

Old Time Songs.

BY THE EDITOR.

What a charm there is in the old-time songs! While we were camping out on the banks of the River St. John a few weeks ago, a boat load of young people, rowing in front of our tent, sang some of these old melodies; and so perfectly in harmony were their rich young voices with the scenery of the quiet evening and the calm waters that it made one wish these simple old-time songs were more generally known and sung by our school children. To make this possible, the REVIEW will give the words of a few of these songs, with some interesting particulars of how they came to be written, and some facts about their authors. The music of any of them can be obtained for five or ten cents at any bookstore or from any music dealer. (Many of them are found in the book reviewed in another column in this number of the REVIEW). A pleasant half hour may be spent alternate Friday afternoons in practising the songs and in reading little compositions made up by the children about their authors.

SONG—OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

'Way down upon the Swannee river
Far, far away,
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There's where the old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for the old plantation,
And for the old folks at home.

CHORUS—

All the world is sad and dreary,
Everywhere I roam,
O darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

All round the little farm I wandered,
When I was young,
Then many happy days I squandered,
Many the songs I sung.
When I was playing with my brother,
Happy was I,
Oh! take me to my kind old mother,
There let me live and die.

CHORUS—

All the world, etc.

One little hut among the bushes,
One that I love,
Still fondly to my memory rushes,
No matter where I rove.

When shall I see the bees a-humming,
All among the comb?
When shall I hear the banjo thrumming,
Down in my good old home.

CHORUS—

All the world, etc.

Brighter, but scarcely less plaintive or full of melody is the next song of the same author. The imitation negro dialect is not given, as nothing is gained by teaching it to children :

SONG—MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay,
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By'n by Hard Times comes a-knocking at the door
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

CHORUS—

Weep no more, my lady,
Oh! weep no more today,
We will sing one song for my old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill and the shore,
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight:
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

CHORUS—

Oh! weep no more, etc.

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go,
A few more days and the trouble all will end
In the field where the sugar canes grow.
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 'twill never be light,
A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

CHORUS—

Oh! weep no more, etc.

Can anything be more simple than the quaint homely English of these verses? and their pathos appeals to young and old. The teacher can recall to the pupils the unfortunate condition of the negro slaves of the South, often torn from their homes and sold by one master to another, and to the fact that many of these run-away slaves sought