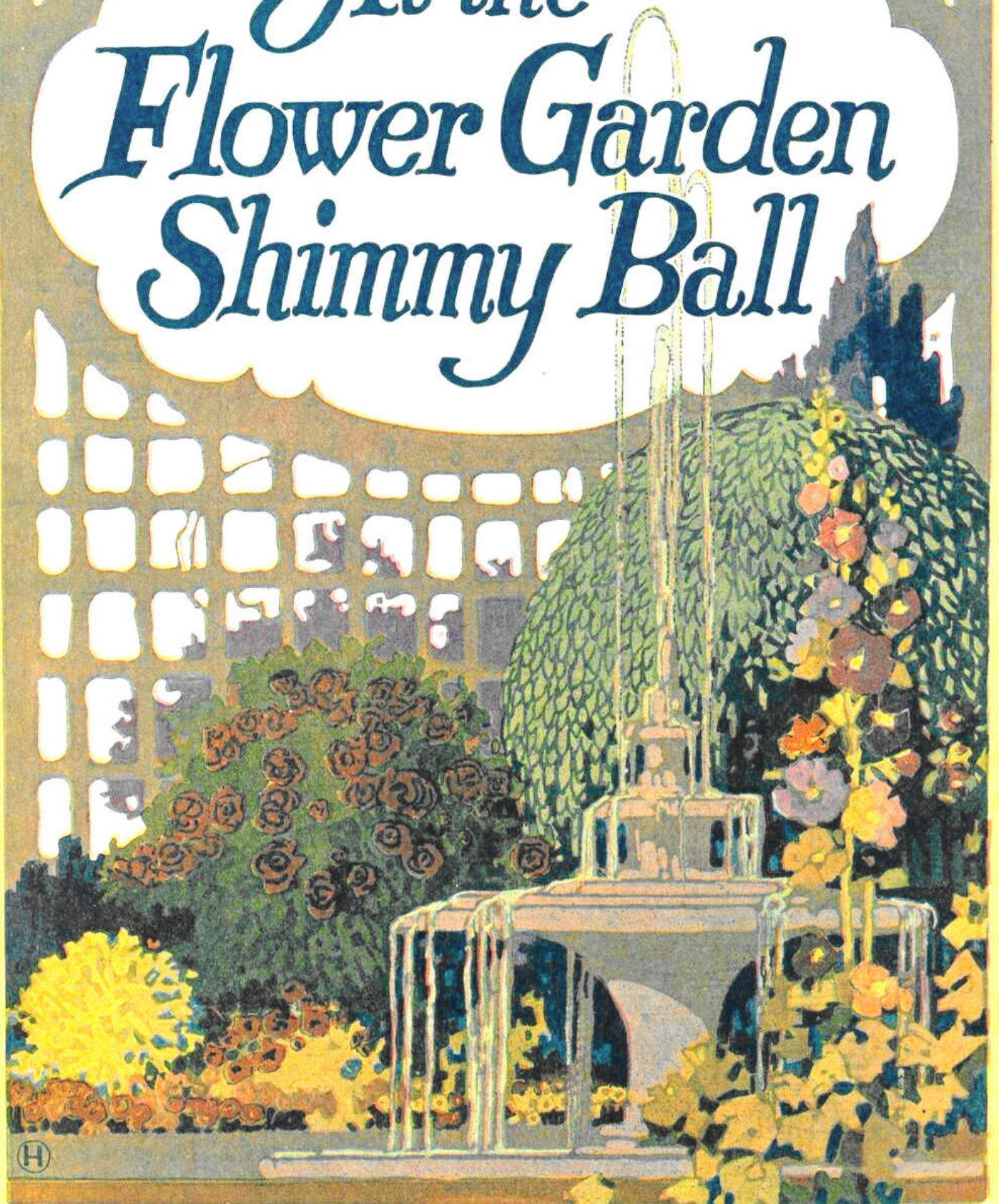


At the Flower Garden Shimmy Ball



(H)

6

Lyric by HAROLD G. FROST

McKINLEY MUSIC CO.
ROOT STANDARD EDITION
Chicago — New York

AT THE FLOWER GARDEN SHIMMY BALL

Lyric by
HAROLD G. FROST

Music by
F. HENRI KLICKMANN

Moderato (Not too slow!)

f

VAMP *mp*

Down in the garden there's a real sen-sa-tion,
And all the Roses seemed to say, "Don't trim me,

VAMP *p* *mp*

For all the flow-ers have an in-spir-a-tion; Jess-a-mine is
Just let me stay a-while and learn to shimmy." Blue-birds came to

all to blame, For ev-'ry-thing was love-ly till it came. —
see the fun While bring-ing hap-pi-ness to ev-'ry-one. —

3

The bash - ful Vi - o - let is get - ting bolder, Mis - ter Mar - i -
Jack - in - the - Pul - pit tried to preach a sermon No one list - ened

gold ——— Talked to Miss Nar - cissus, and this is Just what he told: ———
to; ——— Said the Morn - ing Glory, "This story Is sure - ly true." ———

CHORUS *p - f*

Bumble Bees and the breeze jazzed to beat the band, Butter Cup jazzed it up to the

p - f

music grand; While all the tall Sunflowers swayed in a trance, The Rambling Rose said it was a

Dai - sy dance.— Daf - fo - dil, standing still, got an aw - ful shock,— Col - um-

bine seemed to twine'round the Holly - hock; A lit - tle Robin paid them a call,

ad lib.

Sing - ing up - on the wall, *gva.* Said, "I'll stay here and play till the

ad lib.

last leaves fall— At the Flower Garden Shimmy Ball." Bumble Ball."

f *U.H.* *D.S.*