

1901

# Mister Morton, Stop Your Courtin' / music by Frederick V. Bowers; words by Charles Horwitz

Frederick V. Bowers

Charles Horwitz

Sol Bloom (Chicago)

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# Mister Morton, stop your Courtin'

Words by  
Charles Horwitz  
Music by  
Frederick V Bowers  
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THE  
NICHOLS  
SISTERS

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# MR. MORTON, STOP YOUR COURTIN'.

Words by CHAS. HORWITZ.

Music by FRED'K V. BOWERS.

INTRO.

1. A girl named Sa - rah Gor - ton Once knew a man named Mor - ton; Now  
2. So bad in - deed felt Mor - ton, To think that Sa - rah Gor - ton Re -

Mor - ton thought that Sa - rah was as sweet as she could be. Thro' lanes and mead-ows  
fused to lis - ten to the strains that came from his sad heart, He con - tem - pla - ted

both would walk, And lov - ing words would Mor - ton talk: "Dear Sa - rah, I'm in  
su - i - cide, For Sa - rah would not be his bride. When he was gone she

love with you, now won't you mar - ry me?" But lit - tle Sa - rah Gor - ton Some -  
 then would know how sad it was to part; So to the riv - er Mor - ton went, On

time be - fore was court - in'; She knew a - thing or two, you know, and  
 end - ing all, his mind was bent; He'd throw him - self with all his might in -

*Ritard.*

fol - lied him a - long; So when he said "I love but you," She an - swered "men are  
 to the ra - ging main; But as he stood up - on the shore To end his life for -

*Ritard.*

*Tempo.*

*Rall.*

nev - er true," And with a twink - le in her eye, she'd sing this lit - tle song:  
 ev - er - more, Dear Sa - rah grabbed his coat - tail quick, and shout - ed this re - frain:

*Tempo.*

*Rall.*

REFRAIN. *mf*; 2d time *ff*

Mis - ter Mor - ton, stop your court - in', I don't want to wed,.....

Mar - ried life is care and strife, So my mam - ma said.....

Now be good, you know you should, Don't be rude, I pray;.....

Mis - ter Mor - ton, stop your court - in', Or I'll run a way..... way