

August 2019

# The Man that has seen Better Days

Author Unknown

Follow this and additional works at: [https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides\\_uk](https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk)



Part of the [Folklore Commons](#), and the [Music Commons](#)

---

## Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "The Man that has seen Better Days" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 845.  
[https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides\\_uk/845](https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/845)

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside Ballads at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Broadside Ballads: England by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact [egrove@olemiss.edu](mailto:egrove@olemiss.edu).





*The Man that has seen*  
**BETTER DAYS.**

No doubt you all wonder what object this is,  
 With visage so pale and so wan,  
 But in spite of my appearance, or woe begone fiz,  
 I was once a respectable man;  
 When fortune did smile I, as gay as a lark,  
 Could trip it from night until morn,  
 But now I dar'nt turn out, 'till after it's dark,  
 My clothes are so seedy and torn.

In days of prosperity I had every one's praise,  
 But now I'm a man that has seen better days.

Hot dinners and suppers I used for to give,  
 I had a host too of friends, I was told,  
 But now they have left me alone for to grieve,  
 My friends, like my suppers, are cold;  
 I used for to drive them all out in my cab,  
 To the race-course, the hunt, or review,  
 But now out of kindness, you need'nt to doubt,  
 My friends they all drive me out now.  
 In days of prosperity, &c.

If a former acquaintance I happen to meet,  
 Conversation with me seems to shun,  
 He bolts me and cuts straightway over the street,  
 And I've nothing to cut in return.  
 Without a crown in my pocket, or one in my hat,  
 The rain on my own crown pelts,  
 My shoes too, oh dear! don't know what to be at,  
 For my toes will come out at the whelts.  
 In days of prosperity, &c.

My coat too is seedy and minus a lap,  
 I am jeered by each ignorant loot,  
 They say that 'tis sleepy and wanteth a nap—  
 Out at elbows it is without doubt;  
 My landlady too duns me hard for her rent,  
 In language my very heart loathes—  
 (To my poor feelings I dare not give vent,)  
 I've no rent but the rents of my clothes.

WALKER, PRINTER, DURHAM.

*When sailing on*  
**DE OHIO.**

A summer day, it feels so gay,  
 An' makes de nigger work cheerily;  
 But winter chill, it make him still;  
 Him can't help feeling wearily.  
 But when him on de ribber side,  
 Him like to see de flowing tide,  
 And hear de rushing as it blow, ob de Ohio.

De pine log raft, wid de crew all abaft.  
 Pursuing der course so drearily;  
 Dey pass de time gay by singing away  
 O'er de bright blazing fire so merrily.  
 Der way is long, but still de song,  
 It passes de time right cheerily,  
 An' still on der way, for many a day,  
 Dey keep it up right merrily;  
 An' singing as dey sail along,  
 Dis der own right merry song,  
 Singing as dey sail along, dis der merry song,  
 When sailing on de Ohio, Ohio,—When sailing, &c.

How pleasant to see de stream flow free,  
 When at work in de cotton fields early;  
 An' feel de fresh breeze,  
 Among de high trees,—  
 We niggers enjoy it dearly;  
 But when him on de ribber side,  
 Him like to see de flowing tide,  
 An' hear de rushing as it blow, ob de Ohio.

Den ebery time dat we hear de chime,  
 Ob de rafter so pleasant and gaily,  
 It gladdens our heart for to see dem so smart,  
 Passing by on de ribber, each, daily;  
 Der way is long, but still de song  
 It passes de time right cheerily,  
 An' still on der way, for many a day,  
 They keep it up right merrily.  
 An' singing as dey sail along, &c.

**OH! SAMBO WHITE,  
 IN LUB I'M QUITE.**

Oh! Sambo White, pray come dis night  
 For half an hour, and sing beneath my bower;  
 Oh! come to me, don't go to bed,  
 And show me, do, dy woolly head.

Musquito humming, your banjo tumming,  
 Don't snore till broad day light,—

My Love, good night!

Oh! Sambo White, in lub I'm quite,—

My lub, good night, good night.

No frightful dream come near thee, hush a bye,  
 Nor night mare eber fear dee, hush a bye.

Oh! Sambo White, pray come dis night,  
 Don't mind de shower,—I've meal for de, my flower;  
 Opposum pies and oat-cake bread,  
 Wild honey, too, when we are wed,  
 Bless they probosis,—how flat thy nose is,  
 Lips red and round weigh quite a pound.

Oh! Sambo White, my heart's delight,

Black rose, good night, good night.

No frightful dream come near thee, hush a bye  
 Nor night mare eber fear dee, hush a bye.