Sung with Immense Success
BY
MISS KATE JAMES
AND THE
FIELD-FISHER QUARTETTE.

SITTIN' BYDE CABIN DOOR,

Plantation Song

Words and Music
by
LAWRENCE HANRAY.

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Price 4/-
with Separate Banjo acc^t

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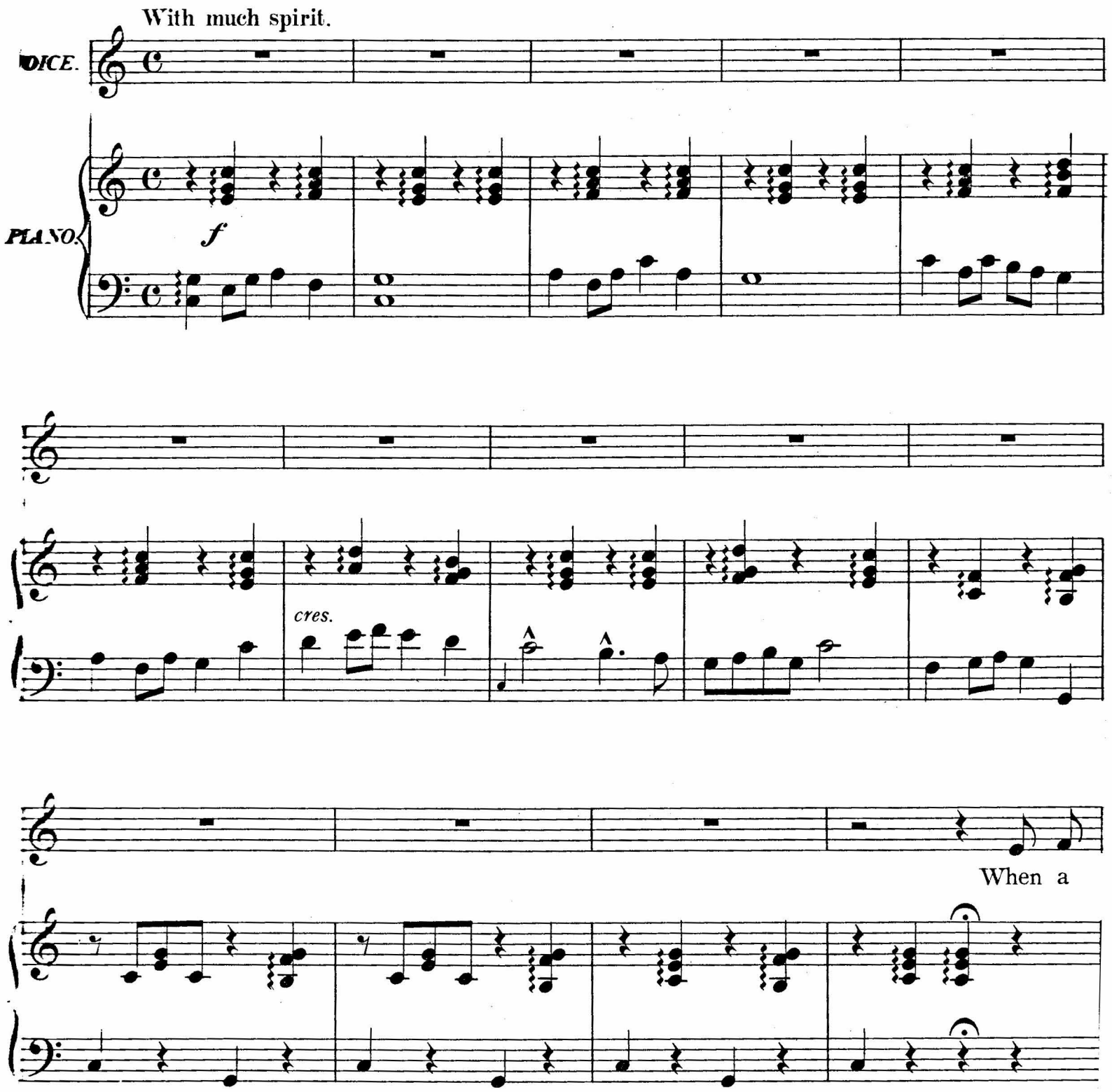
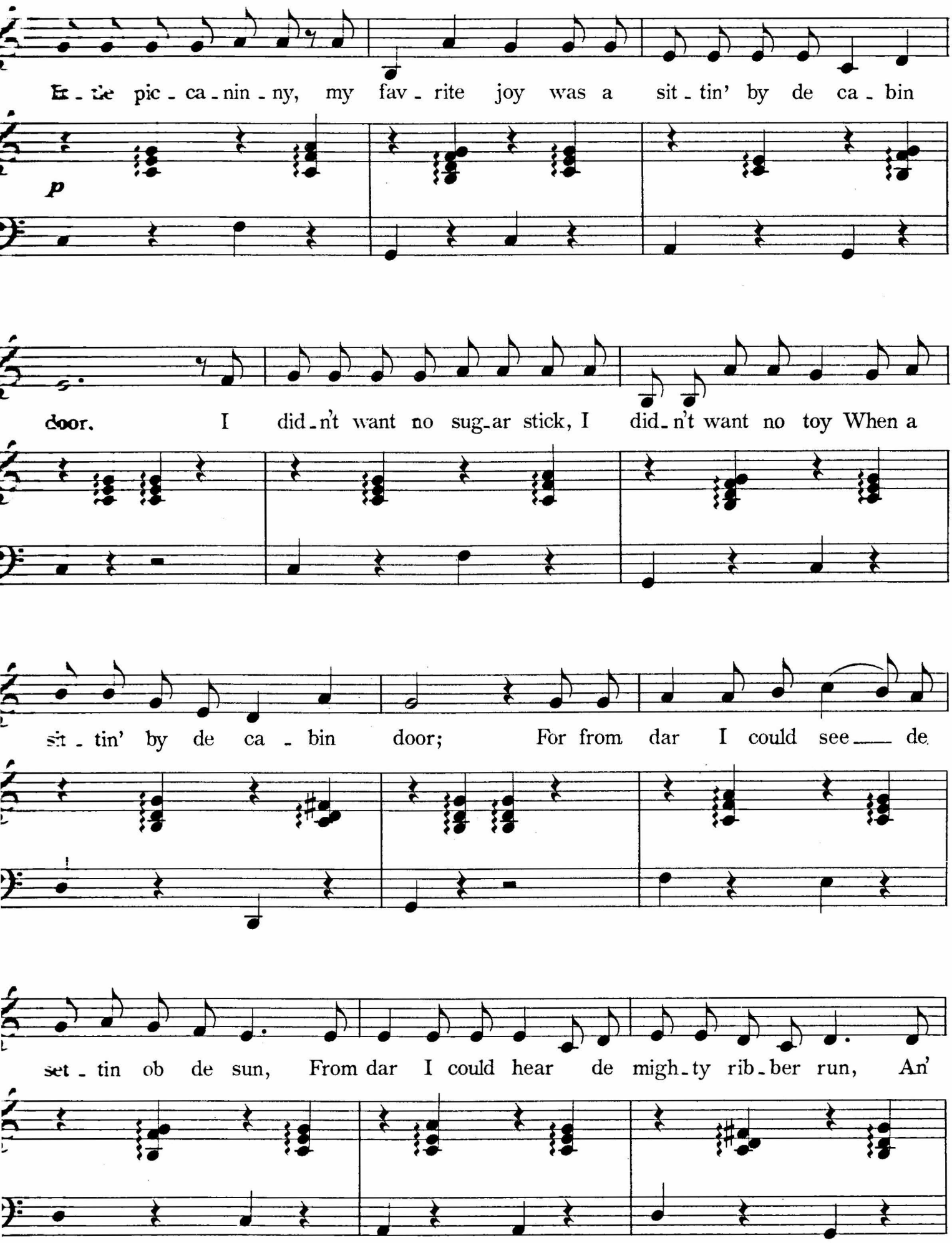
PLANTATION SONG.

By LAWRENCE HANRAY.



(K.P & Co 1143.)


In - the pic - ca - nin - ny, my fav - rite joy was a sit - tin' by de ca - bin
p
door. I did - n't want no sug - ar stick, I did - n't want no toy When a
sit - tin' by de ca - bin door; For from dar I could see de
set - tin ob de sun, From dar I could hear de migh - ty rib - ber run, An'

rall.

all de ole nig - gers when dere work was done Came a sit - tin' by de ca - bin

ral - len - tan - do.

a tempo.

door. Sit - tin' by de ca - bin door,

colla voce. *a tempo.*

cres. *ritard*

Sit - tin' down up - on de floor; O dose hap - py, hap - py days! Why

cres. *ritard -*

ando. *a tempo.*

can we be al - ways A sit - tin' by de ca - bin door?

ando. *a tempo.* *f*

One

diminuendo.

day I see'd such a lub - ly gal When a sit - tin' by de ca - bin door, I

p

said my name was Pete, an' she told me hers was Sal, While a sit - tin' by de ca - bin

door; An' hav - in' no - thin' else par - tic - u - lar to do I

went for dis lub - ly gal to woo, An' af - ter dat dere was al - ways two A

ral - - len - tan - do.

sit - tin' by de ca - bin door _____ Sit - tin' by de ca - - bin

ral - len - tan - do.

door, I was neb - ber so hap - py be - fore! Wid my lub - ly lit - tle bride

cres.

cres.

ritardando. *a tempo.*

Close to my side, A sit - tin' by de ca - bin door.

ritardando. *a tempo.* *f*

An'

diminuendo.

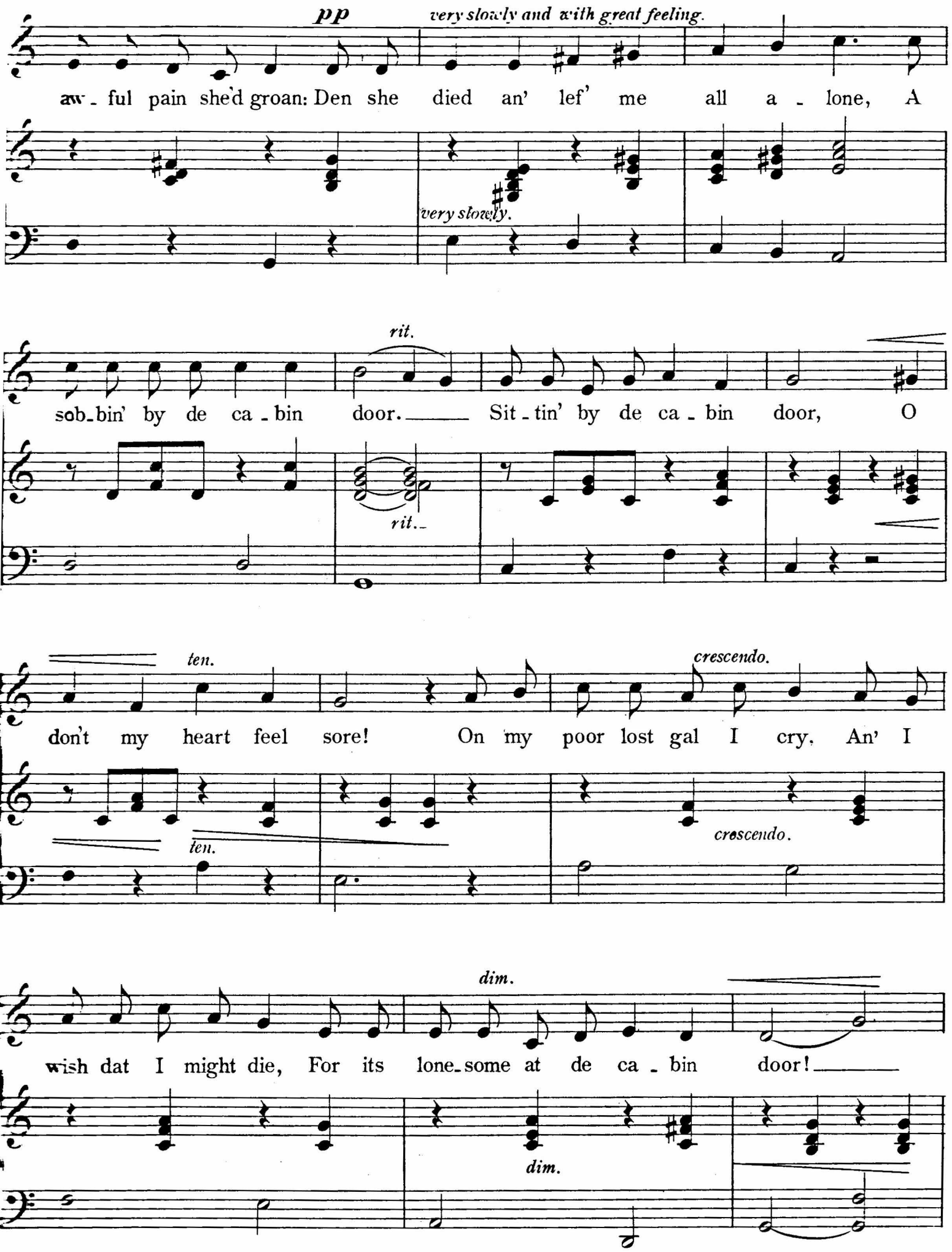
eb - ry day you'd see us dere A sit - tin' by de ca - bin door, An'

all de o - der niggers said we was a hap-py pair When a sit - tin' by de ca - bin

p *slowly.*

door. But one dark day my Sal began to moan, An' for be - ry many days wid de

pp *slowly.*


pp
very slowly and with great feeling.
aw - ful pain she'd groan: Den she died an' lef' me all a - lone, A
very slowly.
rit.
sob-bin' by de ca - bin door. Sit - tin' by de ca - bin door, O
rit.
ten.
crescendo.
don't my heart feel sore! On my poor lost gal I cry, An' I
ten.
crescendo.
dim.
wish dat I might die, For its lone-some at de ca - bin door!
dim.

a little quicker.

Sit - tin' by de ca - bin door, Ob dis I feel quite

a little quicker.

f

sure: Dat when I leave dis life I shall find my lit - tle wife Wait - in'

f

rit.

for me at de gold - en door!

rit.

f *Io tempo.*

rit.