

DON'T ASK ME NOT TO SING

BY
JEROME KERN
AND
OTTO HARBACH



MAX GORDON PRESENTS
THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE
A MUSICAL LOVE STORY



POOR PIERROT
TRY TO FORGET
ONE MOMENT ALONE
I WATCH THE LOVE PARADE
DON'T ASK ME NOT TO SING
THE NIGHT WAS MADE FOR LOVE

T. B. HARMS
COMPANY
NEW YORK
SOLE SELLING AGENT
HARMS
INCORPORATED

MADE IN
U.S.A.

Don't Ask Me Not To Sing

(Alec and Angie)

Words by
OTTO HARBACH

Music by
JEROME KERN

Quasi marcia misteriosa

Piano

mf

Alec: Why was I born with a song in my heart?
Angie: When day is done and my pray- ers are said

start. *Angie* I some-times work,
bed. *Allee* At ear - ly morn,
more of - ten at dawn of play,—
day—

But what - ev - er I'm doing I'm sure to be brewing A dear lit - tle
While I'm pull - ing my pants on I'm yod - ling a chan - son, Or just vo - cal -

Burthen

dit - ty or love - ly lay. — Don't ask me
iz - ing a round - e - lay. —

not to sing, I've sim - ply got to sing In two- or

p

three-four time al - ways I'm en - ter - tain - ing, *Alee.* In parks on

bench - es there — I sing to wench - es there; And though we

may get wet we du - et while it's rain - ing. *Angie* In my
Alee On my

mp

tub tub I I scrub hike and sing like a lark, — After -
bike bike I I hike and sing like a lark, — After -
mus - ic - al - ize, — In my

mp

noon noon I I croon, re - then sing in the dark, — *Alec* A - sleep I've
planes planes re - frains frains keep rend - ing the skies. — *Angie* Perched on pi -

of - ten often brayed a nos grand a live - ly ser - e - nadie, — There's not a
a - nos grand a sing a sa - ra - band

thing I do I don't do with a song. — Mel - o - dy

TRIO

soft and low, *Mel-o-dy*

loud and strong, *Mel-o-dy*
Mel-o-dy

sends this poor old stum-bling, grouch-y, grum-bling
sends this old pipe or-ganed, Hel-en Mor-ganed

(Falsetto 2nd time)

world a long D.S. al Fine
world a long D.S. al Fine

Fine