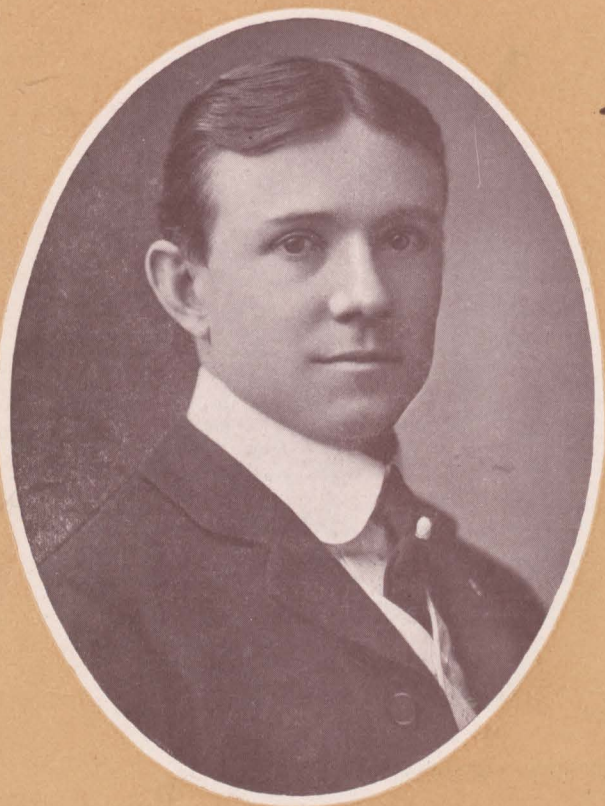


DAVE MONTGOMERY'S TERRIFIC HIT IN  
"THE WIZARD OF OZ"

D7636  
1774

# Must You?



WRITTEN BY  
HARRY BODEN &  
DAVE MONTGOMERY  
COMPOSED BY  
BERT BRANFORD

M. WITMARK & SONS  
NEW YORK CHICAGO LONDON SAN FRANCISCO  
JOSEF WEINBERGER, LEIPZIG AND VIENNA  
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H.

# Must You?

Written by Harry Boden.  
and Dave Montgomery.

Composed by Bert Brantford  
*arr. by Karl L. Hoschna.*

*Allegro moderato.*

Piano. *f*

The first system of the piano introduction features a treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass line provides a steady accompaniment of quarter notes. The dynamic marking is *f*.

*ff*

The second system continues the piano introduction with a treble clef. It includes a section marked with a '3' over a triplet of notes. The dynamic marking is *ff*.

I must have been a sil - ly sort of Josh When I went and spiced Ma - til - da  
I nev - er can have half e - nough to eat That is why I'm in this skin - ny

*p*

The first system of the vocal melody is written on a treble clef. The lyrics are: "I must have been a sil - ly sort of Josh When I went and spiced Ma - til - da / I nev - er can have half e - nough to eat That is why I'm in this skin - ny". The piano accompaniment is on a grand staff with a dynamic marking of *p*.

Jane. I thought at the time — I was in for some - thing prime. But  
state, And she thinks it jol - ly fine When we sit down to dine. She

The second system of the vocal melody continues with the lyrics: "Jane. I thought at the time — I was in for some - thing prime. But / state, And she thinks it jol - ly fine When we sit down to dine. She". The piano accompaniment continues with a dynamic marking of *p*.

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ver - y soon found out I was in - sane. The fact is she's a  
 puts a pile of mus - tard on my plate. And if I say why

lump too fond of me Nev - er on my own she'll let me stray, And  
 don't I have some meat You know I can't eat the mus - tard raw, She'll

if by chance I should go in to a pub All my pals will look at me and say:  
 look at me and turn up her ras - ber - ry nose And then ex - claim oh lor!

CHORUS.

Must you have the mis - sus with you Can't you come out on your own,  
 Must you have beef with your mus - tard Can't you sop it up with bread,

Must you al - ways have a keep - er Aint you old e - nough to be a -  
 Aint it just the stuff to warm you Make you sneeze and al - so clear your

lone - head. Why dont you take her out and lose her  
 In that mot - to be o - blig - ing

Why be such a sil - ly elk, If there's a - ny beer wants  
 Have you real - ly no be - lief, Cant you sit and eat the

mop - ping Cant you — mop it up your - self. - self.  
 mus - tard Let me and the child - ren have the beef. beef.

## MUST YOU?

## EXTRA VERSES.

1.

This morning I turned in at three twenty five  
I knocked upon the door and rang the bell,  
But she sleeps so sound and so far above the ground,  
I had to stand out in the street and yell  
Matilda, do come down and let your hubby in,  
I'm freezing and so weak for want of sleep,  
But she only put on airs and said it's too far down the stairs,  
Now please be content in the street.

*Chorus.*

Must you have a bed to sleep in?  
Can't you stand up in the corner for a nap?  
Think of those six day bicycle riders,  
Have to sleep in every other lap.  
Don't you know that sleeping's all a habit?  
I feel it coming on and must turn in,  
Now you stay there until the morning  
And I'll call a cop and run you in.

2.

Well talk of warm, she's very warm indeed,  
For when I went to dress last Sunday morn,  
Vainly I looked round for my trousers, then I found  
As per usual they'd been sent to pawn,  
Because I said it seem'd a trifle hard  
To be obliged to stick in bed all day  
When I might be out with some pals for a walk,  
She only did a grin and then did say.

*Chorus.*

Must you always have your trousers?  
Can't you go without for once?  
Don't you know that poor old Adam  
Never had a pair at all for months.  
Won't they last you all the longer  
While your uncle them has got,  
Make a kilt of my old apron  
And think that you're Sir Walter Scott.

3.

In the summer wife goes to the country,  
Takes the children, the cook and the maid,  
I felt rather glad, but you bet that I was sad  
When I got on to all the plans she'd made,  
She locked each door from parlor to fourth floor  
Closed our little "comfy" folding bed,  
She made the house look just like a beastly morgue  
Then that woman calmly to me said:

*Chorus.*

Must you, dearest, use the kitchen  
Can't you stay out in the yard,  
You can sleep in the dog kennel  
If you find the door-step is too hard  
You can bathe beneath the rain spout  
With the grindstone, you must shave,  
Oh! you'll have a jolly summer  
If you only can behave.

4.

One day I said to myself "I am a guy  
If I stand this treatment any more,  
I'm going to get gay, I'll throw some cash away,  
A blonde and giddy show girl, I'll adore!"  
Took the fairy out to dine at Rectors  
Spent a lot of cash to treat her right,  
She left me in the cold upon the sidewalk  
Shut the cab door and sweetly said "Good Night".

*Chorus.*

"Must you ride in cabs, Oh dear me!  
Can't you go and use the car?  
Don't forget to pay the cabby  
Just to Harlem, that's not far  
How dare you ask me sir to kiss you,  
Well I never! On my life!  
Oh you horrid awful creature,  
Go right home and kiss your wife".

There's no class of Song that touches the heart more than a  
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We offer three of them here.

Each charming in words and melody.

Try them over.

**DOWN IN MOBILE LONG AGO**

Story ballad & Refrain

WORDS BY RICHARD H. GERARD  
 MUSIC BY GEORGE EVANS

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**Guess Little Girlie, Who Loves You.**

Words by MAURICE J. STONEHILL. Music by ERNEST R. BALL.

CHORUS.

Guess lit-tle girl-ie who loves you, Guess lit-tle one who it  
 is. Whose heart be- longs to you dear, Who prays that your  
 heart is his. Guess who it is wants to claim you

And to his fond bo-som press, To his arm near for-ev-er,

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*You're just the same to me*

WORDS BY CHAS. NOEL DOUGLAS  
 MUSIC BY LILLIAN HECKLER

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**Down In Mobile Long Ago.**

Words by RICHARD H. GERARD. Music by GEORGE EVANS.

CHORUS.

Down Mo - bile, Down Mo - bile, I heard the dark - ies sing their sweet re-  
 frain, As with a sigh, I said good - by, To the  
 girl that I would nev - er see a - gain. Down Mo - bile,  
 Down Mo - bile, Once more I hear them sing - ing soft and

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**GUESS LITTLE GIRLIE WHO LOVES YOU**

STORY BALLAD AND REFRAIN

WORDS BY MAURICE J. STONEHILL  
 MUSIC BY ERNEST R. BALL

M. WITMARK & SONS

**You're Just The Same To Me.**

Words by CHARLES NOEL DOUGLAS. Music by LILLIAN HECKLER

CHORUS.

"You're just the same to me as if 'twere yes - ter - day, You  
 have - not changed a bit my love in a ny way, I  
 see your gold - en locks and your dain - ty lit - tle frocks, That you  
 wore when we were chil - dren in the days gone by."

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