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# Going Ober De Mountain

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## GOING OBER DE MOUNTAIN.

**O**H here I am : both old and young,  
Listen to my funny song;  
'll sing to you one not very long,  
Of going ober de mountain.

CHORUS.

Fare de well, my own true lub,  
Fare de well, my darling !  
Oh good bye my Nigger gall,  
I am going ober de mountain.

I fell in lub wid a Nigger gal,  
And she thought I was a good pal ;  
But I am forced to leave my gal,  
'Cause I'm going ober de mountain.

My poor gal began to cry,  
And wid a cloth she wipe her eye :  
She told me dat she would die,  
If I went ober de mountain.

My poor gal did faint away,  
Then on the ground she did lay,  
And I heard all the people say,  
Him going ober de mountain.

Oh, from de ground my gal did rise,  
And vith my coat I viped her eyes ;  
Says I, Lawk my gal, how you cries,  
'Cause I'm going ober de mountain.

I kissed my Nigger gal and pressed her  
hand,  
Her eyes ran like a fountain ;  
So good bye all my friends at home :  
I'm going ober de mountain.

Now all good people I hab done,  
And I hope you will buy a song,  
For you see I want some browns  
To help me ober de mountain.



THE

## Heart bow d down.

**T**HE heart, bow'd down by weight of  
woe,  
To weakest hope will cling,  
To thought and impulse while they flow,  
That can no comfort bring ;  
With those exciting scenes will blend  
O'er pleasure's pathway thrown ;  
But mem'ry is the only friend  
That grief can call its own.

The mind will, in its worst despair,  
Still ponder o'er the past—  
On moments of dellght that were  
Too beautiful to last ;  
To long-departed years extend  
Its visions, with them flown ;  
For memory is the only friend  
That grief can call its own.



J. Paul and Co., Printers, 2 and 3, Monmouth Court,  
Seven Dials, where upward of 5000 different sorts of  
ballads are continually on sale, together with 40 new  
penny, and 60 new halfpenny song books.