

*A delightful nigger song of mixed humour and dainty pathos
describing the typical Plantation Uncle Joe "UNDER THE OLD UMBRELLA"
VIDE "DAILY TELEGRAPH"*

"De Ole Umbrella,"

(Plantation Song)

Written

Composed, and Sung

by

CORNEY GRAIN.

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DE OLE UMBRELLA.

PLANTATION SONG.

BY CORNEY GRAIN.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED
CON SPIRITO.

PIANO

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a rhythmic melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Grand-dad's gone where de good niggers go, And he's left me his ole um - brel - la.....

The first line of lyrics is accompanied by a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with a consistent rhythmic pattern.

..... It's ten foot wide and one half's red And de o - der two halves is

The second line of lyrics is accompanied by a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with a consistent rhythmic pattern.

yel - la,..... And un - derneath de ole day long I

The third line of lyrics is accompanied by a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with a consistent rhythmic pattern.

play on de ole ban - jo, 'To de lit - tle picca - ninnies and de pret - ty yel - la gals, For dey

The fourth line of lyrics is accompanied by a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with a consistent rhythmic pattern.

CHORUS.

all love Un - cle Joe! Come un - der de ole um - brel - la,

Come a - long pic - ca - ninnies, do! Hark! to Un - cle Joe a sing - in' Room for all of

you!!

Di - nah was such a 'lub - ly gal, such li - ly white teeth had she!

De dar - kie boys came buzzin' all a - round, like bumble bees a buzzin' on a

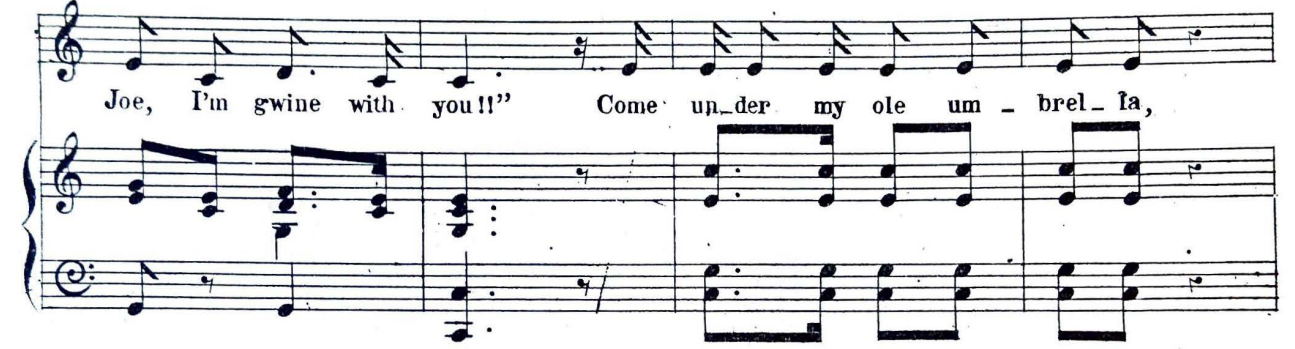
tree. But Di - nah on - ly said - "Now, Jake and



Sam - bo, get a - long do..... For I'm gwine a - long with Un - cle Joe! dear



Joe, I'm gwine with you!!" Come up - der my ole um - brel - la,



Come a - long Di - nah do! Hark! to Un - cle Joe a - sing in' Room for me and



you!!



Ole um - brel - la's been a good ole friend to Di - nah and to me.....

..... There was on - ly two of us just at fust, And now there are twen - ty

three..... But Di - nah on - ly laughs and says "Now

Uncle Joe don't e go fret, There's plenty of room for de little piccaninnies' ole um -

- brel - la ain't worn out yet! Come un - der de ole um - brel - la,

Come a-long pie-ca uh-nies do. Hark! to Un-cle Joe a sing-in' Room for all of

you!!

Con spirito.

Slower.

When de wool on de top of de head Am white as the li-ly-white snow,.....

ritard:.....

Time to make way for de young folks, Di-nah, Time fur de ole folks to go..... Then

ritard:

when de sun am a-sink-in' fast and de night is close at hand,

Ole um-brel-la am quite worn out then its time for de Hap-py Land!

CHORUS.

Shut up de ole um-brel-la Hang up de ole ban-jo!

Hark! de pic-ca-ninnies all am sing-in', "Good-bye, Un-cle Joe!" Joel Come

ritard. al fine.

1st time. 2nd time

After soft repetition of chorus of verse 4, burst into final chorus.

un-der de ole um-brel-la! Come a-long pic-ca-min-nies, do!

f e con spirito.

ritard al fine.

Ole um-brel-la ain't worn out yet, Dere's room for all of you!

ff ritard al fine.

SOUF.

Words and Music

by E.A.Searson.

Soup, soup, beautiful soup, To nothing less nourishing
stoop, — Keep well sup-plied with it
Warm your inside with it Fill out your tummies with soup.

Never say "No" to it—
Lots of things go to it—
All odds and ends you can scoop,
Take the bits from your dishes
Of birds, beasts and fishes,
And boil them all down into soup.

The times are expensive just lately,
And folks who have not got a pile
You find are arranging their living
In strict economical style.
To live we must all eat and drink,
So, I hope you won't think I am rude
In advising you, if you'd be well,
To take as your principal food—

DRAKE IS GOING TO SEA.

Written by
Bert Lee.

Composed by
T.C.Sterndale Bennett.

For Drake is going to sea my lads, Drake is going to sea, I
don't know what he's going to see, But Drake is going to sea, *rall*
going to sail the billows o'er, And if you want to know what for, Why
a tempo
Drake has got a wife ashore, So Drake is going to sea lads, —
— I think I've mentioned this before—That Drake is going to sea.

Sing Yeo Ho! for the rolling sea,
Heave Ho! for the rolling main.
And when you've sung Heave Ho! my lads
Sing Heave Ho! once again.
A big ships standing at the Quay,
In dear old Portsmouth Town
It has to stand beside the Quay
Because it can't sit down

Had the Old Noah's Ark Got Wrecked.

Written by
F. Raymond Coulson.

Composed by
Leslie Harris.

Had the old Noah's Ark got wreck'd, my boys, 'Twould have
rall
been as you'll de-lect, A ver-y sad case for our
a tempo
Is-land race, Had the old Noah's Ark got
rall
wrecked, my boys, Had the old No-ah's Ark got wrecked.

Oh, Captain Noah was a grand old salt,
And he skippered a grand old bark;
He chewed his quid, and sailed, he did,
In command of the good ship "Ark"
So, messmates, hoist your tarry slacks,
And hail him with respect,
For, what about us poor Toms and Jacks,
Had old Noah's Ark got wrecked

Ena, Deena, Hi, Diddle, Day.

Written by
E. Maxwell Farrer.

Composed by
Cuthbert Clarke.

E - na, Dee - na, Hi, Did - dle, Day,
That in the first line is what you must say, Then comes the next in the
u - su - al way, And you end up with "Dee - na, Hi, Diddle, Day"

Now I've got a song that's unique in its way,
Its verses are short and its moral is gay.
But where comes the sense of it, nobody knows,
So please get the chorus this is how it goes:-

Bertie and Beatie were youthful and fair,
Beatie and Bert were an excellent pair.
To see them together would fill you with bliss,
For the language they used to each other was this:-
"Ena, Deena, Hi, Diddle, Day,

Beatum, my peachum, my tootle um tay."
Now Bertie to Beatie is married, "Bow wow,"
But they're not the names that he's calling her now

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