

# It Makes No Diff'rence Whose Sweetie You Were

(You're My Sweet Sweetie Now)

A Darktown Drama In Five Reels

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Moderato

Reel One I  
Reel Two The  
Reel Three I

strayed in - to a Dark-town Club one night a week a - go, And sat down near a  
band was jaz - zin' blues the kind you nev - er heard be - fore, Each Sam and Han - nah  
o - ver - heard some - bod - y say "Why! there's her for - mer beau," I glanced a - bout and

brown skin gal and some - one's lov - in' Joe, It seems each one had part - ed from their  
in the place was pran - cin' 'bout the floor, With - out a word of warn - in' up jumped  
saw a long, lean, lank - y Ro - me - o, This yal - ler boy was sure some pale, but

love of yes - ter - day, I had to grin 'cause thru the din I o - ver - heard them say:  
this big Lov - in' Joe, His voice rang clear, he said "Right here I want you all to know:  
fire shone in his eye, He looked where - at his ri - val sat, then made him this re - ply: ^

CHORUS

"It makes no diff'rence whose sweet-ie you were - You're my sweet sweet-ie now, I'm  
 It makes no diff'rence whose sweet-ie she was - She's my sweet sweet-ie now, I'm  
 "It makes no diff'rence whose sweet-ie she was - She's my sweet sweet-ie now, Best

here to bet - you'll soon for - get - Your oth - er sweets some - how, And if  
 here to - night - pre - pared to fight - For my sweet babe some - how, And her  
 hes - i - tate, - I'm here to state, - Or else there'll be a row, 'Cause if

they go hang - in' a - round your door - There's cert - n'y gon - na be a row, It  
 oth - er, sweet - ies had best go slow - Un - less they want to start a row, It  
 you start bluff - in' a - round this place - You're gon - na dis - ap - pear, I vow, It

makes no diff' - rence whose sweet - ie you were - You're my sweet sweet - ie now? "It  
 makes no diff' - rence whose sweet - ie she was - She's my sweet sweet - ie now? "It  
 makes no diff' - rence whose sweet - ie she was - She's my sweet sweet - ie now? "It

Reel Four

This Darktown Knight raised from his seat, a razor in his hand  
 The yaller boy stood where he was, he cert'n'y did have sand  
 As Lovin' Joe came rushin' in, high yaller pulled a gun  
 A shot rang out, he turned about, and said to ev'ryone:

Cho.

"It makes no diff'rence whose sweetie she was  
 She's my sweet sweetie now  
 Now I warned him, this Razor Jim  
 There'd be an awful row  
 When he started foolin' around with me  
 I had to tame him down somehow  
 It makes no diff'rence whose sweetie she was  
 She's my sweet sweetie now"

Reel Five

A rubber tired hearse was called with tassels that were black  
 They took this Lovin' Joe away and never brought him back  
 The long, lean, lanky Romeo was sent away to jail  
 To one and all who on him call he now lets out this wail:

Cho.

"It makes no diff'rence whose sweetie she was  
 She's my sweet sweetie now  
 There's not a doubt when I get out  
 She'll still be mine somehow  
 And if someone's hangin' around her door  
 There's gonna be another row  
 It makes no diff'rence whose sweetie she was  
 She's my sweet sweetie now?"

AMEN

WEIR KIRK