

MAY IRWIN'S GREAT COON HIT.

A RAGTIME DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

I DON'T CARE TO BE YOUR LADY FRIEND NO MORE



WORDS BY
WILL D. COBB.

MUSIC BY
GUS EDWARDS.

ALSO WRITERS OF
"MY OWN GIRL"

*"YOU ARE THE ONLY GIRL I'LL EVER CARE ABOUT
ACROSS THE HILLS TO GEORGIA.
ETC. ETC."*

AS SUNG
WITH
GREAT SUCCESS
IN



HER NEW FARCE
"SISTER MARY"

BY
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

MAY IRWIN.

THE **ROGERS BROS.** MUSIC PUBLISHING CO.
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Respectfully dedicated to Muriel Ringgold.

"I Don't Care To Be Your Lady Friend No More."

Words by WILL D. COBB.

Music by GUS. EDWARDS.

Moderato.

PIANO.

Voice.

1. I've gone and lost my
 2. There's a han's-'mer Coon plays
 3. I felt so bad the

'till ready.

lit - tle Lou, — The gal I thought was mine, — The sky is
 in her yard, — My sun of love has set, — Shethrew me
 oth - er night — I did - n't know what to do: — I went and

black — in-stead of blue, And the sun don't seem to shine. I'm a
 down, — so aw-ful hard, That I aint stopp'd boun-cing yet, I —
 bought — a chain-less Bike Just to square my - self with Lou. And a -

los-ing weight and ap-pe-tite, My face is dark with care, In a
 was the ap-ple of her eye, But now I am the core, I
 round to her house I went once more And I brought this love-ly wheel, But the

lit,tle fur-nished room to-night, There is a va-cant chair, For she
 aint the same sweet thing I used to be in days of yore, For she
 han's-mer coon got there be-fore, with a bran new Auto-mo - bile. And I

says — to me, When she took a - way ma key:
 done — me wrong, When she sung to me this song:
 thought — I'd die When I heard ma ba - by cry:

Chorus.

Moderato.

1. Well I don't care to be your la - dy friend no
 don't care to be your la - dy friend no

more, more, It's no use for you to come a hang - ing 'round my
 door, door, I'm an - oth - er nig - ger's ba - by and I'd like you bet - ter
 I'm an - oth - er nig - ger's stea - dy and I al - ways find him

may be, rea - dy To buy me an - y - thing I ask him for.

p *2d time f*

For I don't care to be your la - dy friend no
So I don't care to be your la - dy friend no

more, So good - bye mis - ter nig - ger push a - way from de
more, Your yaller face has lost the charm it used to wear be -

shore, I cant use no black and tan, for I loves a fast black man, And I
fore, Some other wench your wheel can grab, but I'll ride in my horse-less cab, And I

1. don't care to be your la - dy friend no more.
2. Well I more.
don't care to be your la - dy friend no more.

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AN ETHIOPIAN MARDI GRAS. TWO STEP AND CAKE WALK.

MAURICE LEVI.

Trio.

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The Belle of Murray Hill.

Words by
WILLIS CLARK.

Music by
MAURICE LEVI.

Chorus.

Sweet Nel - lie Kel - ly, — She's worth her weight in gold, — With
checks red as ro - ses, — A pic - ture to be - hold, — She's
got the boys all cra - zy, — She dress - es fit to kill, — And she's

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"You Told Me You Had Money In The Bank"

Written and Composed
by MATHEWS and BULGER.

CHORUS.

You told me you had mon - ey in the bank. — I
thought I'd draw a prize, but you're a blank. — Al -
though I'm tired of ma - tri - mon - y, There's no chance for
al - i - mon - y For my mis - er - y — You I thank. — I've

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"An Innocent Young Maid."

Lyric by
RICHARD CARLE.

Music by
RICHARD CARLE.
and MAURICE LEVI.

REFRAIN.

The world is full of maids, Of diff' - rent kinds and
shades. — Who seem to be per - fec - tion, When first they meet your
eye, — But they're not up - on the square, So you may as well, Be -

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