EL-A-NOY

Among the pioneers were boomers, boosters. About the time this song came, the Shawnee-town 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-noy. . . . 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 addition thrown in by some joker who felt challenged by the preceding verses.





1 'Way down upon the Wabash, Sich 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 She's 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.