

THE PICKANINNY'S PARADISE

WORDS BY
**SAM
EHRlich**

MUSIC BY
**NAT.
OSBORNE**

LEWIS & DODY
IN JOE HURTIG'S EXTRAVAGANZA
"HELLO AMERICA"



Effinger
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The Pickaninnies Paradise.

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Piano.

What's the mat-ter Hon-ey there's a tear in your eye,— Do
Run and play my Hon-ey by the mul-ber-ry tree,— Just

white folks say you don't know where you go when you die?— come to your mam-my dear,— Now
stay right near the win-dow where your mam-my can see— now don't you feel so blue— For

don't you fear— I will tell where col-ored chil-dren go when they leave here—
I love you,— and the white folks told me Hon-ey, that they love you too—

There's a hap-py land a-bove the sky so blue— And lis-ten child what's wai-ting for you.
If they speak a-bout the skies up o-ver head— Just tell them dear what your mam-my said.

You lay your black kink-y head in a bed on a pil-low of white When you sleep tight

the an-gels watch o-ver you ev'-ry night The griddle cakes pop from the ground With sweet mo-lass-es all a-

round — Old Un-cle Joe is play-ing tunes up-on his old ban - jo The streets are all paved with gold I am

told ev'-ry bird in the skies has dia-mond eyes now ain't that nice — so ver-y

nice Ev'-ry lit-tle kink-y head-ed girl and boy — has the cut-est sil-ver po-ny

for a toy In the place they call the Pick-a-ninnies Par-a - dise. You lay your dise.