

A detailed black and white engraving of a man in 18th-century fashion. He is wearing a top hat with a feather, a long dark coat with a wide collar, a waistcoat, and breeches. He is in a dynamic pose, with his right leg raised and bent, and his left hand on his hip. His right hand is raised in a gesture. The background shows a simple room with a window and a door.

SUNG BY

With the most unbounded Applause

AT THE

Arranged with an Accompaniment

FOR THE

FOR THE  
*Diario Forte.*  
LONDON.

Pub<sup>d</sup> by B. Williams 19. Cloth Fair, Smithfield.

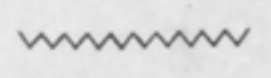
Price 1/6

Ent. Sta. Hall.

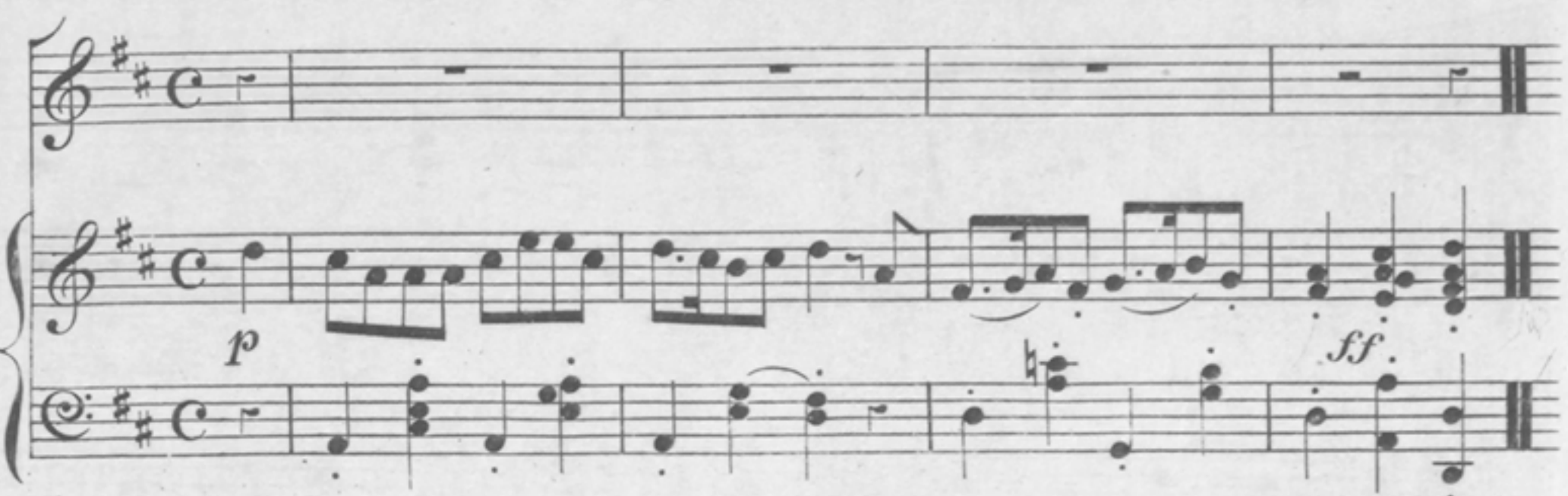


# JIM CROW

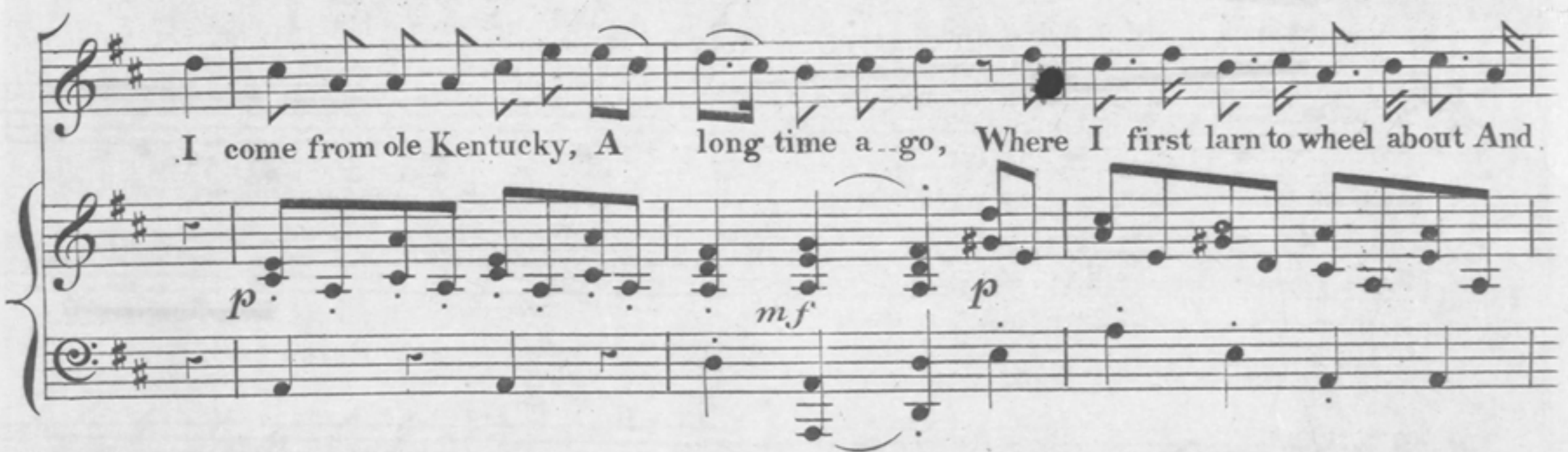
VOICE



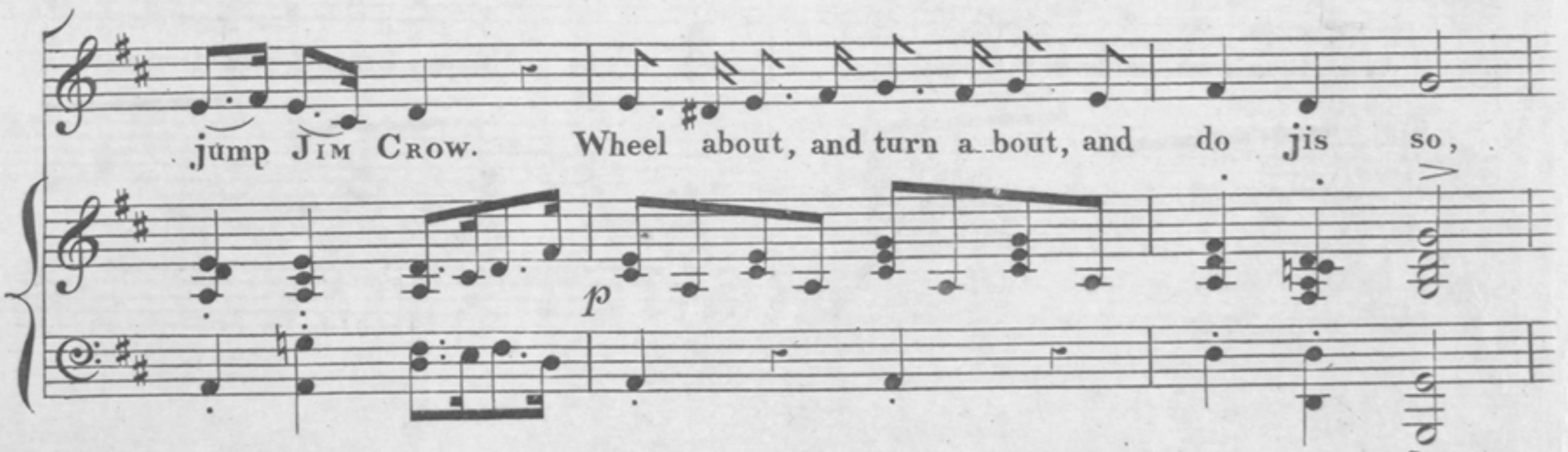
PIANO  
FORTE



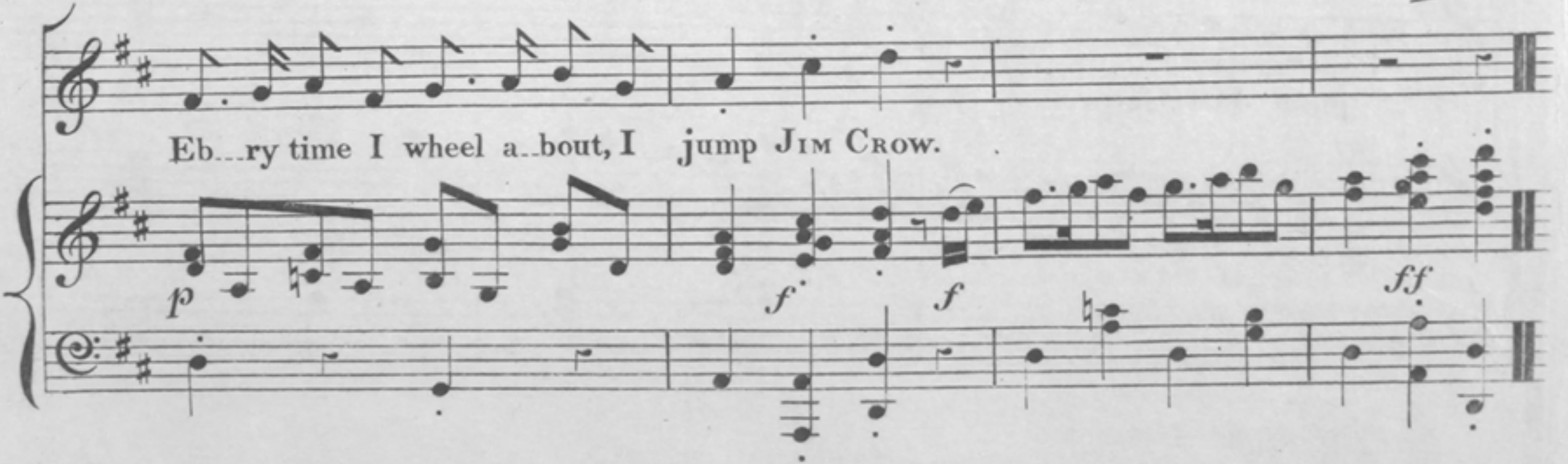
I come from ole Kentucky, A long time a-go, Where I first larn to wheel about And.



jump JIM CROW. Wheel about, and turn a-bout, and do jis so,



Ev-ry time I wheel a-bout, I jump JIM CROW.



## "JIM CROW"

1829. Sung by Thomas D. Rice, who by his characterization of the Negro songster, laid the first solid foundation for American Minstrelsy.



## SECOND VERSE.

I used to take him Fiddle Eb...ry morn and ar...ter...noon, And

*p* *mf* *p*

charm de ole Buz...zard, And dance to de Ra...coon.

Wheel about, and turn about, and do jis so, Ebry time I wheel about, I

*p* *p*

jump JIM CROW.

*f* *f* *ff*



3  
I wip my weight in wild-cats,  
I eat an alligator,  
And tear up more ground  
Dan kiver fifty load of 'tater.  
Wheel about, &c.

4  
I sit upon a hornet's nest,  
I dance upon my head,  
I tie a wiper round my neck  
And den I goes to bed.  
Wheel about, &c.

5  
I'm tired of being a single man,  
An' am 'tarmined to get a wife,  
For what I tink de happiest  
Is de sweet married-life.  
Wheel about, &c.

6  
It's berry common 'mong de White,  
To marry and get divorced,  
But dat I'll nebber do,  
Unless I'm really forced.  
Wheel about, &c.

7  
Now my broder Niggars,  
I do not tink it right,  
Dat you should laugh at dem  
Who happen to be White.  
Wheel about, &c.

8  
I'm so glad dat I'm a Niggar,  
An' don't you wish you was too,  
For den you'd gain popularity  
By jumping JIM CROW.  
Wheel about, &c.

9  
Oh White folks, White folks,  
I see you up to snuff,  
An' I's afear'd indeed  
Dat you neber get enough.  
Wheel about, &c.

10  
So neber mind de wedder,  
Or how de wind do blow,  
For in spite of wind and wedder  
Vill I jump JIM CROW.  
Wheel about, &c.

# JIM CROW'S TRIP TO GREENWICH.

1  
It was de oder sunday mornin  
I put on my dandy coat,  
An went down to Greenwich  
On board of de steam-boat.  
Wheel about, &c.

2  
We hab folks of ebry nation  
All languages dey peak  
From de Yankee, Swiss, Garman,  
Down to ancient Dutch Greek.  
Wheel about, &c.

3  
One gemman ax de Captain  
Fore de fastenings were clare  
How much funder is it, Captain,  
Now, before we will be there?  
Wheel about, &c.

4  
Dare was a Frenchman told de Captain  
He want git out on de Railroad  
Kase he really was afear'd de boat  
Would tumble overboard.  
Wheel about, &c.

5  
But a berry cunning Chap on board  
Know'd ebry ting it seem,  
Undertook to tell a Lady  
How de Injine move by steam.  
Wheel about, &c.

6  
He says, first you see dis ere ting,  
What's going up and down;  
Well, den you see dem cart-wheel  
Turning round and round.  
Wheel about, &c.

7  
Well, den you see dem oder tings,  
Look like a pair ob tongs,  
Dey hits against dese oder tings,  
An shoves de Boat along.  
Wheel about, &c.

8  
An' when dey want to steer de boat,  
An bring her round in time,  
Dere's a ting looks like a cellar door,  
Swinging on behind.  
Wheel about, &c.