The Boogie Boo.

Lyric by
A. SEYMOUR BROWN.

Music by
NAT. D. AYER.

Moderato misterioso.

Till ready

When I was but a little child, They told me of a
When night comes, all is still, There's darkness through the

man, Who stole bad boys, And he stole bad girls And put them in his moving van,
house 'Tis then the Boogie-boo steals a boat As quiet as a little mouse.
Oo! Oo! Oo! His face was quite a sight to see. His eyes were where his ears should be. His skin was black, Oh, an awful sight! And child that should have been in bed, He has a sand bag in his hand And he would steal a round at night,

Oo! Oo! Oo! hits you right up on the head. Oo! Oo! Oo!

**REFRAIN.**

Oo Oo Oo Oo Oo the Boo-o-o-gie Boo! His face is just as black

M. W. & Sons S871-3
as your shoe,  He has a pot from which black smoke curls,

In it he boils bad boys and girls!  He'll carry you off to an awful place,

He'll steal the nose... right off your face;  If you're good he never

troubles you. But if you're bad, look out for the Boo-oogie boo!  Boo-oogie boo!

D.S.