

"My Southern Friend" referred to was Timothy Moroney born in Ireland in 1845. He was the oldest of six children of Jacobus (James) and Ann McCarthy Moroney of Six Mile Bridge, County Clare, Ireland. They came to the U. S. in 1850.

"Uncle Tim" was the brother of my Grandmother Sarah Moroney McKenna.

Uncle Tim was the General Agent for Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., 753, 755 Broadway, New York, N. Y. publishers of American Educational Series of School & College textbooks.

He lived in New Orleans but spent summers at his mountain home "Tallasse" on the Little Tennessee River in Maryville, Tennessee.

After the untimely death of Sarah Moroney McKenna, her three young daughters, Annie, Katie and my mother, Agnes, spent most summers at "Tallasse" in Maryville with Uncle Tim. He was like a second father to the "three little orphans". They loved him!

Rose Weaver Pearce  
April 1990

Mt. Vernon, Knox Co. O. July 31<sup>st</sup> 1895.

G. A. Cunningham, Esq.

My Southern friend <sup>(Emmett's Marrow)</sup> "Uncle Jim"

I appreciate your coming all the way from Nashville, Tenn. for the sole purpose of seeing me. Your kind assurances of the friendship of the Southern people are very gratifying to me. My parents were Southern born. My father, Abraham Emmett, was a native of Staunton Va. and my mother Sarah Zerick of Fredericktown Md.

In compliment to you and the messages of good will you bring, I hand you to engrave for the Confederate Veterans the original copy of "Dixie" made on that rainy Sunday in New York city in 1859.

Daniel Decatur Emmett.

# Dixie's Land.

1859

Walk 'Round. Composed by Daniel D. Emmett.  
for Bryant's Minstrels.

*Allegro* *Long*

*Chorus* I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Bim-mou seed an  
sandy bot-tom, Look a-way-look way, a-way Dix-ie land, In  
Dix-ie land whar I was born in, Early on one frosty mor-nin look a-way look  
way, a-way Dix-ie land, In I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoop-ay, Hoop-ay  
in Dix-ies land, We'll took our stand, To lib an die in Dix-ies, In  
way, a-way, a-way down south in Dix-ie, a-way, a-way, away down south in Dix-ie.

*Dance*

Old missus marry will de beaber,  
William was a gay de-sca-ber;  
When he put his arm around'er,  
He look as fierci as a forty pound'er.  
Chorus - Hoop-ay! Hoop-ay! (c)

His face was sharp like a butchers cleaver,  
 But dat did not seem to grieve her;  
 Will run away missus took a decline, O'  
 Her face was de color of bacon shine, O'  
Chorus Hooray! hooray! &c

While missus libbed she libbed in clover,  
 When she died she died all ober;  
 How could she act such a foolish part, O'  
 An marry a man to break her heart, O'  
Chorus Hooray! hooray! &c

Buck wheat cakes an stony batter,  
 Makes you fat or a little fatter;  
 Heres a health to de next old missus,  
 An all de galls dat wants to kiss us.  
Chorus Hooray! hooray! &c

Now if you want to drive way sorrow,  
 Come an hear dis song to-morrow;  
 In hoc it down an scratch yer grapple,  
 To Dixies land Im bound to trabble  
Chorus Hooray! hooray! &c

N. B. The 'Unison Chorus' comes in at the end of every other line, as in the 1st verse.