

WHISKERS

C7347
1827

WORDS BY
RUBE
GOLDBERG

MUSIC BY
LEWIS E.
GENSLER



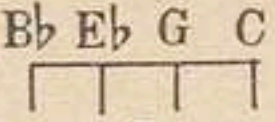
JEROME H. REMICK & CO.
NEW YORK DETROIT

R. Goldberg

WHISKERS

SONG

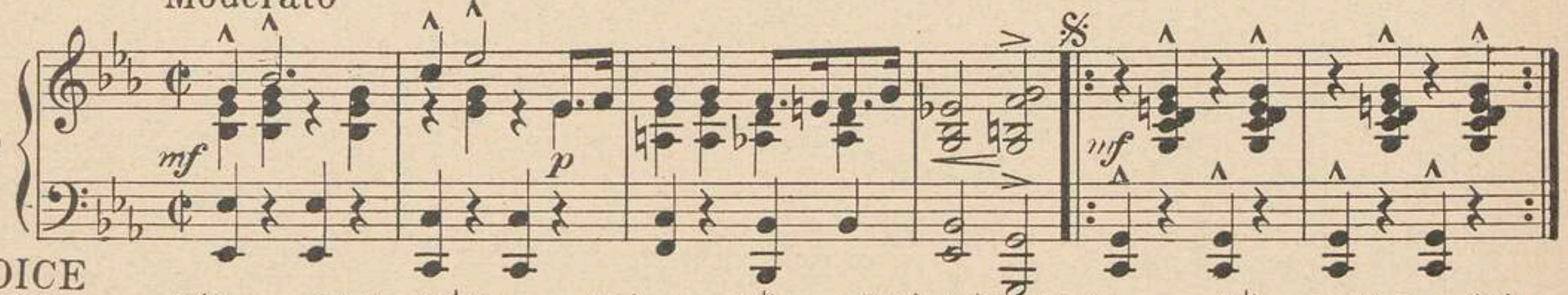
Lyric by
RUBE GOLDBERG

Ukulele in D
Tune Uke thus B \flat E \flat G C
(E \flat Tuning) 
when played with Piano. Tenor Banjo, Mandola,
Guitar etc. play chords marked over diagrams)

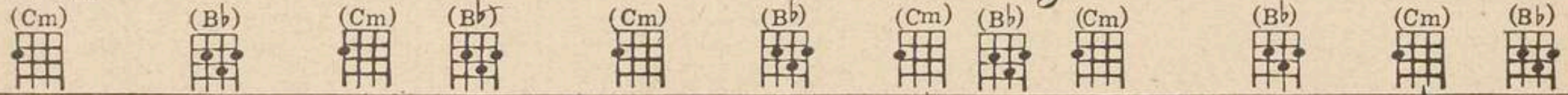
Music by
LEWIS E. GENSLER

Moderato

PIANO



VOICE



1. Hez - e - ki - ah Jones made an aw - ful lot of dough Rais - in' sweet po - ta - toes
2. Took a lit - tle girl to a fan - cy cab - a - ret Dark - y at the en - trance
3. Took her in a tax - i as far as it was known Fare could pay the in - t'rest
4. Longed for home and moth - er but did - n't have the fare Went to un - cle Ben - nie's



with his lit - tle hoe }
took his coat a - way } And his whisk - ers good - le ood - le oo And his
on the Ger - man loan }
hocked his un - der - wear }



whisk - ers good - le ood - le oo }
Mum - bled to him - self "I don't wan - na be a clown
Wait - er brought a pen - cil the lead be - gan to crack
Thought he was a dev - il some kiss - es then he stole
Had - n't an - y clothes so he sneaked a - board a train



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(Cm) (Bb) (Cm) (Bb) (Cm) (Bb) (Cm) (Ab7) (G7) (Cm)

I'm the kind of fel - ler needs a larg - er town"
 Bor-rowed one from Jones and did - n't give it back } And his whiskers groodle oodle oo And his
 Lat - er he dis - cov - ered she had hooked his role
 Hid a - way and did - n't show him - self a - gain

(Ab7) (G7) (Cm) (Bb7) (Eb) (Bb7) (Eb)

whiskers groodle oodle oo
 Bought him self a shirt and a red and yel - low tie
 Girl - ie ate and ate 'til he bust - ed in - to tears
 Played a lit - tle po - ker he thought it would - n't hurt
 Then the train was wrecked and he land - ed in a ditch

(Bb7) (Eb) 8 (Fm) (Bb7) (Eb) (Cm) (Gm)

To the sweet po - ta - toes then he said good - bye Land - ed in New York he was
 Thought she had - n't eat - en for e - lev - en years Check was big e - nough to make
 Lost his fan - cy neck - tie al - so lost his shirt Said "I'll be a sport I will
 Ev - 'ry - bod - y saw him there with - out a stitch Did - n't start a fuss or get

(Ab) (Eb) (Ab) (Eb) (Ab) (Eb) (Bb7) (Eb)

feel - in' might - y jake Payed a dol - lar eight - y for a piece of cake
 Rock - e - fel - ler mad But he did - n't ar - gue 'cause he could - n't add
 take an - oth - er chance" Bet an - oth - er nick - el then he lost his pants } And his
 an - y - bod - y's goat Whisk - ers hung a - round him like an o - ver coat

(Ab7) (G7) (Cm) (Ab7) (Fm) (Ab7) (G) (Bb7)

whisk-ers grood-le ood-le oo And his whisk-ers grood-le ood-le oo Oh

REFRAIN

(Eb) (Cm) (Gm) (Ab) (Eb) (C#-7) (Fm7) (Bb7)

Whisk-ers Whisk-ers

Nice safe place hide all your noo-dle soup
 Add some cream serve up for shred-ded wheat
 Hang 'em up folks can't look in at night
 B. V. D's. don't need 'em if you have

(Eb) (Cm) (F7) (Bb7) 1. 2. & 3. (Eb) (G7)

Whisk-ers Whisk-ers And his whisk-ers grood-le ood-le oo

D.S.

last time only

(Eb) (G7) (C7) (Bb7) (Eb)

oo

HERE COMES FATIMA

WITH HER TA-RA-BOOM-DEE-AY

SONG

Lyric by
LEW BROWN

Ukulele in D
Tune Uke thus G C E A
(C Tuning)

Music by
CLIFF FRIEND

when played with Piano, (Tenor Banjo, Mandola,
Guitar etc. play chords marked over diagrams.)

CHORUS (C)

(C) (F#7) (G7)

Keep the fellows qui-et (sh!) Tell them not to play 'Cause here comes Fa-ti-ma with her
Lock the doors and windows Say we're out to - day 'Cause here comes Fa-ti-ma with her
Put John in the cellar Lock up Bill and Ray 'Cause here comes Fa-ti-ma with her

p-f

(C) (F#7) (G7)

ta - ra-boom-dee - ay Go and hide the "White Rock" Put the food a - way 'Cause
ta - ra-boom-dee - ay Ev-'ry-bod-y's nervous Call up Doc-tor Gray
ta - ra-boom-dee - ay Tie Sam in the woodshed He don't look O. K. If

(C)

here comes Fa - ti - ma and she spoils a per-fect day Out the win-dow
Here comes Fa - ti - ma and Fa - ti - ma loves to play Out the win-dow
he sees Fa - ti - ma he'll post- pone our wed-ding day When she starts to

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