

SM 1417

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3

Prairie - land

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Allegro moderato

ff

When I was young and
One night I went with

mf *p*

liv'd in Maine, For years I dream'd, and dream'd in vain, Of
Sit - ting Bull, He wore an ev' - ning dress of Tulle, He

Spoken

how I'd take some wes - tern train And hunt the red men of the plain. What
took me to a taf - fy pull, On choc' - late fudge we both got full. A

L.H.

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did I do? what did I do? I simply grew and grew and grew, un-
man named Cus-ter caught his eye, He was a mili-tary guy, so

til one day my dreams came true, And I went west to hunt the Sioux. I'm
Sit-ting Bull said "you shall die," And shot him with a cus-tard pie. That

full of wes-tern lore, Of stor-ies I've a store, I've
cus-tard as it flew Dis-gus-ted all the Sioux, When

been all thro' the In-dian war, There's no one who can tell you more.
Cus-ter scraped it off, it's true, He said now "I'm dis-cus-tard too!"

Of Prair - ie - land, Prair - ie - land, Till the Ten - der -
 Of Prair - ie - land, Prair - ie - land, Till the Ten - der -

mf

foot gets wise, While he buys they tell him lies of Prair - ie - land. The
 foot gets wise, While he buys they tell him lies of Prair - ie - land. The

real dime nov-el brand. But when you're wise you'll be sur- prised, It's not as it's been
 real dime nov-el brand. From I - da - ho to Mex - i - co There's not a sign of

8va...
8va

ad - ver - tised, You'll find they're high - ly civ - il - ized in Prairie airy land.
 poor old Lo He's gone with Buff' lo Bill's big show from Prairie airy land.

loco

Extra Verses.

3

A pale faced artist that I know, he tried to paint a brave named Lo
The red man said "You're much too slow, I painted myself years ago."
The artist said, "Then watch me draw," he drew a colt of forty-four,
The red man said he never saw a colt so old and tough before,
This colt was drawn with art, it reached that red man's heart,
And when we saw poor Lo depart we all fell off the water cart.

CHORUS.

In Prairée Land, Prairée Land till the Tenderfoot gets wise,
While he buys they tell him lies of Prairée Land, the real dime novel brand,
Men from plains who held up trains they run garages up in Maine,
With half the risk and twice the gain of Prairée-airy Land.

4

Away down near the Texas line, two men sold me a salted mine,
The salt they used was very fine, it made the strongest kind of brine,
Down in the shaft I strung some lines and planted nine dill pickle vines,
I sold that mine to Mr. Heinz, he's mining fifty-seven kinds,
The mine filled up you see, it's salty as can be,
With each two tons of dills or three, we got salt codfish C. O. D.

CHORUS.

In Prairée Land, Prairée Land till the Tenderfoot gets wise,
While he buys they tell him lies of Prairée Land, the real dime novel brand,
The mines out there are never bare, but on the square I do declare,
I'll sell my share, it's all hot air, the Prairée-airy Land.