

SOME LITTLE BUG
IS GOING TO FIND YOU



THE SONG HIT INTRODUCED BY ROY ATWELL IN
FRANZ LEHAR'S OPERETTA

ALONE AT LAST

WORDS BY
BENJ. HAPGOOD BURT
& ROY ATWELL

Meinke

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MUSIC BY
SILVIO HEIN

T. B. HARMS
AND
FRANCIS DAY & HUNTER
NEW YORK

U. A. SCHMITZ,

Some Little Bug Is Going To Find You.

Words by
Benjamin Hapgood Burt.
and Roy Atwell.

(Food Song.)

Music by
Silvio Hein.

Molto Allegro.

Piano.

Moderato.

It is of - ten times a quest - ion in this
The in - vi - ting green cu - cum - ber, gets most

age of in - di - gest - ion, As to what to eat and what to leave a -
ev - 'ry bo - dy's num - ber; And the green corn has a sys - tem of it's

lone; — For each mi - crobe and Ba - cil - lus has a
own. — While the ra - dish and the cab - bage of - ten

diff-'rent way to kill us; And in time they al-ways claim us for their
make un-pleas ant bag-gage, And may in - tro - duce the doc - tor in your

own. ——— There are germs in ev - 'ry kind in a - ny
home. ——— Eat ing lobs - ter, cooked or plain is on - ly

food that you can find, — In the mar - ket or up - on the bill of
flirt - ing with to - maine, — And an oys - ter some - times has a lot to

fare; ——— Drink - ing wa - ter's just as ris - ky as the
say; ——— But the clams we eat in chow - der make the

so-called dead-ly whis-key, And it's of - ten a mis-take to breathe the
an - gels sing the loud - er: For they know that we'll be with them right a -

Refrain.

air.— Some lit-tle Bug is going to find you some - day!— Some lit - tle
way.—

Bug will sneak be-hind you some-day! Then he'll send for his bug friends and all your

earth-ly trou-ble ends. Some lit-tle bug is going to find you some - day.

"Some Little Bug Is Going to Find You Some Day"

I.

In these days of indigestion
It is often times a question
As to what to eat and what to leave alone;
For each microbe and Bacillus
Has a different way to kill us,
And in time they always claim us for their own.
There are germs of every kind
In any food that you can find
In the market or upon the bill of fare.
Drinking water's just as risky
As the so-called deadly whiskey,
And it's often a mistake to breath the air.

*Some little bug is going to find you some day,
Some little bug will creep behind you some day,
Then he'll send for his bug friends
And all your earthly trouble ends;
Some little bug is going to find you some day.*

II.

The inviting green cucumber
Get's most everybody's number,
While the green corn has a system of its own.
Though a radish seems nutritious,
Its behavior is quite vicious,
And a doctor will be coming to your home.
Eating lobster cooked or plain
Is only flirting with ptomaine,
While an oyster sometimes has a lot to say,
But the clams we eat in chowder
Make the angels chant the louder,
For they know that we'll be with them right away.

*Some little bug is going to find you some day,
Some little bug will creep behind you some day,
Then he'll get into your glassard—
If you lose him you're a wizard—
Some little bug is going to find you some day.*

V.

All those crazy foods they mix will float us 'cross the River Styx,
Or they'll start us climbing up the milky way. And the meals we eat in courses
Mean a hearse and two black horses so before a meal some people always pray.
Lucious grapes breed 'pendicitis, and the juice leads to gastritis.
So there's only death to greet us either way; and fried liver's nice but, mind you,
Friends will soon ride slow behind you and the papers then will have nice things to say.

*Some little bug is going to find you some day,
Some little bug will creep behind you some day,
Eat some sauce, they call it chill,
On your breast they'll p'ice a lily;
Some little bug is going to find you some day.*

III.

Take a slice of nice fried onion
And you're fit for Dr. Munyon,
Apple dumplings kill you quicker than a train.
Chew a cheesy midnight "rabbit"
And a grave you'll soon inhabit—
Ah, to eat at all is such a foolish game.
Eating huckleberry pie
Is a pleasing way to die,
While sauerkraut brings on softening of the brain.
When you eat banana fritters
Every undertaker titters,
And the casket-makers nearly go insane.

*Some little bug is going to find you some day,
Some little bug will creep behind you some day,
With a nervous little quiver
He'll give cirrhosis of the liver;
Some little bug is going to find you some day.*

IV.

When cold storage vaults I visit
I can only say what is it
Makes poor mortals fill their systems with such stuff.
Now, for breakfast, prunes are dandy,
If a stomach-pump is handy
And your doctor can be found quite soon enough.
Eat a plate of fine pig-knuckles
And the head-stone-cutter chuckles,
While the grave-digger makes a note upon his cuff.
Eat that lovely red bologna
And you'll wear a wooden kimona.
As your relatives start scrapping 'bout your stuff.

*Some little bug is going to find you some day,
Some little bug will creep behind you some day,
Eating juicy sliced pineapple
Makes the Sexton dust the chapel;
Some little bug is going to find you some day.*

ONE OF THE SENSATIONAL SONG SUCCESSES OF THE
NEW MUSICAL COMEDY

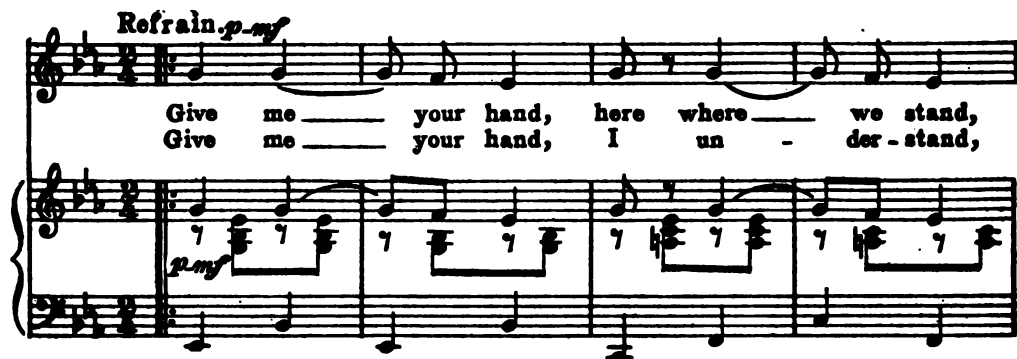
"VERY GOOD EDDIE"

BABES IN THE WOOD

Words by
JEROME KERN
and
SCHUYLER GREENE.

Music by
JEROME KERN.

Refrain. *p-mf*



Give me — your hand, here where — we stand,
Give me — your hand, I un - der - stand,



We're off — to Slum-ber - land, —
We're off — to Slum-ber - land, —



Come, dry — your eyes; I'll sym - pa - thize
With you, — I'll go al - though — we've no

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