

"DAR'S NO COON WARM ENOUGH FOR ME."



WORDS AND MUSIC BY

DAVE MARION.

AUTHOR OF

"ONLY ONE GIRL IN THIS WORLD FOR ME."
"HER EYES DON'T SHINE LIKE DIAMONDS." etc.



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Dar's No Coon Warm Enough For Me.

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Words & Music by DAVE MARION.



1. Down at John - son's Hall the Dark - town Club once gave a ball,
2. The big coon he did smile, and said, Go a - way, now, chile,

The first two lines of the song are shown with vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

All the coons were feel - ing might - y gay; — A great big coon came in, who was
If you don't, re - mem - ber what I say; — You know that you're too small, and with

The third line of the song continues with vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

full of nig - ger gin, He said, I came to run this dance my way. — And
you I'll sweep the hall, For I am here to run this dance my way. — He

The fourth line of the song concludes with vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

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The Latest Success.

"I Want No Better Sweetheart."

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when he turned a . round, all the oth . er coons sat down. Com . menced to feel for raz . ors they did
grabbed him just for fun, but the small coon had a gun, The lit . tle fel . low took him un . a .

bring, — The mu - si - cians there that night they got an aw . ful fright, when they
wares, — And you talk a . bout a - buse, such slug - ging and ill use, and they

heard this col . ored in - di - vid . ual sing, — Dar's no coon a . round here
smashed him and they kicked him down the stairs, — Dar's no coon a . round here

warm e . nough for me, And if dar is his shape I'd like to see.
warm e . nough for me, And if dar is his shape I'd like to see.

Dar's no Coon. 3

A Popular Song.

"The Clothes Don't Make The Man."

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CHORUS.

Then a lit - tle bow-leg'd nig-ger, who they thought would cut no fig-ure, who stood a - bout four feet

four; — He said, I do de-clare dar'll be raz-ors in de air, and he walked out on the

floor, — He cried, now Mis-ter Coon, dont you be too soon, or some chang-es you may

see, — For I'm the fel-low that you thought you was, Dar is no coon round here warm e-nough for me.

Dar's no Coon. 3

A Rattling Serio-Comic.

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TRY THESE ON YOUR PIANO.

MOLLY IS OUT OF SIGHT.

Words by W. C. DUNN. Music by G. REICHMANN.

CHORUS.

Vivo. For the last verse only.

My Mol-ly is out of sight! The sweet-est girl I know; In
 So Mol-ly is out of sight! She's left me in the lurch; With
 love with her I'm quite, And she calls me her beau. My
 a dude she's taken flight, And for that dude I'll search. He's
 Mol-ly's a prize, That I I-do-lize; She's a
 cap-tured the prize, That I I-do-lize; If 'twas
 bright little mite, Your heart she'd delight, Oh, Mol-ly is out of sight.
 right to fight, That dude I'd smite, If he was not out of sight.

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Have You Come To Take Me Home?

Words by T. C. HANBAUGH.

Music by RICHARD G. MANN.

I did not know her face at first when 'neath the lights we
 She told me how in dreams she saw the home she cher-ished
 met. For she had changed so ve-ry much, you know; Per-
 still, Where bil-lows in their rev-el-lash the shore; How
 haps I should have known at once the spark-ling eyes of jet; I
 deep in-to her girl-ish heart, an ach-ing void to fill, Came
 saw them oft-en-times long years a-go. She
 voic-es, aye, and fac-es loved of yore. And

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MY MARY'S A FAIRY.

Words by Wm. C. Dunn.

Music by George Reichmann.

Allegretto.
 1. My Ma-ry lives in a lit-tle cot, at foot of a wood-ed
 2. On Sun-days, we a-rambling go through leaf-y paths and
 3. Last year I bought a lit-tle farm, and now it's all my
 hill, Where flowers' breath per-fumes the air, and feathered songsters
 lanes; I pick wild-flow'rs and form of them sweet-scent-ed flo-ral
 own; I till the ground from morn till night, not for my-self a-
 trill. She waits each eve down by the gate, af-ter my farm work's done. I
 chains; And these I bind a-bout my love, a will-ing cap-tive she, Whose
 lone; For soon I'll bring my Ma-ry there, to share its fruits with me; As

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Yer Neber Saw A Nigger In De Surf.

Words & Music by W. L. CARLEY.

CHORUS.
 It seems so strange, I don't know why, dey must not like it
 well; Dey don't go in, I swar dey don't, but why I'll neb-er
 tell Yer see de Da-go, Chin-a-man, all na-tions of de
 carl, But yer neb-er see a nig-ger in de surf.

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