Poor old Dad's in New York for the Summer

Words by
HARRY WILLIAMS

Music by
EGBERT VAN ALSTYNE

Valse tempo

Down at the sta-tion each day you will see,
May-be, says Dad-dy, I'll go to a show,

Lug-gage and child-ren ga-lore.
But I can't go all a-lone.

Fa-ther and moth-er, Ba-
I think I'll call up "Some-

bette and Ma-rie,
I know,

Start-ing for moun-tain or shore;
Yes, I can get her by 'phone.

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Dad-dy says: "Dear-ie, I wish I could go, But you know
Hel-lo, Vir-gin-ial My dear is that you? I know a
bus-ness has grown.
show and it's great;
Whis-tles and bells, and
Cool as can be, a
man-y fare-wells, Then he's on the plat-form a-lone.
roof, don't you see, I'll be up this Even-ing at eight.

CHORUS

Poor old Dad's in New York for the Sum-mer; He's a mar-tyr, you all will a-

Poor Old Dad, 3.
greet. He can't get away, for even a day, To the mountains or
down to the sea. Oh, oh, oh, how he misses dear mother, A-
way in that beautiful clime. While he has to work like a poor ribbon
While she's out of reach he is out with a
clerk. In the good old Sum-mer-time. Poor old
peach, In the good old Sum-mer-time.