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THE MISSION BAND COON SONG



AS SUNG BY
JOSEPHINE SABEL

WORDS AND MUSIC BY
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SUNDAY
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THE MISSION BAND.

Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass

Words and Music by H. Y. LEAVITT

Moderato

Intro. mf

♯ 2 They clinched and they wrestl - ed, they but - ted and swore, Till they
 ♯ 3 This sot all the breth' - ren to mix - ing in too; And the

1 'Twas in the a - men cor - ner, last Sun - day night, That the
 2 Brex Raz had col - lect - ed and passed in the box, When the
 3 Sis Li nah, she let off a hal - le - loo shout, And be

p

felt from the plat - form and fought up on the floor. Where the
 hymn - books and raz - zers, and ev - ry - thing just flew, Like a

trou - ble first - start - ed which end - ed in a fight, . . . That - 'll
 par - son re - marked that he'd like to bet his socks That E -
 gun for to lam all the Sis - ter - en a - bout With the

2 wom - en and Mourr ers sor. Of
 3 cy - clone had made 'em dance. But

1 bust up that Band for shu' I'll
 2 ras - mus had oi pinched some cash. Brer
 3 lead - ers a no stool. When

course, all the kin - dred took sides in the row, And just
 when the dust set - tled and mat ters got still, Ev' ry

tell you a - bout it, and here let me say, That the
 Raz he res - pond - ed: if mon - ey was shy, He would
 up rose Sis Cyn - thy, and right then and there She cor -

up and done bus' - ness the best that they knew how In a
 one of them mem - bers, he had to foot a bill For a

most of them mem - bers is sick - a - bed to stay; And in
 quick show that par - son who was the rea - son why, And he
 ralled Sis ter Ly - nah, and got her by the hair And done

style that was right - eous hot.
 hearse or an am - bu lance.

f for 2d 3d

clud - in' the par - son, too. **f** Repeat
 fetched him a mons - trous smash. 2d and
 pulled out a pound of wool. 3d verse

CHORUS Not too fast

Shake the shack-les off your soul, and fur-ther-more,

mf 2d time ff

Trom-ple the Old Boy all you can, But

ff

leave your raz-zer with the sex-ton at the door When you

meet at de Mis-sion Ban' Mah Bred-rea! Ban

fz