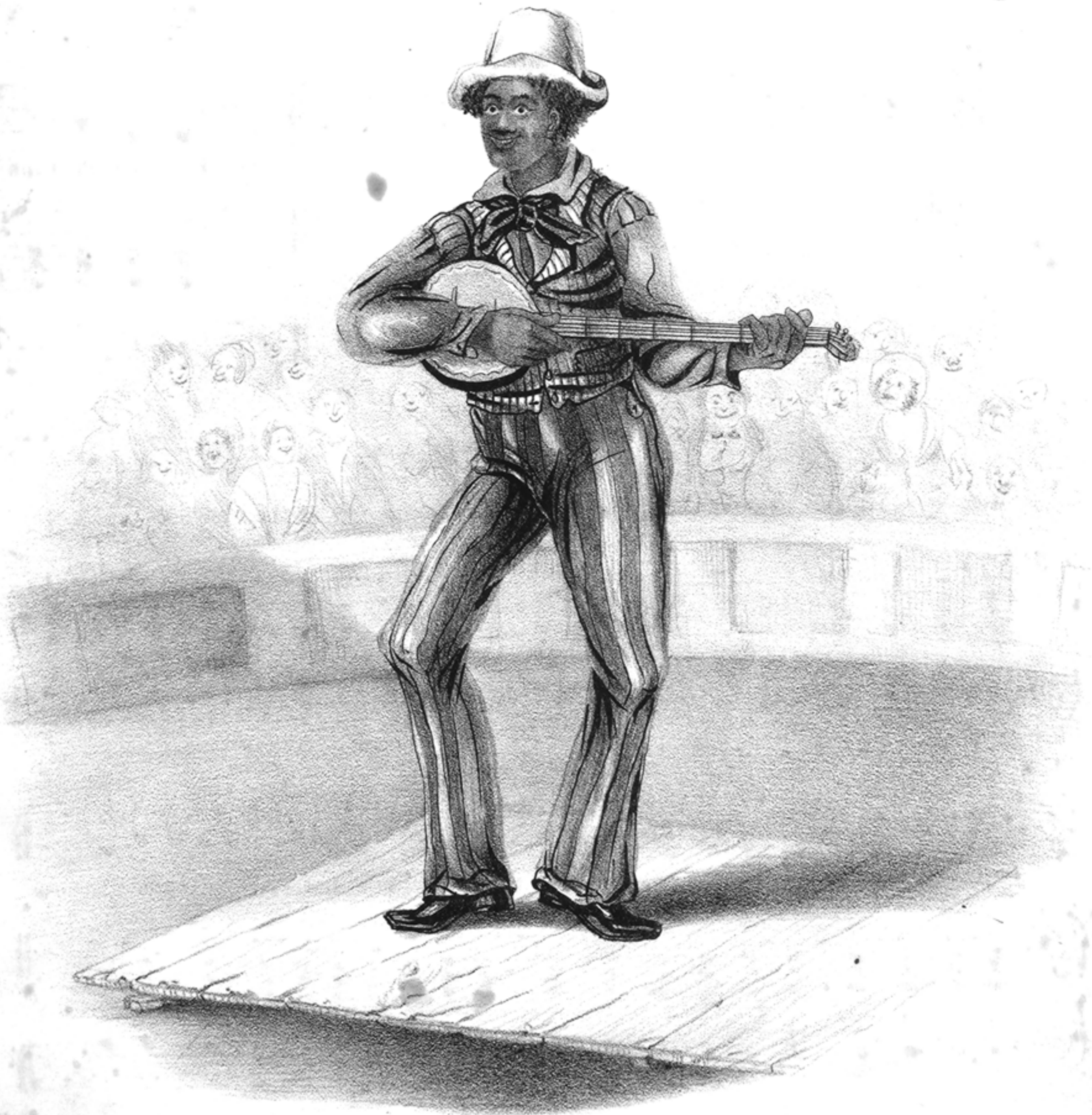


JENNY GET YOUR HOE CAKE DONE,



The
CELEBRATED BANJO SONG,

as sung with great Applause at the

BROADWAY CIRCUS,

BY

J. W. SWEENEY.

New York, Pub. by FIRTH & HALL No. 1 Franklin Square.

JENNY GET YOUR HOE CAKE DONE.

De hen and chickens

went to roost, De hawk flew down and bit de goose He bit de ole hen in de back I

really believe dat am a fac, Oh, Jenny get de hoe cake done my dear, Oh, Jenny get de hoe cake done.

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2

As I was gwain long de road,
Pon a stump dar sat a toad,
De tadpole winked at Pollewog's dauter,
An kick'd de bull frog plump in de water.
Oh, Jenny get your hoe cake done, my dear,
Oh, Jenny get your hoe cake done, love!

3

High heel boot widout any strap,
Hand me down my leghorn hat,
Ise gwain to de Astor house to dine,
I wont be back till past half nine
Oh, Jenny get your hoe cake done, my dear,
Oh, Jenny get your hoe cake done, love!

4

Massa and Missus gwain away,
Left home fore de break ob day,
Den you har de white folks say,
Stan clar and let de banjo play.
Oh, Jenny get your hoe cake done, my dear,
Oh, Jenny get your hoe cake done, love!

5

Apple cider, an percimmon beer,
Christmas comes but once a year,
Ginger puddin and punkin pie,
Gray cat kick out black cat's eye
Oh, Jenny get your hoe cake done, my dear
Oh, Jenny get your hoe cake done, love!

6

Massa an Misse promise me
When dey died to set me free,
Now dey boss am dead and gone,
Left ole Sambo hoeing out corn
Oh, Jenny get your hoe cake done, my dear,
Oh, Jenny get your hoe cake done, love!

7

Old Massa, and Misse, is gone away,
Da left home one morning gest about day;
And den you har dat nigger say,
Gi me down de banjo and let de nigger play!
Oh, Jenny get your hoe cake done, my dear,
Oh, Jenny get your hoe cake done, love!

8

You eat my sugar, and drink my tea,
And run about de old field and talk about me;
Dare was a nigger inde gutter and he turned ^{about} right
And up stept Jo and got his toothknocked out.
Oh, Jenny get your hoe cake done, my dear,
Oh, Jenny get your hoe cake done, love!

9

Dare was a frog jumped out de spring,
It was so cold he couldn't sing,
He tied his tail to a hickory stump,
He rared an pitched but he couldn't make a jump.
Oh, Jenny get your hoe cake done, my dear,
Oh, Jenny get your hoe cake done, love!

10

The old hen and chickens at the stack,
An old hawk flew down amongst de pack,
And struck de old hen whack middle ob de back,
And I really do believe dat tis a fact.
Oh, Jenny get your hoe cake done, my dear,
Oh, Jenny get your hoe cake done, love!

11

Now white folks, I'd hab you to know,
Dare is no music like de old banjo,
And if you want to hear it ring,
Jist watch dis finger on de string.
Oh, Jenny get your hoe cake done, my dear,
Oh, Jenny get your hoe cake done, love!