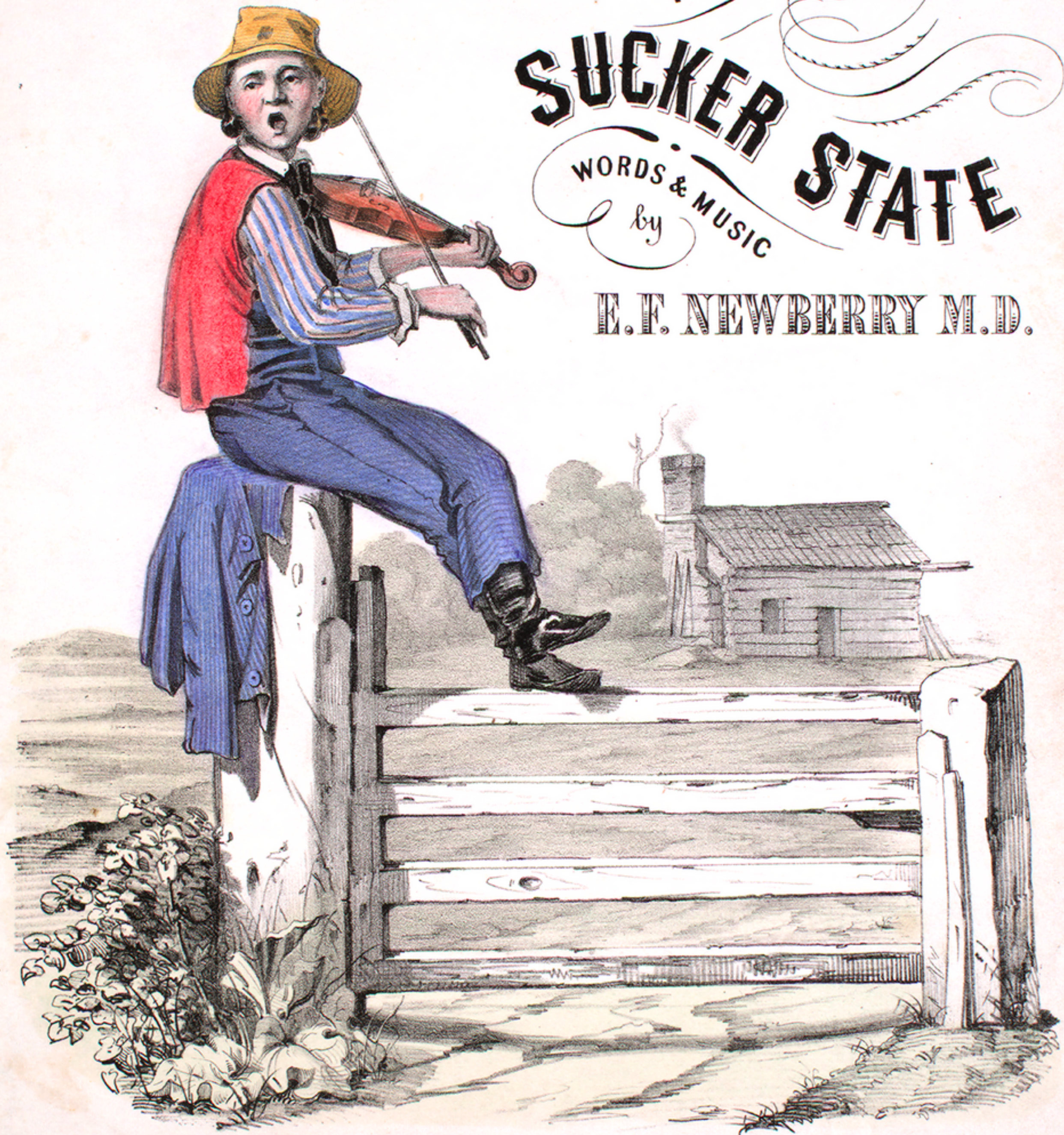


THE  
**SUCKER STATE**  
WORDS & MUSIC  
by

E. F. NEWBERRY M.D.



*Guitar*

*Piano*

Respectfully dedicated  
to

**ALL SUCKERDOM**

*Price 25 Cts.*

*St. Louis Mo. by Fritz & Derleth Market St. 42.*

*E. Robyn Lithogr. St. Louis.*

# THE SUCKER STATE

by  
E. F. NEWBERRY M. D.

Animated.

PIANO

The first system of piano accompaniment, marked 'PIANO' and 'Animated'. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The music begins with a piano dynamic marking 'f' and includes a '7' fingering in the bass line.

The second system of piano accompaniment, continuing the introduction with similar rhythmic patterns and chordal structures.

Air. Let Yan-kees sing of pork and beans, And pun-kin pies and

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is marked 'Air.' and begins with the lyrics 'Let Yan-kees sing of pork and beans, And pun-kin pies and'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

pot of greens, We'll sing a song of the Suck-er state, Of her prai-ries wide and her

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'pot of greens, We'll sing a song of the Suck-er state, Of her prai-ries wide and her'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and bass lines.

Chor.

corn fields great A way out here Then hur-rah! boys hurrah! hur-rah for the Sucker-

Alto.

Tenor.

Bass

Then hur-rah! boys hurrah! hur-rah for the Sucker-

Then hur-rah! boys hurrah! hur-rah for the Sucker-

-state! With her prairies wide and her corn fields great, Hur-rah for the sucker state!

-state! With her prairies wide and her corn fields great, Hur-rah for the sucker state!

-state! With her prairies wide and her corn fields great, Hur-rah for the sucker state!

-state! With her prairies wide and her corn fields great, Hur-rah for the sucker state!



2

The Yankees land is mighty poor,  
 'Twill scarce keep poverty from the door,  
 And folks to live must stir around  
 And work from morn till the sun goes deown  
 Away eout there.

4

Men go to California now,  
 To dig with the spade instead of the plow.  
 But the way they get bit is a sin to Crockett,  
 For lots come back without a cent in their pocket.  
 From way off yonder.

6

The corn grows so big that, without any braggin'  
 A great many ears will fill a wagon,  
 And oats and 'taters without measure  
 Fill the farmers heart with pleasure  
 Away out here.

3

The south may sing of her sunny sky  
 And her cotton fields too, but its all in my eye,  
 For the sun pours down his rays like fury,  
 And mosquitos kill a men without judge or jury,  
 Away down thar.

5

Then come, O come both small and great  
 Come young and old to the Sucker state,  
 And dig for gold beneath the sod,  
 For there's lots to be found in every od:  
 Away out here.

7

The wheat crap too-it can't be beat,  
 For it grows to the height of a good many feet;  
 And I hearn the farmers say they do shell  
 Something less from a stalk than a bushel,  
 Away out here.

8

The railroads come in this connexion  
 For they run across every mans quarter section,  
 And the train of cars and the engine spin it  
 Along at the rate of a mile a minute  
 Away out here.

9

Then never leave this famous land,  
 For Oregon, that humbug grand,  
 For if you do I know you'll rue it  
 In less than a year, from the time that you do it  
 Away out there.

6009