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Don't Be Foolish Joe

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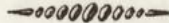
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FLORA MAY.



The sun was sinking in the west,
To close the shining day,
The eve when first my eyes were blest
With sight of Flora May.

We vowed to love each other long
Upon life's chequer'd way;
And oft my merry banjo's song
Was tuned to Flora May.

The trader with his spreading sails
Did bear my love away;
And now my broken heart bewails
The loss of Flora May.

The marriage bells in happy peal
A transient joy convey;
For as I list their sounds reveal
"O come to Flora May."

The pale moon when she's shining bright,
Behind a cloud will stray,
To weep with me in tearful light
For my poor Flora May.

And when the great sea-sigh is heard,
Bowed down with woe I pray,
The whisper to the ocean-bird
Says, "Mourn for Flora May,"

DON'T BE FOOLISH JOE.

When I lived in Tennesse,—
U-le-a-li, o-la-e!
Joe he came a courting me,—
U-le-a-li, o-la-e!
Eyes as dark as winter's night,
Lips as red as berry bright;
When wooing first we both did go,
I said: "Now don't be foolish, Joe."
U-le-a-li, o-la-e!
Courting down in Tennesse.

He said: "You are a lubly gal, dat's plain,—
U-le-a-li, o-la-e!
Breff as sweet as sugar cane,—
U-le-a-li, o-la-e!
Feet so large and comely too,
Might make a cradle ob each shoe;
Oh! Rosa, take me for your beau."
I said: "Now don't be foolish, Joe."
U-le-a-li, o-la-e!

My story yet is to be told,—
U-le-a-li, o-la-e!
Joe he catch'd a shocking cold,—
U-le-a-li, o-la-e!
Send de doctor, fetched de nurse;
Doctor came, but made him worse;
I tried to make him laugh,—but no!
So said: "Now don't be foolish, Joe."
U-le-a-li, o-la-e!

Dey gib him up, no power could save,—
U-le-a-li, o-la-e!
He ax me follow him to him grave,—
U-le-a-li, o-la-e!
I take him hand, 'twas cold as death,
So cold I hardly drew my breff;
He saw my tears in sorrow flow,
As I said: "Farewell, my dearest Joe!"
U-le-a-li, o-la-e!
Joe now sleeps in Tennesse,—
U-le-a-li, o-la-e!
'Neath the wild banana tree.