

CUNNIN' CAROLINA COON.



WORDS BY MATTHEW WOODWARD

MUSIC BY WARNER CROSBY.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE NEW YORK HERALD, AUGUST 24, 1902

*COPYRIGHTED 1902 BY SOL BLOOM, NEW YORK · PUBLISHED BY
SPECIAL PERMISSION OF MR. SOL BLOOM, NEW YORK & CHICAGO*

Cunnin' Carolina Coon.

Words by
MATTHEW WOODWARD.

Music by
WARNER CROSBY.

Moderato.

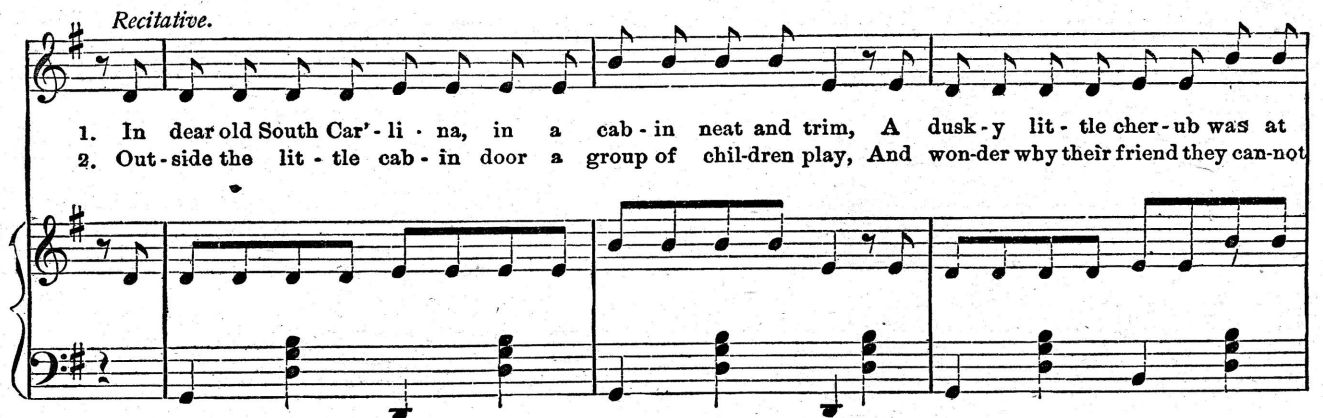
Rall.

Intro. *mf*

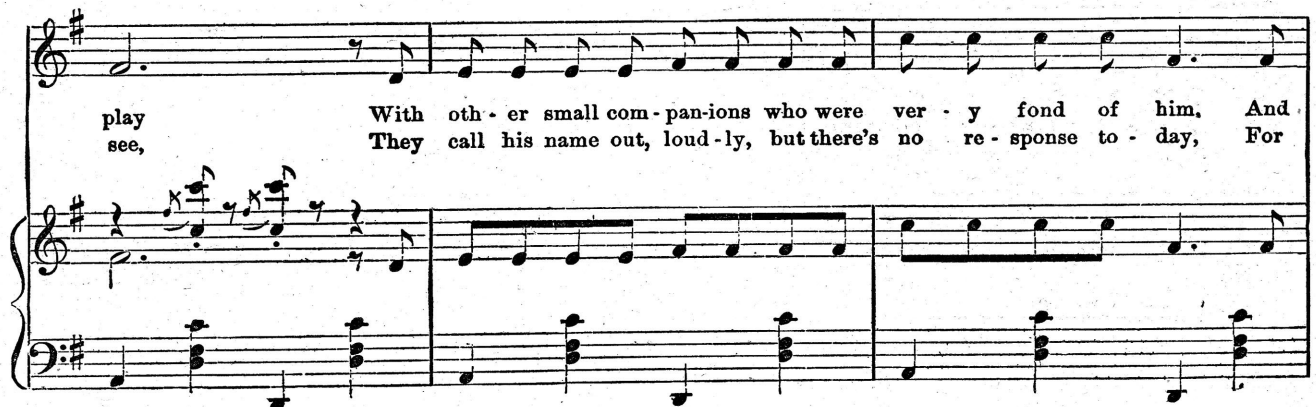


Recitative.

1. In dear old South Car'-li-na, in a cab-in neat and trim, A dusk-y lit-tle cher-ub was at
2. Out-side the lit-tle cab-in door a group of chil-dren play, And won-der why their friend they can-not



play see, With oth-er small com-pan-ions who were ver-y fond of him, And
They call his name out, loud-ly, but there's no re-sponse to-day, For



in - no - cent - ly whiled the hours a way; But when the shad - ows deep-en'd, then his
all with - in is still as still can be; The moth - er to the win - dow comes and

mam - my picked him up, And show - ered kiss - es on his kink - y head; . . . And the
thro' her tears she says, "Stop shout - in'! chil - lun, just dis af - ter - noon; . . . For I

vis - i - tors so small, Would be qui - et one and all, When his mam - my held her fin - ger up and said:
b'lieve my heart would break If de an - gels was to take My own cun - nin' lit - tle Car - o - li - na coon."

REFRAIN *With Expression*

Husb yo' noise! yo' hap - py lit - tle chil-lun, Mam my's boy is gwine to sleep.

See how tight his lit - tle hands are clutch-in' At the toy he wants to keep;

Say "Bye - bye", God bless yo' pick - a - ni - nies, Run a - long and get home soon, For I must

rock to rest up - on his mam-my's breast, My cun - nin' Car - o - li - na coon.