

1905

Nobody has More Trouble than Me / music by Chris Smith; words by James Burris

Chris Smith

James Burris

Jos. W. Stern and Co. (New York)

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WHO DAT SAY, WHO DAT?

NOBODY HAS MORE TROUBLE THAN ME



BY
JAMES BURRIS AND **CHRIS SMITH**



MAY IRWIN

50
4/2

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 MARKS MUSIC NEW YORK
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 NEW YORK, CHICAGO AND LONDON

Nobody Has More Trouble Than Me.

Words by
JAMES BURRIS.

Music by
CHRIS. SMITH.

Moderato.

Piano. *f*

1. "I was nev - er blessed with luck" said
2. Near a grave-yard Stone - wall passed while
3. "I'm a - goin' to try once more I'll

Till ready

p

Stone-wall Jack - son Lee, "There's John-son's got a job,
go - in' home one night, And walk-in' 'long de road
rent my - self a hall, It's just the time o' year,

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Jas - per's got a job, ev - 'ry - bod - y's got a job but
 In a nar - row path, he was look - in' neith - er left nor
 all de coons are here, I'm a - goin' to give a fan - cy

me. _____ Now I once heard a rab - bits left hind
 right. _____ With rab - bits legs clasped in his hand he
 ball. _____ I ad - ver - tised till I was broke, then

leg was just the goods, _____ So I got - my - self _____ some
 thought no one was near, _____ But ev - 'ry step _____ that
 for a spe - cial treat, _____ I fixed them up _____ a

left hind legs — while hunt - in' — thro' de woods. — To
 Stone-wall took — an ech - o — he would hear. — He
 wel - come sign — made out of — rab - bits feet. — The

show my luck they gave a - way — free cof - fee — one cold
 coughed and heard the ech - o, so — he stopped and — said "Who
 day be - fore — the ball come off — the sun shone bright and

night, — We lined up just — like sol - diers, for — a
 dat?" — It ech - oed back — and Stone ex - claimed "Now
 clear, — I says my luck — has changed at last — I

front place I did fight, In - stead of hav - in' just
 "Who dat?" said "Who dat?" "I aint a - fraid of
 have no more to fear, But when the night ar -

one left leg I had 'bout three or four, But
 ghosts and things while I have strength and health, But
 rived it rained just like a storm at sea, And the

when I reached dat cof-fee cart de man said "Aint no more."
 who - so - ev - er said "Who dat," can stay here by him - self."
 on - ly ones dat came at all was de jan - i - tor and me."

Chorus.

p-f

"Ain't no - bod - y, — nev - er an - y - bod - y — had more trou - ble than
 "Ain't no - bod - y, — nev - er an - y - bod - y — had more trou - ble than
 "Ain't no - bod - y, — nev - er an - y - bod - y — had more trou - ble than

p-f

me, ————— Oh! I'm wish - in' — I'm a - go - in' fish - in' —
 me, ————— Oh! I'm wish - in' — I'm a - go - in' fish - in' —
 me, ————— Oh! I'm wish - in' — I'm a - go - in' fish - in' —

for some sym - pa - thy, ————— Just my luck af - ter
 for some sym - pa - thy, ————— Reached my home was a -
 for some sym - pa - thy, ————— Just my luck af - ter

blow - in' and a - puf - fin' To, reach dat cof - fee cart and
 blow - in' and a - puf - fin' I, made dat fust mile in ex -
 ad - - ver - - tis - in, To, have the big - gest rain - storm

den get nuth - in', Aint no - bod - y, — nev - er an - y - bod - y —
 act - ly nuth - in', Aint no - bod - y, — nev - er an - y - bod - y —
 of the sea - son, Aint no - bod - y, — nev - er an - y - bod - y —

had more trou - ble than me." 1. 2. *D. S.*
 had more trou - ble than me." *f*
 had more trou - ble than me." *D. S.*

The music lover who plays over the excerpt given below from "In Sweet Loveland" will easily discern why it has become a popular favorite out of the myriad waltz songs published this season. The daintily pretty and melodious refrain has caused it to be the most prominent song hit in the "Paris by Night" production, and it has also been sung with pronounced success by leading concert and drawing-room vocalists.

IN SWEET LOVELAND.

Words by JOAN HADEN.

Music by ALFRED SOLMAN.

REFRAIN. *Valse lento.*

Love - - land! Love - - land! Beau-ti - ful dreams of Love - - land!

Beau-ti - ful dreams of a life to be, Joy - ful and hap - py for you and me;

Love - - land! Love - - land! Beau-ti - ful dreams of Love - - land!

You'll do the coo-ing and I'll do the woo-ing in sweet Love - - land. . . .

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