

SM 163

# Stay In Your Own Backyard.

Words by  
KARL KENNETT.

Music by  
LYN UDALL.

Moderato.

PIANO. *mf*

Li - lac trees a-bloom - ing in the cor - ner, by the gate,  
Ev - 'ry day the chil - dren as they passed old mam - my's place,

*rall.* *p*

Mam - my in the lit - tle cab - in door. — Curl - y head - ed pick - a - nin - ny  
Romp - ing home from school at night or noon, — Peer - ing thro' the fence would see this

com - in' home so late, Cry - in' 'cause his lit - tle heart is sore; —  
ea - ger lit - tle face, Such a wist - ful, lone - some lit - tle coon; —

All the chil - dren play - ing 'round have skin so white and fair,  
'Till one day the lit - tle face was gone for - ev - er more,

None of them with him will ev - er play, So Mam-my in her lap takes the  
God had called this dusk-y lit - tle elf, And Mam-my in the door sat and

lit - tle weep-ing chap, And says, in her kind old way:  
rocked as oft be - fore, And crooned to her old black self:

CHORUS. *Slowly.*

"Now hon - ey, yo' stay in yo' own back yard, Doan min' what dem white chiles

do; — What show yo' sup-pose dey's a gwine to gib A black lit - tle coon like

yo'? — So stay on dis side of de high boahd fence, An

hon - ey, doan cry so hard, — Go out an' a - play, jes' as

much as yo' please, But stay in yo' own back yard." —