THREE NEGRO SONGS

BY

WILL MARION COOK

SWING ALONG
(Will Marion Cook)
For a High Voice in F
For Medium Voice in E♭

EXHORTATION (A Negro Sermon)
(Alex. Rogers)
High in D minor
Low (Bass) in A minor

RAIN SONG
(Alex. Rogers)
For a High Voice

Pr. 60 Cents each

The above are also to be had for Chorus of Men's Voices

NEW YORK: G. SCHIRMER
BOSTON: THE BOSTON MUSIC CO.
LONDON: SCHOTT & CO.
Rain-Song

Any time you hear de cheer an’ tables crack,
An’ de folks wid rheumatism dey jimmis in on de rack,
Look out fu’ rain, rain, rain!

When de ducks quack loud an’ de peacocks cry,
An’ de far-off hills seem to be right nigh,
Prepare fu’ rain, rain, rain!

When de ol’ cat on de hearth wid her velvet paws
’Gliss to wipin’ over her whiskered jaws,
Sho’ sign o’ rain, rain, rain.

When de frogs’ dose changed his yaller vest,
An’ in his brown suit now he is dressed,
Mo’ rain, an’ dey all mo’ rain.

When yo’ notice de air it stan’;s stock still,
An’ de blackbird’s voice it gets so awful shrill,
Dat am de tim’ fu’ rain.

When yo’ dog quits bones an’ begins so fast,
An’ when you see him eatin’; he is rainin’ grass:
Sho’es, trues, cert’nry sign ob rain!

Refrain

No, Mister Simmons, we can safely say,
’Taint gwine ter be no rain to-day,
Kase de sun ain’ fallin’ an’ de dogs ain’ sleep,
An’ you ain’ seen no spiders from dere cobwebb creep;
Las’ night de sun went bright to bed,
An’ de moon ain’ nesah once been seen to hang her head;
If you’se watched al dis’, den you kin safely say,
Dat dere ain’ gwine ter be no rain to-day.

1188

AFLX. ROGERS
Rain-Song

Alex. Rogers

In moderate time
with characteristic swing

Voice

Any time you hear de
cheers an' tables crack, An' de folks wid rheumat-ics dey jints is on de rack,

Piano

Look out fu' rain, rain, rain!

When de ducks quack loud an de

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peacocks cry, And the far-off hills seem to be right nigh,

Prepare fu' rain, rain, rain! When de ol' cat on de hearth

wid her vel-vet paws 'gins to wip in' o' ver her whis-kered jaws,

Sho' sign o' rain, rain, rain. When de
frog's done changed his yaller vest, An' in his brown suit

now he is dressed, M'rain, an' still mo' rain. When yo'

no-lice de air it stan's stock still, An' de black-birds voice it

gits so aw-ful shrill, Dat am de time fu' rain.
When yo' dog quite bones an' begins to fas', An' when you see him eat-in', he is eat-in', grass; Shoes, truth.

Certs' sign ob rain! No, Mister Simmons we can safely say, 'Taint gwine ter be no rain to-day,
Refrain

Kase de suit ain' fall-in' an' de dogs ain' sleep, An' you ain'

seen no spiders from dere cobwebs creep; Las' night de sun went

bright to bed, An' de moon ain' nev'ah once been seen to hang her head; If you'se

without retard

watched all dis', den you kin safely say, Dat dere ain'gwine ter be no
rain to-day, If you've watched all dis, den you kin safely say, Dat dere aint agwine ter a no rain to-day, Kas dude safely say, Dat dere aint a-gwine to-day, Dat dere aint a-gwine ter be noo rain to-day,
WID DE MOON, MOON, MOON
(Negro Love-Song)
By WILL MARION COOK

"Wid de moon, moon, moon"
Negro Love-Song

Moderately slow, with much tenderness

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Other Songs by the same Composer

Price, Each 60 Cents

RAIN-SONG (No. 2). Words by Alex. Rogers. High voice, C m.
SWING ALONG! Words by the Composer. High voice, F

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BOSTON : THE BOSTON MUSIC CO.