



DE' POSSUM CHASE

SUNG
BY

MAY
IRWIN

IN HER NEW
FARCE COMEDY
"SISTER MARY"

MUSIC BY
WATTY HYDES

PRICE 50c

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WHITE-SMITH
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BOSTON

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NEW YORK



DE 'POSSUM CHASE.

Music by WATTY HYDES.

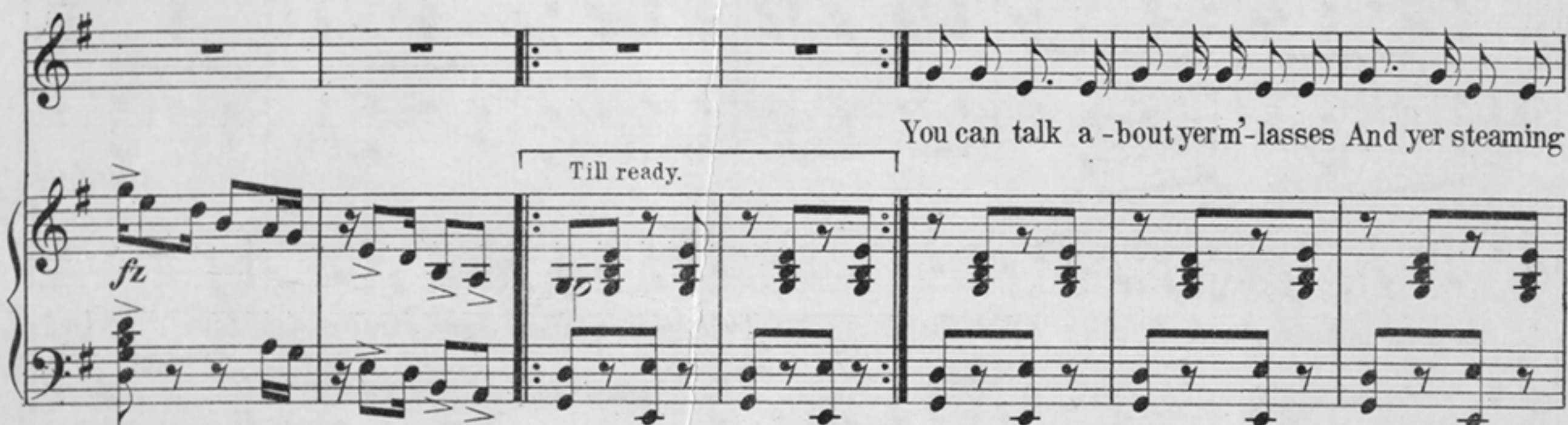
Allegro vivace.

PIANO.

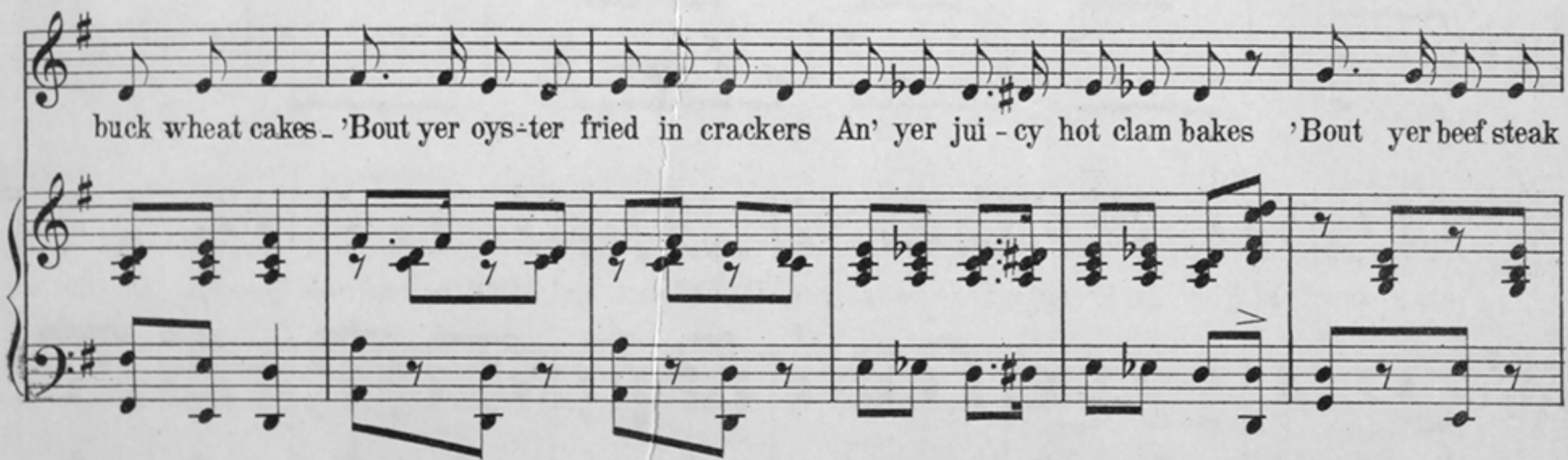


You can talk a - bout yerm'lasses And yer steaming

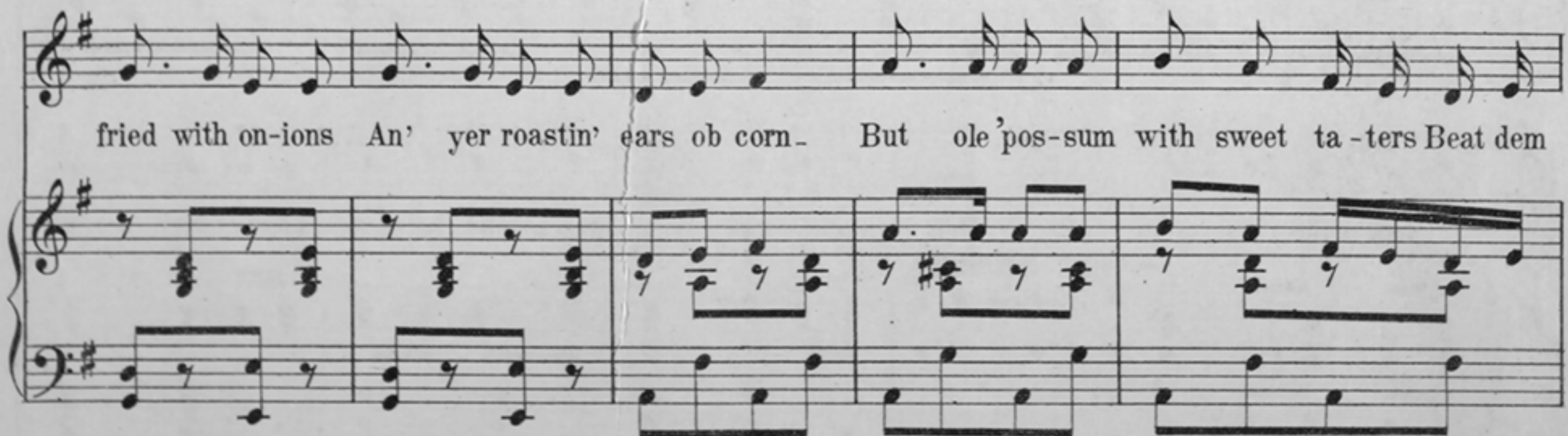
Till ready.



buck wheat cakes - 'Bout yer oys-ter fried in crackers An' yer jui - cy hot clam bakes 'Bout yer beef steak



fried with on-ions An' yer roastin' ears ob corn - But ole 'pos-sum with sweet ta - ters Beat dem



all as sure's you' born. Tur-nip green all biled wid ba-con An' yer corn done smoking hot,

I will nev-er scratch dat tick-et 'Cause it reach a ten-der spot An' soft bis-cuits with hot cof-fee

CHORUS.

Make a mighty handsome pair; While ole hen all biled wid dumpling Oh yes dat pas-sin' fair. Den

take a-way you' Floy-da or-ange, Take away you' fig and date, And bring a-long mah 'possum On dat

biggest old tin plate Den take a-way your greens and ba-con, Take a-way your

chicken biled, And bring mah 'pos-sum and sweet taters Um dey sets me wild!

Fine.

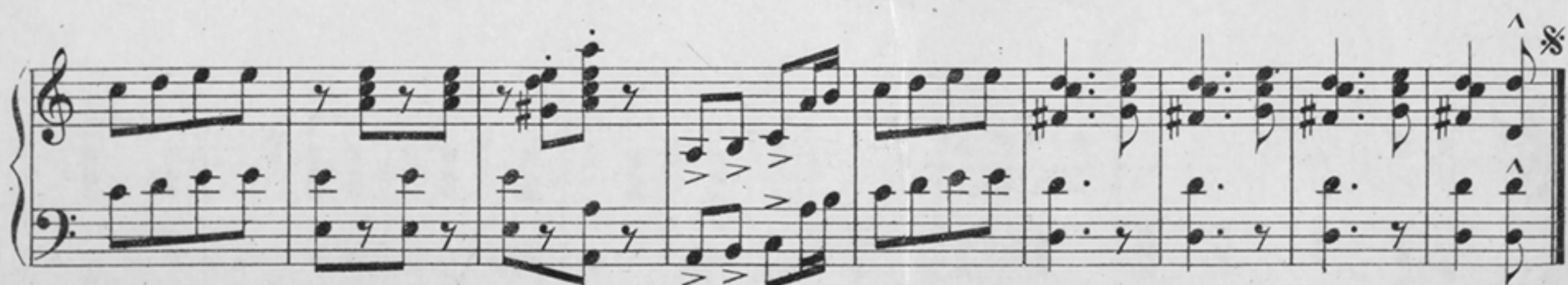
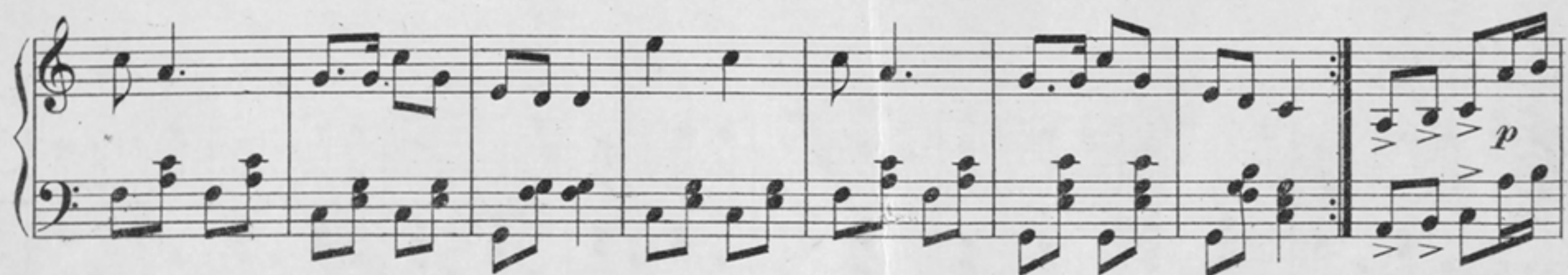
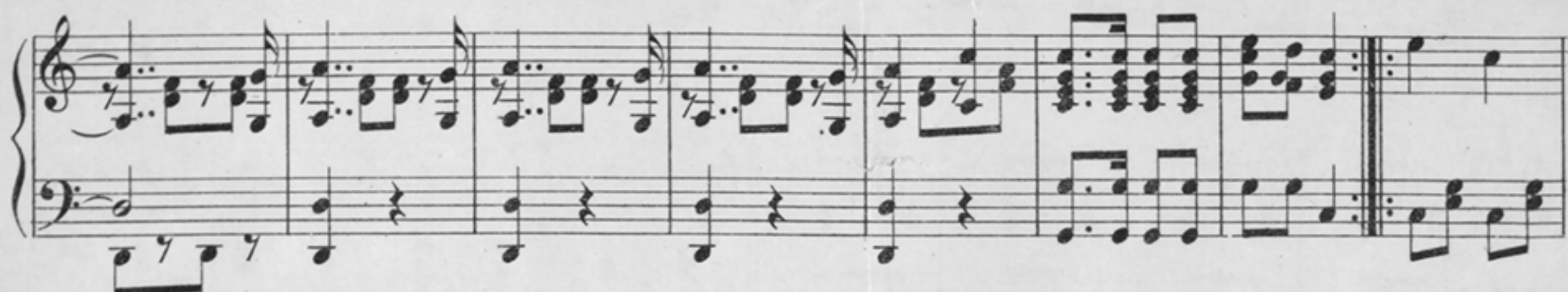
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D.S. Chorus al Fine.

✱

SPOKEN to accompanying music:—

But to cook Mr. Possum you must fetch him;
Watch me and I'll show you how to catch him.
Hush you dog! be quiet; keep close 'longside de fence.
I declare, Henry Johnson, you ain't got a bit of sense.
What for you bring dat pup along? You want to spoil de fun?
And den, not satisfied wid doin' that, you bring dat army gun!
I done tell you fo' de last time to leave 'em bof at home.

Nex' time I takes you huntin' you bet you'll go alone.
Good Lawd! See dat'possum near dat 'simmon tree;
Hear dem hounds dey see him, too. Now, Henry Johnson, follow me.
Nevah mind de briers, nevah mind de logs!
Talk about your brass bands! Hear de music of dem dogs!
Climb de fence and follow me; an' as you love your soul,
Pray dat dat possum doesn't find his hole.
You heah dat, boy? You heah it? De hounds done changed dere tune.

I'll bet two bits dey's got him treed. We'se comin'! We'll be dere soon!
Dere! What I tol' you, sonny? See him hangin' on dat limb?
Now Henry Johnson, show your breed; now up dat tree you shih.
Now, climb out sure an' easy, an' we'll get him without fail.
I'll hold de bag wide open you hit him on de tail.
Heah he comes go 'way, you dogs I'se got him in de bag!
Come here, Henry Johnson Jefferson, an' kiss your Mammy Mag,
Talk about your heavenly food! What's angel cake to that?
Did you ever eat a possum? No? Den you don't know where you're at.