

h 15
AN INDIAN SONG THAT IS SWEEPING THE COUNTRY
ARRANGED FROM THE INTERMEZZO HIT

KATUNKKA

WORDS
BY
C.P. McDONALD
MUSIC
BY
LEE OREAN SMITH



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Katunka.

Words by C. P. Mc DONALD.

Music by LEE OREAN SMITH.

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system is in 2/4 time, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, featuring a forte (*f*) dynamic and a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The music is written for piano with a treble and bass staff.

Moderato.

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment is in 2/4 time, marked Moderato. The vocal melody is written on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is written on a grand staff (treble and bass). The lyrics are: 1. On a bright, sum-mer night, Out west long, long, a - go, 2. In a while, with a smile, This Sioux then found them there, The piano part starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment is in 2/4 time, marked Moderato. The vocal melody is written on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is written on a grand staff (treble and bass). The lyrics are: Was a Sioux, maid-en who, Was loved by an A - rap - a - hoe; And he said: "By the head, Of Big Bear, me kill you, me swear!" The piano part continues with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

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He was bold, and he told, His love in ac - cents low, He said that
Me no heed, if you plead, But heap much scalp me wear, Me kill your

he, would die if she, Re - fused to be his beau!
beau, A - rap - a - hoe, And take you off some - where!"

And the Sioux, maiden too, Loved her A - rap - a - hoe,
But the brave, on - ly gave, A deep frown to his foe,

'Neath the bright, silv'-ry light, Of moon and stars she told him so;
And he drew, out a few, Big head - ed ar - rows for his bow;

On the breeze, thro' the trees, There came, in tones quite low, A song that
Then the Sioux, war-rior flew, A way with all his might, But in the

made, the maid a - fraid, Sung by her oth - er beau. "Oh, Ka-
glade, he'll ser - e - nade, This maid - en eve - ry night.

Chorus.

tunk - a, my charm - ing Sioux, All a - lone I'm

wait - ing for you! When all the camp-fires burn bright - ly,

Then to you night - ly I came, my love, to woo!

ad lib.
Oh, Ka - tunk - a, in our tee - pee, ————— Like two

lov - ing birds we will be! ————— I'll fight and die for you,

Play tom-tom for you, too, Ka - tunk - a, my charm - ing Sioux! —————

Only a Bunch of Violets.

Words by ANDREW B. STERLING.
CHORUS.

Music by C. M. VANDERSLOOT.

Only a bunch of vi-o-lets With-ered and dy-ing a - lone,—
Cast by a maid on a ball-room floor, It spoke of a love that had flown,—
Trampled and crush'd by the dance-ing through, How quick-ly a maid-en for-gets,— It
told its sad tale of a brok-en heart, That bunch of sweet vi-o-lets.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES.

Words by AL TRAHERN.
CHORUS.

A Song of the South.

Music by LEE OREAN SMITH.

You'll hear the dark-les sing-ing, The songs they love the best, You'll
hear the ban-jos ring-ing, While the old folks rest. The
pick-a-les dan-cing, To see whollwin the prize, In the
ev-ning by the moon-light, un-der south-ern skies.

FOR YOU.

COMPANION TO "FOR ALL".

Music by HOWARD WEBSTER.

Al-though 'tis long since last we part-ed, Your
face still haunts me sleep-ing, wak-ing, Al-
though I'm lone-ly still I'm wait-ing, For
you, sweet-heart I wait for you.

Sunny, Sunny June.

CHORUS.

Words & Music by W. F. MERRICK.

Sun-ny, Sun-ny June, Try and get here soon, The
lovers are wait-ing, while winter's a-bat-ing, for you sweet Sun-ny June,
Sun-ny, Sun-ny June, Come and let them spoon, As the cold days go
by, Then for you how they sigh, Sweet Sunny, Sun-ny June, June.

My Pretty Mountain Queen.

CHORUS.

Tempo di Valse moderato.

Words and Music by W. F. MERRICK.

Now the larks are sing-ing, In a moun-tain far a-way, And I
hear a sweet-voice ring-ing, in my ears 'most ev'-ry day,
When the stars are shin-ing, and she speaks to me un-seen, Then my
heart is ev-er pin-ing, For my pretty moun-tain queen, queen.

The Girl I Should Have Married Long Ago.

CHORUS.

Words and Music by WILL F. BURKE.

'She's the girl I should have mar-ried long a-go, I
wrong to have de-sert-ed her, I know, We'd been hap-py all through life, had I
made poor Nell my wife, She's the girl I should have mar-ried long a-go.

THE CURSE OF A PRETTY FACE.

CHORUS.

Words and Music by WILL F. BURKE.

Beau-ty is not al-ways sent as a bless-ing from a-bove,
Beau-ty lost for me the on-ly one I ev-er loved,
She was on-ly one of man-y who can sad-ly trans-form, Her
down-fall and ru-in-a-tion, to the curse of a pret-ty face.

SWEET CLOVER.

Words by AL TRAHERN. Founded on the play "SWEET CLOVER".

REFRAIN. Andantino quasi Allto

Music by LEE OREAN SMITH.

Clo-ver, my sweet lit-tle Clo-ver, You're all
the world to me, Clo-ver, my sweet lit-tle
Clo-ver, No fair-er flow-er could be,
No where in all the world o-ver, No sweet-

Im So Tired Of Livin' I Don't Care When I Die.

Chorus. Words by Andrew B. Sterling.

Music by Lee Orian Smith.

I'm so tired of liv-in', I don't care when I die, I
can't look at a pork chop, I can't eat chick-en pie, I
nev-er sees no num-bers, in my dreams now when I slum-bers,
I'm so tired of liv-in', I don't care when I die, I die.



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