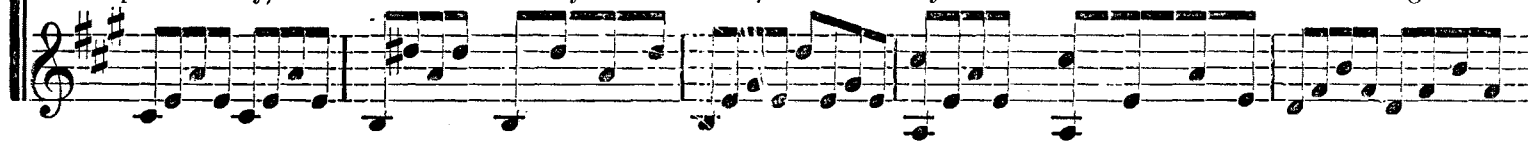
1. Dar - ling, loved one, let me ask you, When you find me far a - way,
2. Yes, I know your warm - est long - - ings Will come back with many a tear,



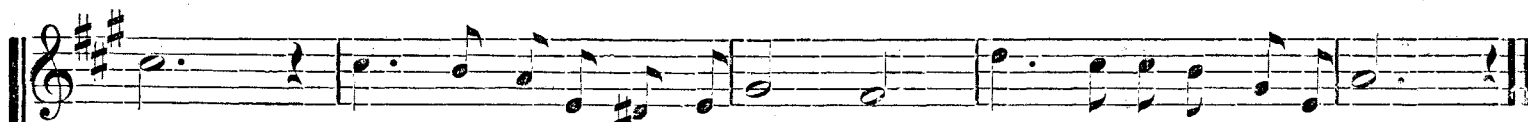
And my heart is lone - ly drift - ing In the sunshine day by day; Will your spir - it wan - der
With a message pure and fra - grant From your lov - ing heart sin - cere; And tho' pleasures strew you



to me As on distant shores you roam?... Will your love come back to greet me,
path - way, In the sil - v'ry sea and foam, May sweet tho'ts be ev - er turn - ing



With the sweetest tho'ts of home. Will your spir - it wan - der to me, As on distant shores you
From the ex - ile far from home.



roam, Will your love come back to greet me, With the sweetest tho'ts of home?



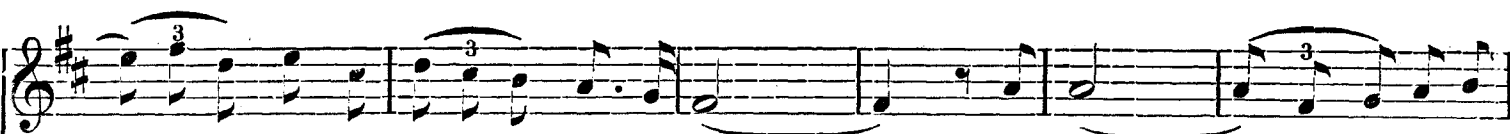
LA PALOMA.

Composed by YRADIER.

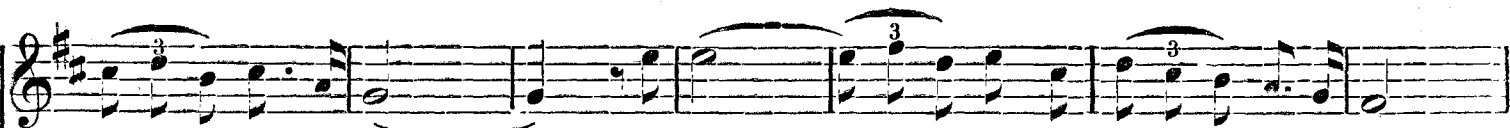
Arr. for Banjo by GAD ROBINSON.



1. I think..... of the morn when I sailed a - way from thee, I said,.....
 2. Ni' - na,..... when to shore re - turning thy smile I see, My love.....
 3. At last,..... on the shore we're landing, and grief has flown, And there.....



.... "pray to God for me, pray to God for me,..... I longed..... once more Ni - na's
 for that time is yearning to com - fort thee,..... And then..... I will quit for -
 is my moth - er standing, but why a - lone?..... Why does..... she with sor - row



sweet face and smile to view,..... She sighed..... and she wept, when we said our sad a - dieu.
 -ev - er the o - cean's breast,..... And ne'er..... from my dar - ling sev - er, but near her rest.
 heed me, and not re - ply,..... Why to..... this lonespot thus lead me with bit - ter sigh!



“Ni - na,” said I. “if nev - er a - gain we meet, Then shall a dove with white wings fly thee to
 Ni - na, to - mor row let our wed - ding be, For I am come to thee, love, from o'er the
 Therein the churchyard ly - ing, a grave I see, Ni - na that pure dove fly - ing, was thee, was

greet, O - pen then wide thy win - dow, for it shall be,
 sea, Let then our hearts be light, and no more re - pine,
 thee, Sail - or boy, wake from sleep - ing, no long - er weep,

From heav'n a - bove, my soul which comes back to thee?.....
 For the pearl of the An - til - les shall be ruine..... } Oh, the sail - or shall sing, O'er the waves as they
 You were the first watch keeping, and fell a - sleep..... }

wing, When the breez - es are swaying and play - ing, But yet no ech - o bring, O'er the waves as they

wing, The gay sail - or shall sing, When the breez - es are swaying and play - ing, But yet no ech - o bring.

TIT FOR TAT.

Composed by H. PONTET.

Arr. for Banjo by GAD ROBINSON.



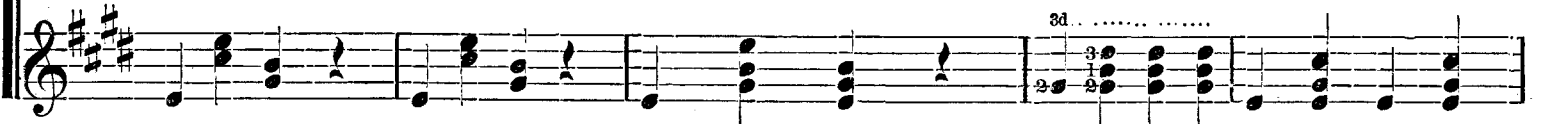
If you cross the hill, by my fa - ther's mill, And walk a - long the fields a - bout a mile, By the



wil - low copse, where the path - way stops, You'll find a ve - ry high and awkward stile; It has



four high steps, so widely set, To cross it by my-self I am a - fraid; I nev - er dare that



way re - pair, Un - less at hand I've strong and friendly aid. 'Twas there, one day, in the month of May, I



met a lov-ing lad, And in my sweetest tone, I asked him would he mind, would he be so ve ry kind, As to

rall.

help me o'er those four most awkward stones? He helped me "one," he helped me "two," And

then to my surprise, he paus'd and said, "Rose, I love you!" I on-ly laughed; "Rose, do you love me?" I said, "not

rit.

I," "Then stay where you are, sweet-heart," said he, And turned a-way with-out an-oth-er word! I

could not get up or down in my fright, What was I to do in such a sad and sor-ry plight?

What was I to do in such a sad and sor-ry plight?

"Come back! come back!" I wild-ly cried, "Come back! come back! I want to go to town, If you

help me o'er the stile, You'll gain my sweetest smile, And p'rhaps I'll tell you more when I am down." He help'd me "three," he

helped me "four," Then with a laugh I bounded light-ly o'er. "Rose, what say you?" I on-ly laughed;

"Rose, you promised!" I said, "not I." I told him to stay where he was just then, And tripped a-way with-

out another word. He did not get up, he did not go down, But sat up-on the stile, looking at me with a frown, And

if you cross the hill, and walk a-bout a mile, I think you'll find him sit-ting on that self-same stile.

LOVE, I WILL LOVE YOU EVER.

Composed by BUCALOSSI.

Arr. for Banjo by GAD ROBINSON.



1. Be-neath the trees to-geth - - er they wan - der'd hand in hand,..... (Oh!
 2. Be-neath the trees to-geth - - er they went a - long a - part,..... (Oh!



it was sum - mer weath - - er,) And love was in the land. Their
 it was au - (umn weath - - er,) And heart was turn'd from heart. A-



hearts were light, the sun shone bright, And as they went a - long,..... With
 -cross the wood the air came cold, The mists rose chill and gray,..... And



rall.

voic - es sweet - ly blend - ing, They sang the same old song.....
 in their ears like a mock - ing voice, They heard the well known lay.....

WALTZ.

Love, I will love you ev - - er, Love, I will leave you nev - -

- er; Ev - er to me Precious to be, Nev - er to part,

Heart bound to heart. Love, I will love you ev - - er,

Love, i will leave you nev - - er; Faith - ful and true,

D.C.

ev - er am I, Nev - er to say good - bye!

cres.

Yet, still while o'er the heath - er, They go their way a - lone,.... (Oh!

it is win - try weath - er,) And all the sum - mer's gone,..... They

3d Bar..... 1st..... 3d Bar.....

hear the air they love the most, Up - on their fan - cy fall,..... "Tis

D.C. to Waltz.

bet - ter to have lov'd and lost, Than not have lov'd at all.".....

3d Bar.....

BID ME GOOD-BYE.

Music by TOSTI.

Arr. for Banjo by GAD ROBINSON.

1. If in your heart a cor - ner lies That has no place for me,.....
 2. Man's love is like the rest - less waves, Ev - er at rise and fall.....

You do not love me as I deem, That love should ev - er be,.....
 The on - ly love a wo - man craves, It must be all in all,.....

Is there a sin - gle joy or pain, That I may nev - er know?.....
 Ask me no more if I re - gret; You need not care to know,.....
2nd 2nd

Take back your love, it is in vain, Bid me good - bye and go.....
 A wo - man's heart does not for - get, Bid me good - bye and go.....

You do not love me, no;..... Bid me good - bye and go Good -

- bye, good - bye, 'Tis bet - ter so, bid me good - bye, and go,.....

You do not love me, no, bid me good - bye and go,..... Good -

- bye, good - bye, 'tis bet - ter so, bid me good - bye, and go,.....

..... Bid me good - bye, and go,.....

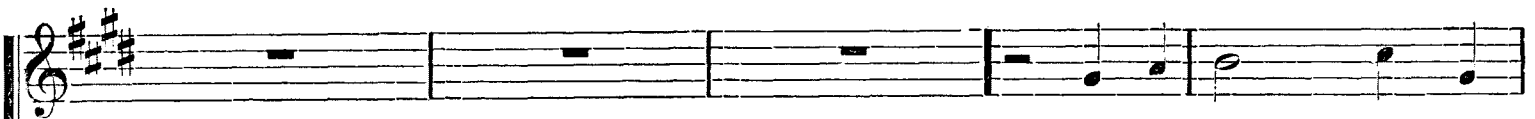
Good - bye,..... Bid me good - bye..... and go!.....

GERALDINE.

Words by H. C. HUNTER.

Music by LEVEY.

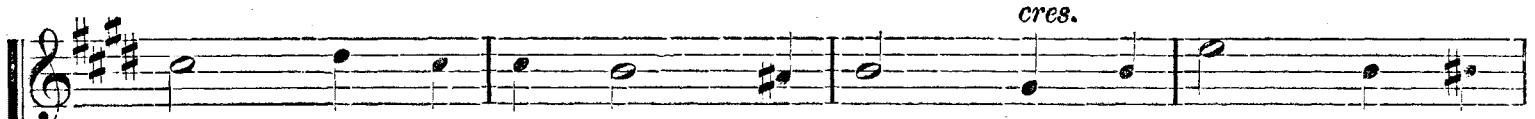
Arr. for Banjo by GAD ROBINSON.



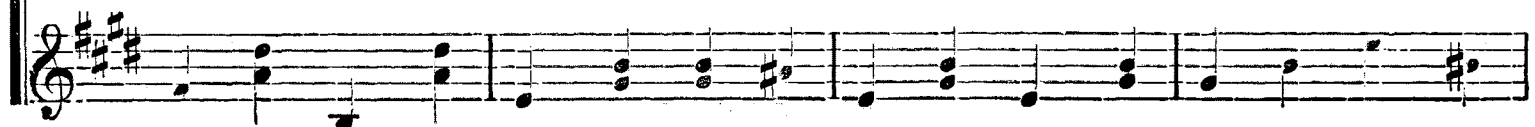
1. It is not that you're
2. In the vales, on the
3. When I gaze on the



fair, tho' you're fair as the..... day, It is not that your
 peak oft en - chant-ed I've..... stood, And in rap - - ture can
 skies, and I pon - der, my..... love, On the mil - - lions of



hair is the sun - shine at play. Oh! I know not the
 speak of the green leaf - - y wood; Yet my heart turns a -
 eyes that are watch - ing a - bove; Tho' the stars ev - 'ry



spell that en - chains me un - - seen, But I on - ly can
 -gair to the pret - ty blue bells, And the sweet smil - - ing
 one shine in beau - ty, my queen, Yet there is but one

tell you're my queen, Ge - ral - - dine. Ge - ral -dine!
 plain where my Ge - ral - dine dwells. Ge - ral -dine!
 sun, and but one Ge - ral - - dine. Ge - ral -dine!

Ge -raldine! queen of my soul; Tho' worlds may di - vide us, and

cres
 o - ceans may roll, In storm and in tem - pest, in an - ger be -

-tween, Still you reign in my heart! you're my queen, Ge -ral - dine!

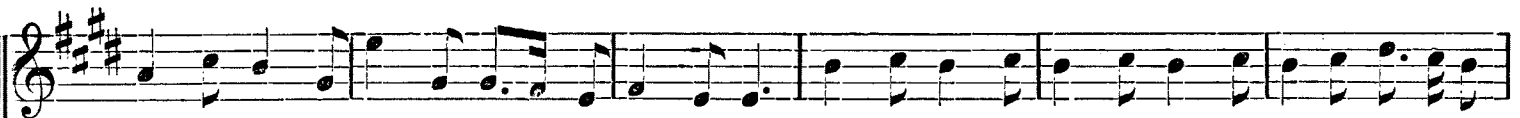
THE KERRY DANCE.

Words and Music by MOLLOY.

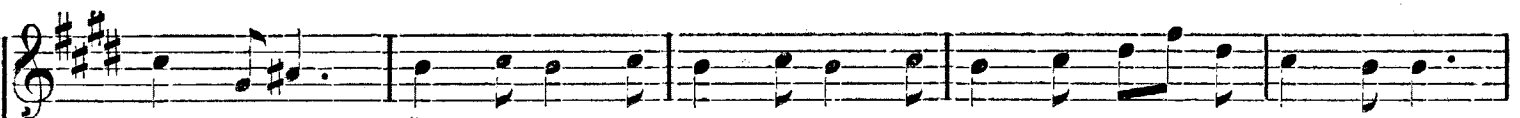
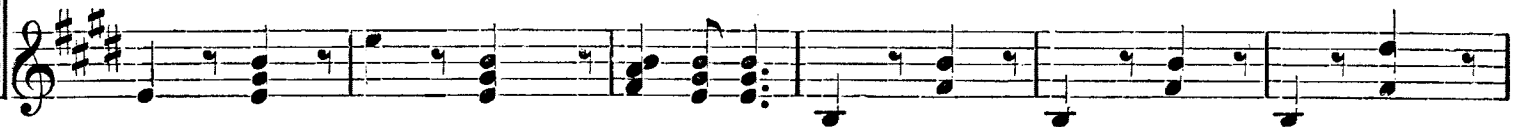
Arr. for Banjo by GAD ROBINSON.



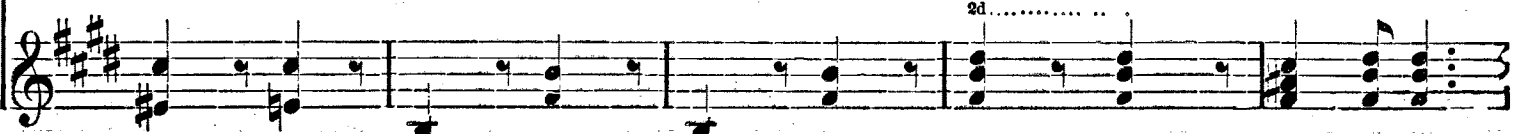
1. O, the days of the Ker - ry danc - ing, O the ring of the pi - per's tune! O for one of those
2. Was there ev - er a sweet - er col - leen In the dance than Ei - ly More! Or a proud - er
3. Lov - ing voic - es of old com - pan - ions, Steal - ing out of the past once more, And the sound of the



hours of glad - ness, Gone, a - las, like our youth, too soon. When the boys be - gan to gath - er in the glen of a
lad than Tha - dy, As he bold - ly took the floor! "Lads and lass - es to your pla - ces, up the mid - dle and
dear old mu - sic, Soft and sweet as in days of yore. When the boys be - gan to gath - er in the glen of a



sum - mer night, And the Ker - ry pi - per's tun - ing, Made us long with wild de - light;
down a - gain," Ah! the mer - ry heart - ed laugh - ter ring - ing thro' the hap - py glen!
sum - mer night, And the Ker - ry pi - per's tun - ing, made us long with wild de - light;



rall. **f**

O, to think of it, O, to dream of it, fills my heart with tears! O, the days of the Ker-ry danc-ing,

3d.....

rall.

O, the ring of the pi-per's tune! O, for one of those hours of glad-ness, Gone, a-las! like our youth, too soon.

Play E Minor, after 2d verse.

Time goes on,..... and the hap-py years are dead,.... And one by one..... the

3d..... 3d.....

mer-ry hearts are fled;.. Si-lent now... is the wild and lone-ly glen, Where the bright glad

2d..... 3d..... 3d.....

rall. **D.C. f**

laugh ... will ech-o ne'er a-gain. On-ly dream-ing of days gone by, fills my heart with tears.

2d..... 2d..... 2d.....

THAT CHARMING GIRL.

Words and Music by EUSTACE.

Arr. for Banjo by GAD ROBINSON.

1. 'Twas walk - ing up the street I met a maid - en
 2. We talk'd a - bout the op - e - ra, And cu - pid with his
 3. She blush'd and said "You're aw - ful To take things in that

fair, With dark - blue eyes and pout - ing lips And ros - es
 wings, And all a - bout the charm - ing girls, And lots of
 way," Now put that right straight back a - gain, Or I will

in her hair She smil'd at me, and I smil'd at her, As
 oth - er things Till I was so en - chant - ed with this
 go a - way Off course I put it right back a - gain And I'll

though we both would say, O, do not pass me
 sweet and hand - some miss That when we reach'd a
 do so all my life For when we part - ed

5th 2d

by, my dear, 'Tis such a pleas - ant day
 qui - et spot, I stole a love - ly kiss
 she had prom - ised that she'd be my wife

So we walked and talked to - geth - er, As hap - py as we could be And I

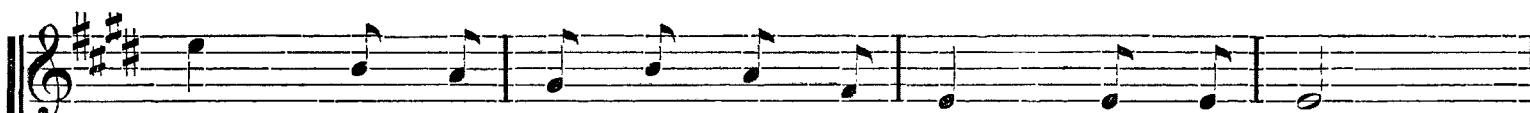
rit.
 nev - e shall for - get the day, I met sweet Jen - ny Lee

5th 2d

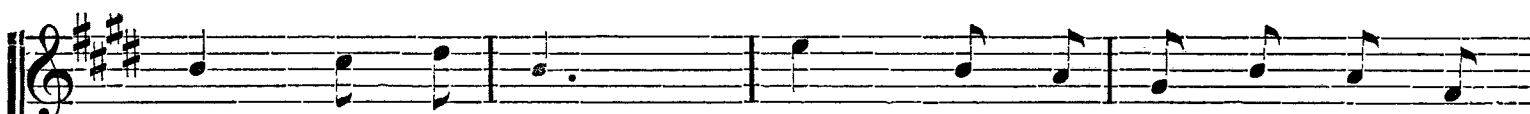
DINAH DOE.

Music by MOLLOY.

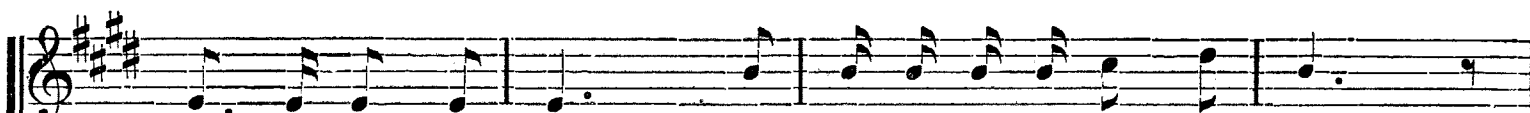
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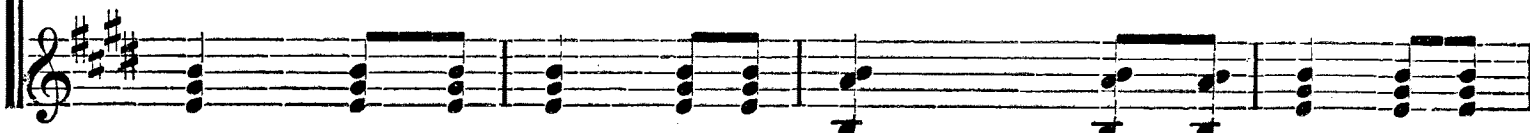
1. Fair - est of dar - key daugh - ters was Di - nah Doe,
 2. When to the ban - jo tin - kle sang Di - nah Doe,
 3. Wed me and wed no oth - er, dear Di - nah Doe,



Was Di - nah Doe, Smile like the laugh - ing wa - ters
 Sang Di - nah Doe, Bright stars be - gan to twin - kle
 Dear Di - nah Doe, I'll go and ask your moth - er



of the O - hi - o, The wa - ters of the O - hi - o,
 on the O - hi - o, The wa - ters of the O - hi - o,
 on the O - hi - o, Her moth - er on the O - hi - o,



Hair like the gold - en sun - set, On the Au - tumn sheaf,
 And with her bright eyes gleam - ing, Laugh'd she low and sweet,
 Old mo - der talk - ee, talk - ee, Too..... long I stay,

2d. Bar.....

Eyes like the dew - drop on the vio - let leaf,
 While her gold - en locks in dan - cing touch'd her lil - ly feet,
 Di - nah wed a - nod - er dark - ey while I was a - way,

2d.....

Oh, Di - nah, Di - nah, Di - nah, Di - nah, Di - nah Doe, In Din - ny or Vir - gin - ny, Oh, as

gol - den as a gui - nea were the tresses of my Di - nah Doe, Di - nah, Di - nah, Di - nah, Di - nah

Doe, In Din - ny or Vir - gin - ny, Oh, as gol - den as a gui - nea were the tresses of my Di - nah Doe.

DREAM FACES.

Composed by HUTCHINSON.

Arr. for Banjo by GAD ROBINSON.

1. The shad - ows lie a - cross the dim old room, The fire - light
 2. Once more I see, a - cross the dis - tant years, A face, long

glows and fades in - to the gloom, While mem - 'ry sails to
 gone with all its smiles and tears, Once more I press a

child - hood's dis - tant shore, And dreams, and dreams of days that are no more.
 ten - der lov - ing hand, And with my darl - ing 'neath the old oak stand,

Allegro.

Sweet dream-land fa - ces, pass - ing to and fro,..... Bring back to

mem - 'ry days of long a - go,..... Mur - mur - ing gent - ly

thro' a mist' of pain..... "Hope on, dear loved one, we shall meet a - gain."

Andante.

But all I loved are gone, And I a - lone in life, To wait, and wait, and wait..... Till

pp cres - - - *cen* - - - *do.*
death shall end the strife; Un - till once more I join the hearts that loved me best, Where tho

rall.

wick - ed cease from troubling, And the wea - ry are at rest.....

pp Allegro.

Sweet dream-land fa - ces, pass - ing to and fro,..... Bring back to

mem - 'ry days of long a - go,..... Mur - mur - ing gent - ly

still the old re - frain..... "Hope on, dear loved one, we shall meet a -

gain..... We shall meet, shall meet a - gain.....

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

Composed by PONTET.

Arr. for Banjo by GAD ROBINSON.

Allegro.



Trip, trip, o-ver the grass, Merri-ly went a laugh-ing lass; The dai-sies peep'd to see her pass,



All on a sum-mer morn-ing. Her pitcher she bore un-to the well, That lay in the lap of a mos-sy dell, And her



voice rang clear as a sil-ver bell, The ri-val song birds scorn-ing; But as she turned a hawthorne bush, A



youth rush'd forth with speed so rash, That down came pitch-er with a crash, And left her all a-mourning!



a tempo.

O, sir! what have you done? Ah, me! where shall I run? my pitch - er's gone! I

rall. *a tempo.*

had but one! what will my moth - er say?... Ah me! O, sir! what have you done?

rall.

Ah me! where shall I run? My pitcher's gone, I had but one, O! what will my moth-er say?"....

"Stay! stay! my pret - ty maid! Soon your pitch - er shall be paid." A gold - en piecè in her hand he laid.

Bright as the summer moru - ing! But as he looked up - on her face, He saw her sim - ple, win - some grace, No

gold, nor pearls, nor price-less lace, Her slen-der form a - dorn - ing, He saw the blush, the droop-ing lash, And

gazed, tho' gaz - ing there was rash, When snip and snap, his heart went crash, And left him all a - mourning!

"O, maid! what have you done? Quick! quick! home let us run! my heart is gone! I

had but one! what will your own heart say? Ah me!"... "O, sir! what have I done?

Quick! quick! homeward we'll run! What's fair-ly done can't be undone, And that's all my heart can say!"

ONLY TO SEE THEE, DARLING.

Composed by CAMPANA.

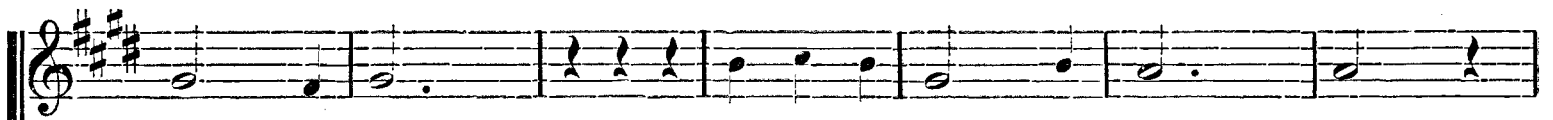
Arr. for Banjo by GAD ROBINSON.



1. On - ly to see thee, dar - ling, On - ly to hear thy voice,.....
 2. Gone is the sun - lit fu - ture, Vis - ions of joy too bright.....



..... E - ven its faint - est whis - per, Would make my
 Now ev - 'ry gleam hath fad - ed, Van - ish'd in



heart re - joice. Vain - ly I crave the sun - shine,
 dark - est night. Too late, a - las! I know thee,



Thy love would e'er im - part; Hop - ing to see thee
 Ah, let my poor heart tell, Breathe out its bit - ter

loved one, Trust - ing thy faith - ful heart!
 an - guish In that last word, fare - well,

CHORUS.

On - ly to see thee, dar - ling, On - ly to hear thy voice,.....
 2d.....

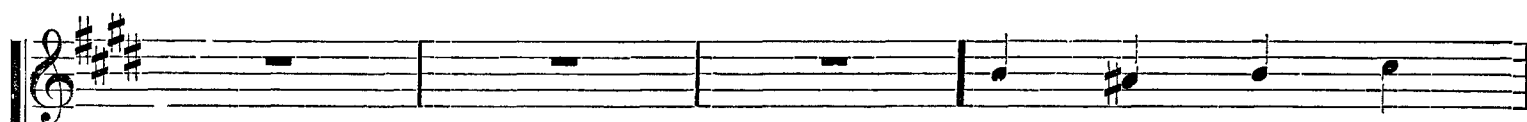
..... E - ven its faint - est whis - per Would bid my

heart re - joice On - ly to see thee, my love.....
last time rall. pp

TWINKLING STARS ARE LAUGHING, LOVE.

Composed by J. P. ORDWAY.

Arr. for Banjo by GAD ROBINSON.



1. Twink - ling stars are



laughing, love, Laughing on you and me,



While your bright eyes look in mine,..... Peeping stars they



The accompaniment for Chorus can be played for first part, if the other is too hard.

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seem to be; Trou - bles come and go, love, Brightest scenes must

leave our sight, But the star of hope, love, Shines with ra - diant beams to-night.

CHORUS.

Twinkling stars are laughing, love, Laughing on you and me,

While your bright eyes look in mine, Peeping stars they seem to be.

2.

Golden beams are shining, love,
 Shining on you to bless;
 Like the queen of night, you fill
 Darkest space with loveliness.
 Silver stars, how bright, love?
 Mother moon, in thronely might,
 Gaze on us to bless, love,
 Purest vows here made to-night.

Twinkling Stars are Laughing, Love.— 1.

SAILING.

Words and Music by G. MARKS.

Arr. for Banjo by GAD ROBINSON.



1. Y'heave ho,..... my lads,.... the wind blows free,..... A pleas - ant gale..... is
 2. The sail - or's life is bold and free,..... His home.... is on..... the
 3. The tide..... is flow - ing with the gale,..... Y'heave ho,..... my lads,.... set



on our lee,..... And soon.... a - cross.... the o - cean clear.... Our
 roll - ing sea,..... And nev - er heart.... more true or brave,... Than
 ev' - ry sail,..... The har - bor bar..... we soon shall clear,.... Fare-



gal - lant barque shall brave - ly steer.... But ere we part.... from
 he .. who launch - es on..... the wave,.... A - far he speeds,... in
 -well..... once more..... to home.... so dear,..... For when the tem - pest



England's shores to - night,.... A song we'll sing.... for home and beau - ty bright;....
 dis - tant climes to roam,.... With jo - cund song..... he rides the sparkling foam.....
 rag - es loud and long,..... That home shall be..... our guid - ing star a - mong.....

Then here's to the sail - or, and here's to the hearts so true, Who will think of him up - on the waters blue

4th Bar...

CHORUS.

Sail - - ing, sail - - ing, o - ver the bound - ing main, For ma - ny a storm - y

wind shall blow, Ere Jack comes home a - gain!.... Sail - - ing, Sail - - ing,

o - ver the bounding main, ... For many a storm - y wind shall blow, Ere Jack comes home a - gain....

rall. *tempo.* *D.C.*

THE GIPSY MAIDEN.

Words by KATE CARLTON.

Music by D. F. TULLY.

Arr. for Banjo by GAD ROBINSON.



1. O, I'm a mer-ry Gip-sy mai - den, A mer-ry Gip-sy maid am I, I love the woods, The
 2. O, I'm a mer-ry Gip-sy mai - den, A mer-ry Gip-sy maid am I, O'er mead-ows green, I

3d. Bar

for - est gray, The streams and mountains high. O! I'm a mer-ry Gip-sy mai - den, A
 love to roam, And climb yon mountain high. O! I'm a mer-ry Gip-sy mai - den, From

5th.....

mer-ry Gip-sy maid I'd be, A Gip-sy life so full of strife, And that's the ... life, the life for me. And
 care and sorrow I am free, A Gip-sy life so full of strife, And that's the ... life, the life for me. But

3d.....

when at night the stars shine bright, The moon is o'er the sea; I list - en to the night - in - gale, That
 when as ev - ning's sha - dows fall, And fires are burning bright; Then each one from his dai - ly toil, Re -

3d..... 3d..... 3d. Bar.....

sings on yon - der tree; The fires burn bright up - on the grass, The woods with laugh - ter
 turns for rest at night; 'Neath yon tall tree we sit a - round, The woods with laugh - ter

3d..... 3d.....

ring, And when the night is near - ly spent, Our part - ing song we sing.....

3d. Bar..... 3d.....

Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la,

la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, Tra la la, la, la, la, la, la, la

1st. 2d.

PRETTY LITTLE VIOLETS.

Words and Music by O. W. LANE.

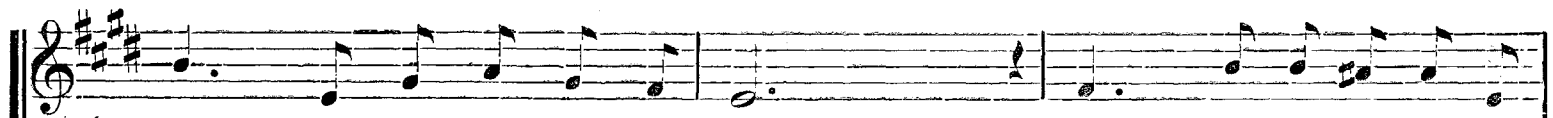
Arr. for Banjo by GAD ROBINSON.



1. When I hear the rob - ins sing - ing,.... Tell - - ing me of spring a -
 2. Could I see my dar - ling an - gel,.... Hear her ten - der voice once



- gain, Tho' it brings me pleas - ant mem - 'ries,
 more, How my heart would leap with pleas - ure,



Yet that pleas - ure's mixed with pain; For I'm think - ing now of
 As in those sweet days of yore; Till we meet be - yond the



An - nie, And those days I'll ne'er for - get,
 riv - er, I shall ne'er those days for - get,

When we gath - ered by the hill - side, Pret - ty lit - tle vi - o -
 When we gath - ered by the hill - side, Pret - ty lit - tle vi - o -

CHORUS.

lets..... For I'm think - ing now of An - nie,
 lets.....

And those days I'll ne'er for - get, When we gath - ered by the

hill - side Pret - ty lit - tle vi - o - lets.

SEE-SAW.

Composed by LAMSON.

Arr. for Banjo by GAD ROBINSON.

1. Oh, now we are
2. Once more, all to -

read - y the See - saw to try, This end must go down and the
geth - er, we go up and down, And we will go shop - ping in -

oth - er sky high, And you must hold fast that you do not let
- to the big town, And straw - ber - ries, pea - nuts, and dough - nuts, we'll

go, Or else we shall all in - to lame crip - ples grow.
buy, Green ap - ples, and but - ter - milk, taf - fy and pie.

CHORUS.

See, saw, see, saw, now we're up or....

down..... See, saw, see, saw.....

Now we're off to Lon - don Town..... See, saw, see,

2d. 7Bar.....

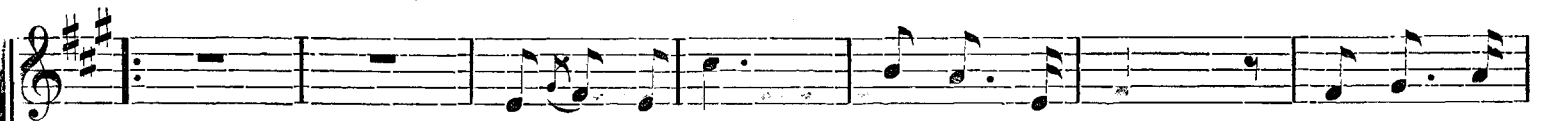
saw, Boys and girls come out and play, See,

saw, See, saw, On this our half hol - i - day.....

SPEAK TO ME.

Composed by CAMPANA.

Arr. for Banjo by GAD ROBINSON.



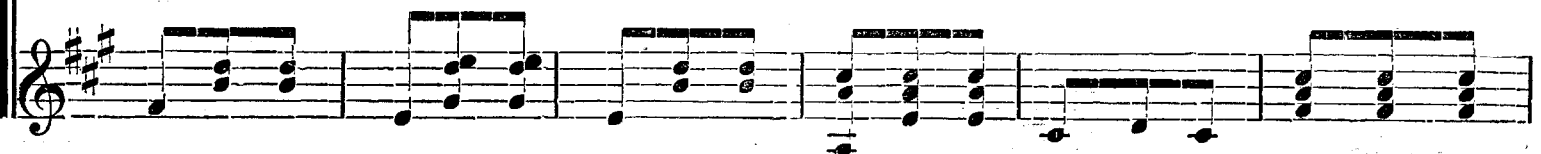
1. Why turn a - way When I draw near? Why cold to -
2. One i - dle day Thou didst de - plore Some cast a -



- day! Once I was dear! Then thy heart stirr'd And flush'd thy brow;
- way On de - sert shore. 'Twas but a tale, By po - et feigned,



Nev - er a word Wel - comes me now! Now thy hand lies
Yet thou didst pale Si - lent and pained, And thou didst moan,



List - less in mine, Once its re - plies Spake love di - vine.....
 Sad sad, to be Ut - ter - ly lone, By the bleak sea.....

Cold as if we Nev - er had met; Can it then be,
 My life is drear I cast a - way; Give me the tear

Hearts can for - get? Ah!..... Speak to me, Speak, Be my heart
 Thou shedd'st that day, Ah!..... Speak to me, Speak, Be my heart

heard, Or will it break For one poor word! No vow to

bind, No pledge I seek, Oa - ly be heard, Speak to me, Spee-k.

ROCK BESIDE THE SEA.

Composed by C. C. CONVERSE.

Arr. for Banjo by SEP. WINNER.

1. Oh, tell me not the woods are fair, Now spring is on her way; Well,
 2. The wild waves thunder on the shore. The curlew's rest-less cries Un-

well I know how brightly there, In joy the young leaves play. How sweet on winds of morn or
 - to my watching heart are more Than all earth's mel-o - dies. Come back, my o - cean rov - er,

rall.
 eve, The voi - let's breath may be,..... Yet ask me, woo me not to leave My
 come; There's but one place for me,..... Till I can greet thy swift sail home, - My

lone rock by the sea, Yet ask me, woo me, not to leave, My lone rock by the sea.
 lone rock by the sea, Till I can greet thy swift sail home, - My lone rock by the sea.

NO ONE TO LOVE.

Composed by WM. B. HARVEY.

Arr. for Banjo by SEP. WINNER.

1. No one to love, none to ca-ress, Roam-ing a-lone thro' this world's wil-der-ness;
 2. In dreams, a-lone, loved ones I see, And well-known voi-ces then whis-per to me;
 3. No one to love, none to ca-ress, None to re-pond to this heart's ten-der-ness!

Sad is my heart, joy is un-known, For in my sor-row I'm weep-ing a-lone.
 Sigh-ing I wake, wak-ing I weep; Soon with the loved and the lost I shall sleep.
 Trusting I wait; God in his love, Prom-is-es love in his man-sion a-bove.

No gen-tle voice, no ten-der smile, Makes me re-joice, or cares be-guile....
 Oh! bliss-ful rest! what heart would stay, Un-lov'd, un-bless'd from heav'n a-way,....
 Oh, bliss in store, oh, joy mine own! There nev-er more to weep a-lone!....

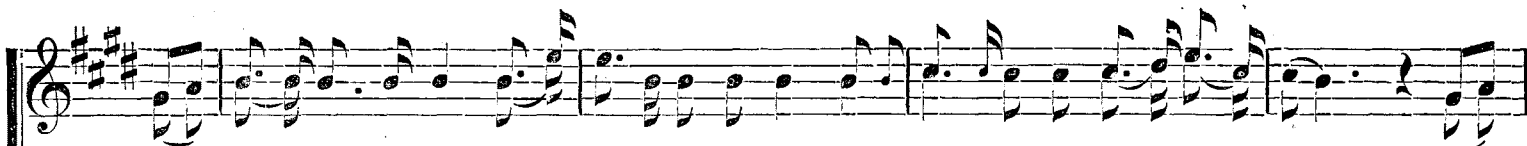
No one to love, none to ca-ress, Roam-ing a-lone thro' this world's wil-der-ness.

Sad is my heart, joy is un-known, For in my sor-row, I'm weep-ing a-lone.

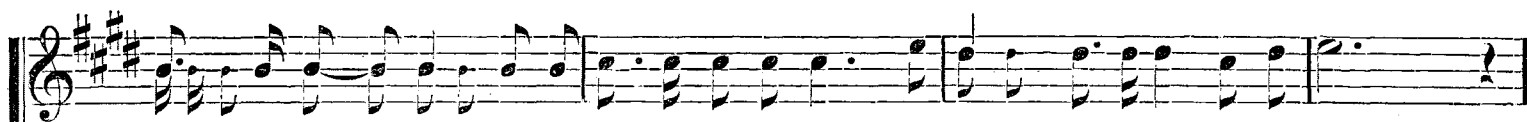
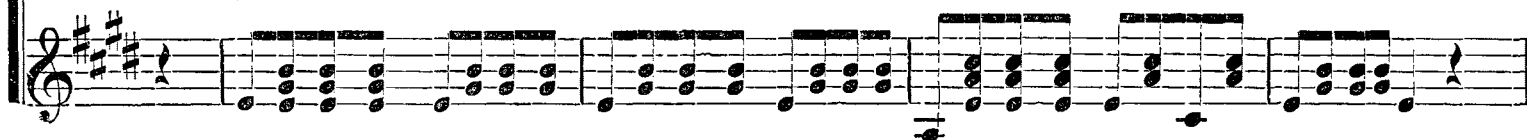
THE OLD CABIN HOME.

Composed by T. PAINE.

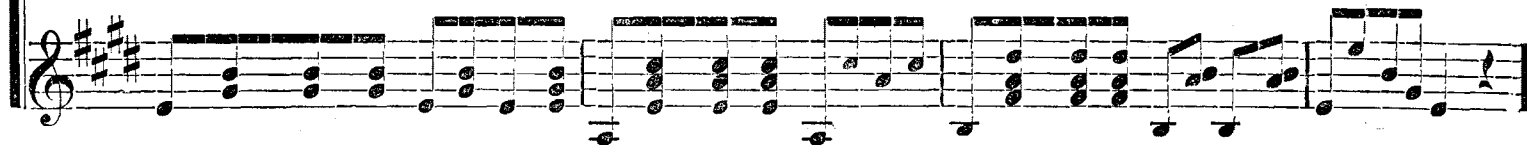
Arr. for Banjo by GAD ROBINSON.



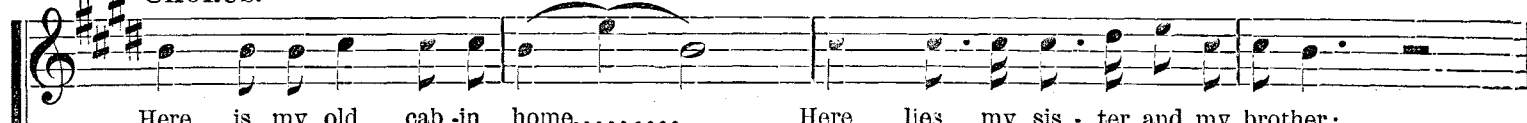
- | | |
|--|--------|
| 1. I am go-ing far a - way, far a - way to leave you now, To the Miss-iss-ip - pi riv - er I am going; | I will |
| 2. I am going to leave this land with this, our dar - key band, To trav - el all the wide world o - ver; | And |
| 3. When old age comes on, and my hair is turning grey, I will hang up the ban - jo all a - lone; | I'll |
| 2. 'Tis there where I roam, 'way down on the old farm, Where all de happy dark - ies am free; | Oh, |



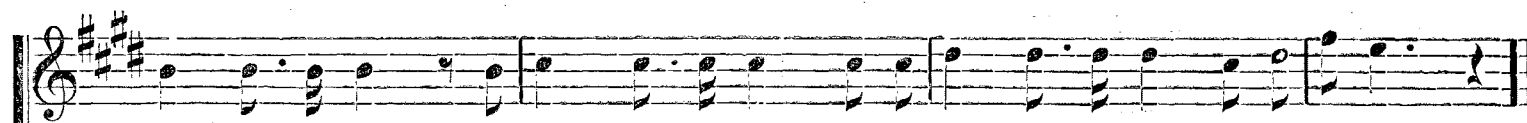
take my old ban - jo and I'll sing this lit - tle song,	'Way down in my old cab - in home.
when I get tired I will set - tle down to rest,	A - way down in my old cab - in home.
set down by the fire and I'll pass the time a - way,	'Way down in my old cab - in home.
merri - ly sound the ban - jo for the white folks round de room,	A - way down in my old cab - in home.



CHORUS.



Here is my old cab - in home..... Here lies my sis - ter and my brother;



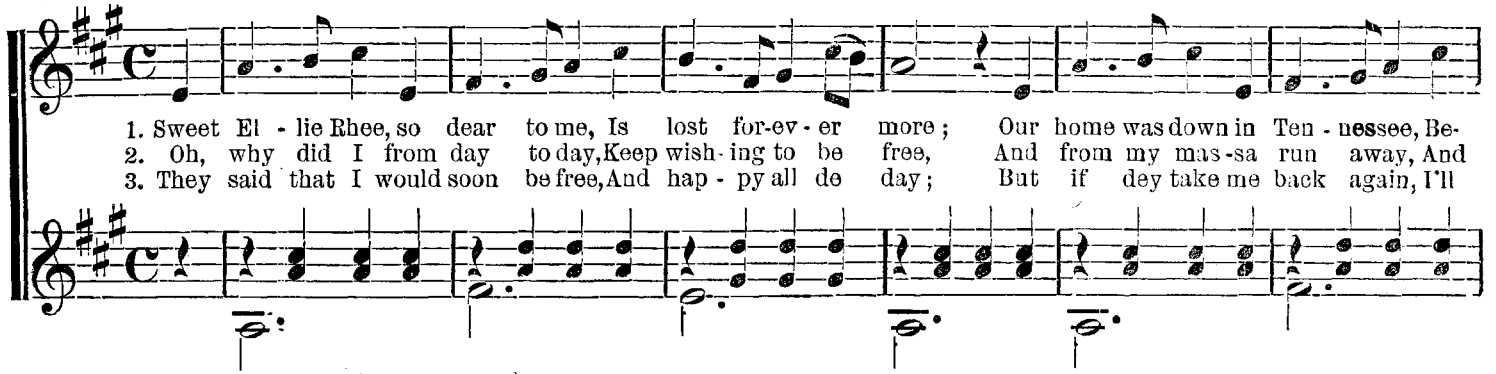
Here lies my wife, the joy of my life, And my child in the grave with its mother.



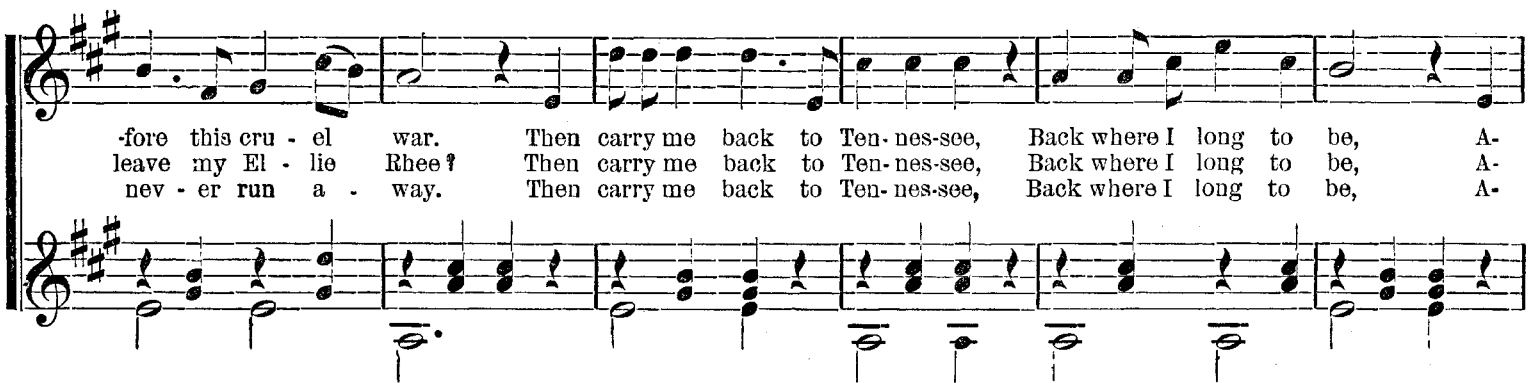
ELLIE RHEE.

(Or, CARRY ME BACK TO TENNESSEE.)

Composed and Arranged by SEP. WINNER.



1. Sweet El - lie Rhee, so dear to me, Is lost for-ev - er more ; Our home was down in Ten - nessee, Be-
 2. Oh, why did I from day to day, Keep wish - ing to be free, And from my mas - sa run away, And
 3. They said that I would soon be free, And hap - py all de day ; But if dey take me back again, I'll

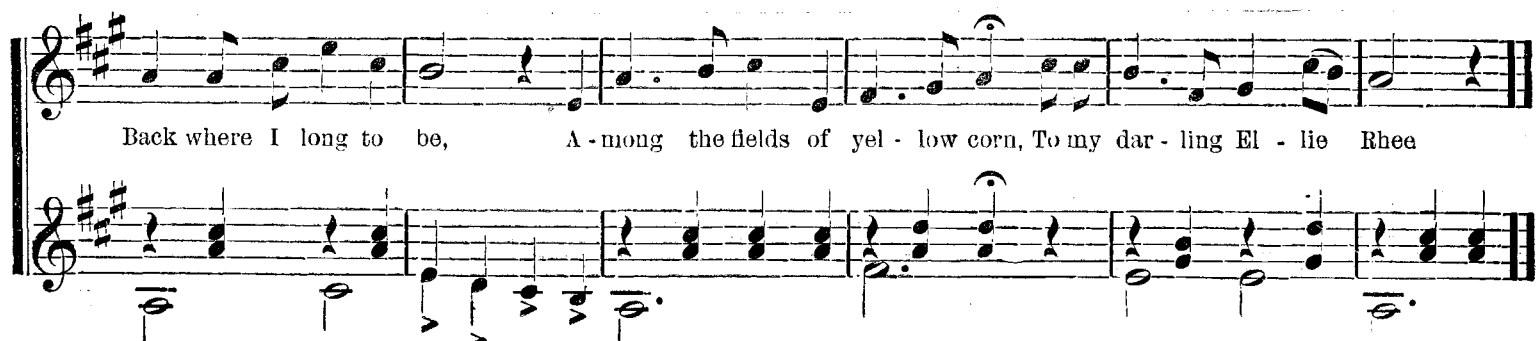


-fore this cru - el war. Then carry me back to Ten - nes - see, Back where I long to be, A-
 leave my El - lie Rhee ? Then carry me back to Ten - nes - see, Back where I long to be, A-
 nev - er run a - way. Then carry me back to Ten - nes - see, Back where I long to be, A-

CHORUS.



-mong the fields of yel - low corn, To my dar - ling El - lie Rhee. Then carry me back to Ten - nes - see,



Back where I long to be, A - mong the fields of yel - low corn, To my dar - ling El - lie Rhee

LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

Composed by ALICE HAWTHORNE.

Arr. for Banjo by SEP. WINNER.

1. I'm dreaming now of Hal-ly, sweet Hal-ly, sweet Hal-ly, I'm dream-ing now of
 2. Ah! well I yet re - member, re - member, re - member, Ah! well I yet re -

Hal ly, For the tho't of her is one that nev - er dies; She's sleep - ing in the valley, the
 - member, When we gathered in the cot - ton side by side; 'Twas in the mild Sep - tember, Sep -

val - ley, the val - ley, She's sleep - ing in the Sep - val - ley, And the
 - tember, Sep - tember, 'Twas in the mild Sep - tember, And the

CHORUS.

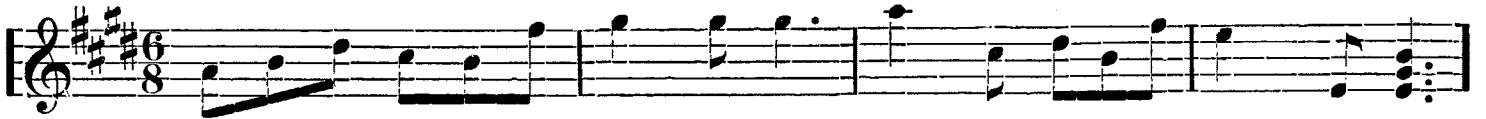
mocking-bird is singing where she lies. Listen to the mocking bird, Listen to the mocking-bird, Still
 mocking-bird is singing far and wide. Listen to the mocking bird, Listen to the mocking bird, The

1st. singing where the weeping willows wave. *2d.* mocking-bird now singing on her grave.

TROUBADOUR SONG.

Music by GENÉE.

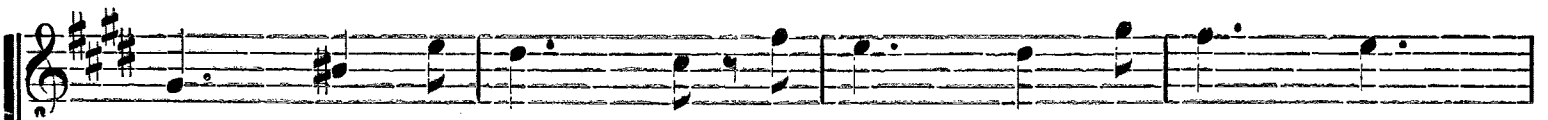
Arr. for Banjo by GAD ROBINSON.



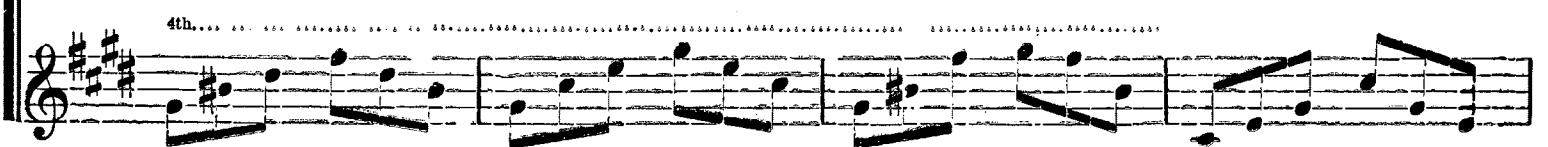
Why should I be, Thus full of glee, Tell me what day is this?.....



Loud throb - bing heart, Thou dost at - test, How great my joy and bliss.....



Ah, 'tis Saint An - na, Saint An - na, Saint An - na,



No day so fair and dear In all the long, the glad, long year.....

An-na, to thee is my fav - 'rite way, My fav - 'rite way, my fav - 'rite way,

An-na, then Nan - nie, how sweet to say, How sweet to say, how sweet to say!

CHORUS.
a tempo.

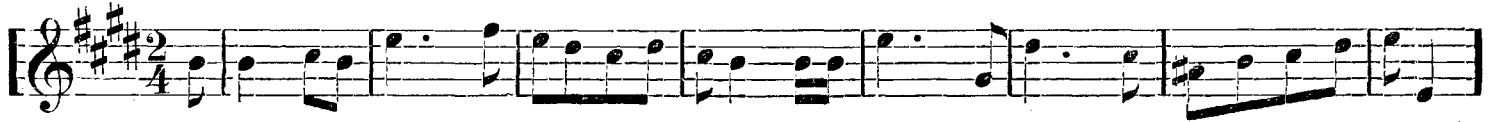
An-na, for thee is my fin - est song, My fin - est song, my fin - est song.

An-na, I'll sing thee my whole life long, Yes, my whole life long.....

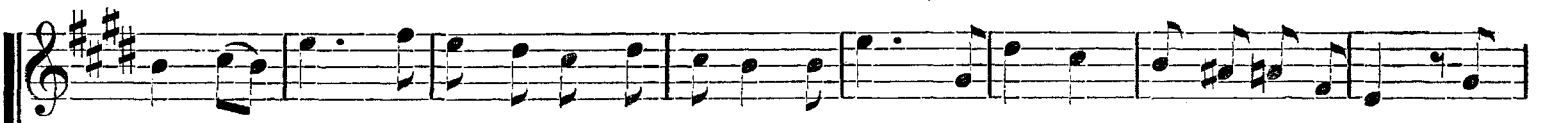
THE VIRGINIA ROSE BUD.

Words and Music by F. H. KAVANAUGH.

Arr. for Banjo by GAD ROBINSON.



1. I had a rose - bud in my gar - den growing, A plant I cher - ished with a father's care, When
2. Oh then his heart was wither'd and de - ject - ed, I wan - der'd thro' the fields, but all in vain, And



oth - er dar - kies round that plant were hoe - ing, Its zef - fer - es - sence seemed to fill the air. Oh!
ev' - ry plant on me a shade re - flect - ed, The tears they fell a - round me like the rain, The



how I watch'd that lit - tle plant while creeping, She like her moth - er al - ways light and gay, One
sun a - bove look'd down up - on my sor - row, My heart was withered, I sought for her in vain, My



night I left her in her bed a - sleeping, And in the morn - ing she was stole a - way,
child was stole, was lost to me for - ev - er, I nev - er saw that an - gel form a - gain,

One night I left her in her bed a - sleeping, And in the morn - ing she was stole a - way.
My child was stole, was lost to me for - ev - er, I nev - er saw that an - gel form a - gain.

CHORUS.

Dey stole, dey stole, dey stole dis child a - way, Dey stole, dey stole, dey stois dis child a -

SOLO. Andante.

-way! Oh, hear me now call - - ing, Oh, hear me, I pray, My

heart, my heart is breaking, for my child, for my child dey stole a - way!

On!.... oh! Hear dat voice! Oh! oh! oh! Hear dat voice!

CHORUS.

I hear dar hoofs up-on de hill, I hear dem faint-er, faint-er still, I hear dar hoofs up-

-on de hill, I hear dem faint-er, faint-er still; Dey stole, dey stole,..... dey stole my child a-

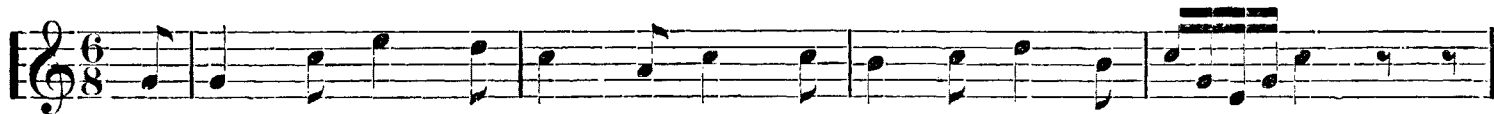
-way, Dey stole,..... dey stole,.... dey stole my child a-way, My child a . . .

. way, my child a . . . way, my child a . . . way!

POOR OLD SLAVE.

Composed by G. W. H. GRIFFIN.

Arr. for Banjo by GAD ROBINSON.



1. 'Tis just one year a - go to-day That I re-mem - ber well, I sat down by poor Nel - ly's side And a
 2. She took my arm we walked a-long In - to an o - pen field, And there she paused to breathe awhile, Then
 3. But since that time how things have chang'd, Poor Nelly that was my bride, Is laid beneath the cold grave sod, With her

sto - ry she did tell, 'Twas 'bout a poor un - hap - py slave That lived for many a year, But
 to his grave did steal, She sat down by that lit - tle mound And soft - ly whispered there, Come
 fa - ther by her side, I plant - ed there up - on her grave a weep - ing wil - low tree, I

CHORUS.

now he's dead and in his grave, No mas - ter does he fear. }
 to me fa - ther, 'tis thy child, And gent - ly dropped a tear. } The poor old slave has gone to rest, We
 bathed its roots with many a tear, That it might shel - ter me. }

know that he is free, Dis - turb him not but let him rest, Way down in Ten - nes - see....

IN THE GLOAMING,

53

BALLAD.

Composed by ANNIE F. HARRISON.

Arranged by H. C. DOBSON.



1. In the gloaming, oh, my dar - ling, When the lights are dim and low,—
2. In the gloaming, oh, my dar - ling, Think not bit - - ter - - ly of me!



And the qui - et shad - ows fall - ing, Soft - ly come, and soft - - ly go ;
Tho' I passed a - - way in si - 'ence, Left you lone - ly, set you free!



Agitato.

When the winds are sob - - bing faint - ly, With a gen - tle un - known woe,
For my heart was crushed with long - ing, What had been, could nev - er be,—



Will you think of me and love me, As you did once long a - go!
It was best to leave you thus, dear, Best for you and best for me!



IN THE GLOAMING. Concluded.

After 2d verse.

It was best to leave you thus,..... Best for you and best for me!

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Composed by S. C. FOSTER.

Arranged by H. C. DOBSON.

1. Way down up - on de Swan - nee rib - ber, Far, far a -
 2. All 'round de lit - tle farm I wan - dered, When I was
 3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I

- way, Dere's whar my heart is turn - - ing eb - ber,
 young, Den ma - ny hap - py days I squandered,
 love, Still sad - ly to my mem' - - ry rush - es,

Dar's whar de old folks stay. All up and down de
 Ma - - ny de songs I sung When I was play - ing
 No mat - ter where I rove. When will I see de

whole cre - - a - tion, Sad - - ly I roam;
 wid my brud - der, Hap - - py was I;
 bees a humming, All 'round de comb?

Still longing for de old plan - - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home!....
 Oh! take me to my kind old mud - der, Dare let me live and die!.....
 When will I here de ban - - jo trum - ming, Down in my good old home!....

CHORUS.

All de world am sad and drea - ry, Eb' - ry whar I roam,.....

Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home!.....

ROSALIE.

Arr. for Banjo by GAD ROBINSON.



1. I'm Pierre de Bon ton de Par - is, de Par - is, I drink my di - vine Eau de vie, Eau de vie, As I
2. I go to the fête de Marquise, de Marquise, I go and make love at my ease, at my ease, I



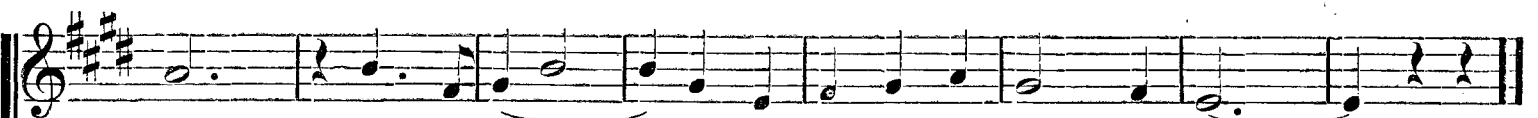
ride out each day in my lit - tle cou - pé, I tell you I'm something to see.....
go to her père and de - mand for my own The hand of my sweet Ro - sa - lie.....



CHORUS.



But I care not what oth - ers may say,..... I'm in love with Ro - sa - lie, Charming



Rose, pret - ty Rose,..... I'm in love with my Ro - - sa - lie,



FUNICULI, FUNICULA.

Or, A MERRY HEART.

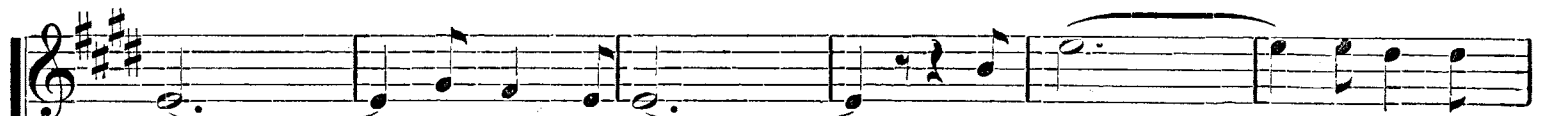
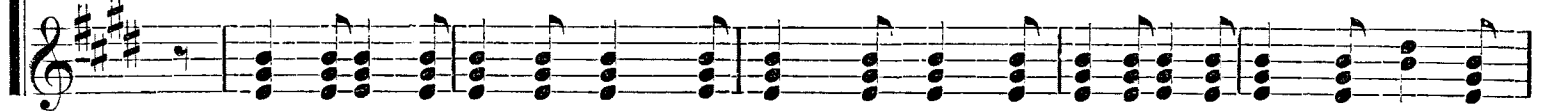
Words by E. OXENFORD.

Music by DENZA.

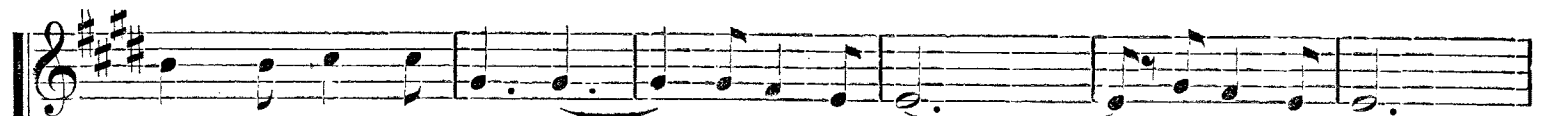
Arr. for Banjo by GAD ROBINSON.



1. Some think..... the world is made for fun and frolic,..... And so do
 2. Some think..... it wrong to set the feet a-danc-ing,... But not so
 3. Ah me!..... 'tis strange that some should take to sigh-ing,... And like it



I!..... And so do I!..... Some think..... it well to
 I!..... But not so I!..... Some think..... that you should
 well!..... And like it well!..... For me,..... I have not



be all mel-an-chol-ic,..... To pine and sigh,..... To pine and sigh;.....
 keep from coy-ly glanc-ing,.... Up-on the sly!..... Up-on the sly!.....
 thought it worth the try-ing,.... So can-not tell!..... So can-not tell!.....

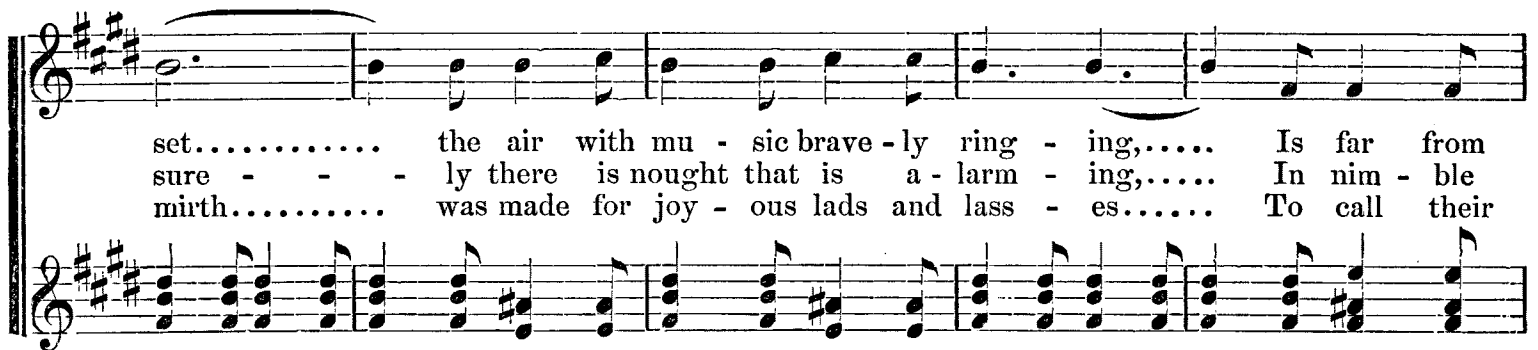




.. But I,..... I love to spend my time in sing - ing.....
 .. But oh,..... to me the ma - zy dance is charm - ing,.....
 .. With laugh,..... and dance, and song, the day soon pass - es,.....



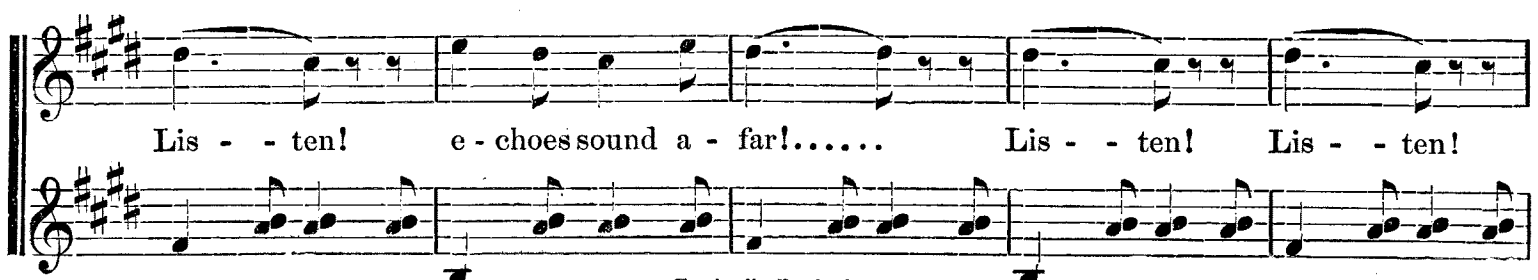
.. Some joy - ous song,..... Some joy - ous song,..... To
 .. Di - vine - ly sweet!..... Di - vine - ly sweet!..... And
 .. Full soon is gone;..... Full soon is gone;..... For



set..... the air with mu - sic brave - ly ring - ing,..... Is far from
 sure - - - ly there is nought that is a - larm - ing,..... In nim - ble
 mirth..... was made for joy - ous lads and lass - es..... To call their



wrong!.. Is far from wrong!..... Lis - - ten!
 feet!..... In nim - ble feet!..... Lis - - ten!
 own!.... To call their own!..... Lis - - ten!



Lis - - ten! e - choes sound a - far!..... Lis - - ten! Lis - - ten!

e-choes sound a - far, Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la!

E - choes sound a - far! Tra la la la, Tra la la la! Lis - - ten,

lis - - ten, e - choes sound a - far!..... Lis - - ten, lis - - ten,

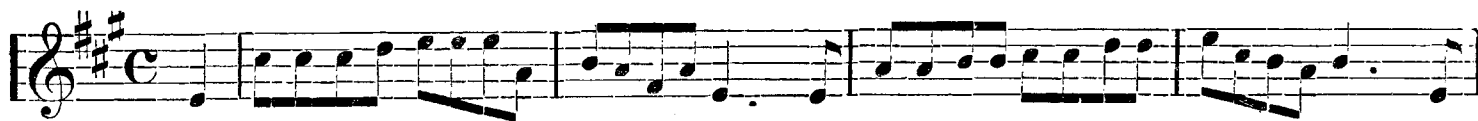
e - choes sound a - far! Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la

la, E - choes sound a - far! Tra la la la, Tra la la la. *1st.* *2d.*

THE LITTLE OLD LOG CABIN IN DE LANE.

Words and Music by WILL S. HAYS.

Arr. for Banjo by GAD ROBINSON.



1. I'm getting old and feeble now, I can-not work no more, I've laid de rusty blad-ed hoe to rest,..... Ole



mas-sa and ole miss's am dead, dey sleeping side by side, Dere spirits now are roaming wid de blest, De



scene am changed a - bout de place, de darkies am all gone, I'll nebber hear dem singing in de cane, And



I'se de on-ly one dat's left wid dis ole dog ob mine, In de lit-tle ole log cab-in in de lane.

CHORUS.

De chimney's falling down, and de roof is cav-in' in, I aint got long round here to re-main, But de

an-gels watches o-ver me when I lays down to sleep, In de lit-tle ole log cab-in in de lane.

2.

Dar was a happy time to me, 'twas many years ago,
 When de darkies used to gather round de door,
 When dey used to dance an' sing at night, I played de ole banjo,
 But alas! I cannot play it any more.
 De hinges dey got rusty, an' de door has tumbled down,
 An' de roof lets in de sunshine an' de rain,
 An' de only friend I've got now is dis good ole dog ob mine,
 In de little ole log cabin in de lane.

Chorus.

3.

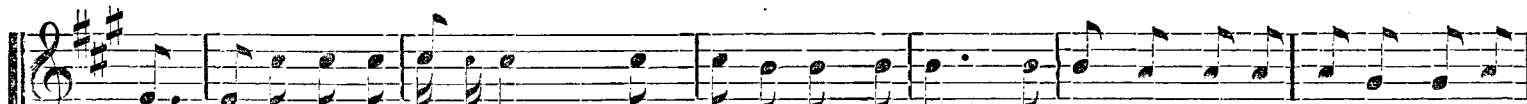
De foot-path now is covered o'er dat led us round de hill,
 And de fences all are going to decay,
 An' de creek is all dried up where we used to go to mill,
 De time has turn'd its course anoder way.
 But I aint got long to stay here, an' what little time I got,
 I'll try and be contented to remain,
 Till death shall call my dog an' me to find a better home,
 Dan dat little old log cabin in de lane.

Chorus.

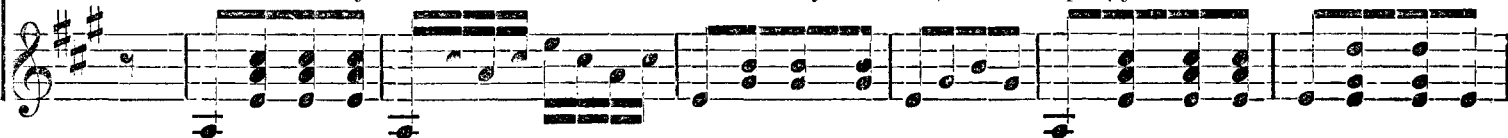
DEAREST MAE.

Words and Music by L. V. H. CROSBY.

Arr. for Banjo by GAD ROBINSON.



1. Now niggers lis - ten to - me a sto - ry I'll re - late, It hap - pen'd in the val - ley in the
 2. Old Mas - sa gib me hol - i - day, an' say he'd gib me more, I tank'd him be - ry kindly as I
 3. On de banks of dat bright rib - ber, de trees dey hang so low, De coon a - mong de branches play, de
 4. Be - neath de sha - dy oak - tree we sat for many an hour, As hap - py as de buzzard - bird dat



old Car' - li - na state, Way down in de meadow, 'twas dare I mow'd de hay, I
 shoved my boat from shore; So down de stream I glid - ed, wid heart so light and free, To de
 mink he keep be - low; Oh, dar is de lo - ca - tion, an' Mae she looks so sweet, Her
 flies a - bout de flow'r; But oh, dear Mae, I left her, she cried when we did part, I



CHORUS.



always work de harder when I think of lub - ly Mae. Oh, dear - - est Mae, you're
 cottage ob my lub - ly Mae, I'd long'd so much to see. Oh, dear - - est Mae, you're
 eyes dey spar - kle like de stars, Her lips are red as beet. Oh, dear - - est Mae, you're
 bid sweet Mae a long farewell, An' back for home did start. Oh, dear - - est Mae, you're



lub - ly as the day, Your eyes so bright, dey shine at night, When de moon am gone a - way.



ENOCH ARDEN.

OR, I'LL SAIL THE SEAS OVER.

Composed and Arranged by SEP. WINNER.

1. Cheer up, An-nie dar-ling, With hope-ful e-mo-tion, To-mor-row our part-ing must be;... I'll
2. I go, An-nie dar-ling, But leave thee in sor-row, I go, for thy sake, far a-way: Then

sail the seas o-ver, I'll cross the wide o-cean, I'll sail the seas o-ver for thee. I will not for-get thee, Oh!
bid me good-bye With a smile on the mor-row, And cheer me with blessings, I pray. I'll think of thee ev-er, And

nev-er, no nev-er; I can-not for-get thee, I know, Thy smile like a phantom Shall haunt me for-ev-er, And
pray for thee on-ly, As o-ver the wa-ters I roam; I'll tar-ry not, dar-ling. And leave thee all lone-ly, But

CHORUS.

cheer me where'er I may go. Good-bye, An-nie dar-ling; break off from thy sorrow: 'Tis sad that our part-ing must
has-ten a-gain to my home.

be, ... I'll sail the seas o-ver, I'll cross the wide o-cean, I'll sail the seas o-ver for thee....

TAKE ME HOME.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Composed by RAYMOND.

Arranged by H. C. DOBSON.



1. Take me home to the place where I first saw the light, To the
 2. Take me home to the place where the or - ange trees grow, To my
 3. Take me home, let me see what is left that I know, Can it

sweet sun - ny South take me home; Where the mock - ing birds sung me to
 cot in the ev - er - green shade, Where the flow'rs on the riv - er's green
 be that the old house is gone; The dear friends of my child - hood in -

rest ev' - ry night, Ah, why was I tempt - ed to roam? I
 mar - gin may blow Their sweets on the bank where I played. The
 - dead must be few, And I must la - ment all a - lone. But

think with re - gret of the dear ones I left, Of the
 path to the cot - tage they say has grown green, And the
 yet I'll re - turn to the place of my birth, Where my

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TAKE ME HOME. Concluded.

warm hearts that shel - tered me there, Of the wife and the dear ones of
 place is quite lone - ly a - round, And I know that the smiles and the
 chil - dren have played at the door, Where they pulled the white blos - soms that

whom I'm be - reft, And I sigh for the old place a - - gain.....
 forms I have seen, Now lie deep in the soft mos - sy ground.....
 gar - nished the earth, Which will ech - o their foot - steps no more.....

CHORUS.

Take me home to the place Where my lit - tle ones sleep, Poor

mas - sa lies bur - ied close by; O'er the graves of the loved ones I

long to weep, And a - mong them to rest when I die

MY PRETTY JANE.

Composed by H. R. BISHOP.

Arr. by H. C. DOBSON.

Andantino.



1. My pret - ty Jane, my pret - ty Jane..... Ah! nev - er, nev - er look so
 2. But name the day, the wed-ding day,..... And I will buy, will buy the

shy, But meet me, meet me in the eve - ing, While the
 ring, The Lads and Las - ses there in fa - vors And

bloom is on, is on the rye..... } The spring is wa - ning
 vil - lage bell, the vil - lage bells shall ring!..... }

MY PRETTY JANE. Concluded.

fast, my love,..... The corn..... is in..... the ear; The

sum-mer nights are com - ing love, The moon shines bright and

clear, Then pret - ty Jane, my dear - est Jane, Ah!

nev - er look so shy,..... But meet me, meet me in the

eve - ning, While the bloom. the bloom is on the rye!.....

THE DAYS WHEN I WAS YOUNG.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Composed by EVANS.

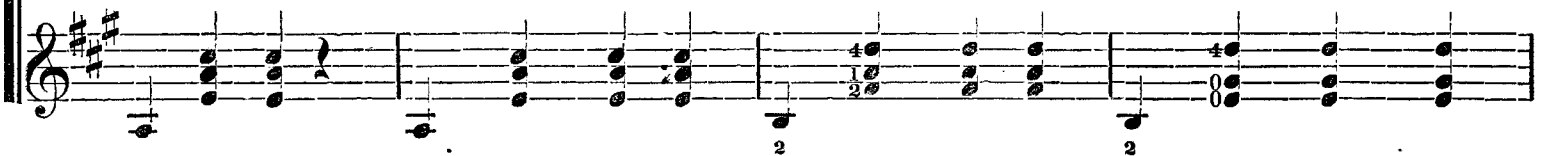
Arr. for Banjo by GEO. C. DOBSON.



1. Thar's a hap-py lit-tle home, Down in Southern Ten-nes-see, whar the I - vy blossoms twine a-round the
 3. When the Autumn days had come, I would husk the yel-low corn, In the field I was sing-ing all the



door,
 day,
 And for - ev - er fresh and green In my mem'ry it will be, Tho' I know I nev - er see it a - ny
 And be - fore they made me free, I had nev - er cause to mourn, And around the old place ev-'ry thing was



more;
 gay;
 But I nev - er can for - get the home I love so well, And the
 And ma - ny, ma - ny a time when the work of day was o'er, With my



ma - ny good old tunes that I have sung ; And the tears they fill my eyes ev - 'ry,
 mel - o - dy the old planta - tion rung ; And my heart does oft - en long for the

time I try to tell Of the times I used to have when I was young.
 hap - py days of yore, And the times I used to have when I was young.....

CHORUS.

Now the tam - bo and the bones am for - ev - er laid a - way, The fid - dle and the ban - jo am un -
 2d.

- strung, But I oft - en heave a sigh for the happy days gone by, And the times I used to have when I was

young ...

DON'T LET THE OLD FOLKS SUFFER.

(SONG AND CHORUS.)

Words by GEO. COOPER.

Music by WILL. C. HASTINGS.

By same Authors: "No home but has a darling there," "Just beyond the golden gate," "When your silver locks were gold,"
"Thrown on the world." &c.

Arr. for Banjo by GEORGE C. DOBSON.

Andante.

con espress.

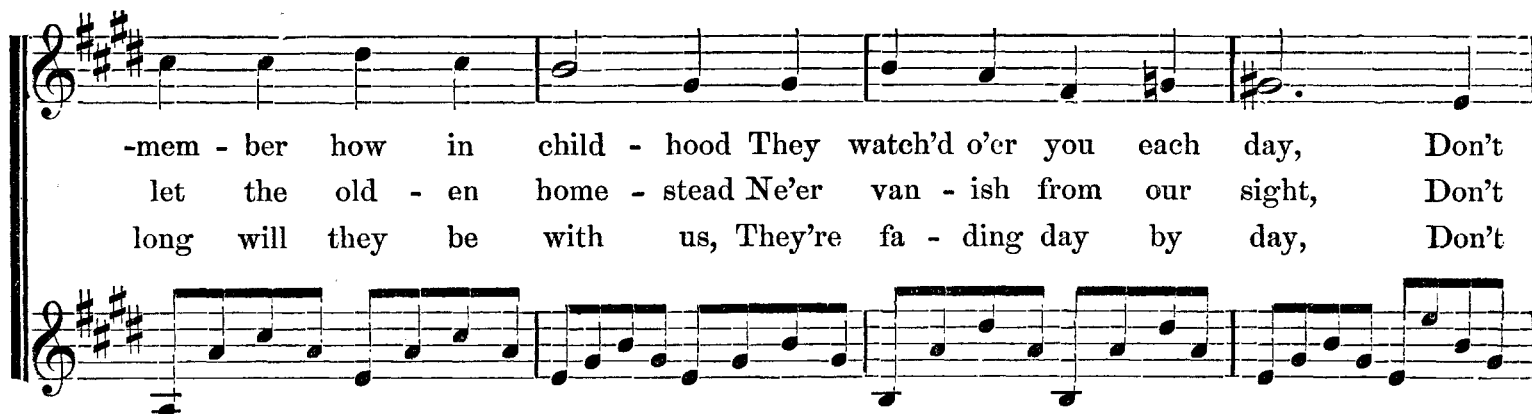
1. Their lives are slow - ly fa - - ding, As down the hill they go, Their
 2. The world may bright - ly lure us, And charm us for a while, And
 3. Re - mem - ber all their sor - - rows, Their lost and fa - ded joys, Oh,

2d Pos. Barre. Open.

con espress.

steps, once blithe and cheer - ful, Are wea - ry now, and slow; Re-
 oth - er scenes may cheer us, And pleas - ures round us smile; But
 keep them in sweet mem - 'ry What - ev - er time de-stroys! Not

con espress.



-mem - ber how in child - hood They watch'd o'er you each day, Don't
 let the old - en home - stead Ne'er van - ish from our sight, Don't
 long will they be with us, They're fa - ding day by day, Don't



let the old folks suf - - fer, But help them while we may.
 let the old folks suf - - fer, Be still their sweet de - light.
 let the old folks suf - - fer, Oh, love them while we may.

CHORUS.



They soon will cross the riv - - er, They near it day by day, Don't



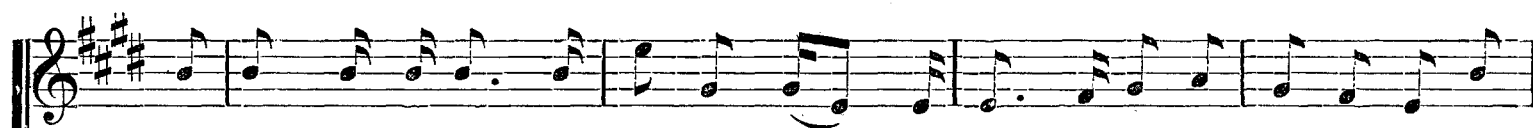
let the old folks suf - - fer, But help them while we may.



OLD AUNT JEMIMA.

Words and Music by JAMES GRACE.

Arr. for Banjo by GEORGE C. DOBSON.



1. I went to de church de oth - er night, Old Aunt Je - mi - ma, oh! oh! oh! To
 2. De bull - frog was dress'd in sol - dier clothes, Old Aunt Je - mi - ma, oh! oh! oh! He
 3. I car - ried a hen - coop on my knees, Old Aunt Je - mi - ma, oh! oh! oh! I



hear de colored folks sing and pray, Old Aunt Je - mi - ma, oh! oh! oh! Old
 went out for to drill dem crows, Old Aunt Je - mi - ma, oh! oh! oh! But de
 thought I heard a chick - en sneeze, Old Aunt Je - mi - ma, oh! oh! oh! 'Twas





Pomp got tight, and Di - nah walk a - long, Old Aunt Je - mi - ma, oh! oh! oh! And
 bull - frog he made such a might - y splutter, Old Aunt Je - mi - ma, oh! oh! oh! Dat I
 noth - ing but a roos - ter saying his prayers, Old Aunt Je - mi - ma, oh! oh! oh! He



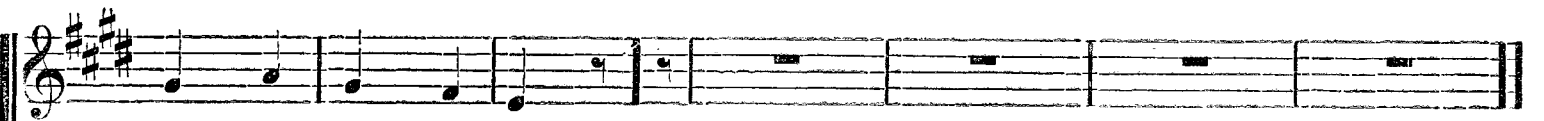
made old Gum - bo sing a song, Old Aunt Je - mi - ma, oh! oh! oh!
 up wid my foot and kick'd him in de water, Old Aunt Je - mi - ma, oh! oh! oh!
 gave out a hymn, such a getting up stairs, Old Aunt Je - mi - ma, oh! oh! oh!



CHORUS.



Car' - line, Car' - line, can't you dance de pea - vine? Old Aunt Je -



- mi - ma, oh! oh! oh!



I'LL LOVE MY LOVE IN DE MORNING.

Composed by CUSHMAN.

Arr. for Banjo by GEORGE C. DOBSON.



1. First when I got married, 'Twas in dis hap - py land, 'Twas then I was u -
2. First when I got married, The business seem'd to hop; My wife she took in
3. When we're ten years married, How hap - py we will be! With a lit - tle pic - ca -



- ni - ted	With this our dar - key band.	First when I got married, 'Twas
white - washing,	While I kept bar - ber shop.	First when I got married, The
- ni - ny	A dancing on my knee!	When we're ten years married, How



in dis hap - py land; 'Twas then I was u - ni - ted	With this our darkey band.
business seem'd to hop; My wife she took in whitewashing,	While I kept barber shop.
hap - py I will be, With a lit - tle pic - ca - ni - ny	A dancing on my knee!



CHORUS.

I'll love my love in de morn - in, I'll love my love at night, I'll

love my love the whole day long, For she's my beau - ty bright: I'll

love my love in de morn - in, I'll love my love at night, I'll

love my love the whole day long, For she's my beau - ty bright.

DANCE AFTER LAST VERSE,

"SINCE I SAW DE COTTON GROW."

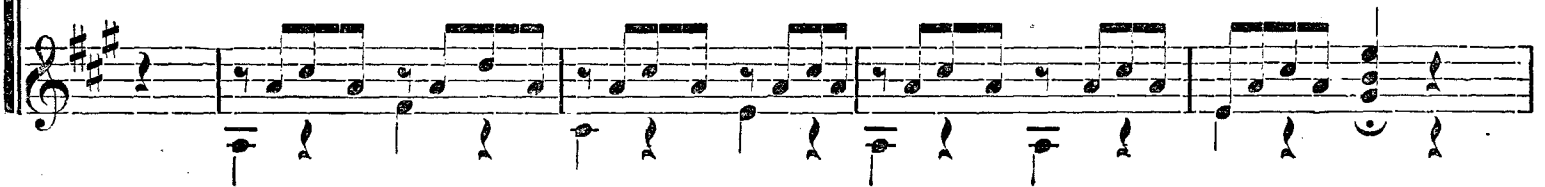
Composed by FRANK DUMONT.

Arr. for Banjo by GEO. C. DOBSON.

Moderato.



1. I'm far from de land whar I first saw de light, I long to re-turn, oh, just once again; Down in
 2. Near the banks of the stream whar de wild flow-ers grow, An de whitewash'd cabin stands on de hill, Dar de



sweet Dix-ie's land 'tis de best place of all; When I think of the past, I'm in pain; I
 ole folks would oft times sit by de door; Ah! I see them in mem-o-ry still; But de



rises de ole friends dat I lov'd so well, I miss de cot-ton buds and de happy dannies mirth; I
 am grows grass whar de ole folks sleep, And my time's com-ing soon I know; Take me



don't want to stay from de sweet sun - ny South, It's de on - ly bright spot on dis earth.
back to de South, let me see it a - gain, For it's long since I saw de cot - ton grow,

CHORUS.

mf
It's long, long a - go since I saw de cot - ton grow, To Dix - ie's land I want to go be -

mf

p a tempo.
fore it is too late. De an - gels are call - ing, And say I must come, Oh, dey

pp
won't have much lon - ger time to wait.

DANCE.

pp

THE DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK.

Composed by J. W. CHEENEY.

Arr. for Banjo by SEP. WINNER.

Moderato.



1. There's a dear lit - tle plant that grows in our isle, 'Twas Saint Pat - rick him -
 2. That dear lit - tle plant still grows in our land, Fresh and fair as the



-self sure that set it; And the sun on his | la - bor with
 daugh - ters of E - rin; Whose smiles can be - witch, and whose



pleas - ure did smile, And with dew from his eye oft did wet it;
 eyes can com - mand, In each cli - mate they ev - er ap - pear in;



It shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake and the mireland, And he called it the
For they shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake and the mireland, Just like their own

dear lit - tle sham - rock of Ire - land, The dear lit - tle sham - rock, The

sweet lit - tle sham - rock, The dear lit - tle, sweet lit - tle sham - rock of

Ire - land.

3.

That dear little plant that springs from our soil,
When its three little leaves are extended;
Denotes from the stalk we together should toil,
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended;
And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake and the mireland,
From one root should branch like the Shamrock of Ireland.

Refrain. The dear little Shamrock, &c.

The Dear Little Shamrock.— 2.

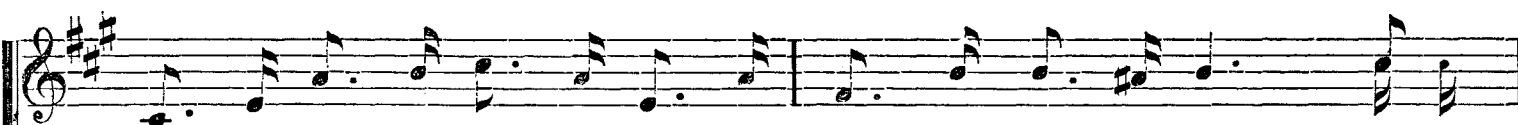
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THE BANJO.

Words by CHARLEY BRICKWOOD.

Music by GEORGE C. DOBSON.



1. Oh, here we are be-fore you, my old ban-jo and me; We're
2. The oth - er day a friend came up, and un - to me he said; "I've
3. So friends do your lev - el best, to drive dull care a - way; You've



right di-rect from Af - ri - ca, we came through C. O. D.; My
got the hy - po-chon - dri - a, I wish that I were dead," I
on - ly got one life to live, be hap - py while you may: How-some-



name is Pom - pey Ju - lius, my ban - jo's name is Sal, I
just took down the ban - jo from its ac - cus - tomed place, And
-ev - er should you ev - er get to feel - ing sol - emn - chol - y,



love it as I do my life, you bet I al - ways shall.
 played him up a jig or two, he laughed all o'er his face.
 Call on 'Pom - pey Ju - lius, and he'll cure you up, by golly!

CHORUS.

Then hear the old strings rat-tle, I love to hear her prattle.

Some like one kind of mu-sic, some would an-oth - er choose, But there's

noth - ing like the Ban-jo for to drive away the blues. Prelude at the end of each verse and for finish at last verse.

WHIPPOORWILL'S SONG.

By H. MILLARD.

Arr. for Banjo by SEP. WINNER.



1. Oh, meet me when day - light is fad - ing, And is
 2. 'Tis said that what - ev - er sweet feel - ings May be
 3. And in the long years of the fu - ture, Tho' our



dark - en - ing in - to the night; When song - birds are sing - ing their ves - pers, And the
 throbbing with - in a fond heart, When list' - ning to whip - poor - will sing - ing, For a
 du - ties may part us a while, And on the re - turn of this eve - ning, We be



day has far vanish'd from sight; And then I will sing to you, dar - ling, All the
 twelvemonth will nev - er de - part; So then we will meet in the wood - land, Far a -
 sev - ered by man - y a mile, Yet deep in our bo - soms we'll cher - ish The af -



cresc.

love I have cher - ished so long, If you will but meet me at
 way from the hur - ry - ing throng, And whis - per our love to each
 fec - tion, so fer - vent and strong, We pledg'd to each oth - er this

eve - ning When you hear the first whip - poor - will's song.
 oth - er, When we hear the first whip - poor - will's song.
 eve - ning, When we hear the first whip - poor - will's song.

Whippoor - will ! whippoor - will ! You hear the first whippoor - will's song, Oh,
 Echo. Echo.

meet me, oh meet me, When you hear the first whip - poor - will's song.

MY DEAR SAVANNAH HOME.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Music by H. P. DANKS.

Arr. for Banjo by GEO. C. DOBSON.

Con anima.

1. Whar de balm - y air is sigh - ing and de
 2. All de sweet mag - no - lia blos - soms dat was
 3. But dose hap - py days are o - ber now, de

3rd. Pos. Barre
 2d. Pos.

ros - es catch de dew, And de mock - ing bird am sing - ing in de trees, Dar's a
 bloom - ing in de lanes, And de gar - dens dat were load - ed with per - fume, All am
 boys hab gone a - way, And de col - lud gals am scat - ter'd o'er de land, Oh, de

4th. Pos Barre. 6th. Pos.

charming lub - ly ci - ty, and I'll eb - er hold it true, I was bro't up 'mong its but - ter - flies and
 dear - er to dis dar - key, dan de long and leb - el plains, And dar I al - ways had e - nough ob
 times aint what dey used to be, when mas - sa had his say, And each plan - ta - tion had its nig - ger

4th. Pos. 5th Pos.

bees; In de pas - tures and de fields, I lived de whole day long, But from
 room; When de shin - ing moon at night, was look - ing from de skies, And we
 band; Near dat lit - tle cab - bin home, de place where I was born, Dar's a

all ob dem I'se been o - bliged to roam, And when I think of hap - py times, de
 push'd de flat - boat from de rib - ber side, And down de rip - pling wa - ters whar de
 qui - et, lub - ly spot, I'd like to see, 'Tis whar dey laid my mud - der down, one

mer - ry dance and song, I long to see my dear Sa - van - nah home.....
 Fort Pu - las - ki lies, Our jol - ly danc - ing par - ties used to glide.....
 pleas - ant sum - mer morn, While song - sters sang a sad and plam - tive glee.....

CHORUS.

I long to see you once a - gain, and feel de scented breeze, And thro' dose sun - ny streets I long to

roam; I long to hear de mock - in' bird a sing - in' in de trees, Dat

grow a - round my dear Sa - van - nah home.....

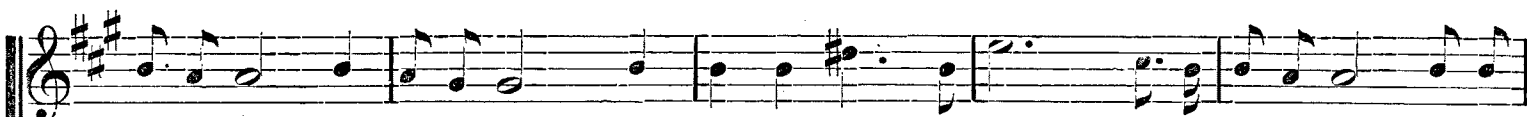
PRETTY AS A PICTURE.

Composed by T. BRIGHAM BISHOP.

Arr. for Banjo by SEP. WINNER.



1. Oh, my heart is gone, And I'm for - lorn, A dar - ling face has won me; Such a
 2. As we strayed a - long, The sweet bird's song Was ring - ing o'er the mead - ow; And I
 3. When 'twas time to go, We talked so low, The ros - es scarce could hear us, Then my



love - ly girl, With teeth of pearl, I met down by the brook; She's the pret - ti - est, And the
 cull'd a rose, You may sup - pose, To give my charm - er fair; So we'd gai - ly chat, While her
 heart in sport, 'Twas Cu - pid caught, Like fish - es near the shore; When I told her so, As I



wit - ti - est, Her smile has quite un - done me, I'm her on - ly beau, She told me so, When
 gip - sy hat, Half hid her face in shad - ow, But whene'er I sighed, Her eyes re - plied, They
 turned to go, She fond - ly liu - gered near me, And she dropp'd her head, And sweetly said, "I



first my arm she took; She's as pret - ty as a pic - ture,
 shone like dia - monds there; She's as pret - ty as a pic - ture,
 wish you *au re - voir.*" She's as pret - ty as a pic - ture,

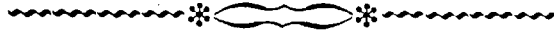
And her voice is just a cage Where lit - tle birds are singing. She's the
 And you nev - er miss the sun When - ev - er she is near you. If you
 And my heart's a gold - en frame, When - ev - er you may find her, She's a

sweetest, And the neatest, She's as pret - ty as a picture all the
 saw her, You'd a - dore her, She's as pret - ty as a picture all the
 fai - ry, Blithe and air - y, She's as pret - ty as a picture all the

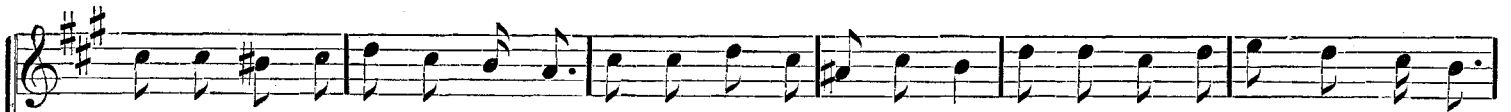
while. Oh, my heart is gone, And I'm for - lorn A dar - ling face has

won me, Such a love - ly girl, With teeth of pearl, An an - gel without wings.

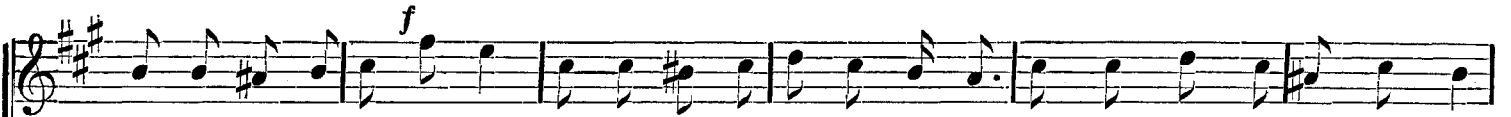
DE GOLDEN WEDDING.



Words and Music by JAS. A. BLAND.
For Banjo by GEO. C. DOBSON.



1. Les go to de golden wedding, All the dar-kies will be there; Oh, such dancing and such treading,
2. We will have ice-cream and hon-ey, Ap-ple bran-dy and mince pie; Darkies, wont it look too fun-ny,
3. Old Jim Grace will play the fid - dle, Beat the bones and old tam-bo, And Kersands will play the essence



And such yel- low girls so fair! All the high-toned colored peo-ple That re - side for miles a-round,
When Aunt Di-nah does Shoo-Fly? Un-cle Joe and Hez- e - ki - ah From the old Car'-li - na state
On Jim Bo-hee's ole ban - jo. Mac In - tosh will kiss Lu- cin - da, Kase she is so - ver - y shy,



Have re - ceived an in - vi - ta - tion, And they sure - ly will come down.
Will be at the Gold- en Wedding, Kase them col - ored gents am great.
And the lit - tle pic - ca - nin - nies, They will dance and sing Shoo-Fly.

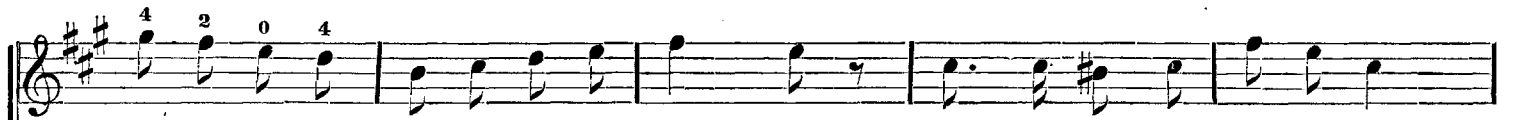


Chorus.



All the dar - kies will be there, Don't for - get to curl your hair; Bring a - long your

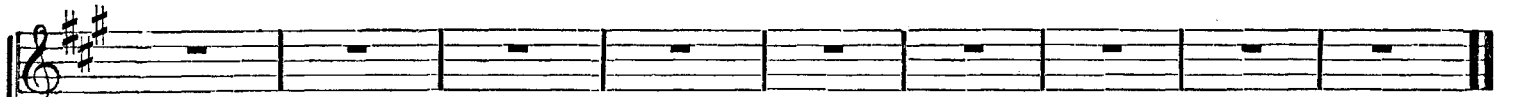
Chorus.



damsel fair, For soon we will be tread - ing. Won't we have a jol - ly time,



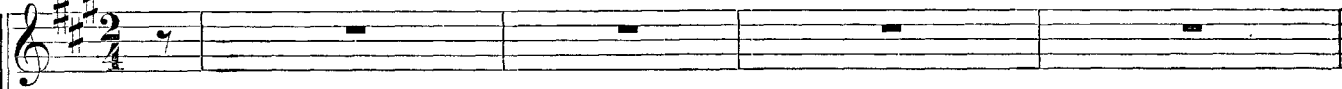
Eat - ing cake and drinking wine? All the high-toned darkies will be at the Golden Wedding.




IN THE MORNING BY THE BRIGHT LIGHT.

Arr. for Banjo by GEO. C. DOBSON.

Words and Music by JAMES A. BLAND.

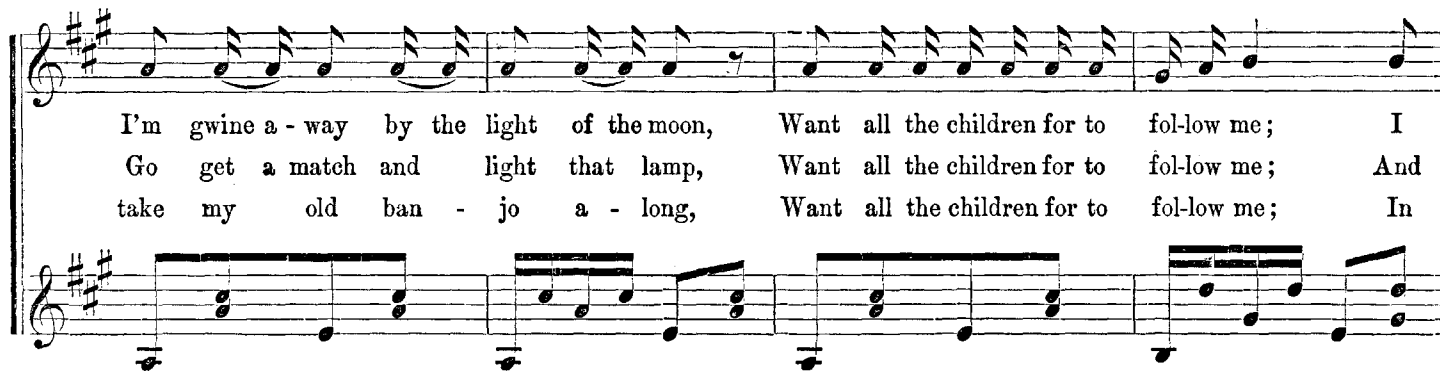
VOICE. 

BANJO. 

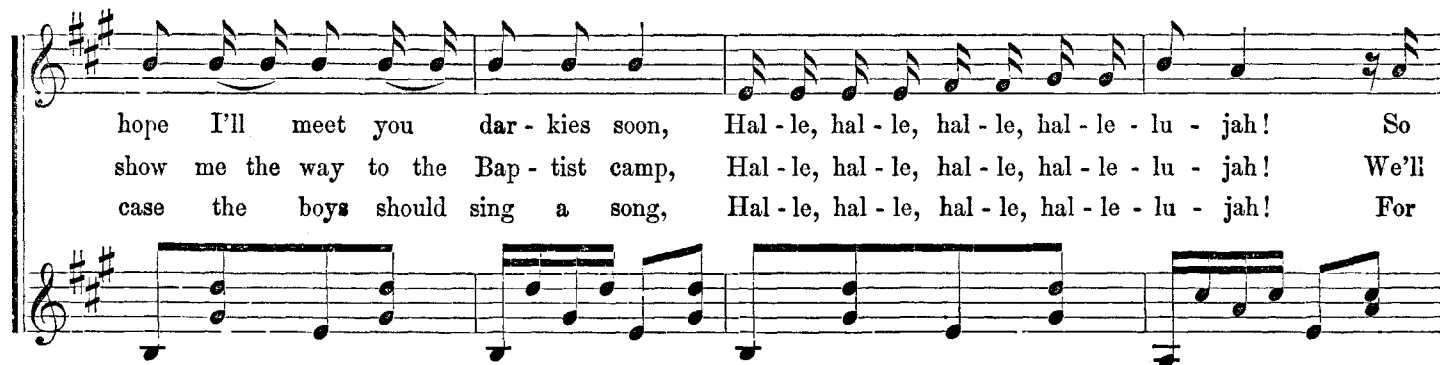


- 1.
- 2.
3. I'll

I'm gwine a - way by the light of the moon, Want all the children for to fol-low me; I
 Go get a match and light that lamp, Want all the children for to fol-low me; And
 take my old ban - jo a - long, Want all the children for to fol-low me; In



hope I'll meet you dar - kies soon, Hal - le, hal - le, hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah! So
 show me the way to the Bap - tist camp, Hal - le, hal - le, hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah! We'll
 case the boys should sing a song, Hal - le, hal - le, hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah! For



tell the bro - thers that you meet, Want all the chil - dren for to fol - low me;
 have beef-steak and spare-rib stew, Want all the chil - dren for to fol - low me; And
 no one has to pay no fare, Want all the chil - dren for to fol - low me; So

That I will trav - el on my feet, Hal - le, hal - le, hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah!
 nice boiled on - ions dipped in dew, Hal - le, hal - le, hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah!
 don't for - get to curl your hair, Hal - le, hal - le, hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah!

CHORUS.

In the morn - ing, morn - ing by the bright light, Hear Ga - - briel's

2ND POS. BARRE.

trum - pet in the morn - ing!

BANJO JIG AFTER CHORUS.

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by JAS. A. BLAND.

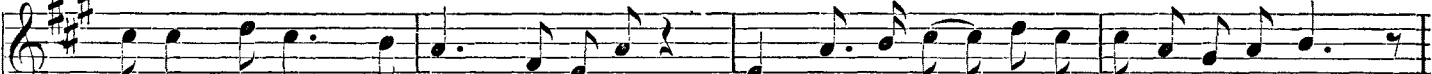
Arranged for Banjo by GEORGE C. DOBSON

VOICE. 


BANJO. 







1. Car-ry me back to old Vir-gin-ny, There's where the cotton and the corn and 'ta-toes grow,
2. Car-ry me back to old Vir-gin-ny, There let me live till I with-er and de-cay.





There's where the birds war-ble sweet in the spring-time, There's where the old darkey's heart am long'd to go,
Long by the old Dismal Swamp have I wandered, There's where this old darkey's life will pass a-way.





There's where I labored so hard for old mas-sa, Day af-ter day in the field of yel-low corn;
Mas-sa and missis have long gone be-fore me, Soon we will meet on that bright and golden shore:



ritard.

No place on earth do I love more sin-cere-ly Than old Vir-gin-ny, the state where I was born.
There we'll be hap - py and free from all sorrow, There's where we'll meet and we'll nev-er part no more.

CHORUS.

Soprano.
Car-ry me back to old Vir-gin-ny, Down where the cotton and the corn and 'ta-toes grow,

Alto.

Tenor.
Car-ry me back to old Vir-gin-ny, Down where the cotton and the corn and 'ta-toes grow,

Bass.

Banjo.

ritard. Repeat pp last time.

There's where the birds warble sweet in the spring-time, There's where this old dar-key's heart am long'd to go.

ritard.

There's where the birds warble sweet in the spring-time, There's where this old dar-key's heart am long'd to go.

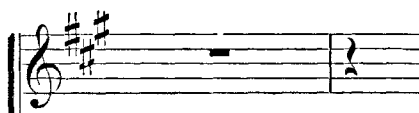
OH, DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS!

Arr. for Banjo by GEO. C. DOBSON.


Words and Music by JAMES A. BLAND.

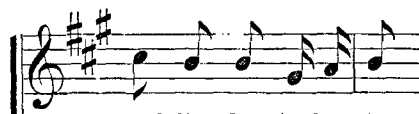
VOICE. 

BANJO. 





1. Oh, my gold-en slippers am laid a - way, Kase I don't 'spect to wear 'em till my
2. Oh, my ole ban - jo hangs on de wall, Kase it aint been tuned since
3. So, it's good-bye, children, I will have to go whar de rain don't fall or de






wed-din' day, And my long-tail'd coat, dat I loved so well, I will wear up in de chariot in de morn; And my
way last fall, But de darks all say we will hab a good time, When we ride up in de chariot in de morn; Dar's ole
wind don't blow, And yer ulster coats, why, yer will not need, When yer ride up in de chariot in de morn; But yer





long white robe dat I bought last June, I'm gwine to git changed Kase it fits too soon, And de
Brud - der Ben and Sis - ter Luce, Dey will tel - e-graph de news to Uncle Bac - ec Juice, What a
gold - en slippers must be nice and clean, And yer age must be Just sweet six - teen, And yer



ole grey hoss dat I used to drive, I will hitch him to de char-iot in de morn.
great camp-meetin' der will be dat day, When we ride up in de char-iot in de morn.
white kid gloves yer will have to wear, When yer ride up in de char-iot in de morn.

CHORUS.

Oh, dem gold-en slip-pers! Oh, dem gold-en slippers! Gold-en slippers I'm gwine to wear, Be -

case dey look so neat; Oh, dem gold-en slip-pers! Oh, dem gold-en slippers!

Gold en slip-pers Ise gwine to wear, To walk de gold-en street. street.

LOVE.

Arr. for Banjo by EDMUND CLARK.

1. O Love it is such a ver - y fun - ny thing, It catches the young and the old, It's
 2. When a man's in love with a ver - y pret - ty girl He talks as gen - tle as a dove, He
 3. So boys keep a - way from the girls I say, And give them plen - ty of room, You'll

just like a chance in a lot - ter - y game, For ma - ny's the man's been sold, It will make you sing like a
 calls her his honey and he spends lots of money, For to show her he's solid in love; When his money's all gone and his
 think you're in clover till the honey - moon is over, And then you'll wish you were dead; With a cross - eyed ba - by

bird on the wing, It will cause your heart for to swell, You may love your wife as you do your life, But 'twill
 clothes up the spout, He will find the old say - ing true, That a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, What the
 on each knee, With a wife with a wart on her nose, You will find that love don't run so smooth When you

em - pty your pock - et - book as well. So boys keep a - way from the girls, I say, And give them plenty of
 deuce is a fel - low going to do? With a wife and four - teen half starved kids I tell you it is no
 have to wear your second hand clothes, When the rents are high the kids will cry, Kase they aint got nothing for to

room, You will find when you're wed they'll bang you till your dead, With the bald - head - ed end of a broom.
 fun, When the butch - er comes round to col - lect his bills With a dog and a double barrell'd gun.
 chaw, You'll hol - ler for your son for to load up the gun, For to vaccinate your mother - in - law.

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