

August 2019

A Life by the Gally Fire

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Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "A Life by the Gally Fire" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 989.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/989

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YELLA BUSHHA BELLA.

As I walk'd out one moonlight night,
 AI met a fair maid—her eyes shone bright,
 Her face was so black, you couldn't see it well,
 And she was called de "Yaller busha belle"
 Says I, "young lady' may I walk wid ye?"
 What do you tink was de answe she gib me?
 She says to me ha, ta,
 Go away, black man, don't you come a'neigh me,
 Burn you we'de a chunk, if I don't blue die me!
 Radiuk a day, ra, di, ink a day—
 Nigger see'd her eat a pumpkin all de day.

Dat she should be so dignified, I didn't care to see,
 Kase I'm de ansom nigger from de elbow to de knee
 I never see a yaller gal dat I could like so well,
 So I splash my 'fections on you, my
 Yaller busha belle.

Spoken.) She says to me in 'zactly de same tone
 of voice as before, only different,
 Go away, black man, &c.

We did'nt walk much funder kaze down de rain fell
 So in a minute I put up my cotton umberelle,
 Miss Dinah, now, I axes you to lean upon dis arm,
 An' I pledge my solemn appetite I don't mean you
 no harm,

So come, young lady, may I walk wid ye?
 Dis time a different answe she gib me.

Spoken.) You see de rain was coming down
 tolerably slick and she says---

Come away, black man, I'll go away with you now
 Hold up your umberella, or I get wet thro' now,
 We walked along togeder, I don't no what I said,
 But de subject ob matrimoney eum into my head,
 All dat passed between I'm not a-going to tell,
 But de next day I got married to my
 Yaller busha belle.

Went to a nigger parson, on purpos to be wed,
 When he ask'd de lady's name, wot do you tink she
 said?
 Go away, black man, &c.

About twelve months after dat I t'ought I go wild,
 When my yaller gal she gab to me a little male child
 He was as black as any crow, perhaps just a trifle

biger,
 I dare I neber saw such a handsome little nigger,
 But my Yaller Busha Belle, my young and lovely
 bide,
 She didn't live much longer, 'cause de next day she
 died.

Spoken.) She says to me in a werry lemoncholv
 voice---

Good-bye black man, I'm going away from you now
 Mind de piccaninty if you lub me true now,
 Ra, di, ink a day, ra, di, ink a day,
 'clare it nearly broke my heart to put her in de
 day.



A LIFE BY THE GALLY FIRE

A life by the gally fire,
 A home in de good old ship,
 Whar de waves curl higher & higher
 Like a nigger's under lip:
 Like a coon in a cage I pine,
 while on de stan still shore,
 Give de pickle brine,
 An' de black caboose once more.

A life by de gally hre,
 A home in de good old ship,
 whar de wavcs roll higher & higher
 Like a nigger's uuder lip.

In de ole caboose I stan
 Among de fire an' pot,
 An' dar I hab comman',
 Of wittals smoking hot,
 I sit and toast my skin,
 An' work my old jaw bone,
 An' when de storm begins,
 I sing him dis yar tune.
 A life by the gally fire &c.

Wid a slicc ob good fat ham,
 Cooked brown as a nigger's skin,
 My wittals chest I cram,
 And like a shark I grin,
 An' when eight bells hab struck,
 Away I go to roos',
 An' sleep like a black sea duck.
 An' dream ob de ole caboose,

Hodges, from PITTS, Wholesale Toy and Mer-
 ble Warehouse, Dudley Street, Seven Dials.