

1920

Si At The Fair



Lyric by
CLYDE WILSON &
BARCLAY WALKER

Music by
BARCLAY WALKER

DOAZ JR.

(5)

PUBLISHED BY
BEARDSLEY WOODS CO.
Indianapolis, Ind.

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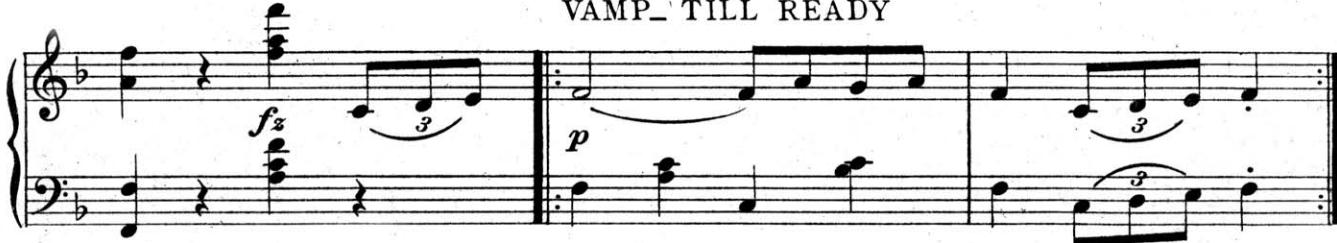
Words by
CLYDE WILSON &
BARCLAY WALKER

Music by
BARCLAY WALKER

Moderato



VAMP_TILL READY



VOICE



1. Well I met Si Plun-kett he was rid-in' a-round In a
2. When'd I come? Monday morn-in'-gon' to skin-out to-marr; Out-o-
3. Yes my hogs an'my cat-tle, both pulled down the prize, But
4. Did you see that la-dy there, look-in' at me? Caught her



bran new Ford at the State Fair Ground; Well, well! says I, how's
pocket two twenty jist for grub so far. Wy, the con-sarned resterrants they
gosh-look at the feed took to git'em that size! Gon' to git a lemonade? Well I
dress on sompin'so it shows her knee. But say I saw a sight jist a



ev - 'ry thing Si? Says he, "Pur - ty good, but aw - ful durn high."
want to git rich On a single cup o' coffee an' a ham san'- wich.
would-n't go there_That's the biggest blame swindle in the whole durn Fair.
lit - tle bit a-go That was worth more to me than the whole durn show:

ten.

How's your wo - man? says I: "Git - tin' sprier an' sprier_ She kin
Now I'm gon'to tell you sompin', but you mustn't never tell Got to
On - ly one piece o'pealin' to a tub full o' juice! An'
They's a girl down there in one o' them tents That

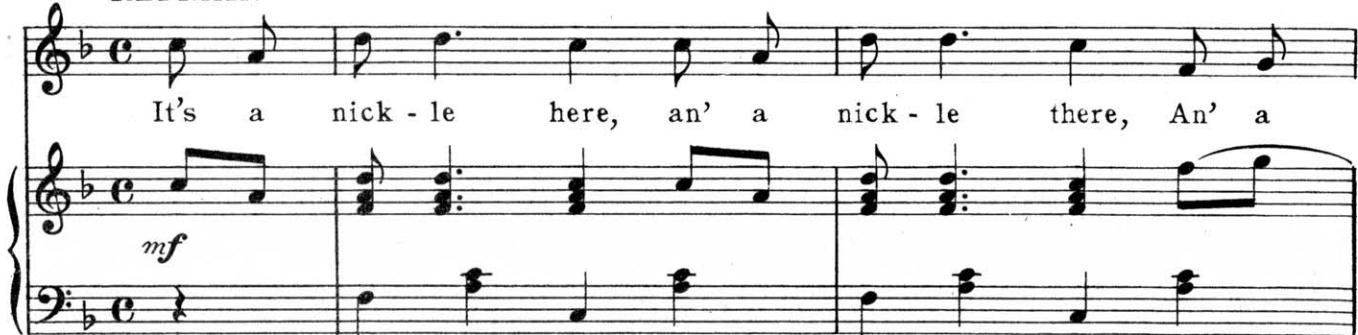
do more work an' an - y han' I kin hire; I'd 'a
guessin' with a fel - ler on a game called "shell"- But my
back it goes in ev - er' glass to ketch an-oth - er goose: Course I
does a funny dance fer fif - teen cents, But you



fetched her a - long fer to take in the Fair, But we
wife's pre - mi - ums what I took on her cakes U'll
laid down a nick - el but he stuck me fer a dime, Then I
bet I seen her fer jist half price Fer



REFRAIN



thing's jist dou ble what it used to be, So I saved money com - in' by my -

self you see. While I love my wife, an' ud like to see her go, Still,

stay - in' home an' sav - in' got the Ford you know. It's a nick-le here, an' a

nick - le there, An' a whole half a dol - lar fer to git in . the Fair!

(Echoes from the Ford Office
of
Wangelin-Sharp Co. 450 Vir. Ave.)

Say--Sharp--how's this--

“DEER GENTS:—

me an' my wife has about
conkluded to re-lese her butter an'
eggs. Talkin' o' gittin' a Oughtow.
Look fer me (ez fer ez I no now) durin'
State Fair Weak.

—*Hiram Meadows.*

Another “close-fisted” one, I'll
gamble,—but our “Personal Service”
landed ***Si Plunkett*** so go to it.

—*Wangelin.*
