

# HOME AIN'T NOTHING LIKE THIS



COPYRIGHTED 1902  
by LEO FEIST

5

By  
**IRVING JONES**

*The Fellow Sitting in the Chair*

CHICAGO, 59 DEARBORN ST.  
**LEO FEIST**  
PUBLISHER  
LONDON, ENG.  
B. FELDMAN - 9 BERNERS ST. W.

FEIST BUILDING  
134 WEST 37<sup>th</sup> ST.  
NEW YORK

TORONTO, CAN.  
WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.

# HOME AINT NOTHING LIKE THIS.

Words and Music by IRVING JONES.

Moderato.

The first system of music is a piano introduction. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). The treble staff begins with a series of chords, followed by a melodic line with a slur and an accent (^) over the first note. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with quarter notes.

The second system of music continues the piano introduction. It features a treble clef staff with a *f* (forte) dynamic marking and a bass clef staff. The music is marked *p* (piano) in the later part. The lyrics "Till ready." are written above the treble staff. To the right, there are two first ending options: "1. A" and "2. That". The treble staff has a slur and an accent (^) over a melodic phrase. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

The third system contains the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "half starved coon once got a job as val-et for a rich white man, — And the dar - key tips the wai-ters too he loves for to see them bow, — If the". The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the treble staff and a simple bass line in the bass staff.

ho - tels where that dar-key stopped was swell-est in the land, — The  
next world beats this one he says he wants to die right now, — He

wai-ters clus-tered round that coon just like a pack of hun-gry hounds, — In  
took a trip with his rich boss 'way out to the Pa-cif-ic Coast, — And

just three weeks that dar - key gained 'bout twen-ty sev - en pounds. — He  
Cal - i - fon - ia caught his eye of the cli-mate he did boast. — He

used to roost in a old hay loft now he sleeps in a swell brass bed, — He  
said this is a Par-a-dise, wa-ter-mel-ons in the win - ter time, — Oh!

*Home aint nothing like this.*

The song of the Minstrel  
**"Eat, Drink and be Merry"**  
 by Geo.R.Wilson.

ev - en wears pa - ja - mas now and a night cap on his  
this is cert'n - ly livin' a life re - dic - lous to sub -

head, — Now ev - 'ry time that dar - key dines he  
lime, — His wife wrote "Babe please come back home my

or - ders up ev - 'ry thing, — When the wai - ter brings the  
love aint no flim - flam!" — This coon rushed out like

fin - ger bowl this coon be - gins to sing: —  
he was wild and sent this tel - e - gram: —

*Home aint nothing like this.*

## "In Sunny Africa"

A song fresh from the Jungle

by Ted S. Barron.

CHORUS.

*p-f*

Home aint noth-in' like this Oh my! what joy! what bliss, The bill of fare will

*p-f*

take your breath I know I'll eat my - self to death, Home aint

noth-ing like this no sane man could re-sis', I love my re-la-tions and

1. birth place too, but home aint noth-ing like this. 2. this.

*f* *fz* *D.S.*

*Home aint nothing like this.*

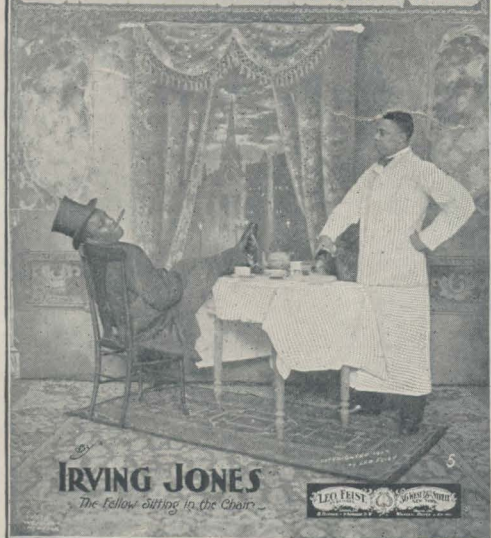
TELLER, SONS & DORNER, NEW-YORK.

A Beautiful Story Song  
 "Somebody's Waiting For Me"

By STERLING & VON TILZER.

# HITS!

## HOME AIN'T NOTHING LIKE THIS



IRVING JONES WINS AGAIN!

### Home Ain't Nothing Like This

His Hilarious Hit

Seems hard—but people will have coon songs—we must supply their needs and demands—Ernest Hogan at Keith's recently sang a new and humoristic darkey song: "HOME AINT NOTHING LIKE THIS" by Irving Jones, receiving no less than half a dozen encores—Irving Jones sang it himself at the New York Theatre, with similar results. We intended giving a description of the song, but the clever words printed below does that to a nicety—yet its chief charm is the beautiful melody that goes with them.

Home aint nothing like this  
Oh my! what joy! what bliss!  
The bill of fare will take your breath  
I know I'll eat myself to death,  
Home aint nothing like this  
No sane man could resist,  
I love my relations and birth place too,  
But home aint nothing like this.

The ingenious title page gives an additional attractiveness to the selling qualities of this number. Frankly, plainly and freely speaking—"HOME AINT NOTHING LIKE THIS," is a rousing big hit.

PRICE 50c. A COPY.

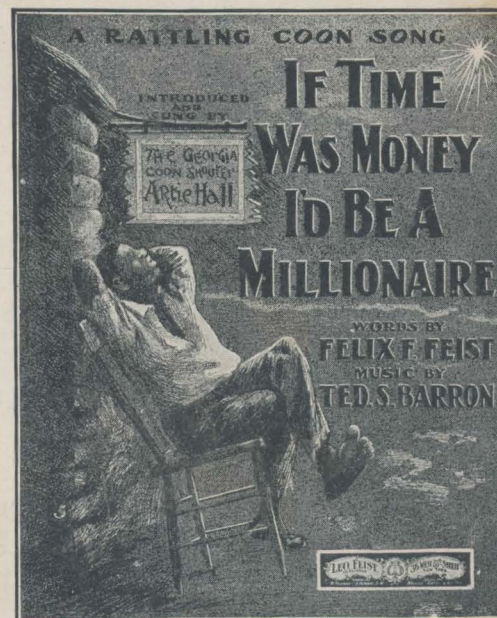
A Big Hit by Two Youngsters

## If Time Was Money I'd Be A Millionaire

If catching in a single phrase the most striking characteristic of a race may be considered a stroke of genius, then the author of this new hit may be set down fairly as, if not a genius, at least a writer of exceptional talent. A hearing of the song proves that the elements of humor which it contains serves to bring out the full strength of the good-natured satire on our "collud bruder" with more force than could the pen wielded by the trenchant hand of the most able journalist. In plain English, "If Time Was Money I'd Be A Millionaire," hits off the average cullud man as we know him, so perfectly and, at the same time, so good naturedly, that even he will be bound to laugh as heartily at the story, and to hum the clever catchy melody with as much zest as will the "white fo'ks."

From the attractive elements enumerated above, it is easy to see that in this song the publisher has got a "Derby Winner." This judgment of the song has been confirmed by the instantaneous hit it made in Greater New York where it was first introduced and has found favor all over the country and England.

It is a big hit by two youngsters and it seems fair to predict that the writers, Felix F. Feist and Ted S. Barron will be much older before they hear the last of their clever creation.



PRICE 50c. A COPY.

## YOU'VE HEARD

about the farmer boy who wed the innocent young maid and how soon their honeymoon was over. Lately the story has gone around that he left and went back to his country home, leaving his bride of a few months in the city—with enough cash to "keep house" until his return. While he was away husking and farming, she cut up all sorts of capers and entertained her girl friends royally, however, she was in constant communication with her farmer husband—always finishing her letter with a request for "more money," and as he thought everything she did was "write," he'd send it along like a real good boy. He was dreadfully worried when she wrote him, that she couldn't sleep at night—he didn't know that she slept during the day—but then what's the use of telling you more about it—Hear the entire story told in verse and song—it's very funny indeed. Ask your music dealer to show you a copy of "SINCE REUBEN'S GONE AWAY;" look it over, than buy a copy. It will prove a splendid aid in entertaining your particular friend.

PRICE 50c. A COPY.

## Has Your Mother Any More Like You?

by Robert Keiser

Has she or has she not? Is an ever perplexing question—which has never been satisfactorily answered. So ardent is the lover in this song that he is beside himself with grief—love grief—and man appears in his true colors. It's funny, very—very—funny; look it over and see for yourself—It fits the question to a dot—and is worth its price—50c. a copy.



## THE "FEIST" DANCE FOLIO

The "Feist" Dance Folio, has met with a warm reception all over the land—and why not? just imagine—almost 100 pages of "right up to the moment" music—by famous composers. 75 cents net.

JUST THE THING FOR PARLOR AND "AT HOME" RECEPTIONS.