

# YOU CAN STAY BUT THAT DOGGONE FIDDLE MUST GO



WORDS BY  
Billy Frisch  
MUSIC BY  
Billy Baskette

THIS NUMBER ON ALL  
PHONOGRAPH RECORDS  
AND MUSIC ROLLS

MACK RUBEY  
STARK & COWAN INC  
MUSIC PUBLISHERS  
234 WEST 46 TH. STREET, NEW YORK.

# You Can Stay But That Dog-gone Fiddle Must Go

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Moderato

Piano

*f*

*Till ready*

*p*

Voice

Jer - ry Quinn had a vi - o - lin, Ev - 'ry night he'd call up - on his sweet - heart;  
Jer - ry's been learn - ing vi - o - lin, Ev - er since old Hi - ram can re - mem - ber;

*p*

Hi - ram Squirrel, fath - er of the girl, Liked him but he did - n't like his fid - dle - in';  
He can't play, a - ny more to - day, Than he could when first he start - ed fid - dle - in';

One night Jer - ry start - ed in to play, And I heard Hi - ram say: \_\_\_\_\_  
One night just be - fore he went to bed, Here's what Hi - ram said: \_\_\_\_\_

Chorus

"You can stay but that dog-gone fid - dle must go, \_\_\_\_\_ 'Cause it's got me near - ly dip - py,

*p-f*

Some fine day you will find your fid-dle and bow; ——— Float-ing down the Mis-sis-sip-pi. You keep ev-'ry-

bod-y a-wake, You taught our daughter's shoulders to shake; I told her not to let you in;—

If you brought that vi-o-lin.— To tell the truth, you're a gol-darn mys-try to me, ——— Ev-'ry

time you start to fid-dle, Nell won't tell why she likes your har-mon-y, ——— What can it

be?— You play in such out-land-ish keys, You've ev-en got Ma-shak-in' in the knees, And when you play that Will-iam Tell, The neighbors all say — that it sounds like well!

You can stay, but that dog-gone fid-dle must go!' ——— go!' ———

D.S.