

IT MAKES NO DIFF'ERENCE WHOSE SWEETIE YOU WERE

(YOU'RE MY SWEET SWEETIE NOW)



A Darktown Drama in Five Reels



BY
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AND
FRANK STILWELL



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STAMPA

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Moderato

Reel One I
Reel Two The
Reel Three I

strayed in - to — a Dark - town Club — one night a week — a - go, ——— And sat down near — a
band was jaz - zin' blues the kind you nev - er heard — be - fore, ——— Each Sam and Han - nah
o - ver - heard some - bod - y say — "Why! there's her for - mer beau" ——— I glanced a - bout — and

brown skin gal and some - one's lov - in' Joe, ——— It seems each one — had part - ed from their
in the place was pran - cin' 'bout the floor, ——— With - out a word — of warn - in' up jumped
saw a long, lean, lank - y Ro - me - o, ——— This gal - ler boy — was sure some pale, but

love of yes - ter - day, ——— I had to grin 'cause thru the din — I o - ver - heard them say: —
this big Lov - in' Joe, ——— His voice rang clear, he said "Right here I want you all — to know: —
fire shone in — his eye, ——— He looked where - at — his ri - val sat, — then made him this re - ply: — A

CHORUS

"It makes no diff'rence whose sweet-ie you were - You're my sweet sweet-ie now, I'm
It makes no diff'rence whose sweet-ie she was - She's my sweet sweet-ie now, I'm
"It makes no diff'rence whose sweet-ie she was - She's my sweet sweet-ie now, Best

here to bet - you'll soon for - get - Your oth - er sweets some - how, And if
here to - night - pre - pared to fight - For my sweet babe some - how, And her
hes - i - tate, - I'm here to state, - Or else ther'll be a row, 'Cause if

they go hang - in' a - round your door - There's cert - n'y gon - na be a row, It
oth - er sweet - ies had best go slow - Un - less they want to start a row, It
you start bluff - in' a - round this place - You're gon - na dis - ap - pear, I vow, It

makes no diff'rence whose sweet-ie you were - You're my sweet sweet-ie now!" "It
makes no diff'rence whose sweet-ie she was - She's my sweet sweet-ie now!" "It
makes no diff'rence whose sweet-ie she was - She's my sweet sweet-ie now!" "It

Reel Four

This Darktown Knight raised from his seat, a razor in his hand
The yaller boy stood where he was, he cert'n'y did have sand
As Lovin' Joe came rushin' in, high yaller pulled a gun
A shot rang out, he turned about, and said to ev'ryone:

Cho.

"It makes no diff'rence whose sweetie she was
She's my sweet sweetie now
Now I warned him, this Razor Jim
There'd be an awful row
When he started foolin' around with me
I had to tame him down somehow
It makes no diff'rence whose sweetie she was
She's my sweet sweetie now"

It makes no diff'rence, etc. 2

Reel Five

A rubber tired hearse was called with tassels that were black
They took this Lovin' Joe away and never brought him back
The long, lean, lanky Romeo was sent away to jail
To one and all who on him call he now lets out this wail:

Cho.

"It makes no diff'rence whose sweetie she was
She's my sweet sweetie now
There's not a doubt when I get out
She'll still be mine somehow
And if someone's hangin' around her door
There's gonna be another row
It makes no diff'rence whose sweetie she was
She's my sweet sweetie now."

AMEN