

MA PICKANINNY BABE

By
CHAS. L. JOHNSON



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MA PICKANINNY BABE

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Come, ma pick - a - nin - ny babe, it's
Skeet - ers am a - buzz - in' 'round dis

VAMP

The vamp section consists of a short, repeating piano accompaniment figure. It is marked 'VAMP' and is in the same key and time signature as the introduction.

time to go to bed, Ma lit - tle ink spot, — ma hon - ey boy. —
lit - tle wool - y head, While mam - my's sing - in' — her lul - la - by. —

The piano accompaniment for the final line of the song continues the melodic and harmonic style of the previous sections, ending with a final chord.

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Come an' lay your kink-y head up - on ole mam-my's breast, You is ma
Bet - ter let ole mam-my put you in your lit - tle bed, Now don't you

ba - by, — ma pride an' joy. — Hark! I hear a
hol - ler, — now don't you cry. — Sand-man he am

knock in' at de door, 'Pears to me dere's some-thin' strange a -
com - in' for you soon, Com - in' for ma an - gel chile, my

creep-in' 'cross de floor; So bet - ter come a - run - nin' quick an'
pick - a - nin - ny coon; So hide your lit - tle face an' stop dat

jump in mam-my's lap An'close your eyes, ma pick-a-nin-ny babe. —
mak in' goo gie eyes, An' go to sleep, ma pick-a-nin-ny babe. —

CHORUS

Go to sleep, ma pick - a - nin - ny babe,

Mam - my's got her arms a - round you;

Close your eyes, an' dont you dare to peep, Or de

gob - lins will get you if you do. _____ Don't you cry, for

mam-my's ev - er nigh, Hon - ey, don't you be a -

fraid; _____ Dream, dream, close your eyes an' dream,

Go to sleep, ma pick - a - nin - ny babe. _____ babe. _____

Ma Pickaninny Babe

Shadow Time

(Song)

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CHORUS

Go to sleep, ma pick a - nin ny babe.

Mam - my's got her arms a round you:

Close your eyes, an' don't you dare to peep, Or do

gob - lins will get you if you do. ——— Don't you cry, for

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TRY THE CHORUS

SHADOW-TIME

Lyric by
J. R. SHANNON

Music by
CHAS. L. JOHNSON

Moderato

Twilight is fall-ing, the whole world is still,

Gold-en the sun-set and si-lent the mill; Night-birds are call-ing from

branches a - bove, Each flow-er breath-ing a mes-sage of love.

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Play it Over

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