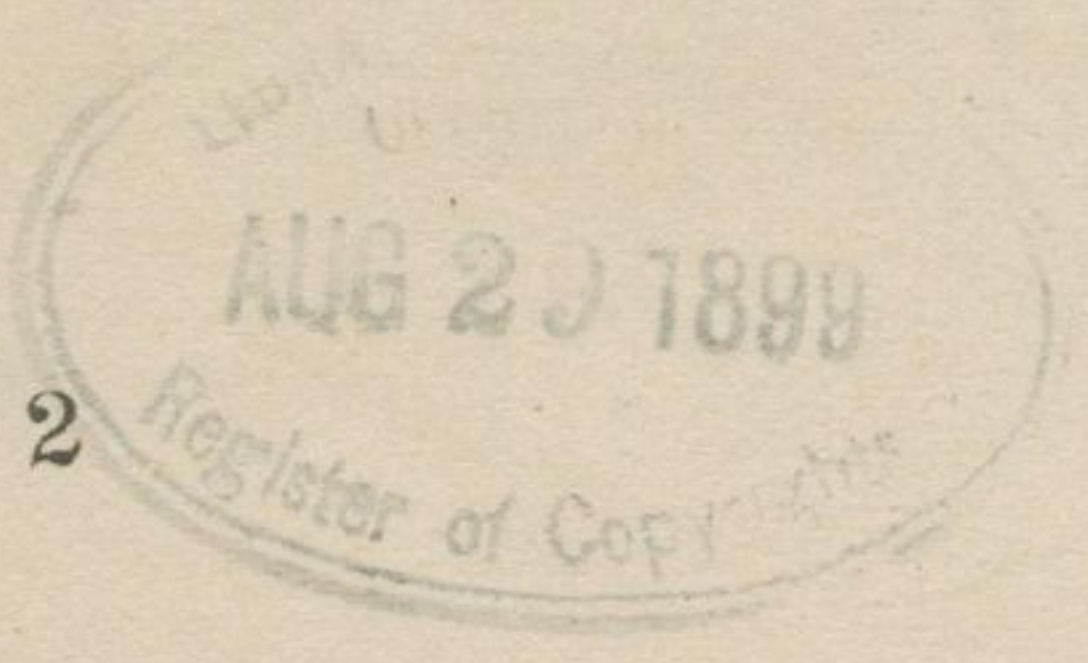
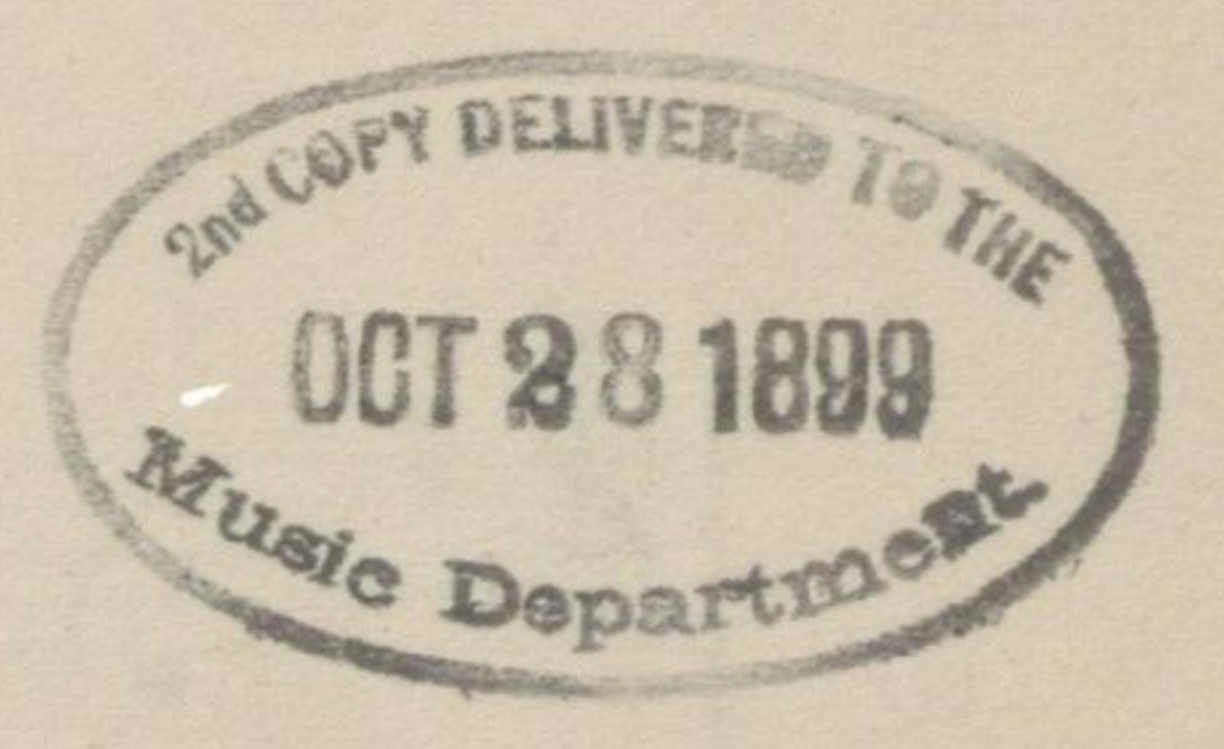


AUG 29 1899



PROFESSIONAL COPY.



IT AIN'T NO FAULT OF MINE.

by SMITH and BOWMAN.

Moderato.

PIANO.

f

(TILL READY.)

The Jack - son fam - lies' hav - ing tough luck now, things don't
The next day right be - fore the hard old Judge; the

p

seem to come their way, ——— The lit - tle house which
Jack - sons po - lite - ly stand, ——— He said to Sam in a

they did own, was in - sured a year to - day; ——— Miss
an - gry voice, you are here on ar - son plan; ——— Sam

Jack-son got tired of pay-ing the 'sur-ance man, she was in hard luck that's a
 Jack-son was scared to death, he tried to speak but he could scarce - ly draw his

fac', — She thought 'twas best to burn down the house so she could
 breath, — The Judge said: Sam, you tell the whole truth or I will

get her mon - ey back ; — Af - ter the house was
 sen - tence you to death ; — Jack - son was - n't

all ov - er fire for a bluff she loud did scream, —
 so in - no - cent though his wife she did the crime, —

All the en - gines and fire - men went quick - ly to the
He did noth - in' but look right on he knew it all the

scene; The cops en - quire' how the house caught fire, but they
time; Sam Jack - son really he did love his wife be-cause he

could not get the tale, They hand - cuffed Sam and
says it ev' - ry day, I do be - lieve he

his dear wife, but Sam said he could not go to Jail; So he said:
loved her when he helped for to send her a - way; Cos' he said:

CHORUS.
Moderato.

Well I know it ain't no fault of mine, If

you ar-rest me I'll have to pay a fine; To

say it's my wife I would -n't make an oath, but, please, Mis-ter Cop, don't

take us both, Cos' I'm cer-tain an' sure it ain't no fault of mine.