

G O O B E R

P E A S :

W O R D S

BY

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M U S I C

BY

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NEW ORLEANS :

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G O O B E R P E A S.

Words by A. PINDAR, Esq.

Music by P. NUTT, Esq.

mf

1. Sit - ting by the road - side on a sum - mer day, Chat - ting with my mess - mates
2. When a horse - man pass - es, the soldiers have a rule, To cry out at their loud - est

pass - ing time a - way, Ly - ing in the shadow un - der - neath the trees,
"Mis - ter here's your mule," But an - oth - er pleasure en - chant - ing - er than these, Is

Chorus.
f

Good-ness how de - li - cious, eating goober peas! Peas! Peas! Peas! Peas!
wear ing out your Grinders, eating goober peas!

eat - ing goo - ber peas! Goodness how de - li - cious, eating goober peas!

End with Prelude

3.

Just before the battle the General hears a row,
He says "the Yanks are coming, I hear their rifles now,
He turns around in wonder, and what do you think he sees
The Georgia Militia, eating goober peas!

Chorus.

4.

I think my song has lasted almost long enough,
The subject's interesting, but rhymes are mighty rough,
I wish this war was over when free from rags and fleas,
We'd kiss our wives and sweethearts and gobble goober peas!

Chorus.