

THE HIT OF THE SEASON

MY LADY HOTTENTOT



BEATRICE GOLDEN

FORE'S MUSIC EXCHANGE
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Back popular songs, orchestrations slightly
used classical sheet music, folios etc.

WORDS BY

WM JEROME

MUSIC BY

HARRY VON TILZER

PUBLISHED BY
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Starmer

HARRY VON TILZER'S LATEST SUCCESSES.

— The Catchiest Coon Songs Written. —

Chorus. I ain't a-goin' to weep no more. *The recognized coon song success.*

I ain't a-goin' to weep no more, be-cause my ba-by tells me that she loves me sure, And I love her too, 'deed I do, — Through and through,

Chorus. Oh! Oh! Miss Phoebe. *The Hit of the Season.*

Oh, Oh, Miss Phoe-be, don't ev-er leave me. Tell me you're ma hon-ey gal, and true to me you'll ev-er ev-er ev-er be, And oo, oo, say

Chorus. Birdie, I'd Like to Buy A Gilded Cage For You. *another - I'd leave my happy home for you.*

Bird-ie, I'd like to buy a gild-ed cage for you, A cage of gold, just made to hold, A pair of lov-ers true; If you'll leave the stage, I'll

Chorus. Rufus! Don't Tease Me. *The Hit of Marie Dressler in "Miss Print."*

Ru-fus, don't tease me, Ru-fus, come squeeze me, Come and hug me till my bright eyes shine, Puck-ered am ma

Chorus. Oh! Malinda. *The Successor to Oh! Oh! Miss Phoebe. — a great song.*

Oh! Ma-lin-da, don't you get so fun-ny fun-ny 'cause you know I loves you hon-ey, Oh! Ma-lin-da, tell me you'll be true oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo,

Chorus. Venus, You're The Sweetest Gal I Ever Knew. *A sweet Southern Serenade.*

Ven-us, ma an-gel Ven-us, tell me true, No coon can come be-tween us me an' you, Histe up dat win-dow cur-tain,

Chorus. Marching to the Music of the Band. *The March Song Success.*

Just see them March-ing to the mu-sic of the band It sounds so sweet, See the soldiers

Chorus. Are You A Buffalo? *The craze of country. — Von Tilzer's Latest.*

Say boys, have you heard the cry, Are you a Buf-fa-lo? Guess quick, or you'll have to buy, Are you a Buf-fa-lo?

— Copies for sale at all Music Stores —

MY LADY HOTTENTOT.

Words by WILLIAM JEROME

Music by HARRY VON TILZER.

Moderato.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. The piano part features a rhythmic melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal line enters in the third measure. The lyrics are as follows:

In Af-ri-ca there lives a queen, My Hot-ten-tot, Sweet Hottentot, The
The sun that shines a-long the Nile, My Hot-ten-tot, Sweet Hottentot, It

dear-est one I've ev-er seen, With eyes that fair-ly dance with love,— And
seems to greet you with a smile, My pret-ty lit-tle dus-ky dove,— For

when the birds have gone to sleep, My Hot-ten-tot, Sweet Hot-ten-tot, Then to her home I
we'll be married in the spring, My Hot-ten-tot, Sweet Hot-ten-tot, The lit-tle birds up -

quickly creep, and ser-e-nade my dus-ky dove, — Oh! how — her eyes they shine, With love di-
on the wing, they sing of you my hon-ey love, — Oh! how I long to kiss, — This dain-ty

vine, — right in-to mine, — And then — she seems to say, Please long-er stay, — don't go a-
miss, It's joy and bliss, — And from her ru-by lips, I gent-ly sips, sweet honey

way, — And when I said does you love me true, she said I love you'deed I do. For
drips, And when I gaze in-to her brown eyes how my poor heart with love it sighs. For

rall

CHORUS.
Moderato.

5

She is my La - dy Hot - ten - tot, She is my sweet For - get - me - not,

f-ff

She is the one I most - ly prize, She has such dreamy eyes, —

And from her side I'll nev - er part, She has a mortgage on my heart, The

birds that coo, love you, My la - dy Hot - ten - tot. — tot. —

1. 2.

fz D.S.

my Lady Hottentot.

TELLER, SONS & DORNER. NEW-YORK.

TRY THESE OVER ON YOUR PIANO.

Just as you're growing old.

Words by CHAS. HERRICK.

Music by FREDERICK V. BOWEN.

CHORUS.

Just as you're grow-ing old, When times that now are gold,
Are turn-ing gray, some future day, My love will not grow cold,
My heart will be the same, As when you changed your name,
Still fond and true, 'Till heart for you, Just as you're grow-ing old.

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She's getting mo' like the white folks every day.

WILLIAMS and WALKER.

CHORUS.

She's get-ting mo' like the white folks ev'ry day
Try to do just like 'em ev'ry way
Once she was black on cal-i-do-got-ter, Now all she wants is silk and sat-in,
She's get-ting mo' like the white folks ev'ry day, white day.

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"I wants to be the leading lady."

Words by GEORGE TOTTEN SMITH.

Music by HARRY VON TILZER.

CHORUS.

"I wants to be the lead-ing la-dy, I wants to play the
gal star part, Make no mis-take man, I know how to act, If you
give me a chance you will see it's a fact, I'll make Bertha look like thirty cents.
I wants to be the lead-ing la-dy, I don't want no

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WHERE WAS MOSES WHEN THE LIGHT WENT OUT.

Words by VINCENT F. BRYAN.

Music by HARRY VON TILZER.

CHORUS.

Where was Mo-se when the light went out All our spend-ing money up the spout
We all want to know where did Moses go, What was he a-bout? Where was Mo-se when the
light went out He's the cause of it there ain't no doubt, Don't you think it's a pity
now he looks for money, Where was Mo-se when the light went out, light went out.

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WHOA BILL!
A Country Characteristic.

By HARRY VON TILZER.

PIANO.

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MY WHIP-POOR-WILL.

Words by GEO. TOTTEN SMITH.

Music by HARRY VON TILZER.

CHORUS.

My whip-poor-will! I love to hear you, My whip-poor-will!
will! I know I'm near you, My eyes are
glit-ter-ing, glit-ter-ing, glit-ter-ing, Love while I'm a-lit-ter-ing, lit-ter-ing, To the
whistling of my whip-poor-will, My whip-poor-will.

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WHEN I THINK OF YOU.

Words by Charles Herwitz.

Music by Frederick V. Bowen.

CHORUS.

When I think of you, With your eyes of blue, Your
gold-en hair, your face so fair, No sweet-er face I know,
When I think of you, Tears like morn-ing dew, Be-
dim my eyes, my soul then sighs, When I think of you,

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SUSIE.

Words by GEORGE TOTTEN SMITH.

Music by HARRY VON TILZER.

CHORUS.

My sweet Su-sie, su-sie, su-sie, You can't love me, you can't love me
My pretty Su-sie, your bright eyes en-chaunt me, When you are near,
My sweet Su-sie, su-sie, su-sie, You can't love me, you can't love me, I love you,
Su-sie, please, don't re-fuse me, My Su-sie, su-sie, su-sie, dear!

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CASEY'S WEDDING NIGHT.

Words by VINCENT F. BRYAN.

Music by GUS EDWARDS.

CHORUS.

"Play up in the old time, for there'll be mar-der soon,
Stop off that Hot,chy Cha-cha, or we'll have a fight,
If you play "Mae, Mae, tell" we'll have to pay you off,
Tunes like that are out of place in Casey's wed-ding night."

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