

Sleepy-time Rag

PICKANINNY LULLABY



WORDS BY
FLORENCE M. COOKE

MUSIC BY
ALMA SANDERS

M. WITMARK & SONS

NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · LONDON · PARIS · MELBOURNE

Sleepy-time Rag

Words by
FLORENCE M. COOKE

Music by
ALMA SANDERS

Moderately

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction marked 'Moderately' and 'mf'. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The vocal line enters with the lyrics 'Down in old Car-'lin - a, Where the cot - ton grows, When the sun am shi - ning, Thro' the cab - in door,'. The piano part then plays a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal line continues with 'Where the stars are peep ing from the sky; — In a lit - tle cab - in Lit - tle pick-a - nin - ny laughs with glee, — With the morn - ing sun - shine'. The piano part continues with a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal line concludes with 'As the night wind blows, You hear old mam-my sing a lul - la - by. — Close All his fears have flown, For he is just as hap - py as can be. — But'. The piano part concludes with a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand.

Down in old Car-'lin - a, Where the cot - ton grows,
When the sun am shi - ning, Thro' the cab - in door,

Where the stars are peep ing from the sky; — In a lit - tle cab - in
Lit - tle pick-a - nin - ny laughs with glee, — With the morn - ing sun - shine

As the night wind blows, You hear old mam-my sing a lul - la - by. — Close
All his fears have flown, For he is just as hap - py as can be. — But

6132

Copyright MCMXIV by M. Witmark & Sons
International Copyright Secured

M.W.& SONS 13227-3

in her arms a kink - y head lies ' cra - dled on her breast, While
when the sha - dows deep - en 'neath the dear old south - ern moon, He

retard
soft and low she sings to him the song that he loves best:
cud - dles close in mam - my's arms and lis - tens to her croon.
retard

CHORUS
in time

Don't you cry my lit - tle bit of su - gar cane, Just as sweet as hon - ey from the

bee. It's time for lit - tle pick - an - nin - ny boy to be

drift-ing off to slum-ber-land sweet; Look out fo' the ghost of the

Gob - lin' man! He's gwine to ketch yo' if he can, Jest

hide yo' lit - tle kink - y head, I'll tuck yo' in your trun - dle bed, And

1. sing to you that sleep - y time Rag. 2. Rag.

rad. - a - - - *p* *pp*