

GOBLINS IN THE STEEPLE

Q-377-3763

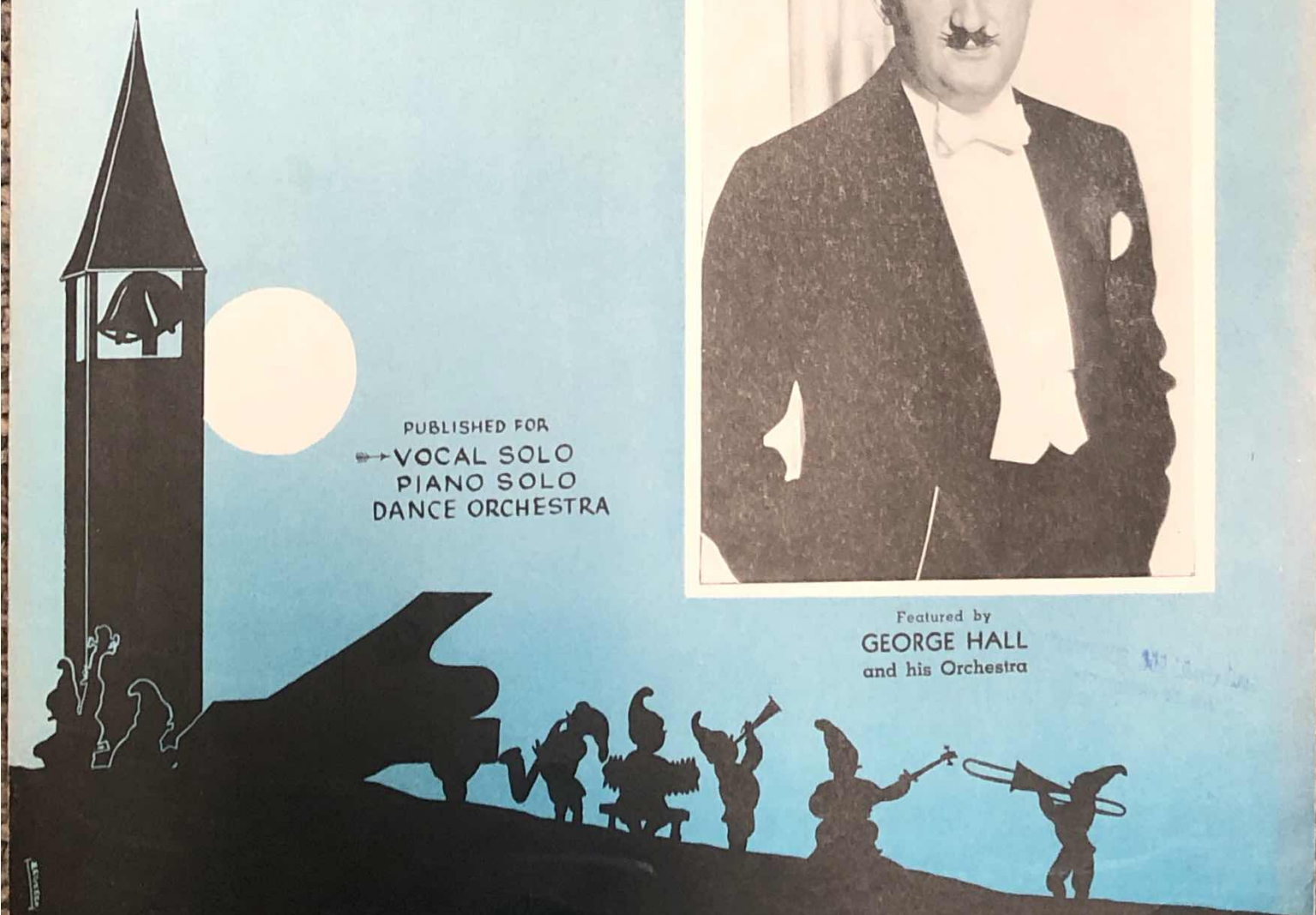
.75

by
ALLAN ROBERTS
& LEON CARR



Featured by
GEORGE HALL
and his Orchestra

PUBLISHED FOR
VOCAL SOLO
PIANO SOLO
DANCE ORCHESTRA



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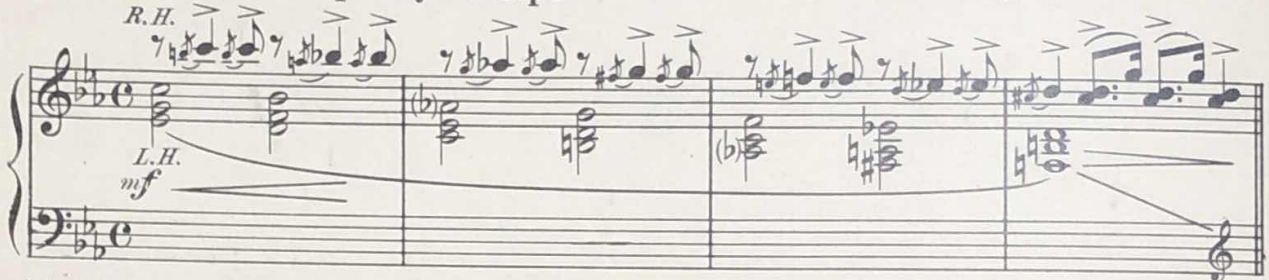
GOBLINS IN THE STEEPLE

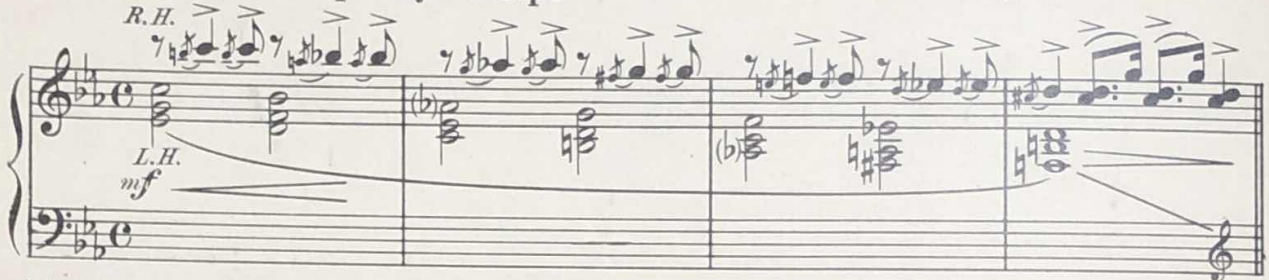
*) Diagrams for Guitar.
Letters above Diagrams for Ukulele and Banjo.

Words by ALLAN ROBERTS
a.s.c.a.p.

Music by LEON CARR

A Medium "Spooky" Tempo

R.H. 

L.H. 

mf







VOICE      

(Sing octave lower)

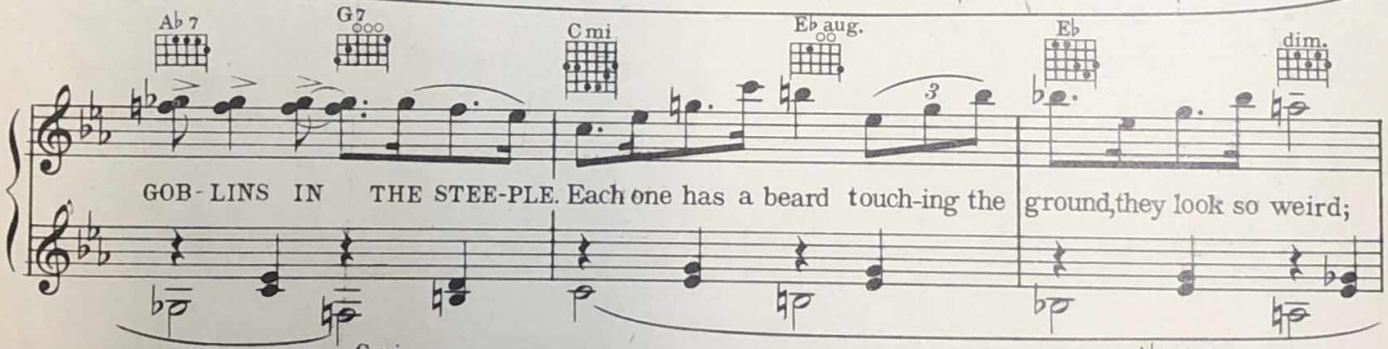
mp

When the witch-es fly and there's no moon up in the sky, Fol-low me and you will see the









GOB-LINS IN THE STEE-PLE. Each one has a beard touch-ing the ground, they look so weird;



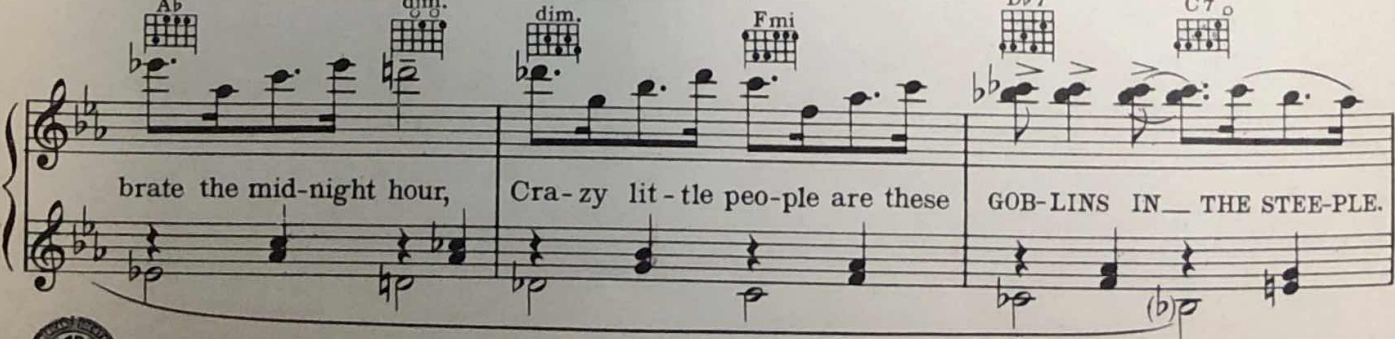
     

Who would reck-on they'd be peck-in' GOB-LINS IN THE STEE-PLE. High up in the tow'r they cel-e-



brate the mid-night hour, Cra-zy lit-tle peo-ple are these GOB-LINS IN THE STEE-PLE.




Cmi

dim.

Ab7

mf Look who's lead - er of the band it's Mis - ter Ghost up - on the stand, He's -

G7

Fmi

Ab7

G7

Cmi

rat - tl - in' his bones. What pe - cu - liar sounds they make and

dim.

Ab7

Cmi

Fmi

Cmi

G7

Cmi

when it's time to take a break, The skel - e - ton man moans.

Cmi

dim.

Ab7

Ev - 'ry - bod - y's rid - in' high they all take off and start to fly, The

G7

Fmi

Ab7

G7

Cmi

morn - ing will soon dawn. All those fun - ny lit - tle peo - ple

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F mi Ab aug. 5 Ab dim. dim. F mi

On the bel-fry bats they love to ride and wave their hats, They've got stat-ic in the at-tic

dim. C mi G7 C mi Eb aug. 5

and they're so er-rat-ic. Don't dare make a sound 'cause if they

Eb dim. dim. C mi

find that we're a-round, They'll get fright-ened and you might-n't

Ab 7 G7 C mi Eb aug.

see the Gob - lin Fol - lies. When the Gob - lin King pulls on the

Eb dim. dim. C mi G7 C mi

bell to make it ring Then the GOB-LINS IN THE STEE-PLE, Start in-to swing.

dim.  Ab7  Cmi  Fmi  Cmi  G7  Cmi 





known as GOB-LINS IN THE STEE-LE, Where 've they all gone.



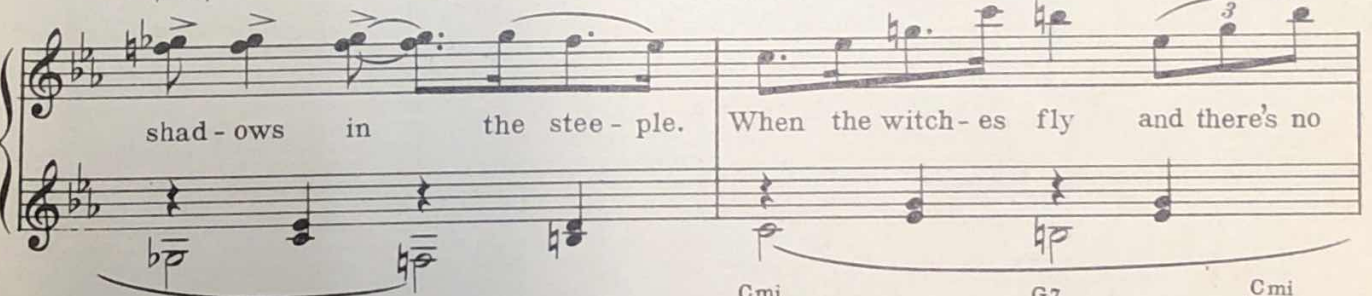
Cmi  Eb aug. 5  Eb  dim.  dim.  Cmi 







Like a phan-tom light fly-ing a - way in-to the night, Leav-ing you and me and on-ly



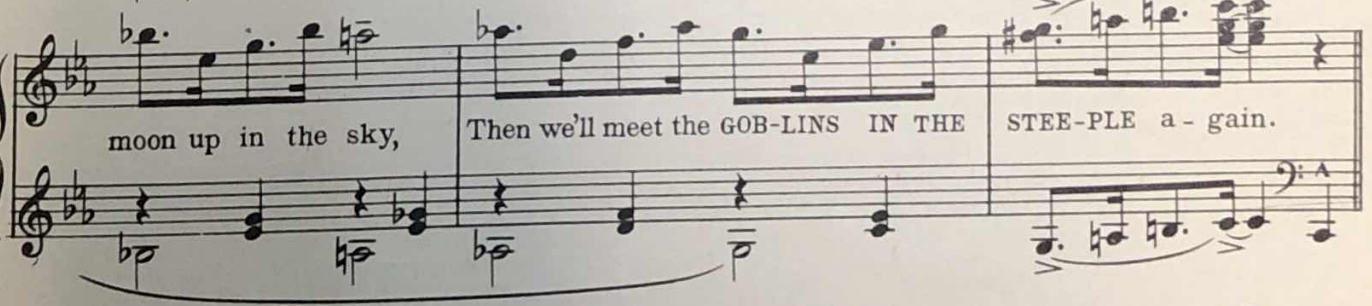
Ab7  G7  Cmi  Eb aug. 5 

shad - ows in the stee - ple. When the witch - es fly and there's no



Eb  dim.  dim.  Cmi  G7  Cmi 

moon up in the sky, Then we'll meet the GOB-LINS IN THE STEE-LE a - gain.



R.H. 

L.H. 

