THE
OLD PLANTATION MELODIES
THE OLD PLANTATION MELODIES

WRITTEN and COMPOSED
BY
STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER
WALTER KITTREDGE
and others

ILLUSTRATED BY
CHARLES COPELAND and
MARY HALLOCK FOOTE

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MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME
MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD NIGHT!

The sun shines bright in the old Kentuck-y home, The summer, the dark-eyes are gay, The corn-top's ripe and the mead-ea's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day. The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry all hap-py and bright. By-n by Hard Times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then my old Kentuck-y Home, good-night!

Weep no more, my la-dy! Old weep, no more to-day! We will sing one song for tho' old Kentuck-y Home, For the old Kentuck-y Home far a-way.

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MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD-NIGHT!

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

CHORUS.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

CHORUS.
The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home; in summer, the darkeys are gay;
The corn-top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make nyic all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By'n'by Hard Times
comes a-knocking at the door,-
Then my old Kentucky Home,
good-night!
Weep no more, my lady;
Oh, weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song
For the old Kentucky Home,
For the old Kentucky Home far away
They hunt no more for the
possum and the coon
On the meadow, the hill,
and the shore;
They sing no more,
by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the
old cabin door.
The day goes by
like a shadow o'er the heart.
With sorrow
where all was delight;
The time has come,
when the darkeys have to part.-
Then my old Kentucky Home,
good-night!
The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days, and the trouble all will end
In the field where the sugar-canes grow.
A few more days for to tote the weary load,—
No matter, it will never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road,—
Then My old Kentucky Home,
good-night!
CHRISTINE NILSSON

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

Way down up - on de Swa - nee rib - ber, Far, far a - way.

Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing over, Dere's wha de old' folks stay.

All up and down de whole cre - ation, Said I room,

Still long-ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS.

All de worlds am sad and drea - my, Every where I roam,

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

CHORUS.
Way down upon de Swanee ribber,
Far, far away
Dare's wha my heart
is turning ebb'ren,
Dare's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down
de whole creation
Sadly I roam.
Still longing for de' old plantation.
And for de' old folks at home.
All de world am sad
and dreary.
Eberywhere I roam;
Oh, darkeys,
how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home!
All round the little farm
I wander'd
When I was young;
Den many happy days
I squander'd,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing
wid my brudder,
Happy was I;
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder!
Dere let me live and die.
One little hut
among de bushes,
Onesdat I love,
still sadly to my mem'ry
rushes,
no matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming
All round de comb?
When will I hear
E de banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home!
"Gentling on the Old Camp Ground"
TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

We're tenting to-night on the old Campground, Give us a song to cheer Our weary hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so dear.

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night, Wishing for the war to cease,

Many are the hearts looking for the right To see the dawn of peace.

Tenting to-night, Tenting to-night, Tenting on the old Campground.

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TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

CHORUS.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

Sing it as we used to sing it, fill from hand to strong.

While we were marching through Georgia

CHORUS.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the jubilee! Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!" So we sang the chorus from At-

lan-ta to the sea, While we were marching through Geor-gia

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MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

WRITTEN IN HONOR OF SHERMAN'S FAMOUS MARCH FROM
"ATLANTA TO THE SEA."

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

CHORUS.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

CHORUS.

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

CHORUS.

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,—
Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.

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

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

While de mocking-bird am sing-ing, Happy as de day am long,

Where de i-vy am a creep-ing, Over de grave's y mound,

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

CHORUS.
1st Voice.

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

All de darkeys am a weep-ing, Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.

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MASSA'S IN DE COLD, COLD GROUND.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

Massa make de darkeys love him,
   Cayse he was so kind;
Now, dey sadly weep above him,
   Mourning cayse he leave dem behind.
I cannot work before to-morrow,
   Cayse de tear-drop flow,
I try to drive away my sorrow,
   Pickin' on de old banjo.

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

Tempo di Marcia.

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

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

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

When the Chorus is not sung, end here.

Chorus.

marching, comrades, they will come.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching on, O cheer up, comrades, they will come, And beneath the starry flag We shall breathe the air again, Of the free land In our own beloved home.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

Adagio

Down on de Miss - siss - pi float - ing,

Long time I trak - ble and

All night de ton - of - wood

Sing for my true love all de day

CHORUS

Nel - ly was a la - dy - Last - night she died

Repeat Chorus

Toll de bell for lub ly Nell - My dark Vir - gin - ny bride.
NELLY WAS A LADY.

DOWN on de Mississippi floating,
Long time I trabble on de way,
All night de cotton-wood a-toting,
Sing for my true-lub all de day.

CHORUS.

Nelly was a lady,
Last night she died;
Toll de bell for lubly Nell,
My dark Virginny bride.

Now I'm unhappy and I'm weeping,
Can't tote de cotton-wood no more;
Last night, while Nelly was a-sleeping,
Death came a knockin' at de door.

CHORUS.

When I saw my Nelly in de morning
Smile till she open'd up her eyes,
Seem'd like de light ob day a dawning,
Jist 'fore de sun begin to rise.

CHORUS.

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

CHORUS.

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

CHORUS.
Down on de Mississippi floating,
Long time I trabble on de way,
All night de cotton-wood
da toting,
Sing for my true-lub
all de day.
"Nelly was a lady,
Last night she died;
Toll de bell for lubly Nell,
My dark Virginny bride."
Now I'm unhappy
and I'm weeping,
Can't tote de cotton-wood
no more;
Last night, while Nelly was a-sleeping,
Death came a knockin' at de door.
When I saw my Nelly
in de morning
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Seem'd like de light ob day a dawning,
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by my side;
Now all dem happy days
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Farewell, my dark Virginny bride.
OLD PLANTATION MELODIE

By STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER, WALTER HITTREDGE and Others

Profusely Illustrated by Charles Copeland, Mary Hallock Foote and Others

Consisting of a collection of genuine American folk-lore songs, text and music that defy age, with full page illustrations and appropriate decorative head and tail pieces.

The contents are:—

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME; MASSA'S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND; THE SUWANEE RIVER; MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA; TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND; TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP THE BOYS ARE MARCHING; NEW WAS A LADY.

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