Ain't It A Shame

Sung by

The Four Harmonizers

SHUFFLE ALONG
SMILIN' THROUGH
Slowly and simply
There's a little brown road wind-in' over the hill To a little white

cot by the sea; There's a little green gate At whose trellis I

SUNRISE AND YOU
Moderately
Far in the East there's a soft crimson glow The new day blushes at its dawning;

Soft sing the birds in a ceaseless flow Their welcome to the newborn morning.

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Ain't It A Shame
Novelty Fox Trot
Jube Spiritual

Lyric and Music by
W. A. HANN, JOS. SIMMS
and AL. W. BROWN

Slow Fox Trot

Away down South where I was born,
In the land of cot-ton, sug-ar,
Old Sis- ter Man-dy Jen-kins Jones She gave a dance down
cane and corn,
 Ev-ry-bod-y goes to church on Sun-day morn,
 at her home,
 Last Sat-ur-day night, and ev-ry-one was gay,

all know that the good books say "You must keep ho-ly the Sab-bath day," Now
-longed to church but took one chance, And aft-er mid-night let them dance, Some
if you don't you'll go where it's real warm:
-bod-y 'phoned the Par-son right a-way;

church the oth-er day,
Eld-er rushed thru' the door,

(REFRAIN)

1. Broth-ers, it's a shame to gam-ble on Sun-day, Ain't it a shame?
2. Sis-ters, it's a shame to shim-ny on Sun-day, Ain't it a shame?
3. Broth-ers, it's a shame to drink White Mule on Sun-day, Ain't it a shame?
4. Sis-ters, it's a shame to flirt on Sun-day, Ain't it a shame?
5. Broth-ers, it's a shame to steal chick-ens on Sun-day, Ain't it a shame?

Ain't it a shame, to gam-ble on Sun-day, Ain't it a shame?
Ain't it a shame, to shim-ny on Sun-day, Ain't it a shame?
Ain't it a shame, to drink hootch on Sun-day, Ain't it a shame?
Ain't it a shame, to flirt on Sun-day, Ain't it a shame?
Ain't it a shame, to steal chick-ens on Sun-day, Ain't it a shame?
Ain't it a shame to gamble on Sunday, When you get Monday,
Ain't it a shame to shimmy on Sunday, When you get Monday,
Ain't it a shame to drink hootch on Sunday, When you get Monday,
Ain't it a shame to flirt on Sunday, When you get Monday,
Ain't it a shame to steal chickens on Sunday, When you get Monday,

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, too,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, too,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, too,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, too,

Bassoon (or Sax.)

Ain't it a shame?
Ain't it a shame?
Ain't it a shame?
Ain't it a shame?
Ain't it a shame?

Sat - ur - day too.

Repeat ad lib.

Ain't it a shame?
Ain't it a shame... a shame!

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TIN menory I see an old homestead rare
That was heaven on earth to me,
It was plain and so humble, yet naught
Can compare
With that spot where I long to be.

In a little house on a little street,
In a little town near by,
Where the roses climb over the garden wall
And you hear the robin's cry
Where peace and rest make life seem blest,
When I'm weary now I sigh
For that little house on a little street
In a little town near by

In fancy I see the old fireplace
And you, mother mine, sitting there,
As the glance from the ember enlightened
your face
When you sat in your rocking chair.

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