

**They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me.**

I hate to talk about myself,  
But here's one time I must,  
Your confidence I'll trust,  
I have to speak or bust.  
It's funny how I get the girls,  
I never try at all,  
I seem to hypnotize them,  
I'm bound to make them fall.  
They go wild, simply wild over me,  
They go mad, just as mad as they can be,  
No matter where I'm at  
All the ladies feel like that;  
The tall ones, the small ones,  
I grab them off like that.  
Every night, how they fight over me,  
I don't know what it is that they can see.  
The ladies look at me and sigh,  
In my arms they want to die;  
They go wild, simply wild over me.  
They go wild, simply wild over me,  
They go mad, just as mad as they can be,  
No matter where I'm at  
All the ladies feel like that;  
The tall ones, the small ones,  
I grab them off like that.  
Every night, how they fight over me,  
I don't know what it is that they can see.  
Once I kissed a girl named Nell,  
Now she's in a padded cell,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.  
I get so many pretty girls  
I give a few away.  
They bother me, Each day  
They're leading me astray,  
There's lots of fellows go with girls,  
And never get their drift.  
I always get the women—  
It's just a natural gift.  
They go wild, simply wild over me,  
They go mad, just as foolish as can be,  
I meet so many kind  
I have to leave a few behind;  
They love me, they kiss me,  
I guess they must be blind.  
Every night, how they fight over me;  
They all fall for my personality,  
An old maid kissed my hand last night,  
I know if she had teeth she'd bite,  
She went wild, simply wild over me,  
They go wild, simply wild over me,  
They go mad, just as foolish as can be,  
I meet so many kind  
I have to leave a few behind;  
They love me, they kiss me,  
I guess they must be blind.  
Every night, how they fight over me;  
They all fall for my personality,  
I'm not good-looking, it is true,  
But it's the little things I do  
That makes them wild, simply wild over  
me.

**Dance  
Tunes  
and  
Assorted  
Nonsense**

**Alexander's Rag Time Band.**  
Oh, ma honey! Oh, my honey!  
Better hurry and let's meander;  
Ain't you goin', ain't you goin',  
To the leader man, ragged meter man?  
Oh, ma honey! Oh, my honey!  
Let me take you to Alexander's grand-  
stand, brass band,  
Ain't you comin' along?  
**CHORUS.**  
Come and hear, come and hear  
Alexander's rag time band;  
Come and hear, come and hear,  
It's the best band in the land.  
They can play a bugle call like you never  
heard before,  
So natural that you'll want to go to war;  
That's just the bestest band what am,  
honey lamb.  
Come on along, come on along,  
Let me take you by the hand,  
Up to the man, up to the man  
Whose the leader of the band,  
And if you care to hear the Swanee River  
played in rag time,  
Come on and hear, come on and hear  
Alexander's rag time band.  
Oh, ma honey! Oh, my honey!  
There's a fiddle with notes that screeches  
Like a chicken, like a chicken,  
And the clarinet is a colored pet,  
Come and listen, come and listen  
To a classical band that's peaches;  
Come now, come now, better hurry along.

**The Man With the Mandolin.**  
The musician is comin', a happy song  
he's hummin'.  
**CHORUS.**  
Beedle ee-um-bum-bum, beedle ee-um-bum,  
Here comes THE MAN WITH THE MAN-  
DOLIN.  
Beedle ee-um-bum-bum, beedle ee-um-bum,  
He'll cheer up till your ship comes in,  
Lovable old fellow, playing an old tune,  
He comes around every afternoon,  
Raggedy old minstrel wearing a big grin,  
You'll love THE MAN WITH THE MAN-  
DOLIN.  
All the kids follow;  
All the kids holler; to the windows above,  
Mamma, throw a nickel and the man'll  
pick a little tune we love.  
Beedle ee-um-bum-bum, beedle ee-um-bum,  
Open your heart, let the music in,  
Beedle ee-um-bum-bum, beedle ee-um-bum,  
There goes THE MAN WITH THE MAN-  
DOLIN.

**Polly-wolly-doodle.**  
Oh, I went down south for to see my Sal,  
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day;  
My Sally am a spunky gal,  
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.  
**CHORUS.**  
Fare thee well, fare thee well,  
Fare thee well, my fairy fay,  
For I'm going to Louisiana, for to see my  
Susy-anna,  
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.  
Oh, my Sal she am a maiden fair,  
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day;  
With curly eyes and laughing hair,  
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.

**Fiddler Joe.**  
Fiddler Joe from Kokomo  
Took lessons on a piccolo,  
And after seven years or so  
He could play a violin.  
Beneath his whiskered chin,  
He'd tuck his violin,  
And when you'd least expect it,  
Fiddler Joseph would begin.  
On his fid-fid-fid-fid-fid-fiddle-dee-dee,  
He played his melody,  
Now he might have played this tune  
On a harp or a bassoon—  
But he played it  
On his fid-fid-fiddle-dee-dee.

**Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight.**  
Come, get you ready, wear your brand  
new gown,  
For there's going to be a meetin' in the  
good old town,  
Where you knows everybody and they all  
knows you,  
Got a rabbit foot to keep away the hoodoo,  
And when the meetin' it does begin,  
Bend you low to drive away your sin,  
When you get religion you want to shout  
and sing,  
There'll be a hot time in the old town to-  
night, my baby!  
**CHORUS.**  
When you hear them bells go tins-a-ling-  
ling,  
All jine 'round and sweetly we will sing  
And when the verse am done the chorus  
all jine in,  
There'll be a hot time in the old town to-  
night.  
There'll be girls for everybody in the good  
old town—  
There's Miss Melinda Davis and there's  
Miss Gonolo Brown,  
There's Miss Johanna Beasley, she am all  
dressed in red,  
I hugged her and I kissed her, then to me  
she said:  
"Please, oh, please, oh, do not let me fall,  
For I love you, I love you best of all,  
Be my man, or I'll have no man at all."  
There'll be a hot time in the old town to-  
night, my baby!—Chorus.

Oh, I came to a river and I couldn't get  
across,  
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day;  
An' I jump'd upon a nigger an' I tho't  
he was a hoss,  
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.  
Oh, a grasshopper sittin' on a railroad  
track,  
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day;  
A-pickin' his teef wid a carpet tack,  
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.  
Oh, I went to bed, but it wasn't any use,  
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day;  
My feet stuck out for a chicken roost,  
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.  
Behind de barn, down on my knees,  
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day;  
I thought I heard that chicken sneeze,  
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.  
He sneezed so hard wid de whoopin' cough  
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day;  
He sneezed his head an' his tail right off,  
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.  
Sent in by Eugene Bovee, Spokane.

**Salute Your True Love.**  
Oats, peas, beans and barley grow—  
Oats, peas, beans and barley grow—  
You nor I, but the farmers know  
Where oats, peas, beans and barley grow.  
Thus the farmer sows his seed,  
Thus he stands and takes his ease,  
Stamps his foot, and clasps his hands,  
And whirrs around and views his lands.  
Sure as grass grows in the field,  
Down on this carpet you must kneel,  
Salute your true love, kiss her sweet,  
And rise again upon your feet.

**Turkey in the Straw.**  
'Twas down on the farm on a glad sum-  
mer morn  
And the sun was shining, so bright and  
warm,  
When along came Rastus with a pitch-  
fork in his hand  
And he raked up all the hay and worked  
to beat the band,  
He'd sing and he'd whistle all the live  
long day,  
He'd chase the chickens around the yard  
and through the hay,  
He would climb to the loft just to watch  
what he could see,  
For he had to put a turkey where a hen  
should be.

Played as a game and sang.  
Found in the Circuit Rider, by Edward  
Eggleston, and published in 1875.

**Oh, Johnnie! Oh, Johnnie!**  
All the girls are crazy 'bout a certain little  
lad,  
Although he's very, very bad,  
He could be, oh, so good when he wanted to,  
Bad or good, he understood about love  
and other things,  
For all the girls in town  
Would follow him around  
Just to hold his hand and sing:  
**CHORUS.**  
Oh, Johnnie, oh, Johnnie, how you can  
love,  
Oh, Johnnie, Oh, Johnnie, heavens above,  
You make my sad heart jump with joy,  
And when you're near, I just can't sit still  
a minute  
I'm so—Oh, Johnnie, Oh, Johnnie, please  
tell me, dear,  
What makes me love you so,  
You're not handsome, it's true,  
But when I look at you  
I just—Oh, Johnnie, Oh, Johnnie, Oh!  
Sent in by Mrs. Stella Hendren, Kamiah,  
Idaho.

**CHORUS.**  
Turkey in the straw! Haw, haw, haw!  
Turkey in the hay! Hay, hay, hay!  
Heave them up or cheer 'em up, any way  
at all,  
But rick me up a tune called "Turkey in  
the Straw."  
The preacher man peeked in at the door  
And he watched the fight on the old  
barn floor  
Then he sneaked around and pounced on  
a hen  
And was going straight out with her, then  
Some one shouted, "Hi, there, man!  
Don't steal that fowl!" "Catch me if you  
can!"  
A monkey sitting in a pile of straw,  
Winkin' away at his mother-in-law.

**The Old Fiddler's Sons.**  
An old gray-haired man sat playing,  
With his fiddle tucked under his chin,  
And this is the song he was singing  
As he played on his old violin.  
**CHORUS.**  
"Oh, my old fiddle and I, my old fiddle  
and I,  
Bring back, bring back,  
Memories of days gone by,  
When I lay down the shovel and hoe  
And took up the fiddle and bow,  
Oh, we've lived through the years,  
Through sunshine and tears,  
Just my old fiddle and I."  
The old fiddle now is silent,  
For the old man has gone to his rest,  
But angels in heaven will listen  
While he sings the old song he loves  
best.  
(Repeat chorus.)  
Sent in by Mrs. Stella Hendren, Ka-  
miah

### My Bonny Black Bess.

Let the lover his mistress' beauty re-  
hearse,  
And laud her attractions in languishing  
verse;  
Be it mine, in rude strain but with truth  
to express  
The love that I bear to my bonny Black  
Bess.

From the west was her dam, from the  
east was her sire;  
From the one came her swiftness, the  
other her fire,  
No peer of the real better blood can  
possess  
Than flows in the veins of my bonny  
Black Bess.

Look! Look! how that eyeball glows bright  
as a brand,  
That neck proudly arching, those nostrils  
expand;  
Mark that wide-flowing mane, of which  
each silky tress  
Might adorn prouder beauties, though none  
like Black Bess.

Mark that skin, sleek as velvet and  
dusky as night,  
With its jet undisfigured by one lock of  
white,  
That throat branched with veins, prompt  
to charge or caress,  
Now is she not beautiful, bonny Black  
Bess?

Over highway and byway, in rough or  
smooth weather,  
Some thousands of miles have we journey-  
ed together;  
Our couch the same straw, our meals the  
same mess,  
No couple more constant than I and  
Black Bess.

By moonlight, in darkness, by night or  
by day,  
Her headlong career there is nothing can  
stay,  
She cares not for distance, she knows no  
distress,  
Can you show me a courser to match with  
Black Bess?

Once it happened in Cheshire, near Dun-  
ham, I popped  
On a horseman, alone, whom I suddenly  
stopped;  
That I lightened his pocket you'll readily  
guess,  
Quick work makes Dick Turpin when  
mounted on Bess.

Now it seems the man knew me; "Dick  
Turpin," said he,  
"You shall swing for this job, as you live,  
d'ye see?"  
I laughed at his threats and his vows of  
redress;  
I was sure of an alibi then with Black  
Bess.

The road was a hollow—a sunken ravine,  
Overshadowed completely with wood like  
a screen,  
I clambered the bank, and I needs must  
confess  
That one touch of the spur grazed the  
side of Black Bess.

Brake, brook, meadow and plowed field  
Bess fleetly bestrode;  
As the crow wings his flight we selected  
our road,  
We arrived at Hough Green, in five  
minutes or less,  
My neck it was saved by the speed of  
Black Bess.

Stepping carelessly forward, I lounged on  
the green,  
Taking excellent care that by all I am  
seen;  
Some remarks on time's flight to the  
squire, I address,  
But I say not a word of the flight of  
Black Bess.

I mention the hour—it is just about four,  
Play a rubber at bowls, think the danger  
is o'er,  
When athwart my next game like a check-  
mate in chess  
Comes the horseman, in search of the  
rider of Bess.

What matter details? Off with triumph  
I came,  
He swears to the hour, and the squire  
swears the same,  
I had robbed him at four, while at four  
they profess  
I was quietly bowling—all thanks to  
Black Bess.

Then one halloo, boys, one loud, cheering  
halloo  
For the swiftest of coursers, the gallant,  
the true,  
For the sportsman inborn shall the mem-  
ory bless  
Of the horse of the highwayman, bonny  
Black Bess.

### My Pretty Quadroon.

O, who were as happy as we?  
She had lips like a blossoming pea;  
And the light in her violet eyes  
Shone on an old darky like me.  
Her face was exceedingly fair,  
Her cheeks like the roses in June  
And the ringlets of dark glossy hair  
Were the curls of my pretty quadroon.

#### CHORUS.

Oh, my pretty quadroon,  
My lover that faded too soon,  
This heart, like the strings of my banjo,  
Is broke for my pretty quadroon.

Farewell to Kentucky's green hills,  
Farewell to the little corral  
Where Cora and I often strayed,  
Farewell to Kentucky's green shade,  
My sorrows will soon be forgot  
And my heart will find rest in the tomb  
But my spirit will fly to the spot  
And watch o'er my pretty quadroon.

One plunge in that cold muddy stream,  
One struggle and all will be o'er,  
My life floats away like a dream  
And the voice of the driver's no more,  
And lo, on the cold northern breeze  
Comes the sound of the bugles and  
drums.  
Oh, God, can it be the glad day,  
The day that deliverance comes?

### Dixie Land.

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,  
Old times dar am not forgotten,  
Look away! Look away! Look away!  
Dixie land,  
In Dixie land whar I was born in,  
Early on one frosty mornin'  
Look away! Look away! Look away!  
Dixie land.

#### CHORUS.

Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray!  
Hooray,  
In Dixie land, I'll take my stand,  
To lib and die in Dixie.  
Away, away, away down south in Dixie,  
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

Old Missus marry Will, de weaber,  
William was a gay deceiver;  
Look away! etc.  
But when he put his arm around 'er  
He smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder,  
Look away! etc. —Chorus.

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber  
But dat did not seem to breach 'er;  
Look away! etc.  
Old Missus acted the foolish part,  
And died for a man dat broke her heart,  
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie  
land. —Chorus.

Now here's a health to the next old Missus  
And all de gals dat want to kiss us;  
Look away! etc.  
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,  
Come and hear dis song tomorrow,  
Look away! etc. —Chorus.

Dar's buckwheat cakes and Ingen' batter,  
Makes you fat or a little fatter;  
Look away! etc.  
Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,  
To Dixie land I'm bound to trabble,  
Look away! etc. —Chorus.

### I'm Sorry, Dear.

Just like a rose you've faded:  
Your life is what I've made it.  
I was all to blame,  
Forgive me, I'm sorry, dear.

I took your heart and ruled you,  
I stole your love and fooled you,  
Now I'm ashamed, believed me,  
I'm sorry, dear.

I don't deserve one word of sympathy,  
Sweetheart, please let me show  
How much you mean to me,  
I'm sorry, dear.

I want to bring you glad days  
To make up for all your sad days,  
Give me one more chance,  
I'm sorry, dear.

### Nellie Was a Lady.

Down the Mississippi floating  
Long time I travel on de way  
All night the cottonwood I'm toting  
Sing for my true love all the day.

#### REFRAIN.

Nellie was a lady;  
Last night she died  
Toll the bell for lovely Nell  
My dark Virginnny bride.

Now I'm unhappy and I'm weeping  
Can't tote the cottonwood no more  
Last night while Nellie was a-sleeping  
Death came a-knocking at the door.

Down in the meadow, 'mong the clover  
Walk with my Nellie by my side  
Now all these happy days are over  
Farewell, my dark Virginnny bride.

## Miscellaneous

### "Don't Say Goodby If You Love Me."

You tell me today that you're going far  
away,  
Just to make yourself a name,  
You tell me that you're discontented  
And that you are searching for fame;  
Somehow I can't realize we're parting,  
I've grown used to having you near,  
The strings in my heart, love, are break-  
ing.  
I just can't say goodbye to you, dear.

#### CHORUS.

Don't say goodbye if you love me,  
For 'twould make my heart overflow,  
Kiss my lips once 'ere you leave me,  
Just don't say goodbye when you go.

### The Little Octoroon.

Near the old plantation at the close of  
day,  
Stood a weary mother and her child;  
Listening to the sound along the rally way  
While their hearts with hope were  
throbbing wild.

#### CHORUS.

Glory, glory, how the freemen sang,  
Glory, glory, how the old woods rang;  
'Twas the Union army marching to the sea;  
Flung out the banner of the 'free.

Fly, my precious darling to the Union  
camp,  
I will keep the hound and hunters here,  
Go right through the forest though 'tis  
dark and damp,  
God will keep you safely, never fear.—  
Chorus.

Where the glaring campfires gleamed  
amid the wood,  
And the boys were halting for the  
night;  
In her wondrous beauty little Rosie stood,  
Trembling and alone before their sight,  
—Chorus.

Then the brave old gunner took her in  
his arms,  
Thinking of his own dear ones at home;  
And through all the battle and the rude  
alarms,  
Safely brought the little octoroon.—  
Chorus.

### A Sentimental Ballad.

I have been back to my mammy  
'Way down south in Alabama,  
I have seen my little queen in Tennessee,  
I've been back to old Montana, Oregon,  
Louisiana,

And to Georgia, where my cabin used to  
be;

Once again I've wandered over  
Fields of cotton, corn and clover,  
Down in Arkansas, Nebraska, Iowa,

I have been to each location  
That I've sung in syncopeation  
And since I have looked 'em over I must  
say:

#### CHORUS.

Take me back to Tin Pan Alley,  
Where the jazz composers rally,  
Where one fidgets with his digits on the  
keys.

Where the hot and sugared numbers,  
Fox-trot gayly through your slumbers,  
And the air is full of syncopeated glees;

Take me back to Tin Pan Alley,  
I've a sweetie there named Sally;  
She won't shake me,  
She will take me  
In her arms.

We'll be happy, we'll be pally  
And I'd rather have my Sally  
Than some lily of the valley  
From the farms.

Oh, she'll sing a swell soprano  
While I tinkle the piano  
With a lot of tricky Dixie melodies,  
With the royalties we'll tally  
We'll be rich eventually,  
Take me back to Tin Pan Alley  
If you please.