

Sung with Great Success by MAYME REMINGTON.

LISTEN TO THE BIG BRASS BAND



COON MARCH



*Mayme Remington and
Black Buster Brownies*



SONG & CHORUS

WORDS & MUSIC BY

DAVE REED JR

COMPOSER OF THE FAMOUS "DE LEADER OF CO B"

50¢

M. WITMARK & SONS
NEW YORK CHICAGO LONDON SAN FRANCISCO
JOSEF WEINBERGER, LEIPZIG AND VIENNA
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2/- NET.

Listen to the Big Brass Band.

Words and Music by DAVE REED Jr.

Allegro marziale.

Piano.

f

ff

3. When you

1. When

2. When de

mp

take your real best Sun-day girl on a sum-mer aft er - noon. To the
 Le - on - i - das Lin-cohn Lee was a pic - ca - nin - ny coon His
 Sou - sa Band all dressed up grand took a trip a - cross the sea To the

sempre stacc.

sea-side where the band is ser - e - nad - ing In a
 mam - my says it was his great am - bi - tion To
 tune of "Dix - ie Land" and "An - nie Lau - rie" They

real se - clud - ed sha - dy nook, you will set - tle down to spoon, And
 beat a drum, and, blow a horn, and to whis - tle ev - 'ry tune, And
 found their fleet was in - com - plete, so they had to send for Lee To

watch the peo - ple past you all pa - rad - ing. You are
 some day grow to be a great mu - si - cian. When de
 help them win the prop - er 'mount of glo - ry. On a

just - a - bout to ask her if she will mar - ry you some day, A ⁵

coon troops marched a - way to war and de peo - ple all felt sad, For
drum or life you bet your life he can par - a - lyze the world, He's

ques - tion you've ne'er dared to pop be - fore, When to

fear they'd nev - er see them a - ny more, He
got the bass-drum ex - perts beat a mile; On a

your great an - ger and dis-may, She re-plies "I can't hear what you say" For the

nev - er thought a - bout their fate, he on - ly thought the band was great, And he
cor - net he can blow a blast for a week or two that blast will last, While the

band has just be - gan to play, and the crowd be - gins to roar:

split his wind - pipe try - in' to state, in a ver - y boist' - rous roar:
peo - ple all come run - nin' fast, and shout - in' with a smile:

Hip, Hip, Hip, Hip, Hurrah!!!

Chorus.

Oh! won't you list-en to the big brass band? Dog-gone yer

Hon-ey, ain't that mu-sic grand? Lord-y see that gang,

when the cym-bals clang And de big bass-drum is loud-ly pound-in'

Biff! Boom! Bang! You bet your life dat lead - er knows his
 biz, He's jest the swell-est and the best what is. oh
 Cheer them when you hear them, Lord love you ain't it grand, Oh! list - en to the
 big brass band! band!

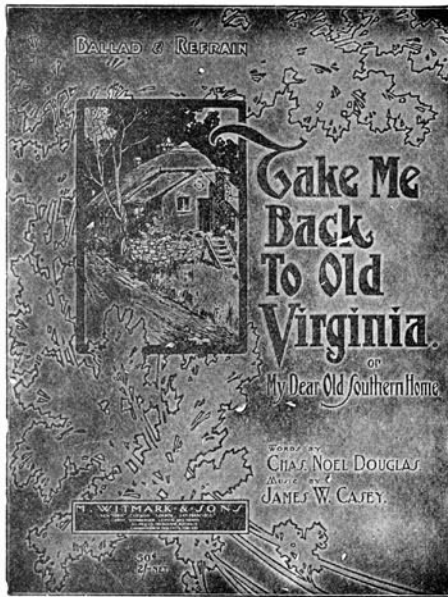
sfz *ds.*

The musical score is written in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. It consists of five systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The vocal line includes lyrics and musical notation with various note values and rests. The score concludes with a first ending (marked '1.') and a second ending (marked '2.'). The second ending features a dynamic marking of *sfz* (sforzando) and a *ds.* (diminuendo sostenuto) instruction.

THREE BEAUTIFUL POPULAR BALLADS

By writers who have already gained public favor with such successes as "Sing Me a Song of the South," "Just a Line from Jennie," etc., etc.

DON'T FAIL TO TRY THEM OVER.



Take me back to Old Virginia. or My Dear Old Southern Home.

Words by CHARLES NOEL DOUGLAS Music by JAMES W. CASEY

REFRAIN

Oh take me back to old Vir-gi-nia Where my heart has er - er been.

of a tempo.

And let me see the old plan-ta-tion and the mead-ows bright and green;

Oh let me hear the dar-keys sing-ing soft - ly 'neath the star - ry dome.

Oh take me back to old Vir-gi-nia, To my dear old Southern Home.

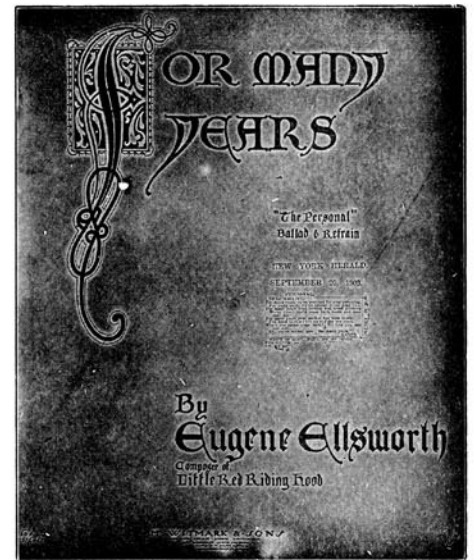
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You're the Flower of My Heart.
Sweet Adeline.

Words by RICHARD H. GERARD Music by HARRY ARMSTRONG

CHORUS

Sweet A - del - ine, My A - del - ine At night, Dear heart For you I pine, In all my dreams, Your fair face beams, You're the flower of my heart Sweet A - del - ine



HALLER & JONES,
42 Public Square,
ROBERTSON, N. Y.

By EUGENE ELLSWORTH

CHORUS

For man-y years we've watched for your re - turn - ing, For man - y years we've prayed to see your face, For man - y years with long - ing and heart yearn - ing, We've hoped you'd come back home and take your place. For

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