

COMEDY WAR SONG

MUSIC BY
CHAS. L. LEWIS

"LET ME TEACH YOU HOW TO
PLAY THE GAME OF LOVE" ETC



Words by
WALTER DECKER

"I'M AFRAID"

Music by
CHAS. L. LEWIS

Moderato

p

A wise old guy met a maid-en shy, And deep in love he fell; — To her
Some girls you've met, real an-gel pets, Charming as they can be, — They

Vamp

home he'd go, turn the lights down low, And tales of love would tell. — When he'd
love to tease, and are just at ease With lov-ers two or three. — Oth-ers

try to show how to spoon, you know, In a real-ly pro-per way — The —
like to spoonneath the sil-v'ry moon, And some oth-ers are too gay, — But I'll

poco rall. *rit.*

maid-en shy would sigh and sigh, And this is what she'd say: —
bet a crown in this old town You'll nev-er hear one say: —

poco rall. *rit.*

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SENSATIONAL COMIC WAR PARODY on

I'm Afraid

To be sung to the tune of "I'm Afraid."

VERSE

You've heard folks say, that the U. S. A.
Never would enter war.
And they've said we're scared and not prepared,
You've heard the talk before.
But I'll have you know, Uncle Sam's not slow,
Whenever someone gets too gay,
When he starts to fight, he'll do it right,
So that's just why I say:

Ballad
Beautiful

"Wh
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Go
Away

A TREAT
EVERY N

LATEST
WALTZ
SENSA

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Why
You
Go
ay?"
*
EAT IN
Y NOTE

CHORUS

Not fast *p-f*

I'm a - fraid — to let you put your arms a-round me, I'm a - fraid to do that naugh-ty tan - go

dance, I'm a - fraid — to ev-en let you hug and kiss me, I'm a - fraid to take a ti - ny lit - tle

chance. I'm a - fraid — to let you love me as you'd like to, Now I

know I'm just a sil - ly lit - tle maid, I'd real - ly like to do all the

things you want me to, But hon-ey, hon-est hon-ey, I'm a - fraid. I'm a - fraid.

I'm afraid 2

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CHORUS

I'm afraid since Uncle Sam is in the mixup,
I'm afraid he'll win another victory,
I'm afraid our Yankee boys will make a "cleanup"
And just add another page to history;
I'm afraid the foe will find out very quickly,
That from 18 karat metal we are made,
When Johnnie gets his gun, we will have them on the run,
You bet your life we'll lick 'em, I'm afraid.

EXTRA CHORUS

I'm afraid that since they've "riled" old Uncle Sammy
I'm afraid he'll never know just when he's through,
I'm afraid because I know just what will happen,
There'll be no one left to tell the story to;
I'm afraid since Uncle Sam has lost his temper
He will give someone a licking long delayed,
And since the time has come, he will see that it's well done,
They'll get it good and plenty, I'm afraid.