JIM ALONG JOSEY



As Sung by,

ME JOHN R. SMITH.

Arranged for the

PIANO FORTE,

Pr. 25 00

BY

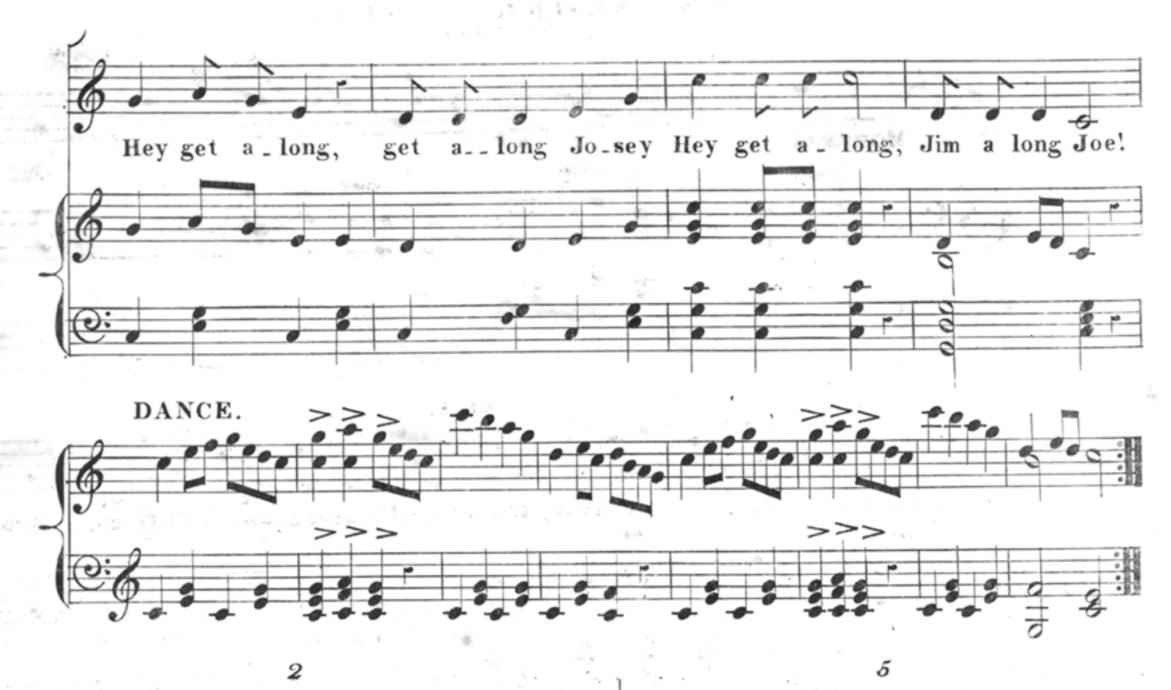
AN EMINENT PROFESSOR.

NEW YORK,
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JIM ALONG JOSEY.



Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1840 by Firth & Hall, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Southern District of N.Y.



Oh. when I gets dat new coat which I expects to hab soon,

Likewise a new pair tight_knee'd trousaloon, Den I walks up and down Broadway wid my Susanna,

And de white folks will take me to be Santa Anna,
Hey get along, get along Josey,
Hey get along, Jim along Joe!

My sister Rose de oder night did dream,
Dat she was floating up and down de stream,
And when she woke she began to cry,
And de white cat picked out de black cat's eye.

Hey get along, get along Josey, Hey get along, Jim along Joe!

Now way down south not very far off,

A Bullfrog died wid de hooping cough,

And de oder side of Mississippi as you must know,

Dare's where I was christen'd Jim along Joe.

Hey get along, get along Josey, Hey get along, Jim along Joe! De new York niggers tink dey're fine,
Because dey drink de genuine,
De southern niggers dey lib on mush,
And when dey laugh dey say Oh Hush.

Hey get along, get along Josey, Hey get along, Jim along Joe!

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I'me de nigger that dont mind my troubles, Because dey are noting more dan bubbles De ambition that dis nigger feels Is showing de science of his heels.

> Hey get along, get along Josey, Hey get along, Jim along Joe,

De fust President we eber had was Gen'ral Washington,

And de one we've got now is Martin Van Buren,
But altho' Gen'ral Washington's dead
As long as de country stands his name shall
float ahead.

Hey get along, get along Josey,
Hey get along, Jim along Joe!