

# SHE'S ALL DE WORLD TO ME

*Coon Song,*

Written by Clifton Bingham,  
Composed by Gilbert Byass,  
(Composer of "DINAH")

Sung by  
**MEL B. SPURR.**

WITH BANJO ACCOMPANIMENT (AD LIB)

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THIS SONG MAY BE SUNG FREELY EVERYWHERE, EXCEPT THEATRES & MUSIC HALLS.

# SHE'S ALL DE WORLD TO ME.

WRITTEN BY  
CLIFTON BINGHAM.

COMPOSED BY  
GILBERT BYASS.

*Moderato.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

*mf*

When de sun am shinin' brightly on de

*Repeat ad lib.*

*pp*

*stringendo.*

*mf*

cot-ton fields, An' de bu-sy nig-ger coons, In de

(R & C<sup>o</sup> 548.)

massa's ole plan-ta-tion am a - work-ing, All through de long, long summer after.

noons; Oh I pick de cot-ton wid ma fingers, But ma

thoughts am far a - way, When dey stop all deir chat-ter, Just to

ask "Wha's de mat-ter?" Dis is all I eb-ber hab to say— I's

(R & C<sup>o</sup>. 548.)

tink - in' ob ma ho - ney, Ob de one I lub so dear, An' I

*pp* *pp* *pp* *pp* *pp*

wish - es I was wid her, Or else dat she was here; I's

*pp* *pp* *pp*

*mf* tink - ing ob ma honey, For wher - eb - ber I may be, I

*mf*

*ad lib.*  
neb - ber can for - get her, For she's all de world to me!"

*colla voce.* *pp*

## CHORUS.

*p*

I's tink - in' ob ma ho - ney, Ob de one I lub so dear, An' I

wishes I was wid her, Or else dat she was here; I's tinkin' ob ma

honey, For wher - eb - ber I may be, I neb - ber can for - get her, For she's

all de world to me!"

*Last Symphony.*

*mf*

When de sun am shinin' brightly on de cotton fields  
 An' de busy nigger coons  
 In de massa's ole plantation am a-working  
 All through de long, long summer afternoons;  
 Oh I pick de cotton wid ma fingers,  
 But ma thoughts am far away,  
 When dey stop all deir chatter,  
 Just to ask "Wha's de matter?"  
 Dis is all I ebber hab to say—

## REFRAIN.

"I's tinkin' ob ma honey,  
 Ob de one I lub so dear,  
 An' I wishes I was wid her,  
 Or else dat she was here;  
 I's tinkin' ob ma honey  
 For wherebber I may be,  
 I nebber can forget her,  
 For she's all de world to me!"

## 2

When de twilight comes a-falling on de cotton fields,  
 An' de stars peep, one by one,  
 From de skies, and de plantation am deserted  
 De long and busy day at last am done.  
 While upon de ole banjo I's playing  
 In de gleaming ob de moon,  
 Through de music I's strumming  
 Still de thoughts will keep coming  
 An' I tinks she listen to de tune!

(REFRAIN.)

## 3

When de weary darkies all am sleeping silently  
 An' de night am dark and still,  
 Oh I lies awake sometimes until I notice  
 De dawn come creeping up behind de hill.  
 An' I tinks ob one who lubs me dearly,  
 An' no odder coon beside,  
 An' I dream I'll be habin  
 Just ma own little cabin  
 An' ma honey some day for ma bride.

(REFRAIN.)

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

(R & C<sup>o</sup> 548.)