

More "DUMBELL" Song Hits are Listed on the Back of this Copy.

Gee! I Wish I Was A Kid Once More

Written by Fraser Allan - - - Sung by Plunkett Brothers



STAN BENNETT

"RED" NEWMAN

ROSS HAMILTON

AL PLUNKETT

CAPT. M.W. PLUNKETT

Capt. M.W. Plunkett
presents the

DUMBELLS

Sixth Annual Revue

In

"ACE HIGH"

CANADIAN EDITION
LEO FEIST LIMITED TORONTO CAN.
UNITED STATES, LEO FEIST INC., 251-255 WEST 40TH ST., NEW YORK
FRANCIS DAY AND HUNTER, LONDON, ENGLAND

Gee! I Wish I Was A Kid Once More

Words and Music
by FRASER ALLAN

Moderato

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes and quarter notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'.

I re - mem - ber in my child - hood
I re - mem - ber dear old gran - ny

The vocal line begins with a rest for two measures, then enters with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a steady bass line.

sit - ting on my moth - er's knee, She would kiss my trou - bles all a - way and
sit - ting by the fire - side warm, She would shake her head at me and sigh as

The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a mix of chords and moving lines in both hands.

hum a lull - a - by to me; I re - mem - ber in the morn - ing when she'd
if she tho't I'd come to harm; Ev - 'ry ev - 'ning when I got too sleep - y

The vocal line concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic support.

Copyright MCMXXIV by LEO. FEIST, Limited, 193 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. Canada
New York - Leo. Feist, Inc., 231 West 40th Street
International Copyright Secured and Reserved

pack me off to school I'd take Ev - 'ry kind of sick-ness,
my home-work she'd help me do; 'Rith-ma-tic and spell-ing,

ev - 'ry kind of pain, Then fin - ish with a tum-my ache. Oh gee! I
geog-ra-phy and French; Gee! how much learn-ing gran-ny knew. Oh gee! I

rall.

§ CHORUS

wish that I was just a bare-foot kid once more, Play-ing 'round the old farm-yard;

p-f

Chas-ing all the chick-ens and milk-ing the cow, - Wor-ry-ing the gan-der and

jump-ing in the mow; Swim-ming in the creek down by the mill, Catch-ing

frogs and min-nows by the score; Gee! I wish I nev-er had grown

up at all; I wish I was a kid once more. Oh gee! I more. *Fine*

PATTER

Gee, I hat-ed mus-tard plas-ters, med-i-cine and dope; They'd make me wash my face and ears each

day with eas-tile soap. Nev-er liked my mu-sic teach-er 'cause she was a cat,

When I didn't practice I was just a brat. Get my books all ready and start out for school,

Hardly ever got that far as a rule, If I did I always was 'bout an hour late; The

school-ma'm then would make me work all recess on a slate. She'd send a note to father and he'd

get quite sore, When I would return he'd meet me at the door With a great big stick in

his right hand, Then I'd get an awful licking on the "promised land." I

D. S. Chorus

D. S. Chorus