EL-A-NOY

Among the pioneers were boomers, boosters. About the time this song came, the Shawntown Advocate, only newspaper in seven counties of southern Illinois, was proclaiming its ideal to be "universal liberty abroad, and an ocean-bound republic at home." In northern Illinois, the Gem of the Prairie, a weekly magazine published in Chicago, was declaring, "The West must have a literature peculiarly its own. It is here that the great problem of human destiny will be worked out on a grander scale than was ever before attempted or conceived." . . . John D. Black, a Chicago attorney-at-law, lived on the Ohio River as a boy and heard his father sing El-a-ney. . . . Shawnee Ferry was a crossing point for many who had come by the Ohio river route or on Wilderness Road through Cumberland Gap, headed for Illinois . . . The fourth verse is probably a later adition thrown in by some joker who felt challenged by the preceding verses.

Arr. H. F.

Moderately, with blarney

Way down up on the Wa-bash, Sich land was nev-er known; If

Ad-am had passed o-ver it, The soil he'd sure-ly own; He'd think it was the

gar-den He'd played in when a boy, And straight pronounce it E-den. In the

1 Way do
Sic h land
If Adam
The soil he
He'd think
He'd play
And straigt
In the
Refrain:
Then
Good by
And rise
In the
2 Twas her
With Solo
With an
Pomegran
And wher
Her heart
Straightw
A Queen:
Refrain:

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W. F. H. F.}

1 Way down upon the Wabash,
   Such land was never known;
If Adam had passed over it,
The soil he'd surely own;
He'd think it was the garden
He'd played in when a boy,
And straight pronounce it Eden,
In the State of El-a-noy.

Refrain:
Then move your family westward,
Good health you will enjoy,
And rise to wealth and honor
In the State of El-a-noy.

2 'Twas here the Queen of Sheba came,
With Solomon of old,
With an Ass load of spices,
Pomegranates and fine gold;
And when she saw this lovely land,
Her heart was filled with joy,
Straightway she said: "I'd like to be
A Queen in El-a-noy."

Refrain:

3 'Tis bounded by the Wabash,
The Ohio and the Lakes,
She's crawfish in the swampy lands,
The milk-sick and the shakes;
But these are slight diversions
And take not from the joy
Of living in this garden land,
The State of El-a-noy.

Refrain:

4 Away up in the northward,
Right on the border line,
A great commercial city,
Chicago, you will find.
Her men are all like Abelard,
Her women like Heloise;
All honest virtuous people,
For they live in El-a-noy.

Last Refrain:
Then move your family westward,
Bring all your girls and boys,
And cross at Shawnee ferry
To the State of El-a-noy.