The Indians Along Broadway.

Words and Music by
BENJAMIN H. BURT.

Piano

I was quite a little chap I thought I'd never rest; Think of all the different Indians that ever gave a yell; Think of the wisest little Indian I think I ever saw; Think of me went into a restaurant to get a bite to eat; Think of me

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that! Think o' that! Till I was big enough to fight the
that! Think o' that! It takes the College Indian to
that! Think o' that! Was a maiden who was posing as a
that! Think o' that! I was just as welcome in there as I

Injuns in the West; Think o' that! Think o'
really ring the bell; Think o' that! Think o'
man-eating squaw; Think o' that! Think o'
was out in the street; Think o' that! Think o'

that! But now it's very different, I have
that! They have a tribe at Harvard and an-
that! I simply took her out to dine and
that! I ate a chicken sandwich but when
no desire to roam, I'm satisfied to let the Western
other one at Yale, I don't know when they stud- y for they're
though my mem'ry fails, There is'nt any need that I should
I went up to pay, The bill was seven dol- lars; it was

Indians alone, For it keeps me good and bus- y dodg- ing
al- ways on the trail; In- stead of going to col- lege why they
go in- to de- tails; But she could trim a pock- et book as
too much, I should say. The wait- er said he knew it but he

Indians at home: Think o' that! Think o' that!
ought to go to jail. Think o' that! Think o' that!
well as fing- er- nails. Think o' that! Think o' that!
need- ed it to- day Think o' that! Think o' that!

marcato
Chorus.

Talk about the wild West, talk about the plains,

talk about the wild and wooly hold-up games; They

never were a mark'er to the Indians today That are

tomahawking people up and down Broadway.