Little Pickaninnies Go To Sleep.

Moderato con moto.

GEO. EVANS.

Now de sun am sink-in'  Stars begun a blink-in'
Night-ingales am coo-in'  De owls am all hoo-in'

Till ready.

Lit-tle pick-a-ninnies go to sleep,  Dew drops am a fall-in'
Lit-tle pick-a-ninnies go to sleep,  Bull-frog's mighty bus-y,

Whip-poor-will is call-in'  Lit-tle pick-a-ninn-y go to sleep,
Sings un-til' he's diz-zy,  Lit-tle pick-a-ninn-y go to sleep.

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If you don't de moon-shine-man is com'in' fo' to git yo'
Chick-ens am all roost-in' high where black folks can not reach em,

Right behind yo' he's a goin' to creep,_
Den the Pos-som to his home does creep,_
He'll take yo' if you're bad, From
Pig-ens am a-wing-in' And

Ma-my and yo'Dad, So,_
Crick-ets am a-sing-in,_
Little pick-a-ninn-y go to sleep,_
Little pick-a-ninn-y go to sleep,_

Chorus.

Go to sleep my lit-tle pick-a-ninn-ies,
Mam-my's lit-tle ba-by

Little Pickaninnys etc. 8
boys, Go in to de house be as quiet as a mouse, An' don't yo' make a noise, When you're sassy to your poor old mammy,

It just makes her moan and weep, So toddle to your beds, And hide your woolly heads, Little pick-anemies go to sleep.

Little Pickaninnys etc. a