



# Song Book

of the

46th

Mississippi

Infantry



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## Bile Dem Cabbage Down



Traditional

G C  
Went up on the mountain to give my horn a blow.  
G D  
Thought I heard my true love say, "Yonder comes my beau."

chorus:

G C G D  
Bile dem cabbage down, boys, bake them hoecakes brown.  
G C G D G  
The only tune that I can sing is "Bile Dem Cabbage Down."

Took my gal to the blacksmith shop to get her mouth made small.  
She turned around a time or two and swallowed shop and all.

Raccoon up in a 'simmon tree, possum on the ground.  
Possum yells up to that coon, "Throw some 'simmons down."

Someone stole my old coon dog wish they'd bring him back.  
He chased the big hogs through the fence, the little ones through the crack.

Met a possum in the road blind as he could be.  
Jumped the fence and whipped my dog and bristled up at me.

Once I had an old gray mule his name was Simon Slick.  
He'd roll his eyes and back his ears and how that mule could kick.

How that mule could kick! He kicked with his dying breath.  
He shoved his hind feet down his throat and kicked himself to death.

I've heard some folks tell there's gold in them thar hills,  
but I've lived up here forty years and all I seen was stills.

There's gold in them thar hills. I know it for the truth,  
for my sweet gal she fell up there and lost her new front tooth.

## Bonnie Blue Flag



Lyrics by Harry Macarthy

C  
 We are a band of brothers  
       F                          C  
 And native to the soil,  
 C  
 Fighting for the property  
       D                          G  
 We gained by honest toil;  
       C  
 And when our rights were threatened,  
       F                          C  
 The cry rose near and far--  
   Am                          C  
 "Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag  
       G                          C  
 That bears a single star!"

CHORUS:

F          C  
 Hurrah! Hurrah!  
 G                          C  
 For Southern rights hurrah!  
 Am                          C  
 Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag  
       G                          C  
 That bears a single star.

As long as the Union  
 Was faithful to her trust,  
 Like friends and like brothers  
 Both kind were we and just;  
 But now, when Northern treachery  
 Attempts our rights to mar,  
 We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag  
 That bears a single star.--CHORUS

First gallant South Carolina  
 Nobly made the stand,  
 Then came Alabama,  
 Who took her by the hand.  
 Next quickly Mississippi,  
 Georgia and Florida  
 All raised on high the Bonnie Blue Flag  
 That bears a single star.--CHORUS

Ye men of valor, gather round  
The banner of the right;  
Texas and fair Louisiana  
Join us in the fight.  
Davis, our loved president,  
And Stephens statesman are;  
Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag  
That bears a single star.--CHORUS

And here's to old Virginia--  
The Old Dominion State--  
Who with the young Confederacy  
At length has linked her fate;  
Impelled by her example,  
Now other states prepare  
To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag  
That bears a single star.--CHORUS

Then cheer, boys, cheer;  
Raise the joyous shout,  
For Arkansas and North Carolina  
Now have both gone out;  
And let another rousing cheer  
For Tennessee be given,  
The single star of the Bonnie Blue Flag  
Has grown to be eleven.--CHORUS

Then here's to our Confederacy,  
Strong are we and brave;  
Like patriots of old we'll fight  
Our heritage to save.  
And rather than submit to shame,  
To die we would prefer;  
So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag  
That bears a single star.--CHORUS

Buffalo Gals

Traditional Tune and lyrics "composed" by Cool White in 1844

G  
 As I was walking on down the street,  
 D G  
 down the street, down the street,  
 G  
 a pretty little girl I chanced to meet  
 D G  
 and we danced by the light of the moon.  
 G  
 Buffalo gals won't you come out tonight,  
 D G  
 come out tonight, come out tonight?  
 G  
 Buffalo gals won't you come out tonight,  
 D G  
 and dance by the light of the moon?

I danced with a gal with a hole in her stocking,  
 her knees kept a-knocking and her  
 hips kept a-rocking.  
 I danced with a gal with a hole in her stocking,  
 and we danced by the light of the moon.

I asked her if she'd stop and talk,  
 stop and talk, stop and talk.  
 Her feet covered up the whole sidewalk  
 but she was fair to view.

I asked her if she'd stop and dance,  
 have a dance, care to dance  
 I thought that I might get a chance  
 to shake a foot with her

I asked her if she'd be my wife,  
 be my wife, be my wife.  
 Then I'd be happy all my life  
 if she'd marry me.

I got a gal at the top of the hill,  
 the top of the hill, the top of the hill.  
 She's a moonshiner's daughter but I love her still  
 won't you tell me that she's comin' out tonight.

Give you five dollars if you come out tonight,  
come out tonight, come out tonight.  
Give you five dollars if you come out tonight,  
and dance by the light of the moon.

My and my gal we sat on the stoop,  
sat on the stoop, sat on the stoop.  
Her pa came and made me loop de loop  
won't you tell me that she's comin' out tonight.

I got a gal with a wart on her chin,  
with her toes turned out, with her eyes turned in.  
She's a pretty good gal for the shape she's in  
won't you tell me that she's comin' out tonight.

Dixie

"Dixie's Land"  
(1860)



Written and composed expressly for  
Bryant's Minstrels  
by Daniel Decatur Emmett.

G  
I wish I was in the land of cotton,  
C  
Old times there are not forgotten,  
G Em D G  
look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.  
G  
In Dixie Land where I was born in,  
C  
Early on one frosty mornin'  
G Em D G  
look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.  
G C A7 D  
I wish I was in Dixie, hooray! hooray!  
G C  
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand  
G D  
to live and die in Dixie,  
G D G  
Away, away, Away down south in Dixie,  
G D G  
Away, away, Away down south in Dixie!

Greensleeves

## Traditional

Em            G            D            Bm  
 Alas, my love, you do me wrong,  
       Em                        B7  
 To cast me off discourteously.  
       Em            G            D            B(or Bm)  
 For I have loved you well and long,  
       Em            B7            Em  
 Delighting in your company.

## Chorus:

G                            D  
 Greensleeves was all my joy  
 Em                            B7  
 Greensleeves was my delight,  
 G                            D  
 Greensleeves was my heart of gold,  
       Em                        B7            E(or Em)  
 And who but my lady greensleeves.

## Additional Verses:

Your vows you've broken, like my heart,  
 Oh, why did you so enrapture me?  
 Now I remain in a world apart  
 But my heart remains in captivity.

I have been ready at your hand,  
 To grant whatever you would crave,  
 I have both wagered life and land,  
 Your love and good-will for to have.

If you intend thus to disdain,  
 It does the more enrapture me,  
 And even so, I still remain  
 A lover in captivity.

My men were clothed all in green,  
 And they did ever wait on thee;  
 All this was gallant to be seen,  
 And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing,  
But still thou hadst it readily.  
Thy music still to play and sing;  
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Well, I will pray to God on high,  
That thou my constancy mayst see,  
And that yet once before I die,  
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me.

Ah, Greensleeves, now farewell, adieu,  
To God I pray to prosper thee,  
For I am still thy lover true,  
Come once again and love me.

## I'm A Good Old Rebel

Major James Randolph  
to the Melody, "Joe Bowers"



Em  
Oh, I'm a good old Rebel  
C Em  
Now that's just what I am  
G C  
For this fair land of freedom  
Em  
I do not care a damn.  
G C  
I'm glad I fit against it  
Em  
I only wish we'd won.  
G C  
And I don't want no pardon  
Em  
For anything I've done.

I hates the Constitution  
This great Republic too  
I hates the Freedmen's Buro  
In uniforms of blue.  
I hates the nasty eagle  
With all his brag and fuss  
But the lyin', thievin' Yankees  
I hates' em wuss and wuss.

Three hundred thousand Yankees  
Lies still in Southern dust  
We got three hundred thousand  
Before they conquered us  
They died of Southern fever  
And Southern steel and shot  
I wish they was three million  
Instead of what we got.

I can't take up my musket  
And fight' em now no mo'  
But I ain't a-goin'to love' em  
Now that is sartin sho'  
And I don't want no pardon  
For what I was and am  
And I won't be reconstructed  
And I don't care a damn.

## Joe Bowers

John A. Stone  
Circa 1850



Em  
My name it is Joe Bowers;  
C Em  
I have a brother Ike.  
G C  
I came from old Missoura,  
Em  
All the way from Pike.  
G C  
I used to know a girl there;  
Em  
Her name was Sally Black.  
G C  
I asked her if she'd marry me;  
Em  
She said it was a whack.

She said to me, "Joe Bowers.  
Before we hitch for life,  
You'd better get a little home  
To take your little wife.' '

"Oh Sally, dearest Sally,  
Oh Sally, for your sake.  
I'll go to California  
And try and raise a stake."

When I got in that country  
I didn't have a red;  
I had such wolfish feelings  
I wished myself most dead.

But the thughts of my dear Sally  
Soon made those feelings git,  
And whispered hope to Bowers,  
I wish I had them yet.

At last a letter,  
Enough to make me swear,  
That Sally married a butcher,  
And the butcher had red hair.

Before I got through reading,  
At length the letter said:  
Sally had a baby,  
And the baby's head was red.

## Lakes of Pontchartrain

From an Old Irish Tune  
Circa 1850 - Key of G



G                    D\*                    Em D  
'Twas on one bright March morning  
C    G  
I bid New Orleans adieu.  
G                    D\*                    Em                    D  
And I took the road to Jackson town,  
G    C  
my fortune to renew,  
G                    D\*                    Em D  
I cursed all foreign money,  
Em    C  
no credit could I gain,  
G                    D\*                    Em D  
Which filled my heart with longing  
C    G  
for the lakes of Pontchartrain.

I stepped on board a railroad car,  
beneath the morning sun,  
I road the roads till evening,  
and I laid me down again,  
All strangers there no friends to me,  
till a dark girl towards me came,  
And I fell in love with a Creole girl,  
by the lakes of Pontchartrain.

I said, "My pretty Creole girl,  
my money here's no good,  
But if it weren't for the alligators,  
I'd sleep out in the wood".  
"You're welcome here kind stranger,  
our house is very plain.  
But we never turn a stranger out,  
From the lakes of Pontchartrain."

She took me into her mammy's house,  
and treated me quite well,  
The hair upon her shoulder  
in jet black ringlets fell.  
To try and paint her beauty,  
I'm sure 'twould be in vain,  
So handsome was my Creole girl,  
By the lakes of Pontchartrain.

I asked her if she'd marry me,  
she said it could never be,  
For she had got another,  
and he was far at sea.  
She said that she would wait for him  
and true she would remain.  
Till he returned for his Creole girl,  
By the lakes of Pontchartrain.

So fare thee well my Creole girl,  
I never will see you no more,  
But I'll ne'er forget your kindness  
in the cottage by the shore.  
And at each social gathering  
a flowing glass I'll raise,  
And I'll drink a health to my Creole girl,  
And the lakes of Pontchartrain.

\* Should be a Bm, but you can play a D and it  
sounds ok.

## Long, Long Ago

Thomas Haynes Bayly  
written in 1833



G  
Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,  
D                    C                    G  
Long, long ago, long, long ago,  
G

Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,  
D                    D7            G  
Long, long ago, long ago,

Now you are come all my grief is removed,  
Let me forget that so long you have roved.  
Let me believe that you love as you loved,  
Long, long ago, long ago.

Do you remember the paths where we met?  
Long, long ago, long, long ago.  
Ah, yes, you told me you'd never forget,  
Long, long ago, long ago.  
Then to all others, my smile you preferred,  
Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word.  
Still my heart treasures the phrases I heard,  
Long, long ago, long ago.

Tho' by your kindness my fond hopes were raised,  
Long, long ago, long, long ago.  
You by more eloquent lips have been praised,  
Long, long ago, long, long ago,  
But, by long absence your truth has been tried,  
Still to your accents I listen with pride,  
Blessed as I was when I sat by your side.  
Long, long ago, long ago.



I soon will be in New Orleans,  
And den I'll look all round,  
And when I find Susanna,  
I'll fall upon the ground.  
But if I do not find her,  
Dis darkie'll surely die,  
And when I'm dead and buried,  
Susanna, don't you cry.

CHORUS

Rose of Alabama

Words by S. S. Steele, circa 1846

G C  
 Away from Mississippi's vale,  
 G D  
 With my ol' hat there for a sail,  
 G C  
 I crossed upon a cotton bale  
 G D G  
 To Rose of Alabama.

CHORUS:

C  
 Oh brown Rosie,  
 G  
 Rose of Alabama!  
 Em D  
 A sweet tobacco posey  
 C G  
 Is my Rose of Alabama.

I landed on the far sand bank,  
 I sat upon the hollow plank,  
 And there I made the banjo twank  
 For Rose of Alabama.--CHORUS

Oh, after d'rectly bye and bye,  
 The moon rose white as Rosie's eye;  
 Then like a young coon out so sly  
 Stole Rose of Alabama.--CHORUS

I said "sit down just where you please."  
 Upon my lap she took her ease.  
 "It's good to go upon the knees,"  
 Said Rose of Alabama.--CHORUS

The river rose; the cricket sang,  
 The lightnin' bug did flash his wing;  
 Then like a rope my arms I fling,  
 'Round Rose of Alabama.--CHORUS

We hugged how long I cannot tell.  
 My Rosie seemed to like it well.  
 My banjo in the river fell.  
 Oh, Rose of Alabama.--CHORUS

Like alligator after prey,  
I jump in, but it float away,  
And all the while it seem to say,  
"Oh, Rose of Alabama."--CHORUS

Now every night come rain or shower,  
I hunt that banjo for an hour;  
And see my sweet tobacco flower,  
Oh, Rose of Alabama.--CHORUS

Oh fare thee well, you belles of Spain,  
And fare thee well to Liza Jane!  
Your charms will all be put to shame,  
By Rose of Alabama.--CHORUS

## Rosin The Beau

(An old Irish Tune)



D

G

I've traveled all over this world

C G Em D

And now to another I go

G

And I know that good quarters are waiting

C G D G

To welcome old Rosin the Beau

G C

To welcome old Rosin the Beau

G Em D

To welcome old Rosin the Beau

G

And I know that good quarters are waiting

C G D G

To welcome old Rosin the Beau.

When I'm dead and laid out on the counter

A voice you will hear from below

Saying "Send down a hogshead of whiskey

To drink with old Rosin the Beau"

To drink with old Rosin the Beau"

To drink with old Rosin the Beau"

Saying "Send down a hogshead of whiskey

To drink with old Rosin the Beau".

Then get a half dozen stout fellows

And stack them all up in a row

Let them drink out of half gallon bottles

To the memory of Rosin the Beau

To the memory of Rosin the Beau

To the memory of Rosin the Beau

Let them drink out of half gallon bottles

To the memory of Rosin the Beau.

Then get this half dozen stout fellows

And let them all stagger and go

And dig a great hole in the meadow

And in it put Rosin the Beau

And in it put Rosin the Beau

And in it put Rosin the Beau

And dig a great hole in the meadow

And in it put Rosin the Beau.

Then get ye a couple of bottles  
Put one at me head and me toe  
With a diamond ring scratch upon them  
The name of old Rosin the Beau  
The name of old Rosin the Beau  
The name of old Rosin the Beau  
With a diamond ring scratch upon them  
The name of old Rosin the Beau.

I've only this one consolation  
As out of this world I go  
I know that the next generation  
Will resemble old Rosin the Beau  
Will resemble old Rosin the Beau  
Will resemble old Rosin the Beau  
I know that the next generation  
Will resemble old Rosin the Beau.

I fear that old tyrant approaching  
That cruel remorseless old foe  
And I lift up me glass in his honor  
Take a drink with old Rosin the Beau  
Take a drink with old Rosin the Beau  
Take a drink with old Rosin the Beau  
And I lift up me glass in his honor  
Take a drink with old Rosin the Beau.



Skip to My Lou

Traditional  
from an 18th Century Play-Party Song

C  
Lost my partner, What'll I do?

G  
Lost my partner, What'll I do?

C  
Lost my partner, What'll I do?

G                    C  
Skip to my lou, my darlin'.

C  
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou,

G  
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou,

C  
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou,

G                    C  
Skip to my Lou, my darlin'.

I'll get another one Prettier than you,  
I'll get another one Prettier than you,  
I'll get another one Prettier than you,  
Skip to my Lou, my darlin'

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou,  
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou,  
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou,  
Skip to my Lou, my darlin'.

Can't get a red bird, Jay bird'll do,  
Can't get a red bird, Jay bird'll do,  
Can't get a red bird, Jay bird'll do,  
Skip to my Lou, my darlin'.

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou,  
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou,  
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou,  
Skip to my Lou, my darlin'.

## The Girl I Left Behind Me



(An old Irish version)

G C  
I'm lonesome since I crossed the hill,  
G D  
And o'er the moorland sedgy  
G C  
Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill,  
D G  
Since parting with my Betsey  
G C  
I seek for one as fair and gay,  
G D  
But find none to remind me  
G C  
How sweet the hours I passed away,  
D G  
With the girl I left behind me.

O ne'er shall I foget the night,  
the stars were bright above me  
And gently lent their silv'ry light  
when first she vowed to love me  
But now I'm bound to Brighton camp  
kind heaven then pray guide me  
And send me safely back again,  
to the girl I left behind me

Her golden hair in ringlets fair,  
her eyes like diamonds shining  
Her slender waist, her heavenly face,  
that leaves my heart still pining  
Ye gods above oh hear my prayer  
to my beauteous fair to find me  
And send me safely back again,  
to the girl I left behind me

The bee shall honey taste no more,  
the dove become a ranger  
The falling waters cease to roar,  
ere I shall seek to change her  
The vows we made to heav'n above  
shall ever cheer and bind me  
In constancy to her I love,  
the girl I left behind me.

## Turkey in the Straw



### Traditional

G

As I was a-going on down the road

D

with a two-horse wagon and a four-horse load,

G

I cracked the whip and the lead horse sprung

D G

and I said goodbye to the wagon tongue.

### Chorus

G

Turkey in the straw, haw, haw, haw.

C

Turkey in the hay, hey hey hey.

G

Pick 'em up, shake 'em up, anyway at all

D G

and hit up a tune called turkey in the straw.

I had an old chicken and she wouldn't lay an egg  
 so I poured hot water on her left hind leg  
 and she wiggled and she waggled and she jiggled all the day  
 and the goldurned chicken laid a hardboiled egg.

Well I came to the river and I couldn't get across  
 so I paid five dollars for an old blind hoss.  
 Well he wouldn't go ahead and he wouldn't stand still  
 so he went up and down like an old sawmill.

Wayfaring Stranger

Traditional

Em Am Em  
 I'M JUST A POOR WAYFARING STRANGER  
 Am Em  
 A-TRAVELING THROUGH THIS WORLD OF WOE  
 Em Am Em  
 BUT THERE'S NO SICKNESS, NO TOIL NOR DANGER  
 Am Em  
 IN THAT BRIGHT WORLD TO WHICH I GO  
 C Em  
 I'M GOING THERE TO SEE MY FATHER  
 C Em  
 I'M GOING THERE NO MORE TO ROAM  
 Em C  
 I'M JUST A-GOING OVER JORDAN  
 Am Em  
 I'M JUST A-GOING OVER HOME

I KNOW DARK CLOUDS WILL GATHER 'ROUND ME  
 I KNOW MY WAY IS ROUGH AND STEEP  
 BUT BEAUTEOUS FIELDS LIE JUST BEYOND ME  
 WHERE SOULS REDEEMED THEIR VIGIL KEEP  
 I'M GOING THERE TO MEET MY MOTHER  
 SHE SAID SHE'D MEET ME WHEN I COME  
 I'M ONLY A-GOING OVER JORDAN  
 I'M ONLY A-GOING OVER HOME

I WANT TO WEAR A CROWN OF GLORY  
 WHEN I GET HOME TO THAT BRIGHT LAND  
 I WANT TO SHOUT SALVATION'S STORY  
 IN CONCERT WITH THAT BLOOD-WASHED BAND  
 I'M GOING THERE TO MEET MY SAVIOR  
 TO SING HIS PRAISES FOR EVERMORE  
 I'M ONLY A-GOING OVER JORDAN  
 I'M ONLY A-GOING OVER HOME

## When Johnny Comes Marching Home

Traditional

from *Songs of the Civil War*

Compiled by Irwin Silber



Em

When Johnny comes marching home again,

G

Hurrah! Hurrah!

Em

We'll give him a hearty welcome then

G

B7

Hurrah! Hurrah!

Em

Am

The men will cheer and the boys will shout

Em

B7

The ladies they will all turn out

Em D

Em

And we'll all feel gay,

B7

Em

B7

Em

When Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy

Hurrah! Hurrah!

To welcome home our darling boy

Hurrah! Hurrah!

The village lads and lassies say

With roses they will strew the way,

And we'll all feel gay

When Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the Jubilee,

Hurrah! Hurrah!

We'll give the hero three times three,

Hurrah! Hurrah!

The laurel wreath is ready now

To place upon his loyal brow

And we'll all feel gay

When Johnny comes marching home.