

# 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.**

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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, — She threw 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, It's no use for you to come a hang - ing 'round my  
 more, Get on that wheel and push a - way from this yere ba - by's

door, I'm an - oth - er nig - ger's ba - by and I'd like you bet - ter  
 door, I'm an - oth - er nig - ger's stea - dy and I al - ways find him

may be, If you'd go and let them shoot you in the war,  
 rea - dy To buy me an - y - thing I ask him for.

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.