Dis Little Pickanniny Can't Dance No More.
A Pathetic Ballad.

Words by W.W. WILWOOD.                                               Music by E.H. ELLISON.

Moderato con espressione.

In a little brown old leg cab by the river side stood a

lady in her silks and gems so bright. He was all she had to love her in the

world so wide. And the thoughts that once with me and dance for us to weep

While the

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REFRAIN.

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cabin door Oh mam my don't you cry Cause I've got to say good bye I

hear the Angels calling on the gold on shore I've very weak and tired I can't
dance no more I hear the sweetest tunes I ever heard before So mam my don't you cry I'll

meet you bye and bye Dis lit de pick an min can't dance no more.