

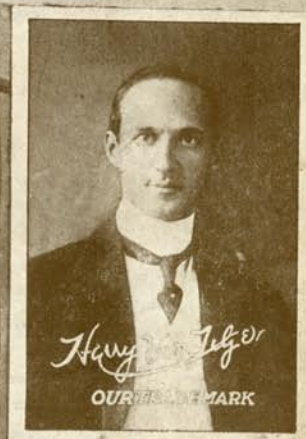
I SENT MY WIFE TO THE THOUSAND ISLES

**AL. JOLSON'S
TREMENDOUS SUCCESS
AT THE
WINTER GARDEN
In ROBINSON CRUSOE, Jr.**



WORDS BY
ANDREW B. STERLING
AND
ED. MORAN

MUSIC BY
HARRY VON TILZER



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Tempo di Marcia.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a rhythmic melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a triplet of eighth notes. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment with quarter notes and eighth notes. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

Voice.

We stood up - on the pier to - day and said our last good - bye, And
Just think when I get home to - night there'll be no wife - y there, And

The voice part begins with a rest followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment is marked 'p' and features a steady accompaniment with quarter notes and eighth notes.

as I held her hand in mine a tear stood in my eye - She saw that tear and said "I hate to
just a - cross the ta - ble I will see a va - cant chair - I love my wife, I love my wife, I

The voice part continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment, marked 'p'.

leave my lone - some boy? - I turned a - way she did not know, those tears were tears of joy. -
love her more each day. - I love my wife, I love my wife, be - cause she's far a - way. -

poco rit.

The voice part concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment is marked 'poco rit.' and features a steady accompaniment with quarter notes and eighth notes. The piece ends with a double bar line and a 2/4 time signature.

Chorus Allegro Moderato

I sent my wife — to the Thous - and Isles — to - day — She's on her

way — She'll spend a week — on 'ev - ry Isle — and say

— that's why I'm gay — So 'ev - ry bod - y come and give three cheers — She's
To - night when I — go home at half past ten — I'll

going to be — a - way for twen - ty years — 'Cause I sent my wife — to the Thous and Isles —
turn a - round — and walk right out a - gain —

— to - day — Hoo - ray! — I ray!

Don't fail to ask for the Great Ballad. by HARRY VON TILZER.
There's Someone More Lonesome Than You.

I Sent My Wife To The Thousand Isles

EXTRA VERSES AND CHORUSES

I'm going to take the rugs up I won't need them anymore
And buy some new dance records, then get down and wax the floor,
I'll fill the ice chest full of things, then phone the boys and say,
Come up and bring the girls, my home is now a cabaret.

CHORUS

I sent my wife to the Thousand Isles today, she's on her way
She'll spend a week on every Isle and say, that's why I'm gay
And if the tenants start to raise a shout,
I'll buy the house and put the Tenants out,
'Cause I sent my wife to the Thousand Isles today, Hooray!

She told me I must not forget to feed the dog and cat—
I think they'll have to take their meals down at the automat,
And then I'll take the parrot and jab cotton in each ear,—
I'd hate to have him tell the wife, the things that he will hear.

CHORUS

I sent my wife to the Thousand Isles today, she's on her way,
She'll spend a week on every Isle and say, that's why I'm gay,
I'll give a chicken dinner twice a week,
I won't let Ziegfeld even have a peek,
'Cause I sent my wife to the Thousand Isles today, Hooray!

I'll tell the elevator boy to tell the girl next door,
To tell her friend, to tell her friend down on the second floor,
To tell her friend, to tell her friend, the blonde across the street,
To tell her friend, to tell her friend, to speak next time we meet.

CHORUS

I sent my wife to the Thousand Isles today, she's on her way
She'll spend a week on every Isle and say, that's why I'm gay
There's not a girl for whom my heart don't yearn,
So just be patient girls and wait your turn,
'Cause I sent my wife to the Thousand Isles today, Hooray!

EXTRA CATCH LINES FOR EXTRA CHORUSES

I've been a dead one and an also ran
But now I'm going to be a ladies man

Now at the Winter Garden I'll be found
The stage door there will be my camping ground.

There'll be no one to holler in my ear
There goes the "Buzzer" take the milk off dear.

Now I can snore until the ceilings crack
No one will yell, wake up you're on your back.

And when I pass the girl that tends the phone
I'll hum that little ditty "All Alone."

And if by chance you meet some lonesome squab
Just say that little Willie's on the job.