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# My Girl's a Corker

or

## The Race Track Girl

SONG

Sung by

WILLIAM B. WOOD

in

Town Topics

Words by

William Jerome

Music by

John Queen

\* 4 \*

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MY GIRL'S A "CORKER,"  
or  
"THE RACE TRACK GIRL."

Words by Wm. Jerome.

Music by John Queen.

Allegro.

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb). It begins with a piano introduction in the left hand, marked *mf*, consisting of a series of chords. The right hand then enters with a melodic line, marked *fz* (for *forzando*), featuring a prominent eighth-note pattern. The score includes three verses of lyrics, each with a corresponding musical line. The piano accompaniment for the verses is marked *mf* and consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

1. Oh, talk a - bout your sweethearts fair, And girls of high de - gree; Your  
 2. At Sheepshead bay, in sum - mer time, She's sim - ply "out of sight!" She  
 3. And when the ra - cing sea - son's o'er, She goes a - cross the "pond;" I've

Bow' - ry Pearls, and En - glish girls From far a - cross the sea; But  
 bets her "stuff" like Pitts - burgh Phil, And al - ways gets them right. The  
 heard some tales that dear old Wales, Of her, is ve - ry fond. In

I can't see where they come in, They nev - er were in line, For  
 "touts" they all take off their hats And stand right in a line, And  
 Pa - ris, on the Bou - le - vard, She nev - er fails to shine; For

up to date i - de - as, with This race - track girl of mine.  
 look for in - for - ma - tion from This race - track girl of mine.  
 ev' - ry day is Sun - day with This race - track girl of mine.

*rit.*

CHORUS.

My girl's a "cork - er!" She's a New York - er;

*mf*

She plays the ra - ces, She gets the "dough!".....

The first system of music features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line contains the lyrics "She plays the ra - ces, She gets the 'dough!'.....". The piano accompaniment consists of a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with a bass line.

She loves me dear - ly, And so sin - cere - ly!

The second system of music continues the piece. The vocal line contains the lyrics "She loves me dear - ly, And so sin - cere - ly!". The piano accompaniment maintains the same instrumental texture as the first system.

Tell me how you found that out? She told me so!.....

The third system of music concludes the page. The vocal line contains the lyrics "Tell me how you found that out? She told me so!.....". The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord in the bass clef staff.

# Popular Ethiopian Oddities.

## PHOEBE.

Words by Thos. LeMack.

Music by Andrew Mack.

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"Tell me what you does with all your money," says  
Phœbe,  
"Tell me how you gits rid of all your money," says  
Phœbe!  
I takes out the dice and rolls dem, so!  
Is dat you seven? Mm, Mm? No, no!  
Oh, dat's de way my money does go, Phœbe!

CHORUS.—

Stars are shining, the moon am climbing;  
Meet me, Phœbe Jane!  
Come, my honey, I'se got money,  
And we'll take de train.

## CLIMBING UP TO HEAVEN ON A MOONBEAM.

Words and Music by James Thornton. Copyright 1895 by T. B. Harms & Co.  
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There was once a little coon, just the color of maroon:  
And he climb'd up to Heaven on a moonbeam.  
He got up as far as Mars, then got lost among the stars,  
As he climb'd up to Heaven on a moonbeam!  
He grabbed on to a cloud that was sailing thro' the air;  
He looked up at the moon, saying, "There's watermelon  
there!  
I hope the man inside won't forget to keep my share,  
While I climb up to Heaven on a moonbeam!"

CHORUS.—

Come along, darkies, bring along your tamborines,  
Throw away your dice in the golden stream.  
Dice won't look nice for to carry into Paradise,  
Climbing up to Heaven on a moonbeam!

## DON'T YOU TRIFLE WITH ME, HONEY.

Words and Music by Percy Gaunt. Copyright 1894 by T. B. Harms & Co.  
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If yer lookin' for a little cullud lady,  
Don't yer trifle wid me, honey—don't yer do it!  
My complexion's almost just a little shady—  
Don't yer trifle wid me, honey—don't yer do it!  
I'm goin' to de ball,  
Keep a dancin' till I fall,  
An' my snuff I'm goin' ter have where I can chew it!  
If yer lookin' fer a little cullud lady,  
Don't yer trifle wid me, honey—don't yer do it!

CHORUS.—

Who said I holler'd at der last cake-walk?  
Who said I holler'd—do yer hear me talk?  
I'm a cullud lady,  
An' my face is somewhat shady,  
But yer mustn't trifle wid me, honey, dear!

## CLEANIN' SILBER IN DE KITCHEN.

Words and Music by Gus Williams. Copyright 1895 by T. B. Harms & Co.  
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Cleanin' silber in de kitchen  
Eb'ry Thursday afternoon;  
Make it shine like dizzle dazzle,  
Like de glimmer ob de moon.  
Hummin' songs I l'arnt from mammy  
When I was a little chile;  
Niggers jinin' in de chorus,  
As we're workin' all de while.

CHORUS.—

Singin' loud as we are able,  
Singin', shoutin' all de time;  
Happy, happy, like de angels,  
As along de clouds dey climb;  
Eb'ry one ob us is hummin',  
Though we doesn't know de tune;  
Cleanin' silber in de kitchen  
Eb'ry Thursday afternoon.

## HONEY O!

Words and Music by Percy Gaunt.

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There's the coon from Alabama, 'way down South,  
Honey O! Honey O!  
His feet are vey large, and just the same his mouth,  
Honey O! Honey O!  
He's just a trifle crazy,  
And oh, he is so lazy;  
But at motion he's a "daisy,"  
Honey O! Honey O!

CHORUS.—

Get up, you lazy coon, go 'way from me!  
Rise up; you lazy loon, I hate to see!  
Honey, you rascal black, you are so slow;  
Don't you ever come back, Honey O!

## RAINBOW IN DE SKY!

Words and Music by Harry Dacre.

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Pretty little gal in a bran' new suit,  
See de rain a-fallin'!  
One foot bare and de odder in a boot,  
See de lubly rain!  
It's bin so dry for a month or two—  
Poor Victoria Jane!  
Will anybody lend her a great big shoe,  
To paddle in de golden rain?

CHORUS.—Oh! dat rainbow! See dat rainbow!  
Twenty million miles up in de sky, so high!  
Golden rain am fallin', fallin',  
Fallin' from de rainbow in de sky-yi-yi-yi!

## DE FELLAH WID A CLOBEN HOOF.

Words and Music by Harry Dacre.

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De Parson say we mus' all keep clear  
Ob de fellah wid a tail and a cloben hoof!  
Speak de troof, and you nebber need to fear  
De fellah wid a cloben hoof!  
Lub yer neighbor as yo'self,  
Don't keep a huntin' 'round for welf:  
If you do, you'll get into a stew,  
Froo de fellah wid a cloben hoof!  
Sssh! what's dat? Sssh! what's dat?

CHORUS.—Lock de doar when you hear him a-comin',  
Climb up froo de roof.  
Look sharp, boys, sabe yer bacon;  
Don't be obertaken  
By de fellah wid a cloben hoof!

## THE SPORTY COON.

Words by Frank Buckley.

Music by Andrew Mack

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I'm a sporty little coon,  
And I'll tell you pretty soon  
How I get on to the money that I blow.  
I've a system that I play,  
And when things they come my way,  
You can bet yer boots that I get all the dough.  
I'm dead on to "three card monte,"  
I can always call the turn:  
I know the number on the wheel before the twirl;  
But there's one game throws me down—  
It's the talk of all the town  
Why a sporty boy like me can't catch a girl!

CHORUS.—

Will someone introduce me to a nice young miss?  
I don't want to either beg or borrow.  
There a'int no limit to me—she can have all this!  
Nothing then but happiness—no sorrow.  
Then throw your arms around me, love, and give your boy  
a kiss,  
And say you'll love me just the same to-morrow.  
Dont lose me, I'm a bird! Only say the word,  
And we'll go get married early in the morning.

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