

FINE ART EDITION

WAY DOWN BARCELONA WAY

DIDDLE - DE - UM - TE - DUM

MUSIC BY
HARRY JENTES

WORDS BY
FRED. FISHER



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WAY DOWN BARCELONA WAY

THAT DIDDLE-E-UM-DE-DUM

Lyric by
FRED FISHER

Music by
HARRY JENTES

The musical score is written in 3/4 time. It begins with a vocal line that is mostly rests, with the lyrics 'There You You' appearing at the end. Below this is a piano introduction in the right hand, marked *mf*, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes and chords. The left hand provides a steady bass line. The score then transitions into a vocal melody with piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'came a gay ser-e-nad-er, Who played a wick-ed gui- hear a-bout Old Ab-dul Ham-med, The wom-en put him on the hear a-bout Jim-my Fe-li-tas, He sent for the doc-tor to tar, And ev-'ry night while the moon's shin-ing bright He would bum, One night he dropped dead when they op-ened his head They found come, The doc said Fe-li-tas, you've got 'pend-i-ci-tis, So'. The piano accompaniment continues throughout, with the right hand often playing chords and the left hand playing a rhythmic bass line.

There
You
You

came a gay ser-e-nad-er, Who played a wick-ed gui-
hear a-bout Old Ab-dul Ham-med, The wom-en put him on the
hear a-bout Jim-my Fe-li-tas, He sent for the doc-tor to

tar, And ev-'ry night while the moon's shin-ing bright He would
bum, One night he dropped dead when they op-ened his head They found
come, The doc said Fe-li-tas, you've got 'pend-i-ci-tis, So

strum her his sweet lit-tle Did-dle-de-um-te-dum, — dum-dum, did-dle-de-um-te-dum —
 mill-ions and one lit-tle Did-dle-de-um-te-dum, — dum-dum, did-dle-de-um-te-dum —
 I'll have to cut out your Did-dle-de-um-te-dum, — dum-dum, did-dle-de-um-te-dum —

— dum-dum, did-dle-de-um-te-dum — dum-dum dum. — But
 — dum-dum, did-dle-de-um-te-dum — dum-dum dum. — I
 — dum-dum, did-dle-de-um-te-dum — dum-dum dum. — You

she loved a hand-some bull fight-er, — He caught them spoon-ing one
 saw a sweet gal at the Fol-lies, — How she made the aud-i-ence
 hear a-bout Bill Jen-nings Bry-an, — Who made us cut whis-key and

night, — He ran his spear through this gay cav-a-lier — and
 hum, — She was-n't an act-or, but heav-en pro-tect her, when
 rum, — That fox-y old fell-ow, he stocked up his cell-ar, at

that was the end of his did-dle-de-um-te-dum, — dum-dum, did-dle-de-um-te-dum, —
 she starts to shim-mie and did-dle-de-um-te-dum, — dum-dum, did-dle-de-um-te-dum, —
 night he goes there for his did-dle-de-um-te-dum, — dum-dum, did-dle-de-um-te-dum, —

— dum-dum, did-dle-de-um-te-dum, — dum-dum dum. — dum. —
 — dum-dum, did-dle-de-um-te-dum, — dum-dum dum. — dum. —
 — dum-dum, did-dle-de-um-te-dum, — dum-dum dum. — dum. —

1. *Fine*

CHORUS

Sweet was the Flo - re - a - dor, Cruel was the

Tor - e - a - dor, did-dle-de-um-te-dum, — dum-dum,

did-dle-de-um-te-dum, — With the spring - time, — came the ring time, —

So they were mar-ried one day, Lived hap-py

af - ter they say, — Did-dle-de-um-te-dum, —

— dum-dum, did-dle-de-un-de-dum, — Way down Bar - ce - lo - na way. — *D.S.*