

**SOUVENIR  
SONG BOOK**



**Danner's Chapel**

Compiled and Published by  
**CLAUDE HENDERSON**  
Paoli, Indiana  
1962

*Price 50 cents*

## EARLY HISTORY OF Danner's Chapel Church

Danner's Chapel church was organized by Rev. Aaron Farmer in 1829, it being the second one in the county. At the first session of the Indiana Conference in 1830, Rev. Frederick Kenoyer was sent to the Orange Circuit. The class was organized in the home of Joseph Danner, and the class worshipped there until 1833, when they erected a log house, to be used for school and church purposes. They worshiped in this log house until 1841, when they erected a small frame house. The deed for the church and burial ground was made by Joseph Danner, to James Danner, Andrew Danner and Joseph Danner, who were the church trustees for the Church of the United Brethren in Christ. The deed was made January 9, 1851. The frame church house had been erected just ten years before — in 1841.



### DANNERS CHAPEL CEMETERY UPKEEP FUND OFFICERS

Claude Henderson, Volunteer Chairman, Paoli  
Mrs. Irene Dillard, Treasurer, Paoli  
Grant Holiday, Vice Chairman, R. 2, Paoli



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## SOLDIERS BURIED AT DANNERS CHAPEL CEMETERY



Alspaugh, David C.	Co. F. 59th Ind. Vol. Inf.	Civil War
Barnett, Isaac	Co. H. 13th Ind. Vol. Inf.	Civil War
Bosley, Ben		
Chandler, William	Va. Reg.	Rev. War
Cox, Joe		
Danner, Isaac A.	Co. F. 59th Ind. Vol. Inf.	Civil War
Denton, T. A.	Co. B. 24th Ind. Vol. Inf.	Civil War
Gillem, John W.	Co. G. 9th Ohio Vol. Cav.	Civil War
Granger, Samuel M.	Co. A. 38th Ind. Vol. Inf.	Civil War
Holaday, John B.	Co. F. 59th Ind. Vol. Inf.	Civil War
Holaday, Thomas B.	Co. F. 59th Ind. Vol. Inf.	Civil War
Holaday, Benjamin	Co. I. 120th Inf.	World War I
Hollis, Tilman	Co. C. 49th Ind. Vol. Inf.	Civil War
Key, W. R.	Co. E, 1st Ind. Vol. Cav.	Civil War
Kemple, William	Co. B. 31st Ind. Vol. Inf.	Civil War
Miller, Christopher		
Peyton, J.	Co. G. 97th Ind. Vol. Inf.	Civil War
Staffinger, Peter	Co. D. 66th Ind. Vol. Inf.	Civil War
West, Joseph B.	Co. F, 59th Ind. Vol. Inf.	Civil War
White, John C,	No Record 159 Depot Brigade, Camp Taylor	World War I
White, Isaac	Co. F. 59th Ind. Vol. Inf.	Civil War
Yocum, Joseph	Co. C. 53rd Ind. Vol. Inf.	Civil War

## A BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE

The ballroom was filled with fashion's throng,  
It shone with a thousand lights,  
And there was a woman who passed along,  
The fairest of all sights,  
A girl to her lover then softly sighed  
"There's riches at her command,"  
"But she married for wealth, not love,"  
he cried,  
"Though she lived in a mansion grand."

—Chorus—

She's only a bird in a gilded cage,  
A beautiful sight to see,  
You may think she's happy and free from care,  
She's not, though she seems to be.  
Tis sad when you think of her wasted life,  
For youth can not mate with age.  
And her beauty was sold for an old man's gold.  
She's a bird in a gilded cage.

I stood in a church yard just at eve,  
When sunset adorned the west,  
And looked at the people who'd come to grieve  
for loved ones now laid at rest.  
A tall marble monument marked the grave  
of one who'd been fashion's queen.  
And I thought, "She is happier here at rest,  
Than to have people say when seen:"

—Chorus—

## TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE

An old man gazed on a photograph in the locket he had worn  
for years;  
His nephew then asked him the reason why that picture had  
caused him tears;  
"Come listen," he said, "I will tell you, lad, a story that's strange  
but true.  
Your father and I at school one day met two little girls in  
blue.

—Chorus—

"Two little girls in blue, lad, two little girls in blue;  
They were sisters, we were brothers, and learned to love the two.  
And one little girl in blue, lad, who won your father's heart,  
Became your mother; I married the other, but now we have  
drifted apart.

"That picture is one of those girls," he said, "and to me she  
was once a wife;  
I thought her unfaithful; we quarreled, lad, and parted that  
night for life.  
My fancy of jealousy wronged a heart, a heart that was good  
and true,  
For two better girls never lived than they, those two little girls  
in blue."

## PRECIOUS MEMORIES

Precious memories, un-seen angels,  
Sent from somewhere to my soul;  
How they linger, ever near me,  
And the sacred past unfold.

—Chorus—

Precious memories, how they linger,  
How they ever flood my soul,  
In the stillness of the midnight,  
Precious, sacred scenes unfold.

Precious father, loving mother,  
Fly across the lonely years;  
And old home scenes of my childhood,  
In fond memory appear.

In the stillness of the midnight,  
Echoes from the past I hear;  
Old time singing, gladness bringing,  
From that lovely land somewhere.

As I travel on life's pathway,  
Know not what the years may hold;  
As I ponder, hope grows fonder,  
Precious memories flood my soul.



## THE GREAT JUDGMENT MORNING

I dreamed that the great judgment morning  
Had dawned and the trumpet had blown;  
I dreamed that the nations had gathered  
To judgment before the white throne;  
From the throne came a bright shining angel  
And stood on the land and the sea,  
And swore with his hand raised to heaven  
That time was no longer to be.

### —Chorus—

And, oh, what a weeping and wailing,  
As the lost were told of their fate;  
They cried for the rocks and the mountains,  
They prayed, but their prayer was too late.

The rich man was there, but his money  
Had melted and vanished away;  
A pauper he stood in the judgment,  
His debts were too heavy to pay;  
The great man was there, but his greatness  
When death came was left far behind;  
The angel that opened the record  
Not a trace of his greatness could find.

The widow was there and the orphans,  
God heard and remembered their cries;  
No sorrow in heaven forever,  
God wiped all the tears from their eyes.  
The gambler was there, and the drunkard,  
And the man that had sold him the drink,  
With the people who gave him the license  
Together in hell they did sink.

The moral man came to the judgment,  
But his self-righteous rags would not do;  
The men who had crucified Jesus  
Had passed off as moral men, too.  
The soul that had put off salvation  
"Not tonight: I'll get saved by and by:  
No time now to think of religion!"  
At last they had found time to die.

## JESSE JAMES

It was on a Wednesday night, the moon was shining bright,  
They robbed the Glendale train,  
And the people they did say, for many miles away,  
'Twas the outlaws Frank and Jesse James.

—Chorus—

Jesse had a wife to mourn all her life,  
The children they were brave,  
'Twas a dirty little coward shot Mister Howard,  
And laid Jesse James in his grave.

It was Robert Ford, the dirty little coward,  
I wonder how he does feel,  
For he ate of Jesse's bread, and he slept in Jesse's bed,  
Then he laid Jesse James in his grave.

It was his brother, Frank that robbed the Gallatin Bank,  
And carried the money from the town,  
It was in this very place that they had a little race,  
For they shot Captain Sheets to the ground,

They went to the crossing not very far from there,  
And there they did the same;  
And the agent on his knees he delivered up the keys  
To the outlaws Frank and Jesse James.

It was on a Saturday night, Jesse was at home,  
Talking to his family brave,  
When the thief and the coward, little Robert Ford,  
Laid Jesse James in his grave.

How people held their breath when they heard of Jesse's death  
And wondered how he ever came to die,  
'Twas one of the gang, dirty Robert Ford,  
That shot Jesse James on the sly.

Jesse went to his rest with his hand on his breast,  
The devil will be upon his knee,  
He was born one day in the county of Clay,  
And came from a solitary race.



## RED RIVER VALLEY

From this valley they say you are going,  
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile,  
For they say you are taking the sunshine  
That brightens our pathway awhile.

—Chorus—

Come and sit by my side if you love me,  
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,  
But remember the Red River Valley  
And the girl that has loved you so true.

For a long time I have been waiting  
For those dear words you never would say,  
But at last all my fond hopes have vanished,  
For they say you are going away.

Won't you think of the valley you're leaving?  
Oh how lonely, how sad it will be,  
Oh think of the fond heart you're breaking,  
And the grief you are causing me to see.

From this valley they say you are going;  
When you go, may your darling go too?  
Would you leave her behind unprotected  
When she loves no other but you?

I have promised you, darling, that never  
Will a word from my lips cause you pain;  
And my life—it will be yours forever  
If you only will love me again.

Must the past with its joys be blighted  
By the future of sorrow and pain,  
And the vows that were spoken be slighted?  
Don't you think you could love me again?

As you go to your home by the ocean,  
May you never forget those sweet hours  
That we spent in Red River Valley,  
And the love we exchanged 'mid the flowers.

There never could be such a longing  
In the heart of a pure maiden's breast,  
That dwells in the heart you are breaking  
As I wait in my home in the west.

And the dark maiden's prayer for her lover  
To the Spirit that rules over the world;  
May his pathway be ever in sunshine,  
Is the prayer of the Red River girl.



## LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD

I'm dreaming now of Hally, sweet Hally, sweet Hally,

I'm dreaming now of Hally,

For the thought of her is one that never dies,

She's sleeping in the valley, the valley, the valley,

And the mocking bird is singing where she lies.

—Chorus—

Listen to the mocking bird,

Listen to the mocking bird,

The mocking bird still singing o'er her grave,

Listen to the mocking bird,

Listen to the mocking bird,

Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

Ah! well I yet remember, remember, remember,

Ah! well I yet remember,

When we gathered in the cotton side by side;

'Twas in the mild September, September, September,

'Twas in the mild September,

And the mocking bird was singing far and wide.

When the charms of spring awaken, awaken, awaken,

When the charms of spring awaken,

And the mocking bird is singing on the bough,

I feel like one forsaken, forsaken, forsaken,

I feel like one forsaken,

Since my Hally is no longer with me now.

## THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

A mother's gift to her country's cause is a story yet untold,  
She had three sons, three only sons, each worth his weight in  
gold.

She gave them up for the sake of war, while her heart was filled  
with pain,

As each went away she was heard to say, "He will never return  
again."

One lies down near Appomattox, many miles away,

Another sleeps at Chickamauga, and both wore suits of gray,  
'Mid the strains of "Down in Dixie," the third was laid away,  
In a trench at Santiago, the blue and the gray.

She's alone tonight, while the stars shine bright, with a heart  
full of despair,

On the last great day I can hear her say,

"My three boys will be there.

Perhaps they'll watch at the heavenly gates, on guard beside  
their guns,

Then the mother, true to the gray and blue, may enter with  
her sons."

## LITTLE ROSEWOOD CASKET

In a little rosewood casket  
That is resting on the stand,  
Is a package of old letters  
Written by a cherished hand.

Will you go and get them sister  
And read them o'er tonight,  
For I've ofttimes tried but could not,  
For the tears would blind my sight?

Read those precious lines so slowly  
That I'll not miss even one,  
For the precious hand that wrote them,  
His last word for me is done.

You have got them now, dear sister,  
Come sit down upon my bed  
And press gently to your bosom  
This poor, throbbing, aching head.

Tell him that I never blamed him,  
Not an unkind word was spoke,  
Tell, oh tell him, sister, tell him,  
That my heart in coldness broke.

Tell him that I never blamed him,  
Though to me he's proved untrue,  
Tell him that I'll ne'er forget him  
Till I bid the world adieu.

When I'm dead and in my coffin  
And my shroud's around me bound,  
And my little bed is ready,  
In the cold and silent ground,

Place his letters and the locket  
Both together o'er my heart,  
But the little ring he gave me  
From my finger never part.

You have finished, now dear sister,  
Will you read them o'er again,  
While I listen to you read them  
I will lose all sense of pain.

While I listen to you read them  
I will gently fall asleep,  
Fall asleep to walk with Jesus.  
Oh, dear sister, do no weep.



## DECORATION DAY

*Danner's Chapel, May 30, 1915*

### PROGRAM

Opening Exercises

Song *Rock of Ages* ..... Choir

Prayer ..... Eld. E. Perkhiser

Song: *Oh, That Will be Glory for Me*

Address ..... Eld. O. P. Danner

Song: *Faded Coat of Blue*

Address ..... Eld. J. L. Noblitt

Song: *The Story that Never Grows Old*

Oration, Patriotic Selection, ..... Miss Nora Henderson

Song: *Meet Me There*

Distribution of Flowers

Benediction

Song: *God Be With You Till We Meet Again*

### SOLDIER BURIED IN WALNUT LOG

On February 18, 1837 a veteran of the American Revolutionary War died—William Chandler, Va. Reg., and was buried at Danner's Chapel in a walnut log casket. This casket was made of a walnut log which had been split open and the inside hollowed out to receive the body; one half for the corpse to lie in, and the other half used as a lid. Holes bored in either end were fitted with wooden pins to hold this primitive casket together.

Herbert Noblitt, son of Leander Noblitt, took the writer to his grave in 1932, and said his grandfather Noblitt helped in lowering the soldier into his grave. The name of William Chandler is on the Mill Rock placque in the Orange County court yard along with other Revolutionary War soldiers.

Rebeca Danner Howell b. 1810, dec. 18, 1904.

## ONE MAN'S FAITHFUL TEAM

As it was getting dusk on the evening of February 17, 1913, out near Trotter's Crossing, some seven miles east of Paoli, on what is now U. S. Highway 150, Dan Pen unloaded a load of lumber which he had hauled from the saw mill of Alvis Wells at Hardinsburg, Indiana. The road from the crossing to Valeene at that time was very muddy. About 300 yards on the right hand side going south, Dan's team stopped. Fred Coulter who owned land on both sides of the road, went to his barn that evening to do his chores, and noticed Dan's team and wagon stopped by the roadside. When again next morning as he went to his barn, he noticed the team still there; he immediately rushed down to the road, and found Dan lying by the right rear wheel of his wagon and there in the mud was his finger prints where he had clawed the mud on the wheel as far as he could reach. All night long his faithful team had stood there in their tracks as if they were aware that some ill had befallen their master. A stone with the mark DP marked the place where he died.

Dan is buried at Danner's Chapel. His wife, Minerva Tarr Pen, Earl Pen, his son, and Nellie Pen Maudlin of Orleans, Indiana, have all passed away since that time. Minerva married Harry Barker, former restaurant man of Orleans. The writer recalls having seen the wagon and team, and attended the funeral. McIntosh Funeral Directors of Hardinsburg had the funeral. Clifford Coulter, son of Fred Coulter, now owns the old Coulter farm.

## AFRICA

In the southeast corner of Paoli Township, long ago there was a settlement of colored people, which was known as Little Africa. Most of these people had come to Orange County with the Quakers from North Carolina, and many of them had been born in slavery. The only trace left of the little settlement is an abandoned graveyard, difficult of access and almost impossible





GRAVE STONE OF SIMON LOCUST

to find. There were a few stones with inscriptions. Probably the last person to be buried there was Simon Locust, a preacher who died in September 1891 at the age of 67 years. He lived near Millersburg, Indiana on what was called Locust Hill, and he worked on a farm near Punkin Center for a farmer, Shelby Cornwell. Ward Cornwell, a retired mail carrier of Paoli, says he remembers a soldier working for h's uncle Shelby. This soldier is buried about two miles west of Danner's Chapel, and some two miles east of Cyprian Dickey and Leonard Tomlinson farms.



## THE OLD CHURCH YARD

Oh come, come with me to the old church yard,  
I well know the path thro the soft green sward;  
    Friends slumber there, we were wont to regard,  
    We'll trace out their names in the old church yard.  
Oh, mourn not for them, their grief is o'er  
Weep not for them, they weep no more.  
    For deep is their sleep, tho cold and hard.  
    Their pillows may be in the old church yard.

I know it seems vain, when friends depart,  
To breathe kind words to the broken heart;  
    I know that the joys of life seem marred,  
    When we follow our friends to the old church-yard;  
But were I at rest, beneath yon tree,  
Why should you weep, dear friends, for me?  
    I'm wayworn and sad, O, why then retard  
    The rest I seek in the old church-yard.

Our friends linger there, in sweetest repose,  
Released from the world's sad bereavements and woes;  
    And who would not rest with the friends they regard  
    In quietude sweet, in the old church-yard?  
We'll rest in the hope of that bright day.  
When beauty shall spring from the prison of clay,  
    When Gabriel's voice and the trumpet of the Lord,  
    Shall awaken the dead in the old church-yard.

Oh, weep not for me, I am anxious to go,  
To that haven of rest where tears never flow;  
    I fear not to enter that dark lonely ward;  
    For soon shall I rise from the old church-yard;  
Yes, soon shall I join that heavenly band  
Of glorified souls at my Saviour's right hand;  
    Forever to dwell in bright mansions prepared  
    For saints, who shall rise from the old church-yard

## DARLING NELLY GRAY

There's low green valley on the old Kentucky shore,  
Where I've whiled many happy hours away,  
A-sitting and a-singing by the little cottage door,  
Where lived my darling Nelly Gray.

—Chorus—

O my poor Nelly Gray,  
They have taken you away,  
And I'll never see my darling any more;  
I'm sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day,  
For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

When the moon had climbed the mountain, and the stars were  
shining, too,  
Then I'd take my darling Nelly Gray,  
And we'd float down the river in my little red canoe,  
While my banjo sweetly I would play.

My eyes are getting blinded, and I can not see my way—  
Hark! there's somebody knocking at the door—  
Oh, I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nelly Gray,  
Farwell to the old Kentucky shore.

—Chorus—

O my darling Nelly Gray,  
Up in heaven there, they say,  
That they'll never take you from me any more;  
I'm a coming-coming-coming, as the angels clear the way,  
Farwell to the old Kentucky shore.

## THE FADED COAT OF BLUE

My brave lad, he sleeps in his faded coat of blue.  
In a lonely grave unknown lies the heart that beat so true.  
He sank faint and hungry among the famished brave.  
And they laid him sad and lonely within his nameless grave.

CHORUS

No more the bugle calls the weary one:  
Rest, noble spirit, in thy grave unknown;  
I'll find you, and know you, among the good and true,  
When a robe of white is given for the faded coat of blue.

He cried "Give me water and just a little crumb,"  
And my mother she will bless you through all the years to come;  
Oh! tell my sweet sister, so gentle, good and true  
That I'll meet her up in heaven in my faded coat of blue.

Long, long years have vanished, and though he comes no more,  
Yet my heart with startling beats, with each footfall at my door;  
I gaze o'er the hill where he waved his last adieu,  
But no gallant lad I see, in his faded coat of blue.

## THE LIGHTNING EXPRESS

The lightning express from the depot so grand  
Had started on its way,  
Most of the passengers who were on board  
Seemed to be happy and gay.  
A little boy seated alone by himself  
Was reading a letter he had;  
'Twas plain to be seen from the tears in his eyes  
That the contents of it made him sad.  
A stern old conductor then started to take  
A ticket from every one there;  
And finally reaching the side of the boy  
He gruffly demanded his fare.  
"I haven't a ticket," the boy then replied,  
"But I'll pay you back some day."  
"I must put you off at the next station then, —"  
But he stopped when he heard the boy say:

—Chorus—

"Please, Mr. Conductor,  
Don't put me off the train;  
The best friend I have in the world, sir,  
Is waiting for me in pain,  
She's expected to die any moment,  
And may not live through the day;  
And I want to kiss mother goodby, sir,  
Before God takes her away."

"My mother was ailing before I left home,  
And needed a doctor's care,  
I came to the city, employment to seek,  
But couldn't find any work there;  
This morning a letter from a sister arrived  
'Come home; mother's dying,' to say  
And that is the reason I'm anxious to ride  
Tho' I haven't the money to pay."  
A little girl seated close by the boy exclaimed:  
"If you put this boy off, it's a shame."  
And, taking his hat, a collection she made,  
Which soon paid his fare on the train.  
"I'm obliged to you, miss, for your kindness to me";  
"You are welcome," said she "never fear."  
And each time the conductor would pass through the train,  
The boy's words would ring in his ear.



## HELLO, CENTRAL, GIVE ME HEAVEN

Papa, I'm so sad and lonely,  
Sobbed a tearful little child.  
Since dear mamma's gone to heaven,  
Papa, darling, you've not smiled;  
I will speak to her and tell her  
That we want her to come home,  
Just you listen and I'll call her  
Through the telephone.

—Chorus—

Hello, central, give me heaven, for my  
mamma's there;  
You can find her with the angels on the  
golden stair;  
She'll be glad it's me who's speaking; call her,  
won't you please?  
For I surely want to tell her we're so  
lonely here.

When the girl received this message,  
Coming o'er the telephone.  
How her heart thrilled in that moment,  
And the wires seemed to moan;  
I will answer just to please her;  
Yes, dear heart, I'll soon come home,  
Kiss me, mamma, kiss your darling  
Through the telephone.



## WHEN THE BOYS IN BLUE ARE GONE

When the comrades have departed, when the vet'rans are no  
more,  
When the bugle is sounded on that everlasting shore  
When life's weary march is ended, when the camp fires slumber  
long,  
Who will tell the world the story, when the "boys in blue" are  
gone?

—Chorus—

When the boys in blue are gone,  
When the boys in blue are gone  
When life's weary march is ended, and when the camp fires  
slumber long,  
Who will tell the world the story when the boys in blue are  
gone?

Who will tell about the marching from Atlanta to the sea?  
Who will halt, and wait, and listen, when they hear the reveille?  
Who will join to swell the chorus of some old grand army song,  
Who will tell the world the story when the boys in blue are  
gone?

Sons and daughters of this nation, you must tell of triumphs  
won,  
When on earth our work is ended, and the vet'ran claims his  
own,  
You must cherish dear "Old Glory," and its teachings pass along.  
You must tell the world the story, when the boys in blue are  
gone.

To that flag, our country's emblem, you must pledge allegiance  
new,  
To its glorious, splendid mission, may your heart be ever true.  
That the nation be protected 'gainst injustice and all wrong.  
You must tell the world the story, when the boys in blue are  
gone.

You must keep each star unblemished and each stripe without  
a stain  
You must take the vet'rans place, and repeat their roll of fame.  
You must keep our country's honor, and the flag above all  
wrong.  
We must trust you with the story, when the boys in blue are  
gone.

—Last Chorus—

When the boys in blue are gone;  
When the boys in blue are gone;  
When life's weary march is ended, and the camp fires slumber  
long,  
We must tell the world the story, when the boys in blue are  
gone.

## A PICTURE OF LIFE'S OTHER SIDE

A life has gone out with the tide,  
'Tis a picture of life's other side.  
Some one who fell by the way;  
A life has gone out with the tide  
That may have been happy one day;  
Some poor old mother at home,  
Watching and waiting alone  
Longing to hear from her loved one so dear,  
'Tis a picture of life's other side.

### —Chorus—

'Tis a picture of life's other side,  
Some one who fell by the way;  
A life has gone out with the tide  
That may have been happy one day;  
Some poor old mother at home,  
Watching and waiting alone,  
Longing to hear from her loved one so dear.  
'Tis a picture of life's other side.

The first scene is that of a gambler  
Who spends all his money at play,  
Draws his dead mother's ring from his finger,  
That she wore on her wedding day—  
His last earthly treasure, he stakes it,  
Bows his head that his shame he might hide,  
When they lifted his head they found he was dead—  
'Tis a picture of life's other side.

The next scene is that of two brothers  
Whose paths in life different ways led—  
The one was a luxury living  
The other one begged for his bread.  
One dark night they met on the highway;  
"Your money or your life," the thief cried,  
Then he took with his knife his dear brother's life—  
'Tis a picture of life's other side.

The last scene is that by the river  
Of a heartbroken mother and babe.  
'Neath harbor lights' glare stands and shivers  
An outcast whom no one will save.  
Perhaps she was once a true woman,  
Somebody's darling and pride—  
God help her, she leaps; there is no one who weeps—  
'Tis a picture of life's other side.



## IN THE BAGGAGE COACH AHEAD

On a dark and stormy night as the train rolled on  
All passengers gone to bed,  
Except a young man with a babe on his arm  
Sat sadly with bowed down head;

Just then the babe commenced crying  
As though its poor heart would break.  
One angry man said, "Make that child stop its noise,  
For its keeping us all awake."

"Put it out," said another, "don't keep it in here;  
We've paid for our berth and want rest."  
But never a word said the man with the child,  
As he fondled it close to his breast.

"O Where is its mother? Go take it to her."  
One lady then softly said,  
"I wish that I could," was the man's sad reply.  
"But she's dead in the coach ahead."

As the train rolled onward a husband sat in tears,  
Thinking of the happiness of just a few short years.  
Baby's face brings pictures of a cherished hope now dead  
But baby's cries can't awaken her in the baggage coach ahead.

Every eye filled with tears as the story he told  
Of a wife who was faithful and true;  
He told how he'd saved up his earnings for years,  
Just to build a home for two;

How when heaven had sent them their sweet little babe,  
Their happy young lives were blest;  
His heart seemed to break when he mentioned her name,  
And in tears tried to tell them the rest.

Every woman arose to assist with the child;  
There were mothers and wives on that train,  
And soon was the little one sleeping in peace,  
With no thought of sorrow or pain.

Next morn at the station he bade all good-by,  
"God bless you," he softly said,  
Each one had a story to tell in their homes  
Of the baggage coach ahead.

## PEARL BRYAN

Now, ladies, if you listen, a story I'll relate,  
That happened near Ft. Thomas in Old Kentucky state,  
Twas late in January this awful deed was done,  
By Jackson and by Walling; how cold their blood did run.

How bold these cruel villains to do this awful deed,  
To ride away Pearl Bryan when she to them did plead.  
The driver tells the story of how Pearl Bryan did moan  
From Cincinnati to the place where the cruel deed was done.

But little did Pearl's parents think when she left her happy home,  
That their own darling daughter would ne'er return again,  
We know her dear old parents their fortune they would give  
If Pearl could just return home a happy life to live.

The driver was the only one could tell her awful fate,  
Of poor Pearl far away from home in old Kentucky state.  
A farmer passing by next day her lifeless form he found,  
A-lying on the cold ground where her blood had stained the spot.

Pearl Bryan left her parents on a dark and gloomy day,  
She went to meet the villain in a spot not far away.  
She thought it was the lover's hand that she could trust each day,  
Alas! it was a lover's hand that took her life away.

Young ladies, now take warning, young men are so unjust,  
It may be your best lover, but you know not whom to trust.  
Pearl died away from home and friends out in that lonely spot;  
Take heed, take heed, believe this, girls, don't let this be your lot.

## GOLDEN SLIPPERS

Oh, my golden slippers am a-laid away,  
Kase I don't 'spect to wear 'em till my weddin' day,  
And my long-tail'd coat dat I loved so well,  
I will wear up in de chariot in de morn,

—Chorus—

Oh, dem golden slippers!

Oh, dem golden slippers!

Golden slippers, I'se gwine to wear, to walk the golden street.

And my long white robe dat I bought last June,  
I'm a gwine to get changed kase it fits too soon,  
And de old gray hoss dat I used to drive,  
I will hitch him to de chariot in de morn.

Oh, my old banjo hangs on de wall,  
Kase it ain't been tuned since 'way last fall,  
But de darkies all say we will hab a good time,  
When we ride up in de chariot in de morn.

## THE DEATH OF FLOYD COLLINS

Oh! come all you young people; and listen while I tell,  
The fate of Floyd Collins, a lad we all knew well;  
His face was fair and handsome, his heart was true and brave,  
His body now lies sleeping, in a lonely sandstone cave.

How sad how sad the story, it fills our eyes with tears,  
The memory too will linger for many many years;  
A broken hearted father, who tried his boy to save;  
Will now weep tears of sorrow at the door of Floyd's cave.

Oh! mother don't you worry, dear father don't be sad,  
I'll tell you all my story in an awful dream I had;  
I dreamed I was a prisoner, my life I could not save,  
I cried O! must I perish? within this silent cave.

The rescue party labored, they worked both night and day,  
To move a mighty barrier that stood with in the way,  
To rescue Floyd Collins, this was their battle cry,  
"We'll never no we'll never let Floyd Collins die."

But on that fatal morning the sun rose in the sky,  
The workers still were busy, we'll save him bye and bye,  
But Oh! how sad the ending his life could not be saved,  
His body then was sleeping in the lonely sandstone cave.

Young people all take warning from Floyd Collins' fate,  
And get right with your maker before it is too late;  
It may not be a sand cave in which we'll find our tomb,  
But at the bar of judgment, we too must meet our doom.



## AFTER THE BALL

A little maiden climbed an old man's knee,  
Begged for a story, do uncle please,  
Why are you single? Why live alone?  
Have you no babies? Have you no home?  
I had a sweetheart years, years ago,  
Where she is now pet, you soon will know,  
List to the story, I'll tell it all,  
I believed her faithless after the ball.

—Chorus—

After the ball was over after the break of morn,  
After the dancers leaving after the stars are gone.  
Many a heart is aching if you could read them all,  
Many the hopes that have vanished after the ball.

Bright lights were flashing in the grand ball room,  
Softly the music, playing sweet tunes,  
There came my sweetheart, my love, my own,  
I wish some water, leave me alone;  
When I returned dear, there stood a man,  
Kissing my sweetheart as lovers can;  
Down fell the glass pet, broken that's all,  
Just as my heart was, after the ball.

## DE TITANIC

De rich folks 'cided to take a trip  
On de fines' ship dat ever was built,  
De cap'n persuaded dese people to think  
Dis Titanic too safe to sink.

—Chorus—

Out on dat ocean,  
De great wide ocean,  
De Titanic, out on de ocean,  
Sinkin' down!

De ship lef' de harbor at a rapid speed,  
'Twuz carryin' everthin' de peoples need,  
She sailed six-hundred miles away,  
Met an icebug in her way.

De ship lef' de harbor, 'twuz runnin' fas'.  
'Twuz her fus' trip an' her las'.  
Way out on dat ocean wide  
An icebug ripped her in de side.

Up comes Bill from de bottom flo'  
Said de water wuz runnin' in de boiler do'.  
Go back, Bill, an' shut yo' mouth,  
Got forty-eight pumps to keep de water out!

Jus' about den de cap'n looked aroun';  
He seed de Titanic wuz a-sinkin' down,  
He give orders to de mens aroun';  
"Get yo' life-boats an' let 'em down!"

De mens standin' 'roun' like heroes brave,  
Nothin' but de wimin an' de chillun to save;  
De wimin an' de chillun a-wipin' dere eyes,  
Kissin' dere husban's an' frien's good-by.

On de fifteenth day of May nineteen-twelve,  
De ship wrecked by an icebug out in de ocean dwell,  
De people wuz thinkin' o' Jesus o' Nazaree,  
While de band played "Nearer My God to Thee!"



