

JAMES H. SNAKENBERG MUSIC COLLECTION
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

DE COON AND DE CHICKEN.



Humorous Song & Chorus.
FOR
CHILDREN

Composed by

E. Karst.



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DE COON AND DE CHICKEN.

By Emile Karst.

Allegro Con Spirito.



1st SOPRANO.

1. On a roost a chick-en sat, Come a-long, come a-long,
 2. Up the al-ley crept a coon, Crept a coon, crept a coon,
 3. Now Jo-se-phus glid-eth in, Glid-eth in, glid-eth in,

The vocal melody is in the right hand of the piano accompaniment, marked *p* (piano). It follows the lyrics and includes rests for the vocal line.

He was young and ve-ry fat, Sing a song, oh sing a song,
 By the light of the bright moon, Crept a coon, by the bright moon,
 Now he rubs dat chick-en's shin, Chick-en's shin, dat chick-en's shin,

The vocal melody continues in the right hand of the piano accompaniment, marked *p* (piano). It includes the final line of the song and rests for the vocal line.

2d SOPRANO.

On a roost a chick-en sat, Come a-long, come a-long,
 Up the al-ley crept a coon, Crept a coon, crept a coon,
 Now Jo-se-phus glid-eth in, Glid-eth in, glid-eth in,

p *mf*

He was young and ve-ry fat, Sing a song, oh sing a song,
 By the light of the bright moon, Crept a coon, by the bright moon,
 Now he rubs dat chick-en's shin, Chick-en's shin, dat chick-ens shin,

p

3d SOPRANO.

Oh! you chick-en hev a care, Fur Jo-se-phus draw-eth near,
 Oh! you chick-en doan you know, Why dat dar-key creep-eth so?
 Now dat chick-en's in a bag, Limp and dead as a - ny rag,

p

Oh! you chick-en hev a care, Fur Jo-se-phus draw-eth near.
 Oh! you chick-en doan you know, Why dat dar-key creep-eth so?
 Now dat chick-en's in a bag, Limp and dead as a - ny rag.

mf *f* *rallentando.*

Chorus.

1st Sop. 
1st Verse. Oh! you chick-en hev a care, Fur Jo-se-phus draw-eth near,

2d Sop. 
2d Verse. Oh! you chick-en doan you know, Why dat dar-key creep-eth so?

3d Sop. 
3d Verse. Now dat chick-ens' in a bag, Limp and dead as a-ny rag,

Piano. 


 Oh! you chick-en hev a care, Fur Jo-se-phus draw-eth near.


 Oh! you chick-en doan you know, Why dat dar-key creep-eth so?


 Now dat chick-ens' in a bag, Limp and dead as a-ny rag.

