Out With The Owl.

Lyric by
OTTO HAUERBACH.

Music by
KARL HOSCHNA.

I've been out with my
The Owl has hab-its I

friend the Owl, The Owl, that hap-py-gre-
luck-y old fowl. He's a
ought to hate, To hate. Yes, hab-its of stay-ing out late. He

hab-it of stick-ing quite close to me, And fill-ing me full of
never has learned to tell the time He can not hear the

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glad-ness and glee. A thing that is eas-y to see. Yes, a
time clock-chime And at four G M he's in his prime. So we

head, next day, Is the price you pay For a prowl with the mid-night owl._
just sit-tight While the wheels of night Go a-round and a-round and a-round._

REFRAIN.

Oh, I've been out with the owl, I've been out with the

owl, The ru-ler of the realm of night, Who sleeps all day and
wakes by night. I've been out with the Owl. On a regular midnight

prowl. And the only sound we hated to hear was the

rooster's: "Cock-a-doodle," clear! 'Twas a beauty! Was the toot. I

got to the tune of the hoot, the hoot, The hoot of the midnight Owl.