

I WANT A DOLL

WORDS BY
ED. MORAN AND
VINCENT BRYAN

MUSIC BY
HARRY VON
TILZER



E. Pfeiffer City



HARRY VON TILZER
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I Want A Doll.

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Music by
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Piano.

Vamp. Voice.

When I was just a lit-tle kid I had a mil-lion toys. But when I saw a
Tho' I was cra-zy o-ver dolls my dear old dad was worse. He'd hang a-round the

doll I just went wild I'd hug and kiss and love it, oh it brought a mil-lion
nurs-er-y with me When I would hug and kiss my doll, my dad would grab my

joys— In kid-die land when I was but a child I heard my moth-er say— That
nurse— And hug and kiss and bounce her on his knee Tho' fa-ther's get-ting gray, —He's

dad-dy was that way— I must have ta ken af-ter-nim, for I'm that way to - day.
just the same to - day— The oth - er night while in his sleep, my moth - er heard him say.

Chorus.

I want a doll — I want a ba-by doll To play with me — To play with me —
 I want a doll — I want a ba-by doll To play with me — To play with me —

Just like the dol - lies they have in the Fol - lies, That roll their eyes, and show sur-prise and that is-n't
 I could ad-mire — some ba-by vam-pire, — Who'd wink her lamp and be my vamp and that is-n't

all, I want a doll — I want a ba-by doll — Won't some doll hear my call? — Some coy,
 all, I want a doll — I want a ba-by doll — Some doll to make me fall? — Some coy,

sweet toy that wants the love that's due her oh boy, oh joy, Won't some one lead me to her? One not too green —
 sweet joy that has a love-ly fig-ure oh boy, oh joy, I'm full of wimandwi-gor One not too bold —

— You know what I mean — I want a great big bean-ti-ful doll. — I want a doll. —
 — And still not too cold — I want a great big bean-ti-ful doll. — I want a doll. —



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BALLADS

THE LITTLE GOOD FOR NOTHING IS GOOD FOR SOMETHING AFTER ALL
WHEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT ON BROADWAY IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO THE U. S. A.,
AND THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND
BUY A LIBERTY BOND FOR THE BABY
I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'M GOING, BUT I'M ON MY WAY
JUST AS YOUR MOTHER WAS
GIVE ME THE RIGHT TO LOVE YOU
LOVE WILL FIND THE WAY
SOMETIME
YUKALOO
THERE'S SOMEONE MORE LONESOME THAN YOU
ON THE SOUTH SEA ISLE
YOU'LL ALWAYS BE THE SAME SWEET GIRL
THOUGH I HAD A BIT O' THE DIVIL IN ME
(SHE HAD THE WAYS OF AN ANGEL)
DEAR OLD FASHIONED IRISH SONGS
IN DREAMY SPAIN
MY BEAUTIFUL CHATEAU OF LOVE
LAST NIGHT WAS THE END OF THE WORLD
YO SAN

NOVELTY SONGS

IN THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE
BRING BACK, BRING BACK, BRING BACK THE KAISER TO ME
AND THEN SHE'D KNIT, KNIT, KNIT
HE'S DOING HIS BIT FOR THE GIRLS
SOME LITTLE SQUIRREL IS GOING TO GET SOME LITTLE NUT
LISTEN TO THE KNOCKING AT THE KNITTING CLUB
CLOSE YOUR EYES NOW, SLEEPY MOON
IF SAMMY SIMPSON SHOOTS THE CHUTES,
WHY SHOULDN'T HE SHOOT THE SHOTS
WONDERFUL GIRL, GOOD NIGHT
HELP! HELP! I'M SINKING IN A BEAUTIFUL OCEAN OF LOVE
STRIKE UP THE BAND, HERE COMES A SAILOR
THERE'S A MILLION REASONS WHY I SHOULDN'T KISS YOU
SAYS I TO MYSELF, SAYS I
JUST THE KIND OF A GIRL YOU'D LOVE TO MAKE YOUR WIFE
SOMEWHERE IN DIXIE
I'M A TWELVE O'CLOCK FELLOW IN A NINE O'CLOCK TOWN
THERE'S A LITTLE BIT OF SCOTCH IN MARY
DON'T SLAM THAT DOOR
ON THE HOKO MOKO ISLE
WITH HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS AND HIS POCKETS IN HIS PANTS
SOMETIMES YOU GET A GOOD ONE AND SOMETIMES YOU DON'T
WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN
CLOSE TO MY HEART
THEY ALL HAD A FINGER IN THE PIE
ROW, ROW, ROW
ALL ALONE
BATTER UP (UNCLE SAM IS AT THE PLATE)

NOVELTY KID SONGS

CROSS MY HEART AND HOPE TO DIE
CONSTANTINOPLE
ALL ABOARD FOR BLANKET BAY
THEY ALWAYS PICK ON ME

INSTRUMENTAL NUMBERS

THE OLD TOWN PUMP
STOLEN SWEETS

The Pickaninnies Paradise.

Words by
SAM EHRlich

Music by
NAT OSBORNE

Chorus.

You lay your black kinky head in a bed on a pillow of white
When you sleep tight
the an-gel-wa-ter you ev-ry night The griddle cakes pop from the ground With-out mo-lass-es all a-round
Old Pa-by-doe is playing tunes up-on his old ban-jo The streets are all paved with gold I am

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all I want a doll I want a ba-by doll Won't some doll hear my call? Some cog,
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