

THE NEW MUSICAL SHOW.

Mr Lode of Koal

BOOK & LYRICS BY

J. A. SHIPP and **ALEX ROGERS**

ENSEMBLES BY **ROSAMOND JOHNSON** —

SONGS BY **BERT. A. WILLIAMS** —

BY GONE DAYS IN DIXIE.	.60	THINK, CHINYMAN.	.60
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★ Believe Me	.60	Dance of the Veiled Mugs	.60
		Big Smoke March	.60

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STAMPER

BELIEVE ME.

Words by ALEX ROGERS.

Music by BERT A. WILLIAMS.

Modto.



f *rit.*

Slow till voice. *p*

I'm goin' to git a good roun'rock an'
I caught some love-ly moun-tain trout las'
'Twas in a side-show of a cir-cus
hide it right in thare (*bosom*) An de nex' smart man what 'proach-es me I'll
Sun-day week a go A man say "See dat house up dare, dey'll
where I hap-pened once I met a man wid great longhair What
knock off some o'his hair Frum ear-ly thild-hood up 'till now how
buy um frum you sho;' The house was up da moun-tain side at
done knife throw-ing stunts His wife what he throwed knives at she was

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'tis I sho can't see, Each man on earth wid a gole-brick hunts
 leas fo' miles or mo, I clamed up dare an' showed my fish de
 sick as she could be, An' he of-fered me two dol-lars fer to

CHORUS.

up and den finds me. But be-lieve me I'm
 gent'man he said no. But be-lieve me I was
 throw de knives at me. But be-lieve me I

get-tin' tired of al-ways bein' de dub, Deys worked on me so
 ster-e-lized but I des start-ed down, An when I was 'bout
 al-most los' my breath, But I des lief be

faith-ful-ly 'til Ise wore most to a nub; You all have heard a
 two-thirds down I heard a fur-off sound, I turned, it 'twas de
 stabbed as fer to have to starve to death, As de fus knife it went

Believe
 No 2-2

bout dat straw what broke de cam - el's back Well a
 man up dare a wav - in' dis here way, Well I
 whizz - in by my eyes got like de moon Den a

bub - ble add - ed to my load would sho - ly make mine
 clamed on back de man says "An' we dont want none next
 child like voice cried frum de crowd "Good Lord he missed de

crack But be - lieve me Wo be to he or
 Sun-day" But be - lieve me Ef Id had a gun
 coon" But be - lieve me I megid - ly left

Recitative or spoken

ad lib

she that 'temps to ease me dat bubble Be-lieve me.
 an' some bullets Id assassinated him sure Be-lieve me.
 the plat - form an de vi - cin - i - ty Be-lieve me.