

One of the best illustrations of the absolute nothingness that characterizes the words of these songs, is given by the utterances attending the melody called "Shanadore," which probably means Shenandoah, a river in Virginia. I often have heard such confusing statements as the following:—

## SHANADORE.

Shanadore's a roll - ing river, *Hur - rah*, you rolling river. Oh, Shanadore's

**CHORUS.**

a roll - ing river, *Ah ha!*, I'm bounding away o'er the wild Missouri.

Shanadore's a packet sailor, Chorus. Shanadore I long to hear you. Chorus.

Shanadore's a bright mulatto, Chorus.

and so the song goes on, according to the ingenuity of the improptu composer. Sailor's are not total abstainers as a frequent utterance:—

## WHISKEY JOHNNY.

**CHORUS.** **CHORUS.**

Whiskey is the life of man, *Whiskey Johnny*; We'll drink our whiskey when we can, *Whiskey* for my Johnny.

I drink whiskey, and my wife drinks gin,

Chorus.

And the way she drinks it is a sin.

Chorus.

I and my wife can not agree,

Chorus.

For she drinks whiskey in her tea.

Chorus.

I had a girl, her name was Lize,

Chorus.

And she put whiskey in her pies.

Chorus.

Whiskey's gone and I'll go too,

Chorus.

For without whiskey I can't do.

Chorus.

Another popular song is:—

## KNOCK A MAN DOWN.

**CHORUS.**

I wish I was in Mo - bile Bay. *Way, hey,* knock a man down.