

B6276  
71

“Oh, I Don't Know”

OR

I THOUGHT  
I WAS A  
WINNER.



BERT A. WILLIAMS.

COMIC SONG  
AND  
REFRAIN  
WITH  
COON PARODY.

BY BERT A. WILLIAMS. 40

COPYRIGHT SECURED IN ENGLAND.

Published by



ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Copyright MDCCLXVI, by THE S. BRAINARD'S SONS CO.

GHAS. SHEARD & CO., 192 High Holborn, London.

Embossed logo or text in the bottom right corner, possibly a publisher's mark.

. . . A GOON PARODY ON . . .

I THOUGHT I WAS A WINNER.

1 I had a gal, an' her name was Sal,  
An' I thought her heart was mine,  
I bought a French dinner  
'Cause I thought I was a winner;  
I'd a bet my life 'gin a dime.  
I told her how I loved her,  
But she said she'd not be mine,  
Then I told her I was sweller  
Than any other feller,  
But this was her reply:

REFRAIN.

Well, I don't know, you ain't so warm,  
There's other coons as swell as you!  
O, I don't know, you *may* be warm,  
But there are others as hot as you.

2 There is a dude 'way down the line,  
Who thinks he's bound to shine;  
Parts his hair in the middle,  
Of cash he has but little,  
Sal thinks he's superfine.  
'Twas only just last Sunday  
That I saw them on Broadway,  
Then I got Miss Lena Fleet,  
And we passed 'em on the street,  
And this is what I said:

REFRAIN.

Well, I don't know, you ain't so warm,  
There's other brands as swell as you.  
O, I don't know, you *may* be warm,  
But there are others as hot as you.

3 A big fine dog while out for a walk,  
Met a poodle on the street;  
But the poodle wasn't pretty,  
In fact he looked right dirty,  
He hadn't been washed for a week.  
But a lady took him with her  
And she washed him in cologne,  
Next day looking neat,  
Passed the mastiff on the street,  
And this is what he said:

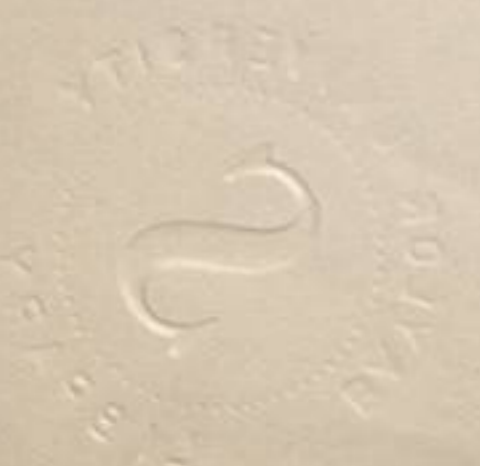
REFRAIN.

Well, I don't know, you're not so warm,  
There are other dogs as fine as you.  
O, I don't know, you may be warm,  
But there are others as hot as you.

4 A coon went out to serenade  
His gal in Thompson Street,  
With his banjo in his hand,  
I tell you he looked grand,  
From his head down to his feet.  
But soon another feller,  
Who was courting that same gal,  
With his razor in his han'  
Cut the serenadin' man.  
An' sang him this refrain:

REFRAIN.

Well, I guess not, you're not so hot,  
There's other coons as hot as you.  
O, I don't know, you *may* be hot,  
I don't play music, an' I'm not so cold.



# I THOUGHT I WAS A WINNER.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY  
BERT A. WILLIAMS.

*Allegretto con spirito.*

*mp*

1. I had a girl and her name was Pearl,	I tho't her heart was mine,	I
2. There is a dude a-way down the line,	Who thinks he's bound to shine;	Parts his
3. A big fine dog while out for a walk,	Met a poo - dle on the street,	But the
4. A coon went out to ser - e-nade	His girl in Thomp-son Street,	With his

gave a French din-ner For I tho't I was a win-ner, I'd have bet my life 'gainst a  
 hair in the mid-dle, Of cash he has but lit-tle, Pearl thinks he's su-per-  
 poodle was n't pret-ty, In fact he look'd right grit-ty, He had n't been washed for a  
 ban-jo in his hand, I tell you he look'd grand, From his head down to his

*cresc.*

dime. I told her how I loved her, But she said she'd not be mine. Then I  
 fine. 'Twas on-ly just last Sun-day That I saw them on Broadway, Then I  
 week. But a la-dy took him with her And she washed him in co-logne, And next  
 feet. But soon an-oth-er fel-ler, Who was court-ing that same girl. With his

*cresc.*

*f*

told her I was swel-ler Than an-y oth-er fel-ler, But this was her re-ply:  
 got Miss Le-na Fleet, And pass'd them on the street, And this is what I said:  
 day ap-pear-ing neat, Passed the mas-tiff on the street, And this is what he said:  
 ra-zor in his hand Cut the ser-e-nad-ing man, And sang him this re-frain:

REFRAIN.

*p*

Well, I don't know..... you're not so swell..... There's oth - er  
 Well, I don't know..... you're not so swell..... There's oth - er  
 Well, I don't know..... you're not so fine..... There's o'h - er  
 Well, I guess not ..... you're not so gay..... There's oth - er

*mf* Spoken ad lib. to end.

gents..... as fine as you! O, I don't know,..... you may be  
 brands ..... as fine as you! O, I don't know,..... you may be  
 dogs..... as fine as you! O, I don't know,..... you're fine e -  
 coons ..... as gay as you! O, I don't know,..... you may be

swell..... But there are oth - ers..... as swell as you!.....  
 swell..... But there are oth - ers ..... as swell as you!.....  
 nough..... But there are oth - ers..... as fine as you!.....  
 warm..... I don't play mu - sic..... and I'm not so cold!.....

## THE WATERMELON PARTY.

FRANK DUMONT.

Yes, a wa-ter-mel-on part-y will be giv-en here to-night,  
 Now were gwine to have some chick-en, if de own-er aint a-round,  
 Near-ly all de wa-ter-mel-on at de part-y will be mine,  
 Just to sing an-oth-er verse, in-deed, I have'nt got the time,  
 O darkeys wont you come along with me? Must be on your good be-hav-ior now and  
 O darkeys wont you come along with me? For we's gwine to have some choc-o-late, made  
 O darkeys wont you come along with me? If there's an-y watches in de crowd we'll  
 O darkeys wont you come along with me? Dont you hear de gong a-ring-ing? dey are

Published by THE S. BRAINARD'S SONS CO., 147 Wabash Avenue, Chicago. Price 50

## THE DEAGON WENT ASTRAY.

Words and Music by LESTER BODINE and E. H. PAGKARD.

REFRAIN:

The Deagon went a-stray, for his new feet ran a-way. And took him where the old tramp used to  
 go. He sighed for am-pu-ta-tion when he lost his rep-u-ta-tion, For they  
 lingered in such pla-ces. "Don't you know," Force of hab-it was the guide, and his  
 friends were hor-rified. It drove in-sane his wife and sis-ter Em-ma; He en-

Copyright MCCCXXV by THE S. BRAINARD'S SONS CO.

## WELL\_I HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT!

TOPICAL SONG.

Words by CHAS. B. SOULE.

Music by HENRY S. SAWYER.

Sun-day af-ter-noon I met her As she  
 Ev-ry-thing in fine con-di-tion, Buildings  
 Mon-ey gone, ex-pen-ses press-ing, To the  
 sauntered thro' the park. And a-gain on Mon-day morning-And we  
 springing all a-round, Sev-en sto-ries, ev-en high-er. Fast as  
 bank I gai-ly went. Pass'd the clerks and went in-to the Of-fice

Published by THE S. BRAINARD'S SONS CO., 147 Wabash Avenue, Chicago. Price 40

## KEEP A-KNOCKIN'.

Words by MICHAEL E. ROURKE.

Music by FRANK FALLMA.

1. I'm gwine for to buy me a gol-den car. Keep a-knockin', keep a-knockin'; To  
 2. Jes' roll all dose great big clouds a-way, Keep a-knockin', keep a-knockin'; Don't  
 3. I'm tired ob dis earth so I must a-way, Keep a-knockin', keep a-knockin'; So  
 car-ry me up to de land a-far. Keep a-knockin', keep a-knockin'; De  
 want an-y pie-cas-ni-nics standin' in de way. Keep a-knockin', keep a-knockin'; So  
 bye-bye my honey till de judg-ment Day. Keep a-knockin', keep a-knockin'; Ole  
 hosses shall be ob de fin-cut breed. Wid wings on dare feet for to gib dem speed. De  
 good-bye honey, if de track's well laid, I'll bet you my head if I'm not de-layed. I'll  
 Pet' am standin' at de Gold-en Gate, To see me ar-rive in a two-minute gait; He

Copyright in America and England. Published by THE S. BRAINARD'S SONS CO., 147 Wabash Avenue, Chicago. Price 40¢