

THAT DIFFERENT THAN THE REST—

# TROMBONE SLIDE



Dearie! Hear me  
Oh play that Trombone slide, content  
That's the instrument, makes me feel a mellow cello  
Deed it beats the fellow with that ever loving trombone  
Slide it, glide it, never cease  
Honey then I'll die in peace of that slide  
For ev'ry little movement of its own  
Has a little meaning dearie, all its own  
I'm goin' to glide, glide, I'll ride  
On that trombone slide. heaven!

WORDS BY  
**WILL J. HARRIS**  
MUSIC BY  
**ANNETTE STONE**

WRITERS OF  
"GAMES OF CHILDHOOD DAYS"

THE FAMOUS  
"RING AROUND A ROSIE" SONG

HAROLD ROSSITER  
CHICAGO.



MUSIC COMPANY  
ILL. U.S.A.

008063



# THAT TROMBONE SLIDE

Words by WILL J. HARRIS.

*Writer of the famous*

"RING AROUND-A-ROSIE" SONG  
"GAMES OF CHILDHOOD DAYS" etc.

Music by ANNETTE STONE.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in B-flat major, 2/4 time. The first system shows a piano introduction with a forte (*ff*) dynamic. The second system introduces the vocal melody with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment features a 'VAMP' section with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are as follows:

Last night I had a dream a-bout a  
What's all this talk I hear a-bout pi-  
min - stel band, And those mel - o - dies they played, Put old  
a - no man And those rag-time mel - o - dies He pounds  
Sous - a in, the shade, Oh, that soothing tone of the slide trom-bone,  
on the i - vo - ries, Them pi - a - no tunes are as old as moons,

Was the in - stru - ment that made me moan "Good Lawd - y,"  
You can hear them morn - ing nights and noons. Its scand' - lous,

Ev - 'ry time that fel - low stretch'd that big long slide, He  
When the strains of trom - bone mu - sic fill the air, It

blew the sweetest mu - sic out from way in - side, 'Twas like peaches and cream, and  
turns old win - ter in - to summer ev - 'ry - where, Then I can't hold my feet, I

right in my dream, I could - n't help but scream. —  
cant keep my seat, Those tones are sim - ply sweet —

## CHORUS

Dear - ie, hear me Oh, play that

Trombone Slide, That's the in - strument, makes me feel con - tent,

Deed it beats the fel - low with that ev - er lov - ing mel - low cel - lo,

Slide it, glide it, nev - er cease, Hon - ey, then I'll

die in peace, For ev - 'ry lit - tle move - ment of that

slide trom - bone, Has a lit - tle mean - ing dear - ie,

all it's own, I'm goin' to glide, glide to heav - en I'll ride,

On that Trom - bone Slide! Slide!



# THE \$3000.00 "MOTHER SONG"

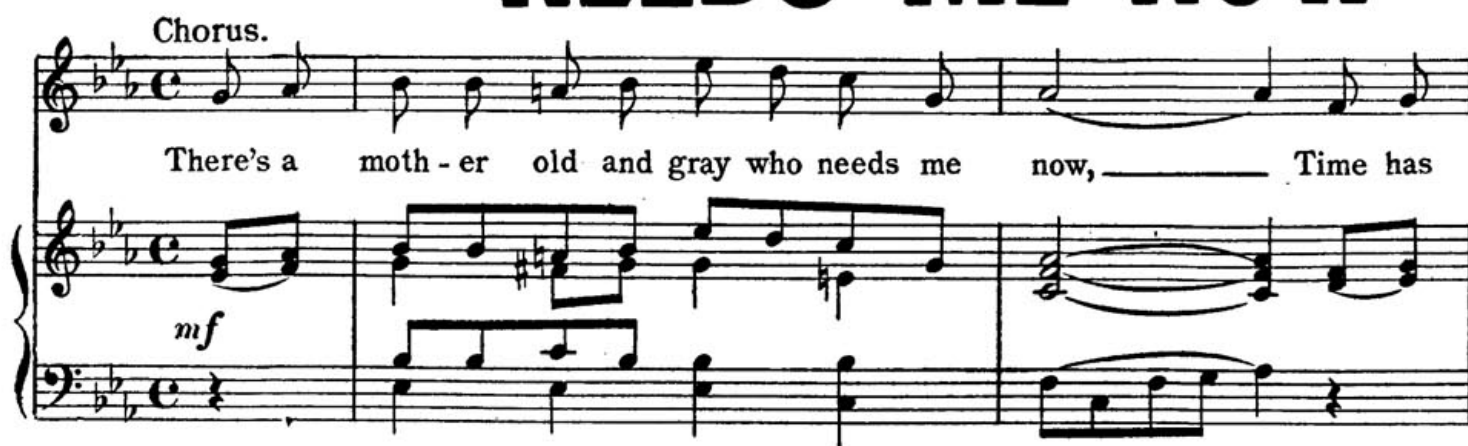
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THE MOST TALKED OF SONG AMERICA HAS SEEN FOR YEARS

ENDORSED BY CLERGY AND LAYMEN ALIKE--SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME


## "THERE'S A MOTHER OLD AND GRAY WHO NEEDS ME NOW"

Chorus.



There's a moth - er old and gray who needs me now, \_\_\_\_\_ Time has

*mf*



brought deep fur - rows to her' once fair brow, \_\_\_\_\_ Though so



fond of you I've grown, yet I can't leave her a - lone, It would

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