The Gaby Glide.

Words by
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Music by
LOUIS A. HIRSCH.

Moderato.

Ev-ry-body's raving 'bout the real Frenchy Two Step,
We are going crazy 'bout this new dance bewitching.

Ev-ry-body wants to do this smart fancy new step,
We can't stop our feet at all they feel such an itching,

Par-is on a tear, Well, I do de-clare it is class-y.
float-ing here and there, Not a sin-gle care comes a steal-ing.

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Gab - y brought the dance and it's got us all a go - ing,
Talk a - bout your oth - er rags, why they are n't in it,

since she came no oth - er twirl has had an - y show - ing,
You feel all the joys of life in one sin - gle min - ute,

It's a mu - sic treat, for your danc - ing feet, It is flash - y but
For you trav - el so, with a lot of go, Can you stop? I guess

neat.
Just a twist and a bend, that you hope will not end.
"No"
It's a big joyful dip, It's a heav - en - ly trip.

The Gaby Glide
CHORUS

Oh! Oh! that Gab.y, Gab.y Glide;
It's just a
real Par.is.ian slide.
France a-long as though you were up.
on the bou-le-vard, Dance it here and dance it there and keep on dance-ing hard.

Start in to the side, do the Par.is. ride, swing up near then wide.

The Gaby Glide 4
Oh! Oh! that Gab-y, Gab-y Glide,
Don't lag or

let your feel-ings hide,
Do the side step, trip and then go

back the oth-er way,
Do the for-ward dip, and see how you be-gin to sway,
Oh! Oh! that

Gab-y, Gab-y Glide.
Glide.