

WHO

SAM H. HARRIS *presents*
IRVING BERLIN'S FOURTH ANNUAL
MUSIC BOX REVUE
1925

Words & Music
by
IRVING BERLIN

Tell Her in the Springtime
Listening

In the Shade of a Sheltering
Tree

Where Is My Little Old
New York?

Don't Send Me Back to
Petrograd

Unlucky in Love

The Call of the South

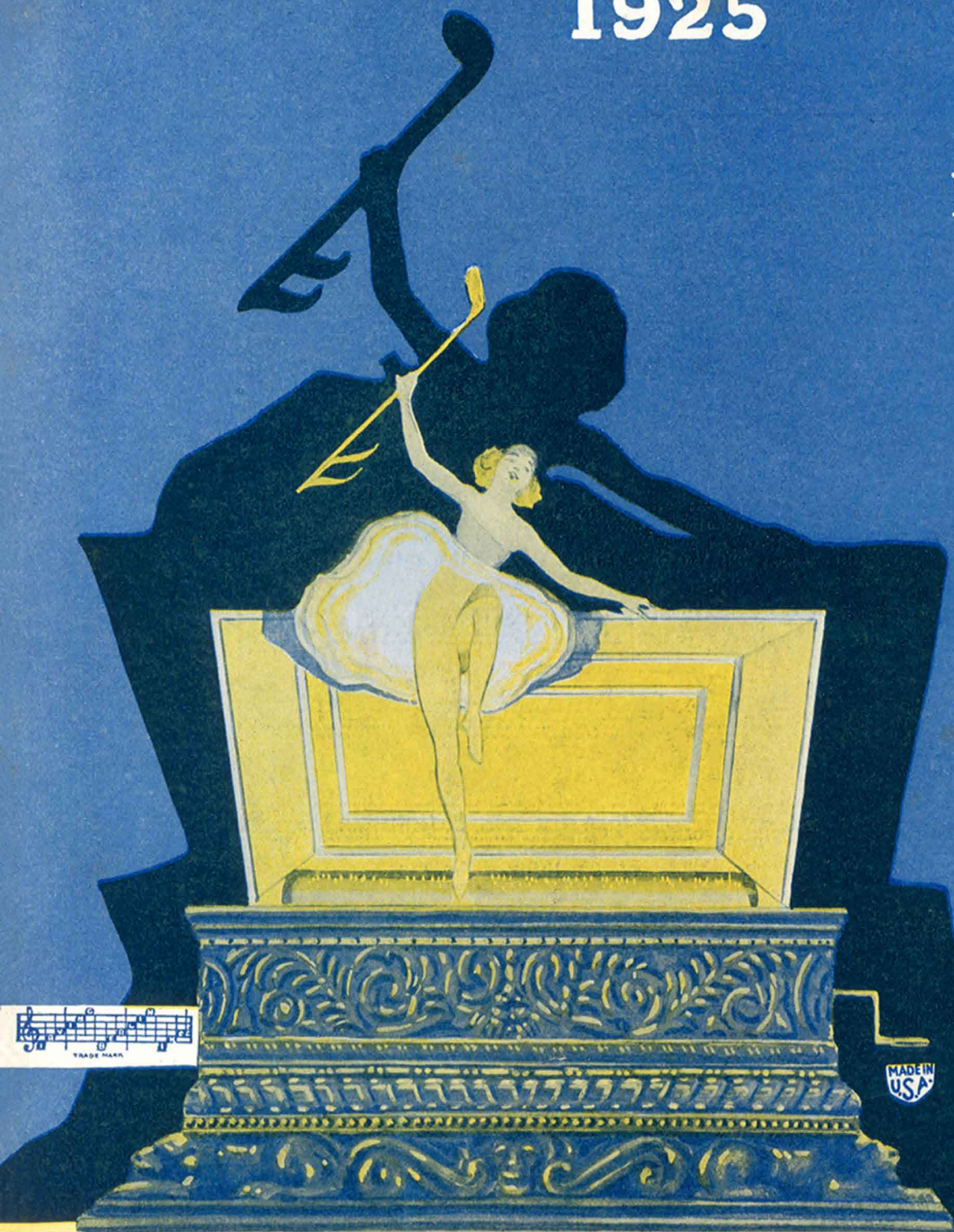
Rockabye Baby

Who

Tokio Blues

Staged by
JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON

Irving Berlin, Inc.
MUSIC PUBLISHERS
1607 Broadway New York



Who

Tune Ukulele

A D F# B

By IRVING BERLIN

Moderato

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system is marked 'Moderato' and 'f' (forte). It features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bass clef part is marked 'f' and features a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody in the treble clef is composed of eighth and quarter notes, while the bass clef part consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

VOICE

The vocal melody is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It begins with a whole note, followed by a half note, and then a quarter note. The lyrics are: "Ev - er since I met you I have - n't been the same, I wrote you a let - ter - You have - n't an - swered yet, -". The melody is accompanied by a piano accompaniment in the bass clef, marked 'p' (piano). The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass clef and a melody in the treble clef.

The piano accompaniment continues with a melody in the treble clef and a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "I don't sleep a wink at night, - Seems you just re - fuse to be -". The piano accompaniment is marked 'p' (piano).

Ukulele arr. by
MAY SINGHI BREEN

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And I've lost my ap - pe - tite, — Seems I can't for - get you,
 Sweethearts like we used to be. — It would be much bet - ter

And you are all to blame. — Don't say "No", — you
 If we had nev - er met, — Then if you'd flirt, it

know it's so, — You can't de - ny it, please don't try it.
 would-n't hurt; — There is no doubt, dear, fig - ure out, dear.

CHORUS

Who gave me that love-sick feel - - ing,

p - f

Who start - ed my sens - es reel - - ing,

Who was it when I was blue gave me a kiss that

grew in - to a red hot fur - nace, The kind that

burns us, and you know Who cud - dled up clos - er

to me, Who made me feel "bride and

groom - y" Who gave me that no-tion

to jump in the o - cean No - bod - y else but

1. you. 2. you.