

Uncle Remus's Christmas Dance-Songs.

[THESE songs, or something like them (I have endeavored to catch the spirit as nearly as possible) are sung with what Uncle Remus would call the "knee-racket"; that is to say, they are "patting" songs. If the reader will bear in mind that the rhythmical effect of these songs is based on *time*—on recurring and invariable pauses,—there will be no difficulty in catching the swing. The last verses of each stanza should be read with a quickening effect. The refrains in each are in the nature of a chorus. In the second song, the line "My honey, my love" is sung by all, and the last four verses of each stanza constitute the chorus proper.]

I.

RABBIT-TUM-A-HASH.

RABBIT foot quick, Rabbit foot light,
—Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap!
Hop, skip, jump! Oh, mon, he's a sight!
Kaze he res' all de day en run all de night,
—Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap,
Oh, Rabbit-tum-a-hash!

Crow fly Eas', de crow fly Wes',
—Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap,
Jay-bird hunt de sparrer nes',
En he eat all de aigs fer ter see w'ich de bes',
—Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap,
Oh, Rabbit-tum-a-hash!

Little pot simmer, big pot bubble,
—Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap!
Dumplin' flirt like he done got in trouble,
He flirt en he flip twel he look like he double,
—Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap,
Oh, Rabbit-tum-a-hash!

Pot, he bigger dan de fryin' pan,
—Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap!
En 'pun dis groun' I take my stan',
I druther be a nigger dan a po' w'ite man,
—Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap,
Oh, Rabbit-tum-a-hash!

Nigger, he chunk up de fire en grin,
—Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap!
Oh, do run yer, Miss Sooky Blueskin,
You forgot fer ter put dat seas'nin' in,
—Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap!
Oh, Rabbit-tum-a-hash!

W'en Pa'tridge call—*Bob White! Bob White!*
—Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap!
Does yo' dogs bite? Oh, yes, at night!
Oh, den Mister Rabbit lif' he foot mighty light,
—Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap,
Oh, Rabbit-tum-a-hash!

II.

MY HONEY, MY LOVE.

HIT's a mighty fur ways up de Far'well Lane,
My honey, my love!
You may ax Mister Crow, you may ax Mister Crane,
My honey, my love!
Dey'll make you a bow, en dey'll tell you de same,
My honey, my love!
Hit's a mighty fur ways fer ter go in de night,
My honey, my love!
My honey, my love, my heart's delight—
My honey, my love!

Mister Mink, he creep twel he wake up de snipe,
My honey, my love!
Mister Bull-Frog holler, *Come-a light my pipe!*
My honey, my love!
En de Pa'tridge ax, *Aint yo' peas ripe?*
My honey, my love!
Better not walk erlong dar much atter night,
My honey, my love!
My honey, my love, my heart's delight—
My honey, my love!

De Bully-Bat fly mighty close ter de groun',
My honey, my love!
Mister Fox, he coax 'er, *Do come down!*
My honey, my love!
Mister Coon, he rack all 'roun' en 'roun'
My honey, my love!
In de darkest night, Oh, de nigger, he's a sight!
My honey, my love!
My honey, my love, my heart's delight—
My honey, my love!

Oh, flee, Miss Nancy, flee ter my knee,
My honey, my love!
'Lev'm big, fat coons lives in one tree,
My honey, my love!
Oh, ladies all, won't you marry me?
My honey, my love!
Tu'n lef, tu'n right, we'll dance all night,
My honey, my love!
My honey, my love, my heart's delight—
My honey, my love!

De big Owl holler en cry fer his mate,
My honey, my love!
Oh, don't stay long! Oh, don't stay late!
My honey, my love!
Hit aint so mighty fur ter de Good-By Gate,
My honey, my love!
Whar we all got ter go w'en we sing out de night,
My honey, my love—
My honey, my love, my heart's delight!
My honey, my love!