HOW'S YOUR LITTLE MALTESE CAT

WORDS BY
L. WOLFE GILBERT
MUSIC BY
LEWIS F. MUIR
AND LES COPELAND

F. A. MILLS
122 WEST 36TH ST
NEW YORK

"Here Comes My Daddy Now"

Words by L. WOLFE GILBERT

(Oh Pop-Oh Pop-Oh Pop)

Music by LEWIS F. MUIR

CHORUS.

(spoken)

Here comes my dad - dy now, (oh pop, oh pop, oh pop.)

P-f

(spoken)

Here comes my dad dy now, (oh pop, oh pop, oh pop.)

See that grip— in hand, It holds some - thing grand

That he brought for me From a - cross— the sea. ETC.

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"I've Been Through The Mill"

Words by L. WOLFE GILBERT

Music by LEWIS F. MUIR

CHORUS

I've been through the mill, Bill, I've been through the mill.

P-f

I've seen all that there is to see I'll try an - y - thing

once, that's me. I've been through the mill. Bill,

I've met Jack and Jill. Say, I'm the mil - ler's daugh - ter, ETC.

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"Oh What A Night."

Words by L. WOLFE GILBERT.

Music by LEWIS F. MUIR and MAURICE ABRAHAMS.

CHORUS.

Marcia. (Slowly.)

Oh, oh, oh, oh, Oh what a night!— Oh what a night!—

marcato

Oh what a night!— Think-ing of it gives me de-light— This night of mys-

— ter-y goes down in his - to-ry Oh, oh, oh, bh, Old pal of mine,—

Left home at nine,— Oh what a time— I love my wife but Oh, oh you kid,

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"In The Heart Of The Kentucky Hills."

Words by L. WOLFE GILBERT.

Music by LEWIS F. MUIR.

CHORUS.

In the heart of those Ken - tuck - y Hills, With its

P-f

pret - ty lit - tle lakes and rills; All the time is lov - ing

time, In that blue grass sun - ny clime, I'd go

look - ing for my moun - tain dear, I did - n't hunt for her, my dear war ETC.

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"How's Your Little Maltese Cat."

Words by
L. WOLFE GILBERT.

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and LES COPELAND.

Moderato

PIANO

VOICE

My best gal had the cut-est lit-tle cat, With a lit-tle bunch of whisk-ers on its chin, And when we'd spoon, in my lap she sat,

Years have pass-ed and the kit-ten just the same, Has a lit-tle bunch of whisk-ers on its chin, My best gal has since be come my wife,

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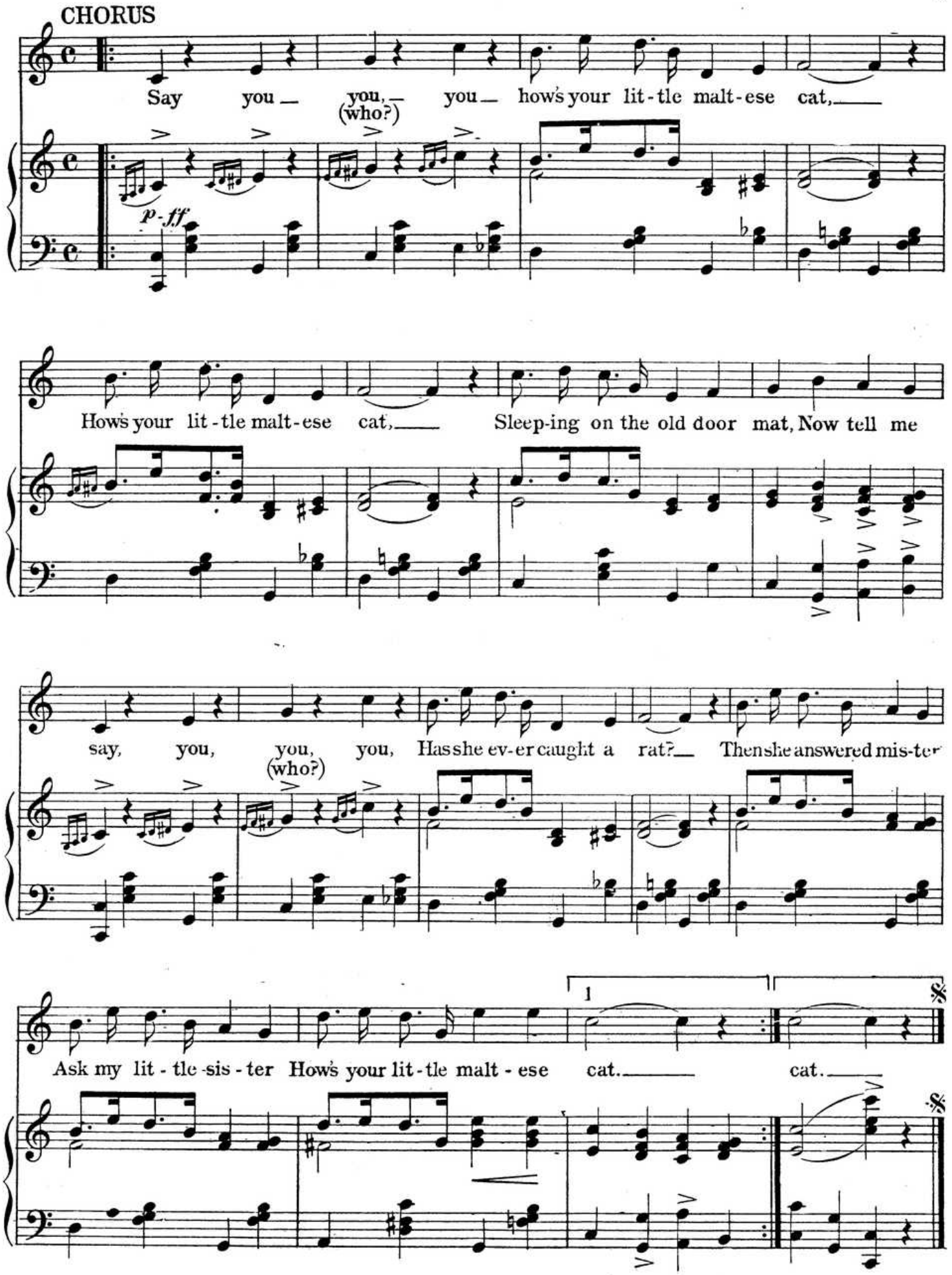
Id get as mad as sin, My best gal is a thing of the past, The kit - ten was the cause of it
Hap - py we've al - ways been. My wife's sis - ter is liv - ing with us still, Man - y, man - y, man - y times we

all, I sighed, oh how I sighed. To - day I met her sis - ter and I cried.
laugh, I sigh, oh how I sigh, I al - ways turn to sis - ter and I cry.


CHORUS
Say you — you, — you — how's your lit-tle malt-ese cat, —
(who?)
p-ff
How's your lit-tle malt-ese cat, — Sleep-ing on the old door mat, Now tell me
say, you, you, you, Has she ev-er caught a rat? — Then she answered mis-ter
(who?)
Ask my lit-tle-sis-ter How's your lit-tle malt-ese cat. — cat. —

"Mammy Jinny's Jubilee"

Words by L. WOLFE GILBERT

Music by LEWIS F. MUIR

CHORUS

Come on and shake your feet, oh hon ey, shake your feet,

This is Mam-my Jin-ny's Day, Just see that

sweet birth day cake, It took ten peo-ple to bake

Hon-ey, count the can-dles, there's just eigh-ty-two Howd you like to have one, some

ETC.

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"Little Rag Baby Doll"

Words by L. WOLFE GILBERT

Music by LEWIS F. MUIR

CHORUS *Slower*

Lit-tle rag ba-by, lit-tle rag ba-by,

Tod-dle a-long, just learn to tod-dle a-long, Out of the cra-dle,

thro' with the cra-dle, Wad-dle a-long, oh ba-by wad-dle a-long.

Made of old saw-dust, made of old rags Dress-es and tress-es

ETC.

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Take Me To That Swanee Shore.

Words by L. WOLFE GILBERT

Music by LEWIS F. MUIR

CHORUS

Oh won't you take me to that Swa-nee shore,

so I can see old Mam-my dance once more, Old Black Joe,

Han-nah Snow, There's Dad-dy and Mam-my, there's Eph-ram and Sam-my

Ev-'ry one there to have a ju-bi-lee, The boys just ar-rived up on the

ETC.

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He Wants Someone To Call Him Papa

(She Wants Someone To Call Her Ma.)

Words by L. WOLFE GILBERT

Music by LEWIS F. MUIR

He wants some one to call him Pa pa

She wants some one to call her Ma, It takes a

child to lead them, And show them ev-'ry joy, Its

one lit-tle girl-ie or one lit-tle boy And what is

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