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## The Coon That Wore The First Shirt Waist.

Words & Music by C. C. CLARK.

Moderato.

Piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked Moderato. The music is in B-flat major. The right hand features a melody with a grace note and a triplet, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

Piano accompaniment for the first two lines of the song. The right hand has a melodic line with a triplet and a dynamic marking of *p*. The left hand continues with a steady accompaniment.

1. Sam  
2. He

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the lyrics. The vocal line is in a simple, rhythmic style. The piano accompaniment supports the vocal line with chords and a steady bass line.

Jack-son had some mon-ey saved, Oh! how thought-ful; To  
went to see his gal one day, My! how scrump-tious; And

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dress in style he al - ways craved, Um! so sty - lish, To  
on his bend - ed knees did say, Who's oos - so - sy, If

*p*

get the mon - ey he had pinch'd, E - con - o - mized for fair, But  
you will take me as I am, An be my Di - nah do, An

*tr*

keep - in what you've got's no sinch, He oi - ten did de - clare; For  
call me yo' own true lub Sam, Den I'll love you hon - ey too; But

*cresc.*

gam - blin' games like shoot - in' craps, He had no use at all, But  
fore he had a chance to think, A - bout the clothes he wore, She

*tr*

on the la - dies like most chaps, He al - ways liked to call; He  
flash'd her ra - zor 'fore his eyes, And roll'd him on the floor; Said

got to think - ing in his head, Um! how pai - ful; When  
go 'way coon yo make me mad, She was aw - ful; Dat

he got through his brain was dead, And dis is what he said; Well! I  
coon was for - ty miles from glad, And dis is what he said; Well! I

### Chorus.

cert - ny got to have some style, And I'll have it if it costs my  
cert - ny thought I had some style, And I might - y near - ly lost my

pile, So I'll dress in taste, Buy a red shirt-waist, And I'll  
pile, So I'll shake dat waist, For I'm in dis-grace, Then I'll

be the warmest nigger dat's round dis place, Ev-'ry la - dy in de land will  
go and tell the bar-ber to shave my face, So de la - dies in de land can't

see, Dar's no dar-ky dat's as warm as me; An dey'll roll der eyes, in  
see, Whatdat yal-lergal she did to me; And dar he paused, at de

grand sur-prise, At de coon dat wore de first shirt-waist. Well I waist.  
trou-ble caused, By de coon dat wore de first shirt-waist. Well I waist.