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Little Katy.

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LITTLE KATY

HOT CORN

SONG AND CHORUS

Sung by

Wood's Minstrels

274 Broadway

WORDS BY

JAMES SIMMONDS,

Music by

NUSS.

As this song was suggested to Mr. Wood by the beautiful and affecting story of the same name as published in the New York Tribune August 5th

25¢ nett.

NEW-YORK.

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LITTLE KATY.

OR
"HOT CORN."

the music by

"QUOS"

Words by JAMES SIMMONDS.

Music by QUOS.

Andante.
Con *p*
Affetto.

"Oh hot corn! nice hot corn who will buy my hot corn?" Cried a child in accents mild

"Come and buy my hot corn" Scalding tears are stealing Down her pallid cheek

Hope no beam re-veal - ing Katy's sad and weak. *cres.* Yet all the while she tries to smile

Dim. Dim.

And in accents so for-lorn To passers by you'll hear her cry "Oh buy, oh buy my hot corn! Oh

mf *p*

hot corn nice hot corn Who will buy my hot corn Cries Katy dear with many a tear, Oh buy, oh buy my corn.

CHORUS. to 1st and 2nd Verse.

Air. *f*

Hot corn, Hot corn! Here's your nice hot corn

Alto. *f*

Hot corn, Hot corn! Here's your nice hot corn

Tenor. *f*

Hot corn, Hot corn! Here's your nice hot corn

Bass. *f*

Hot corn, Hot corn! Here's your nice hot corn

PIANO *f*

FORTE.

p Pass not by or she may die Should she not sell her "Hot corn."
pp
p Pass not by or she may die Should she not sell her "Hot corn."
pp
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pp
p Pass not by or she may die Should she not sell her "Hot corn."
pp

2

3

"Oh hot corn! Nice hot corn!
 Who will buy my hot corn?
 Tis very late—no longer wait,
 Come and buy my hot corn.
 Little children long are sleeping
 Half the world is now at rest.
 Yet poor Katy, she is weeping
 Dares not seek her wretched nest
 Her wicked mother madly burning,
 Passion beaming from her eyes,
 For lifes poison she is yearning
 Give, oh give me drink, she cries!
 Yet Katy dear, oft with a tear,
 Ushers in the coming morn
 Faintly crying,—almost dying
 Buy, oh buy my hot corn!

Chorus as before

Oh hot corn, Nice hot corn!
 She will no more sing to night.
 Katy's lying—almost dying?
 Death is hovering now in sight,
 Yet to her it is a blessing.
 Life to her is naught but woe.
 Katy knows theres no oppressing
 In heaven where shes sure to go
 Poverty hath chilled the flower
 That might else so sweetly bloom,
 Old grim death alone hathpower,
 To snatch poor Katy from her doom,
 Oh Katy dear, what bliss is near,
 To usher in your coming morn,
 Life is flying, Katy's dying
 No more crying "nice hot corn!"

Hot corn hot corn
 No more at early dawn
 Thouldt be sighing faintly crying
 "Buy oh buy my hot corn!"

Chorus.