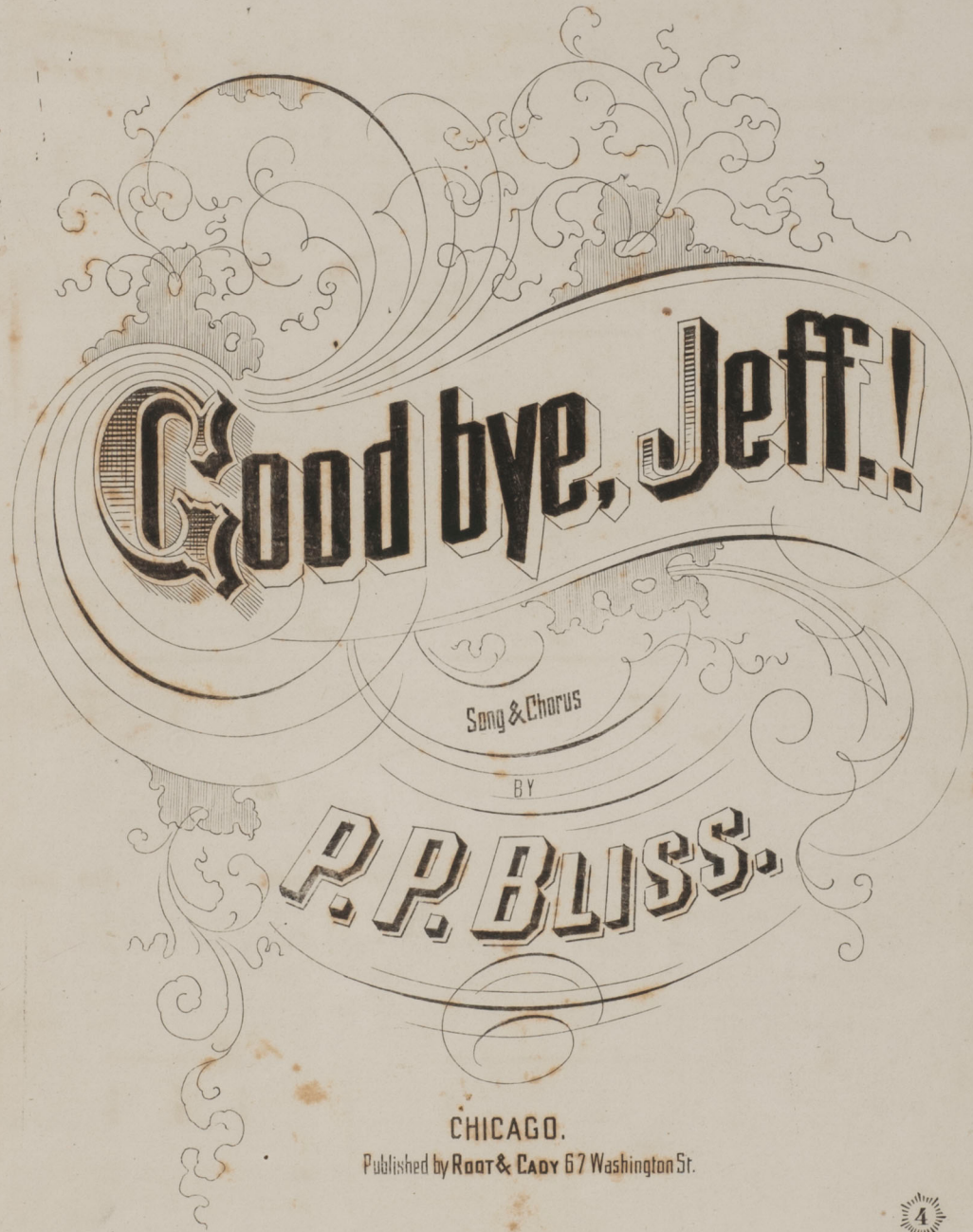


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Words & Music by P. E. BLISS.

INTRODUCTION.

Allegretto.



4. And you know the Yan kee mud sill sol diers caught you, Jeff. In a

1. O you told me that you'd meet me at the White House Jeff. When I

2. O there's noth-ing ver-y cheer-ing in the pros-pect Jeff. When our

3. O I'm real-ly sick and tir-ed of this non-sense, Jeff. And my

most un-seem-ly fem-i-nine dis-guise. And your

left you on the Chat-ta-hoo-chee shore But you're

cot-ton and our cred-it both are gone And the

heart is sink-ing ver-y low in-deed For our

* A distinguished Southerner openly and strongly opposed secession before the war, and these are supposed to be his ideas at the present time.

Bon - net Gown and Hoop have sure - ly taught you, Jeff. How re -
 fur - ther from it... now than e - ven then, friend Jeff. And your
 Yan - kees "re - con - noi - ter" like the mis - chief, Jeff. And ap -
 sol - diers are de - sert - ing, and it seems, dear Jeff. That we'd

dic - u - lous you look in all our eyes. But the
 face it is n't look - ing towrds the door. You re -
 pro - pri - ate our cat - tle and our corn, They have
 bet - ter pack our bag - gage, and "se - cede." For our

soul of fa - mous Old John Brown has not stop'd marching, Jeff. And the
 mem - ber what I told you down in Geor - gia, don't you Jeff. When you
 ta - ken half our nig - gers, and are bound to free the rest, And I
 pa - per is pro - test - ed, and our cred - it "gone to smash." And I

last of south - ern Chi - val - ry we'll see, When the
 came to talk se - ces - sion "stuff" to me, That I
 wish they were in Guin - ea ev - ery one, For we've
 don't know what to do nor where to go— Oh, we'll

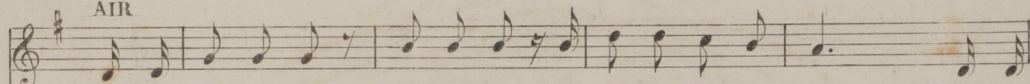
ech - o of the Hal - le - lu - jah Cho - rus, Jeff. Finds you
 thought you'd nev - er live to see the White House, Jeff, You be -
 got our - selves in trou - ble with the black men, Jeff; Now you
 nev - er see each oth - er at the White House, Jeff, So we

hang - ing on a "sour ap - ple tree".
 lieve it now, and so you're going to flee.
 see we have to give it up, and run.
 may as well meet some - where down be - low.

C H O R U S

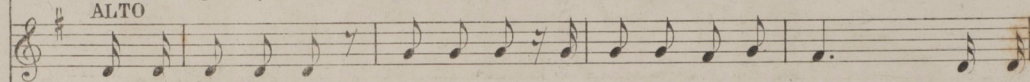
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AIR

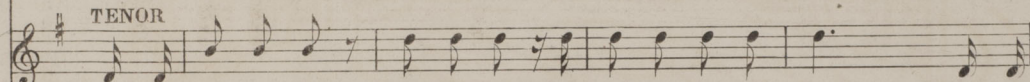


Then a good bye, Jeff. good bye, Jeff. I told you so be - fore There's a

ALTO

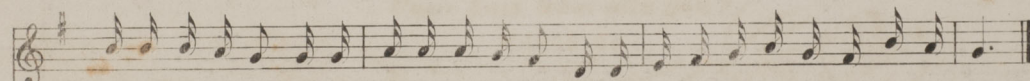
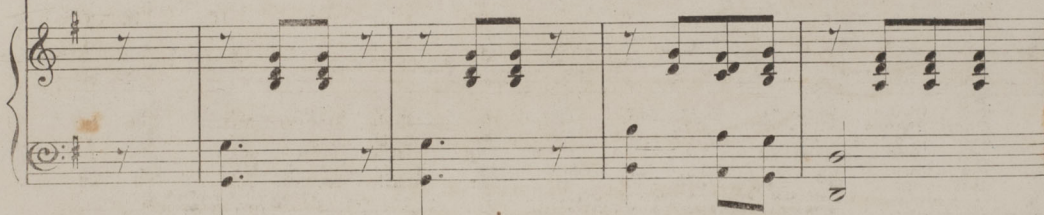
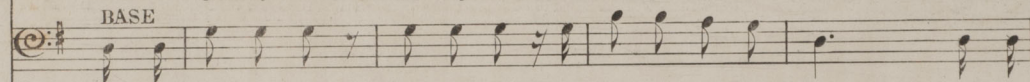


TENOR

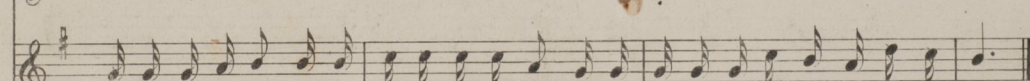
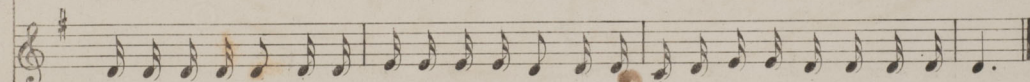


Then a good bye, Jeff. good bye, Jeff. I told you so be - fore There's a

BASE



"nig-ger in the fence." And a lit-tle common sense Tells you that you'll never fig-ure a - ny more.



"nig-ger in the fence." And a lit-tle common sense Tells you that you'll never fig-ure a - ny more.

