

## **The Old Oaken Bucket (1817, 1826)**

1 How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,  
When fond recollections present them to view !  
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,  
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;  
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,  
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;  
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,  
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well;  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-cover'd bucket, which hung in the well.

2 That moss-cover'd vessel I hail as a treasure;  
For often, at noon, when return'd from the field,  
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,  
The purest and sweetest that Nature can yield.  
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing !  
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;  
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,  
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-cover'd bucket arose from the well.

3 How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,  
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips !  
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,  
Though fill'd with the nectar that Jupiter sips.  
And now, far removed from the loved situation,  
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,  
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,  
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-cover'd bucket, which hangs in the well.

# **Ed's California Songster**

**Sacramento City**

**Amazing Grace** (1773 John Newton)  
*New Britain* (1829)

1 Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound,  
That saved a wretch like me.  
I once was lost but now am found,  
Was blind, but now I see.

2 T'was Grace that taught my heart to fear.  
And Grace, my fears relieved.  
How precious did that Grace appear  
The hour I first believed.

3 Through many dangers, toils and snares  
I have already come;  
'Tis Grace that brought me safe thus far  
and Grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me.  
His word my hope secures.  
He will my shield and portion be,  
As long as life endures.

5 Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

Chorus:

4 Your lips are red as poppies, your hair so slick  
and neat,  
All braided up with dahlias, and hollyhocks so  
sweet.  
It's ev'ry sunday morning, when I am by your side,  
We'll jump into the Wagon, and all take a ride.

Chorus:

5 Together, on life's journey, we'll travel till we  
stop,  
And if we have no trouble, we'll reach the happy  
top.  
Then come with me sweet Phillis, my dear, my  
lovely bride,  
We'll jump into the Wagon, and all take a ride.

Chorus:

## **You Who Don't Believe It**

*Air: Blue-tailed Fly 1858*

1 There is no land upon the earth,  
Contains the same amount of worth;  
And he that could not here reside,  
Had ought to freeze the other side!

**CHORUS**

You who don't believe it,  
You who don't believe it,  
You who don't believe it,  
Come yourselves and see!

2 We've got more gold than all the world,  
A flag that wins whene'er unfurled,  
And smarter men to help us through,  
Than England, France or Mexico.

**CHORUS**

3 We've smarter ships than Johnny Bull,  
Larger sheep with finer wool;  
A prison too! you cannot fail  
To throw a Bull through by the tail.

**CHORUS**

4 We raise the largest cabbage heads,  
Got more and better feather beds;  
Of everything we've got the best,  
An thieves until you cannot rest.

**CHORUS**

5 All ruffianism now is o'er,  
The country's safer than before;  
Our cities keep the rowdies straight,  
Or send them through the Golden Gate.  
CHORUS

6 We've got the highest mountains here,  
Taller trees and faster deer,  
And travel more, at higher rates,  
Than people in the Eastern States.

CHORUS

7 We've got the smartest river boats,  
And, ten to one, old whiskey bloats;  
We're blest with very heavy fogs,  
And any amount of poodle dogs!

CHORUS

8 We've got a few unmarried g'hals,  
Railroads, ditches and canals;  
Although we did repudiate,  
A joke 'twas only to create.

CHORUS

9 To one and all, both young and old,  
You're welcome to the land of gold;  
So come along, be not afraid,  
We guarantee you all well paid!

CHORUS

### **Wait for the Wagon (1851)**

1 Will you come with me my Phillis, dear, to yon  
blue mountain free,  
Where the blossoms smell the sweetest,  
come rove along with me.  
It's ev'ry Sunday morning when I am by your side,  
We'll jump into the Wagon, and all take a ride.

Chorus:

Wait for the Wagon,  
Wait for the Wagon,  
Wait for the Wagon and we'll all take a ride.

Wait for the Wagon,  
Wait for the Wagon,  
Wait for the Wagon, and we'll all take a ride.

2 Where the river runs like silver, and the  
birds they sing so sweet,  
I have a cabin, Phillis, and something good to eat.  
Come listen to my story, it will relieve my heart,  
So jump into the Wagon, and off we will start.  
Chorus:

3 Do you believe, my Phillis, dear, old Mike,  
with all his wealth,  
Can make you half so happy, as I with youth and  
health?  
We'll have a little farm, a horse, a pig and cow;  
And you will mind the dairy, while I will guide the  
plough.

## **The Abolitionist Hymn**

*Old Hundredth*

1 We ask not that the slave should lie,  
As lies his master, at his ease,  
Beneath a silken canopy,  
Or in the shade of blooming trees.

2 We ask not "eye for eye," that all  
Who forge the chain and ply the whip  
Should feel their torture, while the thrall  
Should wield the scourge of mastership.

3 We mourn not that the man should toil.  
'Tis nature's need. 'Tis God's decree.  
But let the hand that tills the soil  
Be, like the wind that fans it, free.

## **A Ripping Trip**

*Air: Pop Goes the Weasel Play 1858*

1 You go aboard a leaky boat  
And sail for San Francisco;  
You have to pump to keep her afloat –  
You have that, by jingo!  
The engine soon begins to squeak,  
With nary a thing to oil her;  
Impossible to stop the leak –  
rip goes the boiler!

2 The captain on the promenade,  
Looking very savage;  
The steward and the cabin maid,  
Fighting 'bout a cabbage;  
All about the cabin floor,  
Passengers lie sea-sick;  
Steamer's bound to go ashore –  
Rip goes the physic!

3 Pork and beans they can't afford  
For second cabin passengers;  
The cook has tumbled overboard  
With forty pounds of "sassengers";  
The engineer, a little tight,  
Bragging on the Mail Line,  
Finally gets into a fight –  
Rip goes the en-gine!

4 Cholera begins to rage,  
A few have got the scurvy;  
Chickens dying in their cage,  
Steerage topsy-turvy;  
When you get to Panama,  
Greasers want to back-load;  
Officers begin to jaw –  
Rip goes the railroad!

5 When home, you'll tell an awful tale  
And always will be thinking  
How much you had to pump and bail  
To keep the tub from sinking;  
Of course, you'll take a glass of gin,  
'Twill make you feel so funny;  
Some city sharp will rope you in –  
Rip goes your money!

## **All People that on Earth Do Dwell (1561)**

*Old Hundredth*

1 All people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.  
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell;  
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;  
Without our aid He did us make;  
We are His folk, He doth us feed,  
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise;  
Approach with joy His courts unto;  
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good;  
His mercy is for ever sure;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

5 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him ye creatures here below,  
Praise him above ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## **Under the Willow She's Sleeping**

*Stephen Foster*

1. Under the Willow she's laid with care,  
(Song a lone mother while weeping;)  
Under the willow, with golden hair,  
My little one's quietly sleeping.

Chorus:

Fair, fair, and golden hair,  
(Song a lone mother while weeping,)  
Fair, fair, and golden hair,  
Under the willow she's sleeping.

2. Under the willow no songs are heard,  
Near where my darling lies deraming;  
Naught but the voice of some far off bird,  
Where life and its pleasures are beaming.

Chorus

3. Under the Willow by night and day,  
Sorrowing ever I ponder;  
Free from its shadowy, gloomy ray  
Ah! Never again can she wander.

Chorus

4. Under the willow, I breath a prayer,  
Longing to linger forever;  
Near to my angel with golden hair,  
In lands where there's sorrowing never.

And in it put Rosin the Beau  
And in it put Rosin the Beau  
And dig a great hole in the meadow  
And in it put Rosin the Beau.

5 Then get ye a couple of bottles  
Put one at me head and me toe  
With a diamond ring scratch upon them  
The name of old Rosin the Beau  
The name of old Rosin the Beau  
The name of old Rosin the Beau  
With a diamond ring scratch upon them  
The name of old Rosin the Beau.

6 I've only this one consolation  
As out of this world I go  
I know that the next generation  
Will resemble old Rosin the Beau  
Will resemble old Rosin the Beau  
Will resemble old Rosin the Beau  
I know that the next generation  
Will resemble old Rosin the Beau.

7 I fear that old tyrant approaching  
That cruel remorseless old foe  
And I lift up me glass in his honor  
Take a drink with old Rosin the Beau  
Take a drink with old Rosin the Beau  
Take a drink with old Rosin the Beau  
And I lift up me glass in his honor  
Take a drink with old Rosin the Beau.

## **Rosin the Beau (1830)**

1 I've traveled all over this country  
And now to another I go  
And I know that good quarters are waiting  
To welcome old Rosin the Beau  
To welcome old Rosin the Beau  
To welcome old Rosin the Beau  
And I know that good quarters are waiting  
To welcome old Rosin the Beau.

2 When I'm dead and laid out on the counter  
A voice you will hear from below  
Saying "Send down a hogshead of whiskey  
To drink with old Rosin the Beau"  
To drink with old Rosin the Beau"  
To drink with old Rosin the Beau"  
Saying "Send down a hogshead of whiskey  
To drink with old Rosin the Beau".

3 Then get a half dozen stout fellows  
And stack them all up in a row  
Let them drink out of half gallon bottles  
To the memory of Rosin the Beau  
To the memory of Rosin the Beau  
To the memory of Rosin the Beau  
Let them drink out of half gallon bottles  
To the memory of Rosin the Beau.

4 Then get this half dozen stout fellows  
And let them all stagger and go  
And dig a great hole in the meadow  
And in it put Rosin the Beau

## **Sawyer's Exit (1859)**

1 How bright is the day when the Christian  
Receives the sweet message to come,  
To rise to the mansions of glory,  
And be there forever at home.  
And be there forever at home,  
And be there forever at home,  
To rise to the mansions of glory,  
And be there forever at home.

2 The angels stand ready and waiting  
The moment the spirit is gone  
To carry it upward to heaven  
And welcome it safely at home.  
And welcome it safely at home,  
And welcome it safely at home,  
To carry it upward to heaven  
And welcome it safely at home.

3 The saints that have gone up before us  
All raise a new shout as we come  
And sing hallelujah the louder  
To welcome the travelers home.  
(etc.)

4 And there are our friends and companions  
Escaped from the evil to come  
And crowding the gates of fair Zion  
To wait our arrival at home.  
(etc.)

5 And there is the blessed Redeemer  
So mild on his merciful throne  
With hearts and hands widely extended  
To welcome his ransom'd ones home.  
(etc.)

6 Then let us go onward rejoicing  
Till Jesus invites us to come  
To share in his glorious kingdom  
And rest in his bosom at home.  
(etc.)

### **The Washington Badge (1843)**

Come join in our temperance army,  
And put on the Washington badge;  
I'm sure that it never will harm you  
To give in your name to the pledge.  
We've done with our days of carousing,  
Our nights, too, of frolicsome glee;  
For now with our sober minds choosing,  
We've pledged ourselves never to spree.

### **Lincoln and Liberty (1860)**

1 Hurrah for the choice of the nation,  
Our chieftain so brave and so true,  
We'll go for the great reformation,  
For Lincoln and Liberty, too!  
We'll go for the son of Kentucky,  
The hero of Hoosierdom through,  
The pride of the "Suckers" so lucky,  
For Lincoln and Liberty, too!

2 They'll find what by felling and mauling,  
Our railmaker statesman can do;  
For the people are everywhere calling  
For Lincoln and Liberty, too.  
Then up with the banner so glorious,  
The star-spangled red, white, and blue,  
We'll fight till our banner's victorious,  
For Lincoln and Liberty, too.

3 Our David's good sling is unerring,  
The Slavocrat's giant he slew,  
Then shout for the freedom preferring,  
For Lincoln and Liberty, too.  
We'll go for the son of Kentucky,  
The hero of Hoosierdom through,  
The pride of the "Suckers" so lucky,  
For Lincoln and Liberty, too.