

Snorting Sampson

A QUARREL IN RAGTIME.

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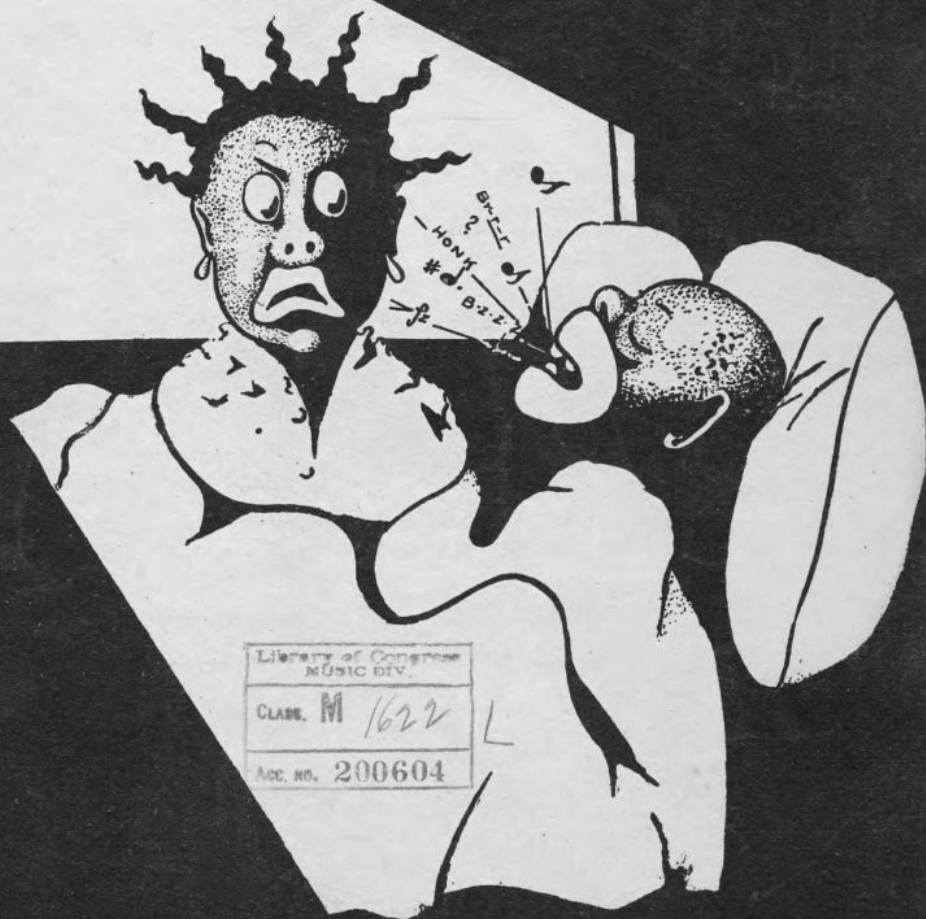
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By
HARRY LAMERTHA

ARRANGED BY

SCOTT JOPLIN

COMPOSER OF
MAPLE LEAF RAG
ANTOINETTE
ETC.,



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Snoring Sampson.

A Quarrel in Ragtime.

HARRY LA MERTHA.

Arr. by Scott Joplin.

Composer of { "Maple Leaf Rag",
"Antoinette" etc.

Moderato.

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system features a treble clef staff with a whole rest, and a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a complex, syncopated melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The second system continues the melody, with a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) appearing in the right hand.

This system contains the first vocal entry and its piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with lyrics: "Sam - uel Samp - son" and "Sam - uel loved his". The piano accompaniment is in grand staff. The right hand (R.H.) is marked *Vamp 'till ready* and the left hand (L.H.) is marked *mp* (mezzo-piano). The music is in 2/4 time and features a syncopated, rhythmic pattern.

This system contains the second vocal entry and its piano accompaniment. The vocal line has lyrics: "was a coon with a bas - so voice, He was kind - and true" and "wife - y and he - said, I see - I - both - ers you, So,". The piano accompaniment continues the syncopated melody in grand staff.

To a lit - tle dusk - y maid - en that he made his choice in
hon - ey when I wakes you in the mid - dle of the night with a

nine - teen - two. — Ev - 'ry time they went to bed there
bass — ta - too, — Ev - 'ry time I el - o - cutes that

was a big up - roar, For — when it came to snor - ing, Samp - son
honk — honk — snore, Put your feet a - gin ma back and shove me

had the floor. — One night this dusk - y la - dy was a
out on the floor. But, Ma - til - dah shout - ed loud - er, "no, I'll

feel-ing might-y sore, And this, she said to Sam-uel Samp-son.
just show you the door, Sam-u-el Simp-son Samp-son.

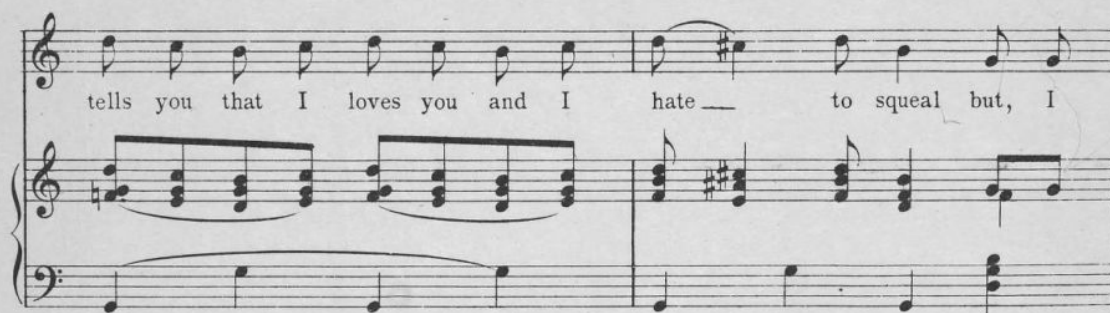
CHORUS.

I tell you Mis-ter Samp-son, You must stop that snore,

or I'll ski-doo. I don't like a fog-horn in the

mid-dle of the night, I'm a tell-ing you I

tells you that I loves you and I hate — to squeal but, I



in-form-a - tion you this bed's no au-to - mo-bile.



¹
Samp - son, — I'm a tell - ing you. — I



²
Samp - son, — I'm a tell - ing you. —

