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1894

She May Have Seen Better Days

James Thornton

Composer

James Thornton

Lyricist

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Recommended Citation

Thornton, James and Thornton, James, "She May Have Seen Better Days" (1894). *Vocal Popular Sheet Music Collection*. Score 5622.

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She May Have Seen

Better Days

Song

Words and Music by

James Thornton

As Sung by

W. H. WINDOM

With

Primrose & West's Minstrels



4

NEW YORK
Published by T. B. HARMS & CO. 18 East 22nd St

LONDON:
FRANCIS, DAY & HUNTER, 195 Oxford Street.
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Vp. 013246

1894

SHE

SHE MAY HAVE SEEN BETTER DAYS.

Words & Music by James Thornton.

Valse Moderato.

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, marked *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *rit.* (ritardando). It features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

1. While stroll - ing a - long with the ci - ty's vast throng, On a
 2. If we could but tell why the poor crea - ture fell, Per -
 3. The crowd went a - way, but I long - er did stay; For from

The vocal line begins with a melody in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand, marked *p* (piano). The lyrics are aligned with the notes.

night that was bit - ter - ly cold, I no - ticed a crowd who were
 - haps we'd be not so se - vere; If the truth were but known of this
 her I was loath to de - part. I knew by her moan, as she

The vocal line continues with a melody in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are aligned with the notes.

laugh - ing a - loud At something they chanc'd to be - hold. I
 out - cast a - lone, May - hap we would all shed a tear. She was
 sat there a - lone, That something was breaking her heart. She

The vocal line concludes with a melody in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are aligned with the notes.

1594

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stopped for to see what the ob - ject could be, And there, on a
 once some - one's joy, cast a - side like a toy, A - ban - doned, for -
 told me her life, she was once a good wife, Re - spect - ed and

door - - step, lay A wom - an in tears, from the
 - sa - ken, un - known Ev'ry man stand - ing by had a
 hon - ored by all; Her hus - band had fled Ere

rall.
 crowd's an - gry jeers - And then I heard some - bo - dy say:
 tear in his eye, For some had a daugh - ter at home.
 they were long wed, - And tears down her cheeks sad - ly fall.

colla voce. *rit.*

CHORUS.

mf
 She may have seen better days, When she was in her prime;

She may have seen bet - ter days, Once up - on a

time. Tho' by the way - side she fell,

She may yet mend her ways. Some poor old moth - er is

wait - ing for her Who has seen bet - ter days

Popular Ethiopian Oddities.

PHOEBE.

Words by Thos. LeMack. Music by Andrew Mack.
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"Tell me what you does with all your money," says
Phœbe,
"Tell me how you gits rid of all your money," says
Phœbe!
I takes out the dice and rolls dem, so!
Is dat you seven? Mm, Mm? No, no!
Oh, dat's de way my money does go, Phœbe!

CHORUS.—

Stars are shining, the moon am climbing;
Meet me, Phœbe Jane!
Come, my honey, I'se got money,
And we'll take de train.

CLIMBING UP TO HEAVEN ON A MOONBEAM.

Words and Music by James Thornton. Copyright 1895 by T. B. Harms & Co.
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There was once a little coon, just the color of maroon:
And he climb'd up to Heaven on a moonbeam.
He got up as far as Mars, then got lost among the stars,
As he climb'd up to Heaven on a moonbeam!
He grabbed on to a cloud that was sailing thro' the air;
He looked up at the moon, saying, "There's watermelon
there!
I hope the man inside won't forget to keep my share,
While I climb up to Heaven on a moonbeam!"

CHORUS.—

Come along, darkies, bring along your tamborines,
Throw away your dice in the golden stream.
Dice won't look nice for to carry into Paradise,
Climbing up to Heaven on a moonbeam!

DON'T YOU TRIFLE WITH ME, HONEY.

Words and Music by Percy Gaunt. Copyright 1894 by T. B. Harms & Co.
English Copyright Secured.

If yer lookin' for a little cullud lady,
Don't yer trifle wid me, honey—don't yer do it!
My complexion's almost just a little shady—
Don't yer trifle wid me, honey—don't yer do it!
I'm goin' to de ball,
Keep a dancin' till I fall,
An' my snuff I'm goin' ter have where I can chew it!
If yer lookin' fer a little cullud lady,
Don't yer trifle wid me, honey—don't yer do it!

CHORUS.—

Who said I holler'd at der last cake-walk?
Who said I holler'd—do yer hear me talk?
I'm a cullud lady,
An' my face is somewhat shady,
But yer mustn't trifle wid me, honey, dear!

CLEANIN' SILBER IN DE KITCHEN.

Words and Music by Gus Williams. Copyright 1895 by T. B. Harms & Co.
English Copyright Secured.

Cleanin' silber in de kitchen
Eb'ry Thursday afternoon:
Make it shine like dizzle dazzle,
Like de glimmer ob de moon.
Hummin' songs I l'arnt from mammy
When I was a little chile:
Niggers j'inin' in de chorus,
As we're workin' all de while.

CHORUS.—

Singin' loud as we are able,
Singin', shoutin' all de time:
Happy, happy, like de angels,
As along de clouds dey climb:
Eb'ry one ob us is hummin',
Though we doesn't know de tune:
Cleanin' silber in de kitchen
Eb'ry Thursday afternoon.

HONEY O!

Words and Music by Percy Gaunt. Copyright 1894 by T. B. Harms & Co.
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There's the coon from Alabama, 'way down South,
Honey O! Honey O!
His feet are very large, and just the same his mouth,
Honey O! Honey O!
He's just a trifle crazy,
And oh, he is so lazy;
But at motion he's a "daisy,"
Honey O! Honey O!

CHORUS.—

Get up, you lazy coon, go 'way from me!
Rise up; you lazy loon, I hate to see!
Honey, you rascal black, you are so slow;
Don't you ever come back, Honey O!

RAINBOW IN DE SKY!

Words and Music by Harry Dacre. Copyright 1895 by T. B. Harms & Co.
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Pretty little gal in a bran' new suit,
See de rain a-fallin'!
One foot bare and de odder in a boot,
See de lubly rain!
It's bin so dry for a month or two—
Poor Victoria Jane!
Will anybody lend her a great big shoe,
To paddle in de golden rain?

CHORUS.—Oh! dat rainbow! See dat rainbow!
Twenty million miles up in de sky, so high!
Golden rain am fallin', fallin',
Fallin' from de rainbow in de sky-yi-yi-yi!

DE FELLAH WID A CLOBEN HOOF.

Words and Music by Harry Dacre. Copyright 1894 by T. B. Harms & Co.
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De Parson say we mus' all keep clear
Ob de fellah wid a tail and a cloben hoof!
Speak de troof, and you nebber need to fear
De fellah wid a cloben hoof!
Lub yer neighbor as yo'self,
Don't keep a huntin' 'round for weif:
If you do, you'll get into a stew,
Froo de fellah wid a cloben hoof!
Sssh! what's dat? Sssh! what's dat?

CHORUS.—Lock de doar when you hear him a-comin',
Climb up froo de roof.
Look sharp, boys, sabe yer bacon;
Don't be obertaken
By de fellah wid a cloben hoof!

THE SPORTY COON.

Words by Frank Buckley. Music by Andrew Mack
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I'm a sporty little coon,
And I'll tell you pretty soon
How I get on to the money that I blow.
I've a system that I play,
And when things they come my way,
You can bet yer boots that I get all the dough.
I'm dead on to "three card monte,"
I can always call the turn:
I know the number on the wheel before the twirl;
But there's one game throws me down—
It's the talk of all the town
Why a sporty boy like me can't catch a girl!

CHORUS.—

Will someone introduce me to a nice young miss?
I don't want to either beg or borrow.
There a'int no limit to me—she can have all this!
Nothing then but happiness—no sorrow.
Then throw your arms around me, love, and give your boy
a kiss,
And say you'll love me just the same to-morrow.
Dont lose me, I'm a bird! Only say the word,
And we'll go get married early in the morning.

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