

Let Him Ramble - Let Him Roam

A Low-Down Lament

Words by
JACK YELLEN

Music by
MILTON AGER

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Moderato VOICE

Lu-cin-da Brown, look here. — What's the

'cca-sion for that tear? — A bride of just a-bout a year — Should-n't look that

way. — What? Your man is chas-ing 'round? Why, that good-for-noth-ing hound! That is

too bad, I'll be bound, But list-en what I've got to say: —

l.h.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The score consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass). The piano part features a mix of chords and moving lines, with some triplet figures. Dynamics include 'mf' (mezzo-forte) and 'p' (piano). The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words hyphenated across measures. The score ends with a final piano flourish marked 'l.h.' (left hand).

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CHORUS

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Let him ram-ble; let him roam; He'll ram-ble 'round the town un - til he



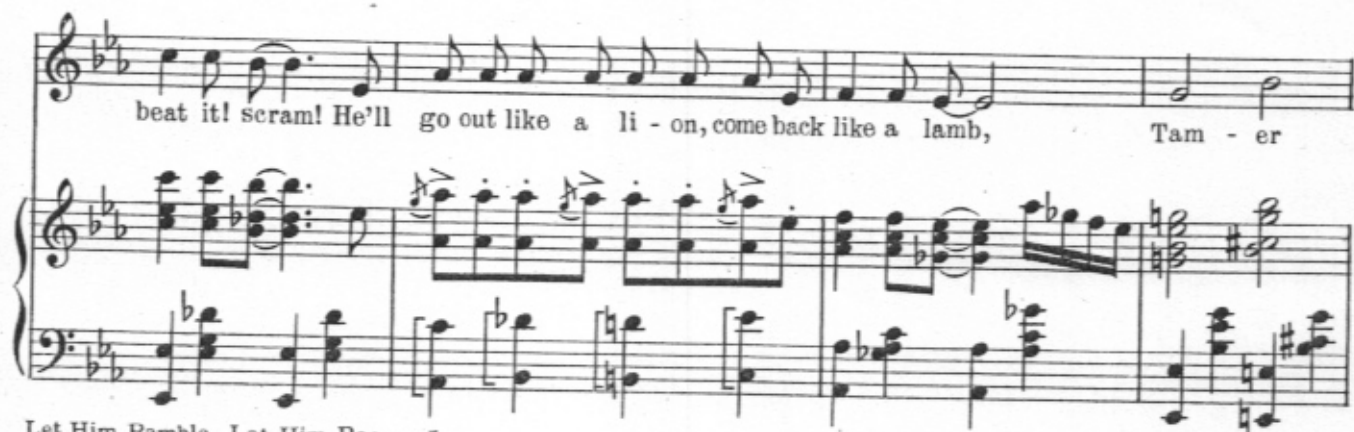
ram-bles home. Some day he'll be knock - in' on your



(Spoken ad lib.)
door. (Please, ma-ma, let me in!) Let him ex - it;



beat it! scram! He'll go out like a li - on, come back like a lamb, Tam - er



(Spoken ad lib.)

than he ev - er was be - fore. (You ought to smack his chin) You've heard of

lit - tle Bo - Peep, - How she lost her sheep, And did - n't know where to
ram - ble and roam, - But don't you sit home With your eyes on the clock on the
start here after patter

find them. Of course, you know it's a fac' - That they all come back,
shelf. - Go out and get a mar - celle, - Fix up nice and swell,

A - wag - gin' their tails be - hind them. So don't you wor - ry;
And have a good time your - self. - Just show your pa - pa

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frown or fret. Be pa-tient, gal, and use your dome.
 you don't care, Use your charms, but al-so use your dome.

Let him ram-ble; let him roam; Your pa-pa's bound to ram-ble
 Let him ram-ble; let him roam; Your pa-pa's bound to ram-ble

(Spoken ad lib.)
 home. (Drunk or sob-er,) Your pa-pa's bound to ram-ble home. — There
 home. (Soon-er or lat-er,) Your pa-pa's bound to ram-ble home. —

To patter *Fine*

PATTER (To be spoken)

ain't a mar-ried man a-live who's real-ly sat-is-fied. Al - tho his bod-y may be home his
can-not keep the moth a-way from fire burn-in' bright. You can-not keep your old Tom-cat from

thoughts are all outside. He'll give you long, hot kisses, close his eyes and hug you tight; But all the time he's thinkin' bout a
prowlin' 'round at night. A lit-tle boy is bound to have one more piece of dessert; And when he's grown up he will feel the

gal he met last night. And when you catch him cheat-in' oh of - course, it is a shame! Don't
same a-bout a skirt. They'll ram-ble till there for - ty, fif-ty, six - ty, of-ten more. But

run for your divorce. The next man's bound to be the same. Just let him chase that hot stuff till he's
let me tell you some-thin' I don't want you to get sore: When you're sure your man has no oth-er

1. weary in the legs. When he's all fed up on chile he'll want mama's ham and eggs. You
woman in his head, Just call the under-taker in, be- -cause that man is dead! So let him

2. D.S. al Fine

D.S. al Fine