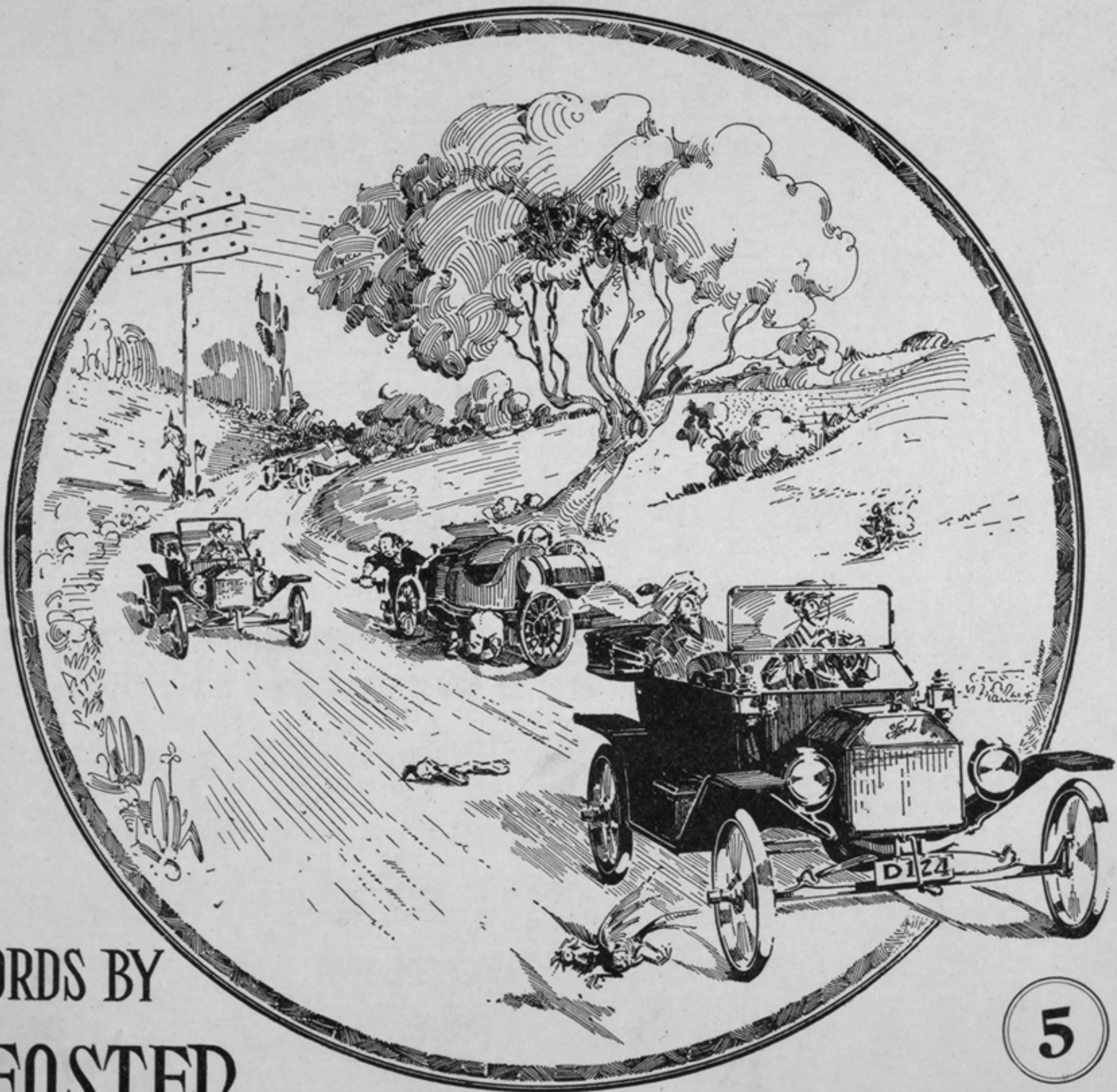


# THE LITTLE FORD RAMBLED RIGHT ALONG

GREATEST COMEDY SONG SENSATION



WORDS BY  
**C. R. FOSTER**  
AND  
**BYRON GAY**

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MUSIC BY

**BYRON GAY**

5

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# **The Little Ford Rambled Right Along.**

## **Fourth Verse**

The street car company was making people stand,  
There was room for a foot and a strap for a hand.  
The poor suburbanites were standing in the street,  
The language they were using wasn't very sweet.  
Along came a Ford with a big white sign  
That a nickel took you out to the end of the line;  
It stole those people as the trolley came along.  
And the little old Ford sang a five cent song.

## **CHORUS.**

And the little old Ford, it rambled right along,  
And the little old Ford, it rambled right along,  
The street car ran with an empty house,  
For everybody rode on the little "road louse,"  
The street car people nearly had a fit,  
But the blamed little Ford, it didn't care a bit,  
When you want to get some graft,  
Just load up your funny craft,  
And the little Ford will ramble right along.

# The Little Ford Rambled Right Along. <sup>3</sup>

Words by  
C.R. Foster & Byron Gay.

Music by  
Byron Gay.

Moderato.

Piano.

Voice.

*Vamp.*

Now Hen-ry Jones and a pret-ty lit-tle queen, Took a  
Now they ran over glass and they ran o-ver nails, And they  
You can smash the top and — smash up the seat, You can

ride one day in his big lim-ous-ine, The car kicked up and the  
ran o-ver pigs and — puppy dogs' tails, They spotted a cop and —  
twist it out of shape 'till — both ends meet; — Smash the body and —

en-gine wouldn't crank, There was - n't an - y gas in the gas - o - line tank, A  
shot out of sight, They ram-bled all day and they ram-bled all night, They smash-  
rip out a gear; — Smash up the front and smash up the rear; —

bout that time a - long came Nord, And he ram-bled right a - long in his  
 ed up fences and tele-graph poles, They bump - ed in - to ditches and  
 Smash up the fender and rip off the tires, Smash up the lamps and

lit - tle old Ford; And he stole that Queen as his engine sang a song, And his  
 deep chuck holes, They bumped in - to a preach-er and the preacher took a ride, And the  
 cut out the wires; Throw in the clutch and then for-get the juice, And the

Chorus.

lit - tle old Ford just ram-bled right a - long. And his lit - tle old Ford it  
 Ford ram-bled on with John-ny and his bride. And the lit - tle old Ford it  
 lit - tle old Ford will go to beat the deuce. And the lit - tle old Ford it

ram-bled right a - long, And the lit - tle old Ford it ram-bled right a - long, The  
 ram-bled right a - long, And the lit - tle old Ford it ram-bled right a - long, He  
 ram-bled right a - long, And the lit - tle old Ford it ram-bled right a - long, Now

gas burn-ed out in the big ma-chine, But the darned lit-tle Ford don't  
 swung a-round the cor-ner and he bumped in-to a mule; And the darned old jack-ass  
 cut that out — you naugh-ty tease, 'Tis a left hand driver and a

need gas-o-line. The big lim-ou-sine had to back down hill, The  
 kicked like a fool; He kicked and he kicked and he kicked the wheels, But he  
 right hand squeeze, Patch it up with a piece of string,

blamed lit-tle Ford is go-ing up still, When she blows out a tire just  
 had to quit kicking to save his heels, When it runs out of dope just  
 Spear-mint gum or an-y old thing, When the power gets sick just

wrap it up with wire, And the lit-tle Ford will ram-ble right a-long. The long. —  
 fill it up with soap, And the lit-tle Ford will ram-ble right a-long. The long. —  
 hit it with a brick, And the lit-tle Ford will ram-ble right a-long. The long. —