

SIX SONGS

WORDS BY

BRET HARTE.

THE HEATHEN CHINEE 4

CHIQUITA 3

TWENTY YEARS 4

JIM 4

FLYNN OF VIRGINIA 4

UPON THE STANISLOW *with Cho.* 4

MUSIC BY

F. BOOTT.

BOSTON.

OLIVER DITSON & CO. 277 WASHINGTON ST.

N. YORK, C. H. DITSON & CO

Chicago,
Lyon & Healy.

Cinn.
J. Church, Jr.

Boston,
J. C. Haynes & Co.

Phil^a
Lee & Walker

CHIQUITA.

Words by BRET HARTE.

Allegro con brio.

VOICE

1. Beauti . ful! Sir, you may say so. Thar is n't her match in the
2. Hed n't no savey _ hed Briggs. Thar, Jack, that'll do, _ quit that

PIANO *mf*

county. Is thar, old gal, now Chi . qui . ta, - Chi . qui . ta, my darling, my
foolin'! Nothin' to what she kin do When she's got her work cut out be .

beauty? Feel of that neck, Sir, thar's velvet! Whoa, - Steady, - ah, will you, you
fore her. Hos . ses is hos . ses, you know, And, likewise too jockeys is

4

vixen! Whoa! I say, Jack, trot her out; Let the gen.tle.man look at her
jockeys; And 'tain't ev.ry man as 'can ride, As knows what a hoss has got

paces. Morgan! She ain't nothin' else, And I've got the papers to prove it;
in him. Know the old ford on the Fork, That nearly got Flani.gan's leaders!

Sired by Chip.pe.wa Chief, And twelve hundred dollars won't buy her.
Nas.ty in day.light, you bet, And a mighty rough ford in low water!

Briggs of Tu . ol . um . ne owned her, Did you know Briggs of Tu . ol . um . ne ?
Well, it ain't six weeks a . go That me and the Jedge and his ne . vey

ritard.

5

Bust . ed his . self in White Pine, And blew out his brains down in Frisco.
Struck for that ford in the night, In the rain, and the wa . ter all round us.

a tempo
f
mf *D.S.*

3. Up to our flanks in the gulch, And Rat . le . snake Creek jest a bi . lin',
4. Would you be . lieve it! that night That hoss, that ar' fil . ly, Chi . qui . ta,

Not a plank left in the dam, And na . ry a bridge on the river. I had the gray, & the
Walked herself in . to her stall, And stood there, all qui . et and drippin'; Clean as a beaver or

Jedge had his roan, and his ne . vey, Chiqui . ta, And af . ter us trundled the rocks Jest
rat, with na . ry a buckle of harness, Jest as she swam at the Fork, That

loosed from the top of the canyon. Lick . i . ty, licki . ty, switch, We came to the ford, And Chi .
hoss, that ar' filly, Chiquita. That's what I call a hoss! and - What did you say? O, the

quita Buckled right down to her work, And a . fore I could yell to her
nevey? Drowneded, I reck . on, least . ways, he nev . er came back to de .

rider, She took water jest at the ford, And there was the Jedge and me standin', And
ny it. Ye see the derved fool had no seat, - Ye could n't have made him a rider; And

twelve hundred dol . lars o' hoss . flesh a . float, and a drift . in' to , thunder!
then, ye know, boys will be . boys, and hos . ses, - well hos . ses is hosses!