

THE PICKANINNYS PARADISE

WORDS BY
SAM
EHRlich

MUSIC BY
NAT.
OSBORNE



INTRODUCED WITH GREAT
SUCCESS BY THE
COURTNEY SISTERS



E. Pfeiffer
N.Y. CITY.



HARRY VON TILZER
MUSIC PUBLISHING CO.

222 W. 46th St. New York - Chicago - Frisco - Sidney - London

The Pickaninnies Paradise.

Words by
SAM EHRLICH.

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Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves of music in G major, 2/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass accompaniment with quarter notes and chords.

What's the mat-ter Hon-ey there's a tear in your eye, - Do
Run and play my Hon-ey by the mul-ber-ry tree, - Just

The first vocal line is written on a single staff in G major, 2/4 time. It begins with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The melody is simple and catchy, with lyrics written below the notes.

white folks say you don't know where you go when you die? - come to your mam-my dear, - Now
stay right near the win-dow where your mam-my can see - now don't you feel so blue - For

The second vocal line continues the melody from the first line. It features a similar rhythmic pattern and melodic contour, with lyrics written below the notes.

don't you fear - I will tell where col-ored chil-dren go when they leave here -
I love you, - and the white folks told me Hon-ey, that they love you too -

The third vocal line continues the melody. It includes a fermata over the final note of the phrase. The lyrics are written below the notes.

There's a hap-py land a-bove the sky so blue - And lis-ten child what's wai-ting for you.
If they speak a-bout the skies up o-ver head - Just tell them dear what your mam-my said.

The fourth and final vocal line concludes the piece. It features a final cadence with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Chorus.

You lay your black kink-y head in a bed on a pil-low of white When you sleep tight

the an-gels watch o-ver you ev-'ry night The griddle cakes pop from the ground With sweet mo-lass-es all a-

round — Old Un-cle Joe is play-ing tunes up-on his old ban - jo The streets are all paved with gold I am

told ev-'ry bird in the skies has dia-mond eyes now ain't that nice — so ver-y

nice Ev-'ry lit-tle kink-y head-ed girl and boy — has the cut-est sil-ver po-ny

for a toy In the place they call the Pick-a-ninnies Par-a - dise. You lay your dise.



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BALLADS

THE LITTLE GOOD FOR NOTHING IS GOOD FOR SOMETHING AFTER ALL
 WHEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT ON BROADWAY IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO THE U. S. A.,
 AND THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND BUY A LIBERTY BOND FOR THE BABY
 I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'M GOING, BUT I'M ON MY WAY
 JUST AS YOUR MOTHER WAS GIVE ME THE RIGHT TO LOVE YOU
 LOVE WILL FIND THE WAY SOMETIME
 YUKALOO
 THERE'S SOMEONE MORE LONESOME THAN YOU
 ON THE SOUTH SEA ISLE YOU'LL ALWAYS BE THE SAME SWEET GIRL
 THOUGH I HAD A BIT O' THE DIVIL IN ME (SHE HAD THE WAYS OF AN ANGEL)
 DEAR OLD FASHIONED IRISH SONGS IN DREAMY SPAIN
 MY BEAUTIFUL CHATEAU OF LOVE LAST NIGHT WAS THE END OF THE WORLD
 YO SAN

NOVELTY SONGS

IN THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE BRING BACK, BRING BACK, BRING BACK THE KAISER TO ME
 AND THEN SHE'D KNIT, KNIT, KNIT HE'S DOING HIS BIT FOR THE GIRLS
 SOME LITTLE SQUIRREL IS GOING TO GET SOME LITTLE NUT
 LISTEN TO THE KNOCKING AT THE KNITTING CLUB
 CLOSE YOUR EYES NOW, SLEEPY MOON IF SAMMY SIMPSON SHOOTS THE CHUTES,
 WHY SHOULDN'T HE SHOOT THE SHOTS WONDERFUL GIRL, GOOD NIGHT
 HELP! HELP! I'M SINKING IN A BEAUTIFUL OCEAN OF LOVE
 STRIKE UP THE BAND, HERE COMES A SAILOR
 THERE'S A MILLION REASONS WHY I SHOULDN'T KISS YOU
 SAYS I TO MYSELF, SAYS I JUST THE KIND OF A GIRL YOU'D LOVE TO
 MAKE YOUR WIFE SOMEWHERE IN DIXIE
 I'M A TWELVE O'CLOCK FELLOW IN A NINE O'CLOCK TOWN
 THERE'S A LITTLE BIT OF SCOTCH IN MARY DON'T SLAM THAT DOOR
 ON THE HOKO MOKO ISLE WITH HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS AND HIS
 POCKETS IN HIS PANTS SOMETIMES YOU GET A GOOD ONE AND
 SOMETIMES YOU DON'T WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN
 CLOSE TO MY HEART THEY ALL HAD A FINGER IN THE PIE
 ROW, ROW, ROW ALL ALONE
 BATTER UP (UNCLE SAM IS AT THE PLATE)

NOVELTY KID SONGS

CROSS MY HEART AND HOPE TO DIE CONSTANTINOPLE
 ALL ABOARD FOR BLANKET BAY THEY ALWAYS PICK ON ME

INSTRUMENTAL NUMBERS

THE OLD TOWN PUMP
 STOLEN SWEETS

When I Send You A Picture Of Berlin. (You'll Know It's Over, Over There" Im Coming Home.)

Words and Music by
 FRANK FAY
 BEN RYAN and
 DAVE DREYER.

Chorus.

When I send you a picture of Lon-don Then you'll know I've had-ed
 safe-ly "Over There" When I send you a snap-shot of Par-is You'll know I'm
 read-y to be-and date I'll do my share You'll know I'm think-ing a-bout you.

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The Little Good For Nothing's Good For Something After All

Words by
 LOU KLEIN

Music by
 HARRY VON TILZER

Chorus.

They always called her lit-tle good-for-noth-ing Just be-cause like oth-er chil-dren she was
 wild Tho' she was-nt all to blame Still she could-nt bear the name that
 clung to her since she was but a child But now she's o-ver there, she found the

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