

PRAIRIE UNITARIAN-UNIVERSALIST SOCIETY
May 1, 1988

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER (1826-1864): FROM PITTSBURGH TO BELLEVUE

Chalice Lighting

"Some Folks" (1855) - The Congregation, with Mike Briggs, piano

"Hard Times Come Again No More" (1855) - Joe Lawrence, tuba, and Mike Briggs
(children may leave for RE classes)

"Old Folks at Home" (1851) - Anna Nettleton, violin, and Kotya Sido, piano

"Camptown Races" (1850) - The Congregation, with Mary Mullins, harmonica

"My Old Kentucky Home" (1852) - Tally Taliaferro, Metje Butler,
and "Beautiful Dreamer" (1862) Rachel Siegfried, and Gretchen Vetzner

"Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair" (1854) - Mike Sheehy, baritone, and
the Prairie Winds, Barbara Barley, Ruth Calden,
John Grindrod, Diane Knott, and Betsy True

"Ah! May the Red Rose Live Alway" (1850) - Barb Park, and Aileen Nettleton,
piano

coordinated by Warren Hagstrom

OH! SUSANNA

I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee;
I'se gwan to Lousiana My true lub for to see.
It rained all night de day I left,
De wedder it was dry;
The sun so hot I froze to def,
Susanna, don't you cry.
Oh! Susanna, do not cry for my;
I come from Alabama, Wid my banjo on my knee.

I had a dream de udder night, when eb
I thought I saw Susanna dear, a coming down de hill,
The buckwheat cake was in her mouf, de tear was in her eye,
Says I, I'se coming from de souf, Susanna don't you cry.
Oh! Susanna. . .

I soon will be in New Orleans,
And den I'll look all 'round,
And when I find Susanna,
I'll fall upon de ground.
But if I do not find her,
Dis darkey'll surely die,
And when I'm dead and buried,
Susanna don't you cry.

CAMPTOWN RACES

De Camptown ladies sing dis song,
Doo-dah! doo-dah!
De Camptown race-track five miles long,
Oh! doo-dah-day!
I come down dah wid my hat caved in,
Doo-dah! doo-dah!
I go back home wid a pocket full of tin,
Oh! doo-dah-day!
Gwine to run all night!
Gwine to run all day!
I'll bet my money on de bobtail nag,
Somebody bet on de bay.

De long tail filly and de big black hoss,
Doo-dah! doo-dah!
Dey fly de track and dey both cut across,
Oh! doo-dah-day!
De blind hoss sticken in a big mud hole,
Doo-dah! doo-dah!
Can't touch bottom wid a ten foot pole,
Oh! doo-dah-day!
Gwin to run all night. . .

Old mulley cow come onto de track,
Doo-dah! doo-dah!
De bobtail fling her ober his back,
Oh! doo-dah-day!
Den fly along like a railroad car,
Doo-dah! doo-dah!
Runnin' a race wid a shootin' star,
Oh! doo-dah-day!
Gwine to run all night. . .

See dem flyin' on a ten mile beat,
Doo-dah! doo-dah!
Round de race-track den repeat,
Oh! doo-dah-day!
I win my money on de bobtail nag,
Doo-dah! doo-dah!
I keep my money in an old towbag,
Oh! doo-dah-day!
Gwine to run all night. . .