

I Don't Want To Get Well



Words by
HARRY PEASE
and
HOWARD JOHNSON

Music by
HARRY JENTES

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Allegro Moderato

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Allegro Moderato'. The music features a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands.

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: "I just re-ceived an an-swer to a let-ter that I wrote, From a I showed this let-ter to a friend who lives next door to me And I". The piano part includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. The lyrics are: "pal who marched a-way, He was wound-ed in the trench-es some-where in heard him quick-ly say, 'Good bye, pal, I must be go-ing, I'm off to". The piano part continues with accompaniment.

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics. The lyrics are: "France and I wor-ried a-bout him night and day, 'Are you get-ting well,' was what I war, and I hope that I'm wound-ed right a-way, If what's in this let-ter here is". The piano part continues with accompaniment.

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the fourth line of lyrics. The lyrics are: "wrote, This is what he ans-tered in his note: true, I'll get shot and then I'll write to you:". The piano part continues with accompaniment.

This Composition may also be had for your Talking Machine or Player Piano

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Also published for
Band 25c
Orchestra 25c
Male Quartette 10c

CHORUS

I don't want to get well, — I don't want to get well, — I'm in love with a beau - ti - ful
 I don't want to get well, — I don't want to get well, — I'm in love with a beau - ti - ful

nurse. — Ear - ly ev - 'ry morn - ing, night and noon, — The cut - est lit - tle
 nurse. — Though the doc - tor's treat - ments show re - sults, — I al - ways get a

girl - ie comes and feeds me with a spoon; I don't want to get well, — I don't want to get well, — I'm
 bad re - lapse each time she feels my pulse; I don't want to get well, — I don't want to get well, — I'm

glad they shot me on the fighting line, fine, The doc - tor says that I'm in bad con -
 glad they shot me on the fighting line, fine, She holds my hand and begs me not to

di - tion, but Oh, Oh, Oh, I've got so much am - bi - tion, I don't want to get well, — I don't
 leave her, Then all at once I get so full of fev - er, I don't want to get well, — I don't

want to get well, — For I'm hav - ing a won - der - ful time. I don't time. —
 want to get well, — For I'm hav - ing a won - der - ful time. I don't time. —



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Goodbye Broadway, Hello France!

CHORUS

Good-bye Broad-way, Hello France, — Who says
ad-vice strong, — Good-bye sweet-heart's kiss and
ad-vice, — It won't take so long,

Goodbye Broadway, Hello France!

When you play and sing this song, you'll know why the regiments on their way to France adopted it as their own. In the language of the boys—"It's got everything." The big hit of the New York Winter Garden and positively the biggest song hit of the year. A wonderful fox-trot or one-step. By Reissner, Davis and Baskette.

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Where Do We Go from Here?

CHORUS

Where do we go from here, — Where do we go from here? —
Give a girl to Kinky Dick and make himself a star, — And
where we are the re-ally w'll shoot them in the rear, —

Where Do We Go From Here?

Another song that our soldier boys are singing everywhere—and most everybody else, too. The Phila. North American says: "The 'Tipperary' of 1917." It started out to be a funny song about "Paddy Mack, who drove a hack"—but Paddy enlisted and his song struck the fancy of the soldiers. When some one says, "Where do we go from here?" you'll get his meaning. By Johnson and Wenrich.

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- Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You. Better than ever.

Mother, Dixie and You

CHORUS

Fields — of not too make mention of snow-white hair, — Mine was
If — these grasses will be mowed a line — to-day, — They would
your dear eyes of blue, — And — have changed to
light our hat — Oh — too — They're — the kind we wish for

As — my life is given for Mother, Dixie and you!
They — would gladly die for Mother, Dixie and you!

Mother, Dixie and You

A song of Dixieland. A beautiful melody wedded to words that are sure to take you back home. And not a sadly, sentimental song, either, but one that has life and spirit. Played quickly, it is an irresistible fox-trot. By Johnson and Santly

There's Something in the Name of Ireland!

CHORUS

For there's something in the name of Ireland, That is different from the
rest, — As a — time you re-remember Ireland, This, you're speaking of the
best, — There's the fairies and the Blarney Stone — a picture with Ed. Lee says, That

There's Something in the Name of Ireland

That the Whole World Seems to Love
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