

Anna Maxwell's Notebook (all written in black unless otherwise indicated. Capitalization, punctuation, and spelling are reproduced as they were written. All pages are lined. When crossing out and/or substituting other words has been done it has been done in pencil by Anna Maxwell unless otherwise noted. Anna Maxwell wrote the page number on each page in pencil.)

Pg. 1-5 The Drunkard

When a fellow gets drunk he will dream queer things

For the mind cuts loose from its leading strings

Goes wandering around as it will may law

From the Southern pole to Labrador

And oft as it reels like a staggering sot

O'er the dust [here is written "dirt" but the "ir" is crossed out and "us" is written above] and  
rubbish of things forgot

It will turn up a fact in its random dashes

Like a half pistercen dug [here "kicked" is written above "dug" but "kicked" is crossed out] out  
of the ashes.

One time in the good old days that are gone

When I used to suck at the stiff blue horn

And sleep in the ditch with the mud for my bed

And the Patriarch's pillow laid under my head

With a rag of sky not half tucked [here is written "touched" but it is crossed out and "tucked" is  
written above it] up

For blankets and coverlet over the top

I dreamed, a dream, which, if no one will quarrel

I'll venture to tell you, for sake of the moral.

Ben Ham was a grocer, and sold new rum

To every sot that was able to come,

If they'd money he'd take it, if not but a coat on

He'd ship it away to the very last button  
Then turn them out doors without Money or clothing  
For drunkards he held as a very great loathing  
At length having spent my cash one night  
Till head and pockets had grown quite light  
Though a heavier heart sunk down like lead  
As he sent me into the gutter to bed  
Where I lay & thought on a plan to mend  
But was fast asleep ere I came to the end  
While thinking there of my evil ways  
And the sin & folly of all my days  
And nights to boot – behold there came  
A man whose bright eyes shone like flame  
Dark locks whose ends so crisp & brown  
Hung o'er his brow perpetual frown  
His fired seamed cheeks so sharp & thin  
When tortured made a dismal grin  
Sharp rough and keen like the face of a wasp  
He felt as he gave my head a grasp  
Ha" Ha" said the fellow my little chuck [here "chap" is written but it is crossed out and "chuck"  
is written above it] Stephen  
I'm right glad to see you how are you this evening  
They tell me whenever I stop to inquire  
You're as sharp as a steel trap & keen as a briar  
Now come, my ducky, just let's have a clinch  
And plague on the one that first will flinch  
Oh, no, said I you're alone and a stranger

And I fear [here "am a feared" is written but it is crossed out and "fear" is written above it] you  
are putting yourself in great danger [here "great" is written above "in" and "danger" and is  
pointed to with a carat]

Besides Precken men have enough ill

Without breaking their necks in a scuffle

You daren't " you say "you're a coward that's flat

Not by a darned sight you needn't talk [here "to say" is written but is crossed out and "talk" is  
written above it] that

So I planted my heel and pressed my lip

And quick closed in with an answering grip

I laid one hand on his shoulder hard

Bony and ridged and lightning scarred

Bent o'er his right, my left arm plied

Like a rough oak writhe to his burning side

And we hugged and hugged [here "hanged and hanged" is written but in both words "anged"  
is crossed out and "ugged" is written above it] and writhed and wrung

And harder and harder we tugged and clung

Till the breath of his nostrils arose [here "were" is written but it is crossed out and "arose" is  
written above it ] like a mist

And the sweat of my brow on his hot [here "hot" is written above "his" and "foot" and is  
pointed to with a carat] foot hifsed

My heel tore up the green grass sod

But it blackened and withered wherever he trod

The struggle was fierce & the struggle was long

The friend grew fierce & my arm grew strong

And we wheeled and bent till by chance a root

Coiled round the old demon's cloven [here "demonds covered" is written but it is crossed out  
and "demon's cloven" is written above it] foot

Then I bored him down with a furious shock

Twixt a fallen oak and a jagged rock

So swift he fell that the sudden stroke

Tore off the bark from the rough black oak

And made the moss on the rough rock crack

And now the old devil so ready to curse ah! [here "Oh. there the poor fellow" is written but it is crossed out and "And now the old devil so ready to curse ah!" is written above it]

Poor fellow before it cried stoutly for mercy

Let me up, let me up twas the root that threw [here "sort" and "saw" are written but are crossed out and replaced with "root" and "threw" respectively]

Fair play my fall is no credit to you

No! Not till you swear by the heat of your den

That you never will offer to throw me a gain

But the fellow was wrathful and gave no pledge

So I held him fast to the log and lege

But he yelled and roared and roared and yelled

And the harder he shouted the harder I held

Till woe for the thoughts his wits came back

For the Devil has wits though his servants may lack

But as a last hope to escape from his jam [here "join" is written but it is crossed out and "jam is written next to it]

He began to call out for his old friend Ham

Ben Ham! Ban Ham! Did the old rip yell

Come quick or this Steve will make orphans in hell

I have been with you through thin & through thick

[here "And" is written but it is crossed out] come lend a hand to your old friend Nick

The voice went forth to the voice of Ben

And out [here "of the" is written but it is crossed out] he rushed from his blood red Den

His grateful bosom all worked to a flutter

As on he spend o'er field and gutter

And rock & wall and [here "a" is written but it is crossed out and "and" is written above it] fence to lend

A helping hand to his good old friend

I caught one glimpse of the [here "his" is written but it is crossed out and "the" is written above it] coming foe

As I stopped to lay the demon low

And now thinks I I'd better be off

For one of these fellows at a time [here "once" is written but it is crossed out and "a time" is written above it] is enough

I can stand my hands with a dozen of devils

But you! Good faith [here "father" is written but the "er" is crossed out and "i" is written next to the "a"], I must take to my heels

So I lifted the log with all my strength

And rolled it o'er the fiend [here "frind" is written but the "r" is crossed out and "e" is written above it] at length

And left him writhing beneath the weight

As I fled from the fear of [here "the fear of" is written above "from a far" and is pointed to with a carat] a far worse fate

On came old Ham in filial wrath

Foaming and cursing [here "coursing" is written but the "o" is crossed out and "cursing" is written above it] a long his path

And the last I saw as I gazed oer [here "on" is written but it is crossed out and "oer" is written above it] the track

He was rolling the log off the Devil's back.

December 2, 1856

Pg. 5-6 Jordan

Oh, I lookee to de East and I lookee to de West

And I seed a mighty big chariot a comin,

Wid forty gray horses a crackin on de lead

For to take us on de oder side ob Jordan

Chorus-

So I pulled off my coat, an I rolled up my sleeve,

Jordan am a hard road to travel

So I pulled off my coat, an I rolled up my sleeve,  
Dere's mercy on de oder side ob Jordan, I believe.  
Den I lookee to de Norf & I lookee to de Souf,  
And I spied a mighty purty flower garden  
And old fader Miller blowin de clarionet,  
To invite us on de oder side ob Jordan.  
Joe Smith & fader Miller dey into a fight,  
And deres was no one near to part'em  
Fader Miller kicked Smith and he tumbled on his nose  
And he skeeted on de oder side ob Jordan

David & Goliah dey both went out to lunch  
David sent Goliah for to fotch'em  
When he up wid a bar of soap & he hit him on de shins,  
And he landed on de oder side ob Jordan.

One day Dan Tucker went to bake a hoe cake,  
An he put 'bout forty pound o' lard on  
It got to bery greasy it slipped from his hands,  
An moseyed on de oder side ob Jordan.

Poor Uncle Tom had a bery hard time,  
Though he asked Mrs. Beechers foes pardon;  
But she never will discover what a wicked thing she did [here "said" is crossed out and "did" is  
written above it, both done in pen]  
Till she tries to reach the other side of Jordan.

Uncle Sam's Black Slave hab got it mighty hard,  
But the White Slave ob England a more hard one,  
An I radder do believe Uncle Sam comes out the best  
An he needn't fear the other side of Jordan.

Den here's to Columbia de country of de free,  
Tho' I an all the other nations pardon,  
Let dem take my advice an for freedom let them fight,  
Or they nebber see the other side of Jordan.

FINIS

Pg. 7-8 A little more Cider (two versions)

I love de white gal & de black

And I love all the rest

I love the gal for loving me

But I love myself the best.

A little more cider to

A little mor cider to

A little more cider for Miss Dina

A little more cider to.

[Second version]

I love the white girl and the black

And I love all de rest

I love de gal for loving me

But I love myself the best

I feel so very thirsty

I've just been down for supper  
I drank four pails of applejack  
And a tub of applebutter.

Chorus.

And a little more cider to  
And a little more cider to  
And a little more cider for Miss Dina.  
And a little more cider to

When first I say Miss Snowflake,  
In chesnut Street I spied her,  
And of how happy I'd have been,  
Just to have been beside her,  
She winked at me, I blinked at her  
Until she crossed the street,  
And turning round she smiled & said  
A little more cider sweet.

A little more cider &c.

I wish I was an apple,  
Miss Julia was another,  
Oh. what a pretty pair we'd made,  
Upon de tree together,  
She's smile at me, I'd smile at her,  
We both would look so neat,  
But oh how happy we should be,

When squashed in cider sweet.

A little more cider &c.

FINIS

Pg. 9-10 Now hold your horses will you?

Now hold your horses will you?

And do not drive so fast,

And pray do not imagine,

Your team can be surpassed.

The other day while riding,

With two ladies by my side,

I hardly knew which one to choose

To make my happy bride;

They said they loved me dearly,

And both wished me to wed;

I felt so good between them both,

Now what do you think I said?

Chorus

Now hold your horses will you

And do not drive so fast

And pray do not imagine, [here "you" is written and crossed out in pen]

Your team can be surpassed.

I took them into Parkinson's

To get some ginger beer,

They flitted up & down the room,-  
The white folks, they looked queer,  
One swallowed six milk punches,  
Half dozen eggs, as well,  
But fore the bill was brought for pay  
The darkey thought he'd shell;  
The other eat six mince pies,  
Twelve julups, quickly sped;  
And when they axed me for de tin,  
Now what do you think I said?

Now hold your horses will you &c.

We then went out to lemon hill,  
To get some lager beer;  
Three quarts a piece they both did drink,  
Which made them fell quite queer,  
And then I led them to the dance,  
To come the toe & heel;  
We danced the old cow-chokee,  
And salamander reel;  
The policemen, they made a rush,  
And hit me on the head,  
They gals and me, den lam'd em' all,  
Now what do you think they said.

Now hold your horses will you &c.

FINIS

Pg. 11-13 New Few Days.

The world is coming to an end

Few days ----- few days

I'll crack my shins, my jacket rend

I'm gwine home

I'm gwine to run clear out of sight

Few days ----- few days

And leave these naughty diggings quite,

I'm gwine home!

Chorus

For I have got a home out yonder,

Few days ----- few days

I've got a home out yonder

In old Tennessee

And I cant stay in these diggings

Few days ----- few days

Can't stay in these diggings

I'n gwine home.

They tell me about the Maine Liquor Law

Few days ----- few days.

It makes the folks get drunk the more,

I'm gwine home,

Nebraska gwine to be a state,

Few days ----- few days,

Cuba too will come in late,

I'm gwine home

For I have got a home out yonder &c.

Every thing is done by steam.

Few days ----- few days,

Leather taffy, chalk ice cream-

I'm gwine home.

Boys wear beards and women too,

Few days ----- few days,

Though all things change there's nothing new

I'm gwine home.

For I have got a home out yonder &c.

The Shanghai fowls, they grow so tall

Few days ----- few days

That people cannot hear them crow

I'm gwine home

When griano's put on gudgeons tails,

Few days ----- few days.

They grow to be as big as whales

I'm gwine home.

For I have got a home out yonder &c

There's sin and folly every where,

Few days ----- few days.

Enough to make old Satan stare,

I'm gwine home.

I'll sing my parting song once more,

Few day ----- few days.

And then I'll pass o'er Jordan's shore

I'm gwine home.

For I have got a home out yonder &c

Pg. 13-17 The big Belly-ed Parson

In the parish of Lust near the lock of Ingall

There lived a young lad whose name was Mr. Tall

Who courted a dame named Mary Miss Call

Who was cook, slut, and dairy maid butler and all

To a bloated up big bellied parson

Named Samuel Call, Walter M. Carson, [here something is written but is crossed out in pen and cannot be read, and "Carson" is written next to it]

As hairy and ugly as arson,

So here lend an ear to my tale.

One Sunday the parson to Mary did say

Git ready my girl I am going out to pray

Put on the spit then & make no delay.

With a pair of fat ducks be they White green or gray

Well roasted and toasted like wise Ham  
As tasty as two mutton pies then  
Let them be of a modern size then  
To help me drink my strong ale.

Mary complied & got ready the fowl  
And begged of the parson to pray for her soul  
Yes, say he biddy with a thundering growl  
And then took a swig of his malt that was old  
And off he went in great speed sir  
To church his new bible to read sir  
And mounted his pony indeed sir  
That could hardly keep a foot with a snail.

He no sooner stepped out than Mr. Tall stepped in  
And wigged up young Mary right under the chin  
To gain here affections he there did begin  
And for too kisses darling he thought it no sin  
Says Mr. I long for a bit then  
Of that little duck on the spit then  
She being in such a merry fit then  
To please him she never did fail.

To keep him from longing she strait did prepare  
And to please his palate she made it her care.  
But Mr. Chawed as hard as a ten year old bear

Till he gobbled [here "globbled" is written but the "l" is crossed out with pen] it all up I vow  
and declare

He nimbly kept wagging his jaw sir

His teeth were as sharp as a saw sir [here something is written but it is crossed out with  
pen and cannot be read and "saw" is written next to it]

He left not as much as a claw sir

But he eat from the head to the tail

But when he had finished a few kisses he stole

Saying Mary in my appetite yet is a hole

Mary my dear you are a gay soul

Come give me the other before it get cold

For an excuse can be found for a ram love

As well as an innocent lamb love

So here I will give you my hand love

To you it will never turn tail.

Mary being willing to nourish her dear

To pull off the other she quickly did steer

But the boy being quite handy you need never fear

He washed it all down with the parsons strong beer

And when the job he got through sir

He kissed her and bid her adieu sir

And left her to guess what to do sir

When home the old parson did sail.

But here comes the best of my comical jest

The parson brought home a rustic brave guest  
And into the parlor I vow & protest  
He took the rich stranger till dinner was dressed

The Parson had a large blade sir  
To sharpen it he made it his trade sir  
So up to his bed room he made sir  
Just there to sharpen his life.

But while the old parson was sharpening the knife  
Says the maid to the stranger why sir pon my life  
My wicked old master he often caused strife  
And parted the husband from his loving wife.

The minute sir that I beheld you  
I knew he was going to kill you  
It would be late when the master has killed you  
For me to be telling my tale.

The fat country bug sene he took down his ear  
In order I am sure the old Parson to hear  
And when he took notice he said my dear  
Be pleased to direct me the right way to steer

She showed him out the back door sir  
And told him to make his ground sure sir  
Or your life it will not be secure sir  
And the only best way is to leg bail.

He run like a devil just broke out of hell  
And Mary ran up her old master to tell  
Her tongue did rattle like a fire bell  
And she cried for her master the villain to kill

For he crammed both the ducks & his breeches  
And now he is jumping the ditches  
A curse on the rogue & his riches  
He has left not a bit for our meal.

The old parson ran out with his knife in his hand  
Crying open breeches my gay honest man  
The stranger looked back & said you go bedam  
You thought for to kill you had the thing planned

You bloody old viper of Satan  
Your treasures are wrongfully gotten  
No wonder your teeth are so rotten  
You praying old big bellied whale.

The poor donny parson being short in the puff  
He gave up the race for he had run enough  
And so being tired of the stranger's vile stuff  
He turned right back of course enough

And dined upon bread and cold beer sir  
The monster had no better cheer sir  
So now all my joke you did hear sir  
So this puts an end to my tale.

Pg. 18-19 Villikins and his Dinah

In London famed city, a merchant did dwell,  
He had a fine daughter an uncommon fine gal,  
Her name it was Dinah scarce 16 years old,  
With a very large fortune in silver & gold

As Dinah was walking in her garden one day  
Her papa came to her & thus did he say  
Go dress yourself Dinah in gorgeous array  
For I have you a husband both gallant & gay.

Oh; papa, dear papa, I have not made up my mind,  
And to marry just yet I don't feel inclined,  
My very large fortune I'll freely give o'er,  
If you let me stay single a year or two more..

Go; go boldest daughter, the father replied,  
If you will not consent to be this gentleman's bride  
Your very large fortune shall go to the nearest a kin,  
And you shall not have the benefit of a single pin.

As Villikins was walking the back garden round

He spied his dear [here "dear" is written above "his" and is pointed to with a carat] Dinah lying  
dead on the ground

With a cup of cold poison right down by her side,  
And a billet dear stating how it was by could poison she died

He kissed her cold corpse a thousand times o'er  
And called her his Dinah, though she was no more;  
He gulped down the poison like a lover so brave,  
Now Villikins & Dinah slept in one grave.

Pg. 19-20 The Jolly Beggar Man

There was a jolly beggar man

A beggar he was bound

And he took up his quarters

Into a lander town

We'll go no more a roaming

A roaming in the night

We'll go no more a roaming

While the moon shines ere so bright

[The part above from "We'll" to "bright" is designated as the chorus, with "Chorus" written to the left of it and a line circling it]

He would not lay in barn

Nor yet would he in bire

But he must be behind the door

Or else before the fire

Chorus.

Up get the goods man's daughter

All for to bar the door

And there she saw the beggar man

A standing on the floor.

Chorus.

And he took out his trumpet

And blew [here "it" is written but crossed out in pen] both loud & shrill

And four and twenty bolted knights

Came leaping o'er the hill.

Chorus.

Pg. 20-21 Annie Laurie

Maxwelton Brass are bonnie

When early fast the dew

And it's there that Annie Laurie

Tied me to her promise true;

Tied me to her promise true;

Which ne'er forgot will be;

And for Bonnie Annie Laurie

I'd lay me down and die.

Her brow is like the snow drift,

Her throat is like the swan,

Her face it [here "it" is written above "face" and pointed to with a carat] is the fairest

That e'er the sun shone on

And dark blew is her eye

And for Bonnie Annie Laurie

I'd lay me down and die

Like dew on the gowar lying

If the fall o' her fairy feet

And like the winds in summer sighing

Her voice is low and sweet

Her voice is low and sweet

And she's a' the world to me

And for Bonnie Annie Laurie

I'd lay me down and die

Pg. 21-22 My Old Kentucky Home

The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home

Tis summer the darkeys are gay

The corn tops ripe and the meadows are in bloom

While the birds make music all the day

The young folks roll on the little cabin floor

All merry all happy & bright

By 'n' bye Hard times comes knocking at door

Then my old Kentuckey home good night.

Chorus

Weep no more my Lady, Oh weep no more to-day

We'll sing one song for my old Kentuckey home

For my old kentuckey home far away.

They no more for the possim & de coon

On de meadow, the hill, & the shore

They sing no more by de glimmer of de moon

On the bench by the old cabin door

The day goes by like [here "the" is written but crossed out in pen] a shadow o'er the land

The time am come when de darkies hab to part

So my old Kentuckey Home good night.

Chorus.

The head must bow & the back will have to bend

Wherever the darkies may go

A few more days & the trouble all will end

In field where the sugar cane grow

A few more days to tote the weary load

No matter twill never be light.

A few more days till we totter on the road

Then my old Kentucky [here "e" is written between "k" and "y" in "Kentucky" but is crossed out] home good night

Chorus

Pg. 22-23 Thou Art gone from my gaze

Thou art gone from my gaze, like a beatiful dream

And I seek thee in vain, by the meadows & stream

Oft I breathe thy fond name, to the wind floating by

But thy sweet voice is sweet is mute to my bosom's lone sigh

In the stillness of night when the stars mildly shine  
My heart fondly boils, in communion with thine  
For I feel thou art near, & where'er I may be  
That thy spirit of love keeps a watch over me.

Of the birds in the bough now companions I make  
Every simple wild flower, I prize for thy sake  
The deep woods & dark wildes, a pleasure can impart  
For their solitudes suits my sad sorrow-worn heart  
Thou art gone from my gaze, yet I will not repaine  
Ere long we shall meet in the home that's now thine  
For thou art near & where'er I may be  
That thy spirit of love holds a watch over me

Pg. 23-24 Massa's in de cold cold ground

Round the meadows are a singing  
De darkies mournful song  
While de mocking bird am singing  
Happy as de day am long  
Where de ivy am a creeping  
O'er the grassy mound  
Dar ole massa am a sleeping  
In de cold, cold ground  
    Down in de corn field  
    Hear dat mournful sound  
    All de darkies are a weeping

Massa's in de cold, cold ground

[The part above from "Down" to "ground" is designated as the chorus, with "Chorus" written to the left of it and a line circling it]

[Here "(Over)" is written to show the song continues on the next page]

When de autumn leaves were falling

When de days were cold

Twass to hear ole Massa [here "Massa's" is written but the " 's " is crossed out in pen] calling

Case he was so weak & old

Now de orange tree am blooming

On de sandy shore

Now de summer days are coming

Massa never calls no more

Chorus.

Massa make de darkies love him

Case he was so kind-

Now [here "th" is written but it is crossed out in pen] dey sadly weep above him

Mourning dat he leave dem behind

I cannot work before tomorrow

Case de tear-drops flow

I'll try to drive away my sorrow

By plucking on de old Banjo

Chorus

Commence ye niggers all

So loud as you can ball

Commence ye niggers all

To dance ----!!!!

When I goes out to promenade

I look so berry gay

I has to take my gun a long

To keep de gals away

De gals dey follow me dey does

Dey will not let me rest

So I'll take my gun into my hand

And trabble to de west

Chorus. Den commence ye niggers &c.

Miss Julia am a handsome gal

Her hair hangs down her back

And when you kiss them rosy lips

Ah-ah you hear them smack

She went to Singing school

Along with Miss Morgan

And when she struck the highest note

You couldn't hear de organ.

Chorus. Den commence ye niggers &c.

Pg. 26 Rosa's Wedding day

Oh, name the spot, and tell me where

That I can find my Rosa dear

She promised me, twas late last night

To meet me where, the moon shins bright

Chorus

Sing, sing away, tis our delight

To sing all day & work all night

To sing each darkies favorite lay

Tomorrow's Rosa's wedding day

When I was young & in my prime

No darkies here could beat my time

To use de hoe or eat corn cakes

While Rosa dear hand round the plates

Chorus. Sing sing away etc.

She had a good form & a very good figure

Which quite took de heart of dis here nigger

But alas!!! alas!!! my rival came

Ole\_\_ Bully\_\_ Sam\_Johnson was his name

Chorus. Sing sing away &c.

Pg. 27-28 Katy Darling

Oh they tell me thou art dead Katy Darling

The thy smile I may never more behold  
Did they tell thee I was false Katy darling  
Or my love for thee had e'er grown cold  
Oh: they know not the loving  
Of the hearts of Ennis Son's  
When a love like to thine Katy Darling  
Is to the goal to the [here thee is written but the last "e" is crossed out in pen] race that he runs

Oh hear me sweet Katy  
For thee will the flowers greet me Katy Darling  
And the love birds are singing on each tree  
Wilt thou never more hear my Katy Darling  
Behold love in waiting for thee.

I'm kneeling by the grave Katy Darling  
This world is all a blanck world to me  
Oh could thou hear my wailing Katy Darling  
Or think love I'm sighing for thee  
Oh. methinks the stars are weeping  
By their soft and lambent light  
And their heart would be melting Katy Darling  
Could'st thou see thy [here "own" is written but it is crossed out in pen] lone Dermot this night  
Oh. listen sweet Katy  
For the wild flowers are sleeping Katy Darling  
And the love birds are nesting in each tree  
Wilt thou never more hear me Katy Darling  
Or know love I am kneeling by thee.

Tis useless all my weeping Katy Darling

But I'll pray that my spirit be my guide

And when that my life is spent Katy Darling

They will lay me down to rest by [here "my" is written but it is crossed out in pen] thy side

Oh, a huge [here the word is written "hughe" but the extra "h" is crossed out in pen] great grief  
I'm bearing

Though I scarce can heave a sigh

And I'll ever be a dreaming Katy Darling

Of thee every day till I die

Farewell then sweet Katy

For the wild flowers will blossom Katy Darling

And the love birds will warble in each tree

But I heaven I shall meet thee Katy Darling

For there love thou art waiting for me.

Pg. 28-29 Old Dog Tray

The morn of life has passed

And evening comes at last

It brings me the dream of a once happy day

Of merry forms I've seen

Upon the Village green

Sporting with my old dog Tray

Chorus

Old dog Tray is ever faithful

Grief cannot drive him away  
He is gentle; he is kind; I'll never, never, find  
A better friend than old dog Tray.

The forms I call my own  
Have vanished one by one  
The loved ones, the dear ones, have all passed a way  
Their happy smiles have flown  
Their gentle voices gone  
I've nothing left but Old Dog Tray

Chorus.

When thoughts recall the past  
His eyes are on me cast  
I know that he feels that my bleeding heart would say  
Although he cannot speak  
I'll vainly vainly seek  
A better friend than Old Dog Tray

Chorus.

Pg. 30-31 Bob. Gray.

My Six months now are past  
I'me [here "I've" is written but it is crossed out with pen and "I'me" is written next to it] out of  
jail at last  
It often makes me think of the once happy days

And jolly times I've seen  
A long with Josey Green  
Getting drunk at Old Bob. Gray's

Chorus

Old Joe Green was always with me  
The jolliest love be ever seen  
In one eye he is blind  
For [here "your" is written but it is crossed out with pen] a spree you'll never find  
A better chance than Old Joe green

Two coats I once did own  
They vanished one by one  
My hats & my boots have all passed away  
All up the spout they flowed  
And I & Joe have gone  
To spend the blunt at old Bob. Gray's

Chorus!-&&&

When by his cell I passed  
His eyes were on me cast  
I know very well what he would liked to say  
They wouldn't let him speak  
But he would be out next week  
Then we'll get drunk at old Bob. Gray's

Chorus &&&

Oh. fare you well, my own Mary Ann

Fare you well for a while,

The ship is ready & the wind is fair

And I am bound for the sea Mary Ann

Oh. don't you see the Turtle dove,

Sitting on yonder pile

Lamenting the loss of his own true love,

And so am I for my own Mary Ann

Chorus. Oh fare you well &

A lobster in the lobster pot

A blue fish dangling on the line

May suffer some-----but you know not

What I do feel for my Mary Ann

Oh. fare you well &&&

The pride of all the produce ground

The dinner kitchen-----garden fruit

Is pumpkins some, but can't compare

To the love I bear for my Mary Ann

Oh. fare you well &&&

Pg. 32 The Blue Juniata

Wild roamed an Indian girl

Bright as Alfarata

Where sweeps the waters of

The blue Juniata  
Swift as an antelope  
Through the forest going  
Loose were her jetty locks  
In wavy tresses flowing.

Gay was the mountain song  
Of bright Alfaratta  
Where sweeps the waters of  
The blue Juniata  
Strong and true my arrows are  
In my painted quiver  
Swift goes my light canoe  
Down the rapid river

Bold is my warrior good  
In love of Alfaratta  
Proud waves his snowy plume  
Along the Juniata  
Soft & low he speaks to me  
And then his war cry sounding  
Rings his voice in thunders loud  
From height to height resounding.

The night was dark & fearful

The blast went wailing by

A watcher pale & fearful

Looked forth with anxious eye

How wistfully she gazeth

No gleam of light is there

Her eyes to heaven she raiseth

In agony of prayer. [here "prayer" is written but the last "e" is crossed out with pen]

Within that dwelling lonely

Where want & darkness reign

Her precious child, her only

Lay moaning in his pain

And death alone can free him

She feels that this must be

But oh! for morn to see him

Smile once again on me

An hundred lights are glancing

Within that mansion fair

And many feet are dancing

They need no mourning there

Oh! young and joyous creatures

One lamp from out your store

[Here "(Over)" is written to show it continues on the next page]

Would give that poor boy's features

To his mothers gaze once more.

The morning sun is shining

She heedeth not its ray [here "rays" is written but the "s" is crossed out with pen]

Beside her dead reclining

The pale dead mother lay

A smile her lips is wreathing

A smile of hope & love

As if she still were breathing

There is light for us above.

Pg. 34-35 A Temperance Song

Dear father! drink no more I pray,

It makes you look so sad,

Come home & drink no more I pray,

Twill make dear mother glad.

Dear father! think how sick you've been,

What aches & pains you know!

Oh! drink no more, & then you'll find

A home where'er you go.

Dear father! think of mother's tears

How oft & sad they flow,

Oh! drink no more, then will her grief,

No longer rack her so.

Dear father! think what would become

Of me were you to die!

Without a father, friend, or home;

Beneath the chilly sky!

Dear father! drink no more, I pray,

It makes you look so sad,

Come home & drink no more, I say

T'will make that home so glad.

Thus spake in tenderness the child;

The drunkard's heart was moved.

He signed the pledge; he wept, he smiled

And kissed the boy he loved.

FINIS

Pg. 36-37 A life on the Ocean Wave.

A life on the ocean wave,

A home on the rolling deep,

Where the scattered waters [here something is written, but it is crossed out in pen and it cannot be read] rave,

And the winds there revels deep!

Like a eagle caged I pine

On this dull undischarging shore;

O give me the flashing brine,

The spray & the tempest roar!

A life on the ocean wave  
A home on the rolling deep!  
Where the scattered waters rave  
And the winds their revels keep!

Once more on deck I stand,  
Of my own swift gliding craft;  
Set sail; farewell to the land,  
The gale follows fair abaft.  
We shoot through the sparkling foam  
Like an ocean bird set free;  
Like the ocean bird, our home,  
We'll find, far out on the sea!

A life on the ocean wafe,  
A home on the rolling deep!  
Where the scattered waters rave  
And the wind there revels keep.

The land is no longer in view,  
The clouds have begun to frown;  
But with a stout vessel & crew,  
We'll say let the storm come down!  
And the song of our heart shall be,  
While the winds & the waters rave,  
A life on the heaving sea,  
A home on the bounding wave!

A life on the ocean wave

A home on the rolling deep  
Where the scattered waters rave  
And the winds there revels keep.

FINIS

Pg. 37-38 Home Sweet home

Mid pleasures & palaces where'ere we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;  
A charm from the skies seems to follow us there,  
Which see through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere

Home, hom, sweet sweet home,

There's no place like home.

2<sup>nd</sup>"

I gaze on the moon, as I tread the drear wild,

And feel that my parent [here is written "parents" but the "s" is crossed out with pen] now  
thinks of her child

She looks on that moon from our own cottage door

Through woodbines whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.

Home, home, sweet sweet, home &c

An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain

O give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again;

The birds singing gaily that came at my call,

Give me [here "me" is written above "give" with a carat pointing to "me"] them with the peace  
of mind clearer than all.

Home, home, sweet, sweet, sweet, home. &c

FINIS

Pg. 38-39 The drummer boy for Waterloo

When ballet roused each warlike band,

And carnage loud her trumpet blew,

Young Edwin [here "Edward" is written but "ard" is crossed out and "in" is written next to it]  
left his native land,

A drummer boy for Waterloo.

2<sup>nd</sup> "

His mother when his lips she pressed,

And bade her noble boy adieu

With wringing [here "wringing" is written over "with" and "wringing" is pointed to by a carat]  
hand and aching breast

Beheld her boy for Waterloo.

3<sup>rd</sup>"

Young Edwin knew no infant fears,

His knapsack o'er his shoulders drew,

And cried dear mother dry those tears,

Till I return from Waterloo.

4<sup>th</sup>"

He went! and near the set of sun,

Beheld his foe in arms subdued,

The flash of death, the murderous gun,

Had laid him low at Waterloo.

5<sup>th</sup>"

O comrads, comrads Edwin cried

And proudly beamed his eye of blue,

Go tell my mother Edwin died

A drummer boy at Waterloo.

6<sup>th</sup>"

When night had stilled its battles hum,

Beneath its moonlights mournful hue

They layed his head upon his drum

And dug his grave at Waterloo

Pg. 39-40 The Derby Ram

As I was going to Derby, all on a market day

I met the finest ram sir, that e'er was fed on hay

On hay, on hay, on hay,

I met the finest ram sir, that e'er was fed on hay

No chorus to the first verse

This ram was fat behind sir, this ram was fat before,

This ram was ten yards round sir, indeed he was no more

No more, no more, no more,

This ram was ten yards round sir, indeed he was no more

Chorus

Oh what a lie

Oh what a lie

Oh what a lie sir

Oh what a lie

2<sup>nd</sup>

The horns that grew on his head sir, were so wondrous high

And I've been plainly told sir, they reached [here "reached" is written above "they" with a carat pointing to "reached"] unto the sky

The sky, the sky, the sky,

And I've been plainly told sir, they reached unto the sky

Chorus.

3rd"

The tail that grew on his back sir, was six yards and an ell

And it was sent to derby to toll the market bell

The bell, the bell, the bell,

And it was sent to derby to toll the market bell

Chorus O what a lie, &c

4

The man that owned this ram sir, was counted very rich

And the man that killed this ram sir, was an irish - - - -

Oh what a lie &c

The man that killed this ram sir, was up to his neck in blood

The boy that held his feet sir, was carried away in the flood

Chorus Oh what a lie &c

Pg. 41 Polly

1st"

Polly sit down, and I'll sit by you

For I think it is high time for me to say you

T'is all afolly to be melancholy

I want to [here "to" is written above "want" with a carat pointing to "to"] get married, what say you Miss Polly

2<sup>nd</sup>

"I won't rise to wash your linen!

I won't sit at your wheel spinning!

But I'll lie in my bed till the clock striked seven

And if that don't do I'll lie till eleven!"

3<sup>rd</sup>

"Polly you must marry some Lord or Squire

That will buy you a cot to lie by the fire

I'll go to see Sally that lives in the alley

A far better girl, so, fare you well Polly."

4<sup>th</sup>

Polly when she found her true love was going

And what sighing and sitheing all was owing

Saying "Come you back Billy I will not deny you!

For what I have said was just for to try you!"

5<sup>th</sup>

"I will rise & wash your linen

I will sit at your wheel spinning."

And I will thrash in my barn while you sit a spinning

And Polly I think it's a free good beginning

FINIS

Pg. 42-43 Maggie by my side [written in pink]

1st"

The land of my home is flitting

Flitting from my view

A gull in the sail is sitting

Toils the merry crew

There let me home be

O'er the water wide

I roam with a proud heart

Maggie by my side

Chorus

My own love Maggie dear

Sitting by my side

Maggie dear my own love

Sitting by my side

2nd"

The wind howling o'er the billow

From the distant lea

The storm raging around my pillow

Bring no care to me

Roll on ye dark waves

O'er the troubled tide

I heed not your anger

Maggie's by my side

Chorus

My own love Maggie dear &c

3<sup>rd</sup>"

Storms can appall me never

When her brow is clear

Fair weather lingers ever

Where her smiles appear

When sorrow breakers

Round my heart shall bide

Still may I find her

Sitting by my side

Chorus

My own love Maggie dear

Pg. 43-44 The Poor old Slave [written in pink]

1<sup>st</sup>"

Twas just one year ago to day, that I rember well

I walked down by my Nellie's side a story for to tell

It was a poor old darky, slave, [here is written "a story hard to tell" but it is crossed out in pink]  
that toiled for many a year

But now he's dead & in his grave, no master, now to fear

Chorus. The poor old slave has gone to rest

We know that he is free

Disturb him not but let him rest

Way down in Tennessee.

2<sup>nd</sup>"

She took my arm, we walked a while into an open field

And as we walked she paused a while, & to his grave did stear  
She knelt down by that little mound & softly whispered there  
O! father dear, come take thy child & wipe away a tear.

Chorus

Chorus That poor old slave &c

3<sup>rd</sup>"

But since that time how things have changed!  
Poor Nellie that was my bride  
Now she is dead & in her grave, down by the old grave side  
And oft I roam across the fields & meadows far & wide  
I wish I too were in my grave down by my darling side

Chorus That poor old slave &c.

Pg. 44-45 Tonga Islands [written in pink]

1<sup>st</sup>"

I sailed from port the other day  
And to the south I took my way  
And we were wrecked in No-Bottom bay

All in the Tonga Island

Chorus

Oke poke foke fum

Pole be ke gue bulo cum

Tongre wongre gingere wun

All in the Tonga Island

2<sup>nd</sup>"

The king he made a prince of me  
His name was Kiro Kiro He

And we were thick as thick could be

All in the Tonga Island

Chorus. Oke poke foke fum &c

3rd"

He made me [here "me" is written above "made" with a carat pointing to "me"] at his table eat

And gave to me his right hand seat

And all the time we had nothing but meat.

All on the Tonga Island

Chorus. Oke poke foke fum &c.

4th"

Says he will you be my son-in-law?

And marry the princess Wash-ke-taw-

Says I your majesty hold your jaw!!!!

All on the Tonga Islands

Chorus Oke poke foke fum &c

5th"

And now I'm landed safe & sound,

In old Columba happy ground

May I be shot if ever found

Again in the Tonga Island.

Chorus Oke poke foke fum &c

Pg. 46-47 Lilly Dale [written in pink]

1st"

T'was a calm sill night

When the moon's pale light

Shown round o'er hill & dale

When friends meet with grief

Stood round the death bed

Of my poor lost Lilly Dale.

Ah Lilly, sweet Lilly

Dear Lilly Dale

Now the wild flowers blossom o'er her little green grave

Neath the trees in the flowery vale.

2<sup>nd</sup>"

Her cheeks that once glow'd with the rose tint of health

By the hand of disease turned pale

And the death damps was on the pure white brow

Of my poor lost Lilly Dale

Ah Lilly & &.

3<sup>rd</sup>"

I go she said to the land of rest

And e'er my strength shall fail

I must tell you where near my own loved home

You must lay poor Lilly Dale

Ah Lilly & &.

4<sup>th</sup>"

Neither the chestnut tree where wild flowers grow

And the stream gush forth from the vale

Where the birds shall warble their notes in Spring

There lay poor Lilly Dale

Ah Lilly & &

Pg. 47-48 Oh I should like to Marry [written in pink]

1<sup>st</sup>"

Oh. I should like to Marry

If I could only find

Any handsome fellow

Suited to my mind

Oh I should like him dashing

And I should like him gay

The leader of the Fashion

The dandy of the day.

2"

O I should like his hair

As befits wings divine

The sort of thing each fair

Would envy being mine

He must'nt be to short

He must'nt be to burly

But shine & tall & straight

Mustache & wiskers curly.

Chorus O. I should like to marry & & &

3<sup>rd</sup>"

His cab too he must drive

With a tiny tiger dear

And a phantom and a Brougham

And ten thousand pound per year.

He must'nt wish to have

All things just his own way

He must mope when I am grave

And be gay when I am gay.

Chorus. Oh! I should like to marry

4<sup>th</sup>"

I'm sure he'll never grumble

But live a life of ease

That is on one condition

I'm to do what e'er I please

Now isn't this good natured?

And don't you all agree

This little tiny privilege

Is not too much for me.

Chorus Oh! I should like to marry

Pg. 49-50 Do they miss me at Home [written in pink]

1<sup>st</sup>"

Do they miss me at home? Do they miss me

T'would be an assurance most dear

To know at this moment some loved one

Were saying, I wish he were here

To feel that thee group at the fire side

Were thinking of me as I roam

Oh yes twould be joy by and measure

To know that they miss me at Home

2<sup>nd</sup>"

When twilight approaches, the season

That ever is sacred to song

Does some one repeat my name over

And sigh that I tarry so long

And is there a chord in the music

That is missed when my voice is away

And a chord in each heart that awaketh

Regret at my wearisome stay

3<sup>rd</sup>"

Do they set me a chair near the table

When evening's home pleasures are nigh

When the candles are lit in the Parlor

And the stars in the calm azure sky

And when the "good nights" are repeated

And all lay them down to their sleep

Do they think of the abscent & waft me

And whispered "good night" while they sleep.

4<sup>th</sup>

Do they miss me at Home? Do they miss me

At morning, at noon, at night.

And lingers one gloomy shade round them

That only my presence can light

Are joys less invitingly welcome

And pleasures less hale than before

Because one is missed from their circle

Because I am with them no more

FINIS

Pg. 50-51 Yes we miss thee at Home [written in pink]

1<sup>st</sup>

We miss thee at home, yes we miss thee

Since the hour we bade thee adieu

And prayers have encircled thy pathway

From loving hearts anxious & true

That the Savior would guide & protect thee

As far from the loved ones you roam

And whisper where'er thou werst saddened

They miss thee, all miss thee at home

2<sup>nd</sup>"

[Here "The" is written but it is crossed out in pink] When morning awakes us from slumber

We catch from the lips the first kiss

And fold in a wandering zephyr

To be wafted to him whom we miss

And when we have joined the home circle

And replaced the still vacant chair

In each eye rose the gathering tear drops

For him we want to see there

3<sup>rd</sup>"

The shadows of evening are falling

Oh! where is the wanderer now?

The breeze that floats lightly around me  
Per chance may soon visit his brow  
O bear on thy bosom a message  
We are watching oh why wilt thou roam?  
The heart has grown sad & dejected  
For we miss thee all miss thee at Home.

Pg. 52-53 Root Hog or Die

I'll tell you a story that happened long ago  
When the English came to America, I's spouse you all do know.  
They couldn't whip the Yankees, I'll tell you the reason why  
Uncle Sam made 'em sing Root Hog or die.

John Bull sent to Boston, as you shall plainly see..  
Forty large ships. Loaded clear up with tea.  
The Yankess wouldn't pay the tea tax, I'll tell you the reason why  
The yankee boys made them sing Root Hog or die.

They first met our armies on the top of Bunker's Hill  
When it came to fighting I guess they got their fill  
The yankee boys [under the rest of this line is written "made them sing Root Hog or Die" but  
that is crossed out] chased them off, I'll tell you the reason why.  
The Yankee boys made them sing. Root Hog or Die.

Then they met our Washington at Yorktown,  
There the Yankees mowed them down like the grass from the ground  
Old Cornwallis gave up the sword I'll tell you the reason why

[here "the yankee boys" is written and then crossed out] General Washington made them sing  
Run hog or die

Then they came to Baltimore forty year a go

They tried to take noth point but they found it wouldn't go

The Baltimoreans chased them off, I'll tell you the reason why

The Yankee boys made them sing, Root Hog or die.

Then the marched their armies down to New. Orleans.

That was the place I think that Jackson gave them beans.

They couldn't take our cotton bales. I'll tell you the reason why

General Jackson made them sing Root Hog or die.

Now Jonny Bull has been kicking up a fuss,

He's better keep quiet or he will shurley make it worse.

We're bound to have Cuba, I'll tell you the reason why.

For Uncle Sam will make them sing Root Hog or die

Pg. 53 Old Dad [the title and words are circled]

Thats so Johnny Roach

I've sung so much of Dandy jim

Of course

[Several lines under this is written "Over."]

Pg. 54-55 Jim Crack Corn! I don't care

If you should go in summer time

To Souf Carolina sultra cilme

And in de shade you chance to lie

You'll soon find out dat blue tail fly.

Chorus. Jim Crack corn, I don't care!

Jim Crack corn! I don't care!

For massa me gave away.

When I was young I used to wait

On massa's table and hand de plate

I'd pass the bottle when he dry

And brush away the blue tail fly.

Chorus. Jim Crack &c.

When de massa take his sleep,

He bid dis nigga sight to keep

An when he gows, to shut his eye

He tell me watch dat blue tail fly.

Chorus. Jim crack &c.

Ole massa ride in arternoon,

I follow arter wid a hickory broom,

De pny he is bery shy,

Kase he bitten by de blue tail fly.

Chorus. Jim Crack &c.

De pony run dar jump anm pitch

He trowed ole massa in de ditch

He died & de Jury all did cry,

Dat de verdict was de blue tail fly

Chorus Jim crack &c.

Ole massa's dead now let him rest,

Dey say all tings am for de best,

I nebber shall forget till de day I die,

Ole massa and de blue tail fly,

Chorus. Jim crack &c.

Pg. 55-59 Yankee Doodle

Ye gallant sons of liberty

Who bravely have defended

Your country's rights by land & sea

And to her cause attended.

With Yankee doodle doo,

Yankee doodle dandy

Our tars will show the haughty foe

Columbia's sons are handy

Upon the ocean's wide domain,

Our tars are firm and true sirs,

And freedom's cause they will maintain

With Yankee doodle doo sirs. Yankee doodle &c.

The fourth day of July 'tis said

That day did Britain rue sirs

When an independent tune we played

Yankee doodle, &c.

Columbia's sons did then declare  
They would be independent,  
And for King George they would not care  
Nor yet for his descendant.

Yankee doodle &c.

For the prince-regent thought he'd send  
A fleet to take our few, sirs,  
But when to sea our sailors went  
They play'd 'em Yankee doodle

Yankee doodle &c.

First bold Hull the Guerriere met,  
And t'was a glorious day sirs!  
Cried Dacres "Give them boys a sweat  
And show them British play. sir.

Yankee doodle &c.

But Hull that story did not like,  
So return'd them shots a few sirs  
Which caused the British flag to strike  
To Yankee doodle.doo.sirs.

Yankee doodle &c.

Now next bold Jones a frolic took,

Upon the ocean too, sirs.

Lord, how the British flag he shook,

To Yankee doodle doo sirs.

Yankee doodle &c.

For Jones so smart a tune did play,

That it made the British sing sirs.

And Whinnyates to his men did say

Damn'd hard that Wasp does sting sir!

Yankee doodle &c.

Sure Whinnyates thought our gallant Jones

Could take a frolic too sirs,

But soon he struck his marrow bones

To Yankee doodle doo sirs

Yankee doodle &c.

T'was next the Macedonian met

Brave Commodore Decatur.

A Yankee Ship," cried he, I'll bet.

Prepare my boys to take her.

Yankee doodle &c.

For Carden thought he had us tight

Just so did Dacres too sirs

But brave Decatur put him right

With Yankee doodle doo sirs

Yankee doodle &c.

They thought they saw our ship on flame

Which made them all huzza sirs

But when the second broadside came

It made them hold their jaws sirs.

Yankee doodle &c.

British tars think that they can

Whip Yankees one to two, sirs.

But only give us man to man,

They'll see what we can do sirs.

Yankee doodle &c.

Our tars do care no more for France

Than Britain, is most true sirs,

And can make any nation dancec

To Yankee doodle doo sirs.

Yankee doodle &c

Now he're's a health to valiant Hull,

Jones and Decatur too, sirs

And we'll include brave Brainbridge too

Sing Yankee doodle doo, sirs

Yankee doodle doo &c

[There is a string knotted through pg. 59 to turn the page.]

Pg. 59-60 Mrs. Cunningham's Baby

A child must be born, a heir to Burdell,  
But who is the father, we sure'ly cant tell,  
What boots it my friend, this secret to know  
Though violent her pains, and her labor quite long,  
She could not bring forth, though healthy & strong,  
Her heir to Burdell, for the scheme was all sham  
The travail and pains of Mrs. Cunningham.

To sing-sing, no doubt, she'll travail ere long,  
To grunt & to grown, other convicts among;  
May the fleas & the bedbugs the old witch annoy  
That used such base fraud the estate to enjoy!  
May the howling of dogs torment day & night,  
And the ghost of Burdell her spirit affright,  
May the jumping-toothache disturb her rpose,  
And the cold frosts of freeze her fingers & toes.  
May every thing haunt her from noth to south pole,  
Grim specters and sprites to her vision still roll-  
Until deep repentance is wrought on her mind,  
She be forced to unveil the dark roll of her crime.  
Ah, black-hearted woman, thy deeds are dark, vile,  
Though thy countenance wears a calm placid smile,  
Thy schemes deeply plann'd, and with consummate art,

Still, truth will expose thee, with anguish of heart.

To what degradation hast thou fallen at last-

Mysterious woman, only think on the past:

Once loved and respected, & innocent thine

But now, wretched woman, abhorred by thy kind;

A disgrace to thy country, [here is written "abhorred by thy kind" but it is crossed out in pen] a disgrace to thy sex,

In the lowest society for years thou must mix,

Within the damp walls of a prison confined,

And feel the remorse of the guilty in mind.

FINIS [this word is written in block letters]

Pg. 61-62 New Jers-a Air Root Hog. Or Die

Come, kind friends, all draw near,

The song that I'm about to sing, you every one should hear,

So give me your attention, to what I'm going to say,

I'll sing you a sing about New Jers-a

The things that I'm about to mention in my rhyme,

I'll prove to you kuite plainly, if you will give me time

So for all convicted prisoners, I beg you all to pray

For they never will get pardoned in New Jers-a

If you go to Jersey & ask them for their fruit,

The stingy old Spaniard will at you shoot,

And if you find an apple, you'll have to run away,

For they'll choke you for a cherry up ["up" is written above "in" with a carat pointing to "up"]  
in New Jers-a

The first thing I will mention, happened on the Delaware

A steamboat was burnt, & many drowned there

The guilty were arrested, & allowed to walk away

That's the way they do things up in New Jers-a

Another time at Burlington, you surely don't forget

The cars were running backwards & by accident

Old & young were killed there, but no man had to pay

For they never hurt a Jerseyman up in N Jers-a

Over here in Camden, not many months ago,

A German went a gunning all through the ice & snow

He accidentally shot one (Hatch) they marched straight away

Twenty years to prison up in New Jers-a

The latest thing that has occurred ["r" is here written above "occued" and "r" is pointed to with  
a carat] caused many a tear,

I think it happened sometime last year,

A man was murdered, so we heard say,

Way down at Freehold in New Jers-a

A man was arrested at once for the deed  
And to the court of Justice they straight did him lead  
He was tried & convicted, on the scaffold he had to pay,  
Yes, they strung up poor Donnelly in New Jers-a

After hanging thirty minutes he was cut down.  
The sheriif on his body cast many a frown  
And he wanted to exhibit the corpse that day  
On the courthouse steps in New Jers-a

Here I would have you know to my country I am true,  
But give to me the power & I tell you what I'd do  
Over to New Jersey I will go right away  
And hang up all the Jerseyman in New Jers-a

Pg. 63-64 PRAIRIE FLOWER

On the distant prairie, where the heather wild,  
In its quiet beauty lived and smiled,  
Stands a little cottage, and a creeping vine,  
Loves around its porch to twine;  
In that peaceful dwelling was a lovely child,  
With her blue eyes beaming soft and mild,  
And her wavy ringlets of her flaxen hair,  
Floating in the summer air.

Chorus      Fair as a lily, joyous and free,

Light of that prairie home was she,  
Every one who knew her, felt the gentle power  
Of Rosalie, the Prairie Flower

On the distant prairie, when the days were long,  
Tripping like a fairy, sweet her song.  
With the sunny blossoms, and the birds at play,  
Beautiful and bright as they.  
When the twilight shadows gathered in the west,  
And the voice of nature sunk to rest  
Like a cherub kneeling seemed the lovely child,  
With her gentle eyes so mild.

Chorus Fair as a lily &c &c

But the summer faded, & a chilly blast,  
O'er that happy cottage swept at last  
When the autumn song-birds woke the dewy morn  
Little Prairie Flower was gone;  
For the angels whispered softly in her ear.-  
"Child, thy Father calls thee, stay not here,"  
And they gently bore her, robed in spotless white,  
To their blissful home of light.

Chorus Fair as a lily &c &c &c

There's a green valley on the old Kentucky shore,  
There I've whiled many happy hours away,  
A sitting and singing by the little cottage door  
Where lived my darling Nelly Gray.

Chorus

Oh, my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away,  
And I'll never see my darling any more,  
I'm sitting by the river, and I'm weeping all the day  
For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

When the moon hath clim'ed the mountains & the stars were shining too  
Then I'd take my darling Nelly Gray  
And we'd float down the river in my little red canoe-  
While my banjo so sweetly I would play.

Chorus. Oh my poor Nelly Gray &c &c

My canoe is under water & my banjo is unstrung  
I'm tired of living any more;  
My eyes shall look adown, and my songs shall be unsung,  
While I stay on the old Kentucky shore.

Chorus Oh my poor Nelly Gray &c &c

My eyes are getting blinded & I cannot see my way,  
Hark! there's somebody knocking at the door;

Pg. 66 contains attached newspaper clippings which give recipes for: MARBLE CAKE, Scotch Cookies, Sydney Smith's Recipe for Salad Dressing, Picklette, Green Tomato Mustard Pickle, Mustard Cauliflower, Sardine Mustard, Mustard Dressing for Pickles, Tomato Mustard, Prepared Mustard (top clipping), suet dumplings, mayonnaise dressing, clam scallops (clippings pasted underneath top clipping).

MARBLE CAKE-Light part-Two cups of white sugar, one cup of butter, a half-cup of sweet milk, whites of four eggs, two and one-half teaspoons of baking powder, two cups of flour. Dark part-One cup of brown sugar, a half cup of molasses, one cup of butter, one-fourth of a cup of sour milk, half a teaspoon of soda, yolks of four eggs, flour to thicken, and flavor.

Pg. 67 contains attached newspaper clippings which give recipes for Chicken Croquettes, CHOCOLATE PUFFS, CHOCOLATE JELLY, POTATO AND CORN MUFFINS, LEMON PIE, ANOTHER DELICIOUS SAUCE, A SIMPLE AND DELICATE DESSERT, Biscuits, and Royal Cream

Pg. 68 contains attached newspaper clippings which give recipes from The New Century Cooking School for cold meat croquettes, GOOD VINEGAR, GRAHAM AND CORN MUFFINS, CORN CUSTARD, RICE GRIDDLE CAKES, BACHELOR'S JOHNNY CAKE, and KENTUCKY CORN CAKE. Also on this page THE BOY is written in pencil in 3-D block letters.

Between pages 68 and 69 are a handwritten recipe for potatoes, a recipe for Spanish Corn, a recipe for Snow Pudding, a newspaper clipping with a black-and-white drawing of a girl carrying flowers, a newspaper clipping with the same recipe for snow pudding as Anna Maxwell wrote down, a newspaper clipping with recipes for CREAM SAUCE FOR PUDDING and ALMOND SPONGE CAKE, a note with a handwritten recipe for Frozen Custard and Ice Cream, a newspaper clipping with a recipe for LOBSTER CUTLETS, a newspaper clipping with funeral notices, and a newspaper clipping with recipes for SPONGE CAKE and POTATO PUDDING.

Pg. 69 Recipes for Hard Gingerbread, Pattypan Cakes, Cup Cake, French Cake, Jumbles, and Composition Cake.

Pg. 70 Recipes for Lady Cake, Molasses Cake, Boston Cake, Loaf Cake, Taylor Cake, and Ginger Snaps.

Pg. 71 Recipes for Lemon Cake, Cream Sponge Cake, Sponge Cake, Charlotte Russe

Pg. 72 Recipes for Corn Starch Cake, Chocolate Cake, Paste, Jelly Cake, Crullers, Raisin Cake, and Lolly Garden Cake

Pg. 73 Recipes for Balloon Puffs, Lemon Pies, Lemon Pie, Troy Pudding, and Cottage Pudding

Pg. 74 Recipes for Spiced Peaches, Pickled Potternuts, Apple Marmalade, Wine Froth Sauce, and Cream Puffs

Pg. 75 Recipes for Snow Pudding, Cream Blanc Mange, Cucumber Pickles, Mixed Pickle

Pg. 76 Recipes for Judey Pickle, Peach Marmalade, Tapioca Pudding, Lemon Laura

Between pages 76 and 77 is a note with a recipe for fruit cake on one side and a recipe for chocolate cake on the other side.

Pg. 77 Recipes for Baked Omelet, Lemon Pie, Bread, Coconut Pies, Pie Crust

Pg. 78 Recipes for Wine Jelly, Soda Biscuit, Tacker House Rolls, Jelly Jam, Dough nuts Lizzie Hokes, Dough nuts Mattie

Pg. 79 Recipes for Yeast (E.M.P. excellent is written beside this recipe), Salad Dressing, Cold Sauce, Gems

Pg. 80 Recipes for Spiced Currants, Stuffed Peaches, Chili Sauce

Pg. 81 Recipes for Strawberry Short Cake, Lady Cake, Orange Cream Cake, Filling [for the Orange Cream Cake], Orange Icing, and Corn Meal Muffins

Between pages 81 and 82 there is a note with handwritten recipes for Water Ices Orange and Roman Punch

Pg. 82 Recipes for Minnehaha Cake, Ice Cream, and Cocoanut Jumbles

Pg. 83 is missing.

Pg. 84 Recipes for Pound Cake, Poor Man's Plum Pudding, Hot Water Sponge Cake, and Angel Cake

There are twelve blank lined pages at the back of the notebook.