

LEW DOCKSTADER'S SENSATIONAL SONG HIT.

SHAME ON YOU

BY
CHRIS SMITH
author of
"GOOD MORNIN' CARRIE"
"I'VE GOT THE BLUES" ETC.
AND
JOHN LARKINS



50
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Shame On You!

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JOHN LARKINS.

Piano. *Moderato.*

slow till voice

Dea - con John - son was a
Dea - con John - son tried his

preach-in' to his flock, At a big camp-meet-in' one day, _____ At a
best to square him-self, 'Fore the con - gre - ga - tion that day, _____ 'Fore the

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big camp meet-in' one day; ——— When a broth-er who was sit-tin' list'-nin'
con-gre-ga-tion that day; ——— He was get-tin' aw-ful an-gry when he

to his text, Got an-gry and was forced to say, ——— Got
loud-ly said: "'Bout me you should not talk that way, ——— 'Bout

an-gry and was forced to say: ——— "Brudder! how can you preach And ex-
me you should not talk that way, ——— Brudder! please don't a-buse Or —

pect to teach these folks how to be good? ——— When
ev-er ac-cuse a full-fledged Christian man, ——— I

I saw you— dis morn' 'bout two,— Right in my chick - en
am the dea - con of this church And one true son of

coop?— And an - y time— a thief is round, My
Ham;— The Good Book says:— 'Thou shalt not steal!' With

dogs com - mence to howl,— I caught you fair,— but
me you'll all— a - gree,— As I passed by— that

rit. —
you de - clared: 'You came to buy a fowl!'
broth - er's house, That chick - en fol - lowed me."
rit. —

Chorus.

slower
p-f

Jas-per John-son shame on you! You can't preach and rob me too!

slower
p-f

You might fool me now and then, But you don't buy fowl at two A. M.—

I know what I'm talk-ing a-bout And I wants the peo-ple here to find you out;

So they can all stand up and shout: "Shame on you!"

1. 2.

fz

That there is a certain "exquisite art" in writing a really beautiful ballad, is fully demonstrated in "Where the Sunset Turns the Ocean's Blue to Gold," by Eva F. Buckner and H. W. Petrie. The simple beauty of the words wedded to an equally beautiful melody, constitute a descriptive ballad which will appeal to all lovers of music, and the ballad is one of the song successes in Dockstader's Great Minstrel production.

Where the Sunset Turns the Ocean's Blue to Gold.

Words by EVA FERN BUCKNER.

Music by H. W. PETRIE.

REFRAIN.



Oh! the old church-bells are ring-ing And the mock-ing birds are sing-ing, As they



sang a-round the place in days of old; And tho' I am far a-way, All my



rall.
heart has been to-day, Where the sun-set turns the o-cean's blue to gold.

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