Swing Me Higher, Obadiah!

Words by ALF. E. RICK.

Music by MAURICE SCOTT

Moderato

1. When young Obadiah was twenty-one, He
2. Obadiah had little time to spoon, For
3. But young Obadiah got his reward, In

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fell in love as most young fellows do;
should he dare to stop the swing, she'd sigh;
church one morning they stood side by side;

Reg'lar every Thursday afternoon, had
"Keep the pot a-boiling, there's a dear!" and
At the wedding breakfast later on, some-
call upon his sweetheart, Lucy Loo.
Once more Lucy's toot-sies flew on high,
Body missed the bridegroom and, the bride.
In the garden he would find her, Seat-ed on a quaint old
All the young men round about there, On the garden walls would
All the party went to find them, In the garden by and

swing; With true love's de-votion, He'd set the swing in mo-tion,
climb; And with eag-er fac-es, They'd glance at frills an la-ces,
by; But soon they stop'd seek-ing, The dear old swing was creak-ing,

And his Lu-cy dear, would sing;
As she war-bled all the time;
And they heard the sweet bride sigh:

F.D.&H. 256
Chorus, Tempo di Valse.

Swing me just a little bit higher, Obadiah,

dol! Swing me just a little bit higher, and I'll love you;

Tie me on and I'll never fall,

Swing me over the garden wall, Just a little bit higher,

Obadiah, dol!...

F.D.H. 256