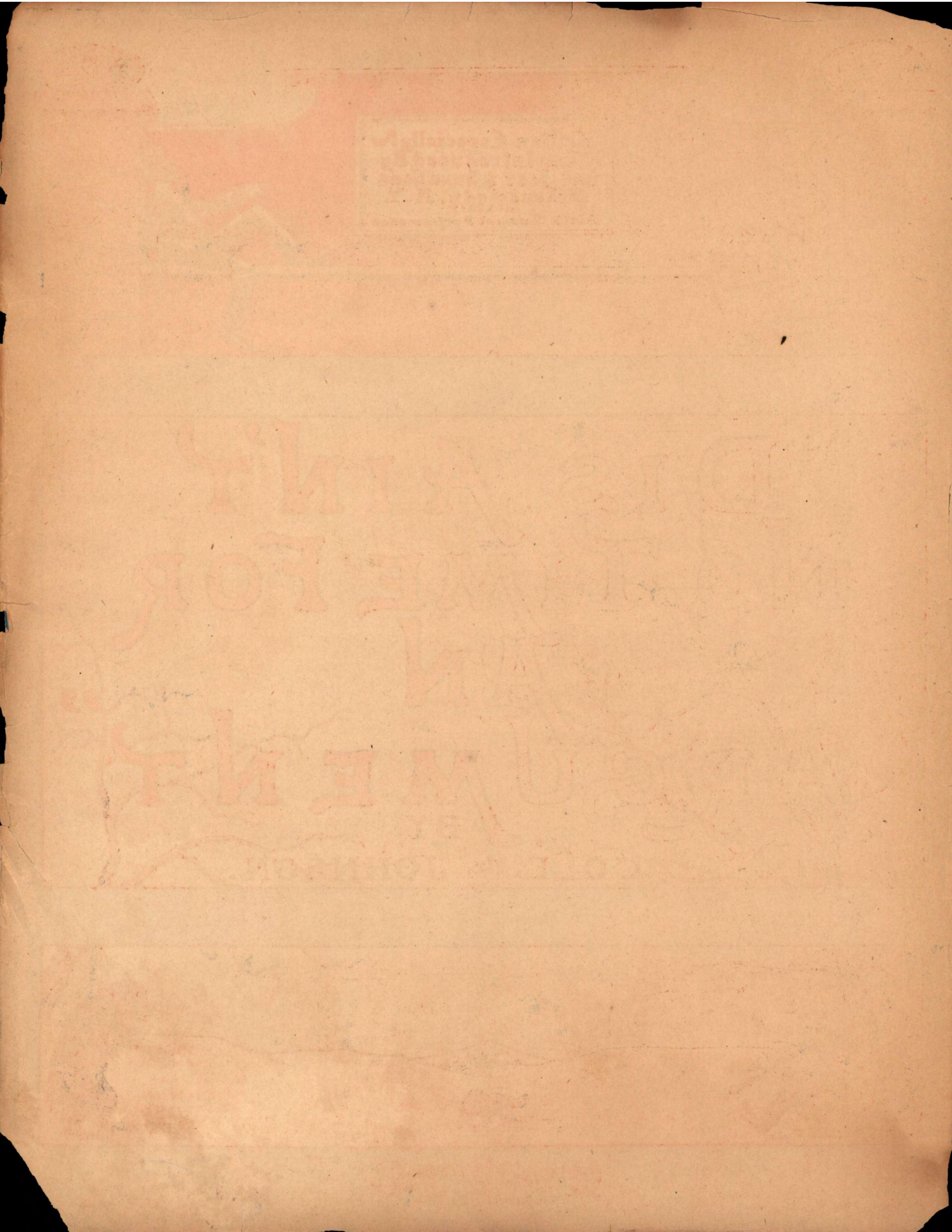


"DIS AIN'T NO TIME FOR AN ARGUMENT"

BY
COLE AND JOHNSON.





Dis aint no Time for an Argument.

Words by
JAMES W. JOHNSON

Music by
ROSAMOND JOHNSON.

Piano. Moderato.

mf marcato il basso

fz ff

(Not fast.)

One
An -

gloom-y night down thro' the woods, Old Mo - ses Jenk-ins went; He
oth - er night Mose had a dream, A - bout a pot of gold; To

had a dog and so it seemed, He was on 'Pos-sum bent. They
dig at twelve o' - clock at night, By a big tree he was told. He

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with dynamic markings of *mf*, *fz*, and *ff*. The tempo is indicated as 'Moderato' and 'marcato il basso'. The score includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'One An - gloom-y night down thro' the woods, Old Mo - ses Jenk-ins went; He oth - er night Mose had a dream, A - bout a pot of gold; To had a dog and so it seemed, He was on 'Pos-sum bent. They dig at twelve o' - clock at night, By a big tree he was told. He'. The score concludes with a final piano accompaniment section.

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sneaked a - long and soon the dog, Barked up a 'sim - mon tree: Old
took a spade and went to work, He dug thro' clay and rocks, A

Mo - ses said "Dat shó - ly means some pos - sum meat for me." He
smile spread o - ver Mo - ses, when he struck a big long box. But

quick - ly climbed the tree, but just im - ag - ine his sur - prise, When
when he took the cov - er off his blood got freez - ing cold, For

not a pos - sum, but a bear loomed up be - fore his eyes. The
in that box he saw some "things that did not look like gold. Just

bear he growled, and seemed to say, "Now Mose 'twixt you and me, We'll
 then a ghost - ly form ap - peared, And said in chil - ling tones, "Now

ar - gue out the ques - tion as to which one owns this tree." But
 Mo - ses, we will ar - gue, and I'll prove these are my bones." Mose

Mo - ses cried in haste, "Lord, I aint got a min - ute to waste."
 said as he be - gun, For to get him - self to - geth - er to run.

Chorus.

"Dis aint no time for an ar - gu - ment Dat's plain as plain can be; Jes
 "Dis aint no time for an ar - gu - ment Dat's plain as plain can be; You

gim - me a chance for to hit de ground, And you can have de
 say dese bones be - - long to you, Wid dat I will a -

tree; 'Cause bear and pos - - sum meat, you see
 gree; If you want-er ar - gue wid me 'bout dese bones, we'll

nev - er did taste a - like to me Dis aint no time for an
 use long dis - tance tel - e - phones, Dis aint no time for an

ar - gu - ment Mis - ter Bear fare - well to thee. Dis thee. *D.S.*
 ar - gu - ment Mis - ter Ghost fare - well to thee. Dis thee.

The simplest things are always the best. They are
the simplest things, and very true and therefore great. They are
the simplest things, and very true and therefore great. They are
the simplest things, and very true and therefore great. They are
the simplest things, and very true and therefore great. They are
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the simplest things, and very true and therefore great. They are
the simplest things, and very true and therefore great. They are
the simplest things, and very true and therefore great. They are
the simplest things, and very true and therefore great. They are

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"The simplest things, if true, are always the greatest. Your song is simplicity itself and very true, and therefore Great. Many thanks for giving me the happiness of singing it."

Quoted from Miss Sallie Fisher's letter to the composer, Clare Kummer (writer of "Egypt") after the instantaneous hit of "DEARIE." on the opening night of "Sergeant Brue."

DEARIE.

By CLARE KUMMER.

REFRAIN.

Dear-ie, . . . my Dear-ie, Nothing's worth while, but

mf *a tempo. p* *pp* *rubato.*

dreams of you, And you can make ev'-ry dream come true! Dear-ie,

molto rit. *mf* *a tempo. p*

My Dear-ie, Give me your hand, say you un-der-stand, My

pp *mf* *p* *pp* *rubato.* *poco rit.*

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