THE GHOST OF THE VIOLIN

Words by
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Music by
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In a quaint old antique store,
Pretty soon the tale went round
That a weird old ghost was found,
For a thousand years or more,

Laid a dusty violin;
With a moaning, with a groaning violin;

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Suddenly a ghost appeared,
Played upon it wild and weird!
Every night when twelve would chime,
People made it meeting time,

And the ghost, and the ghost,
Owned a violin. He
And they'd creep, from their sleep,
To the violin. They'd

Made his violin moan,
In a weepy, creep-y, tone.
Whisper soft and low,
As the ghost would wield his bow.

CHORUS

The ghost of the violin,
The ghost, the ghost

The Ghost of the Violin 4
ghost played the violin,
the ghost the ghost

His boney fingers are shivering, Each moan just

goes me a-quivering! Don't! don't! don't! don't!

make a sound, or He'll know we're around, His eyes

His eyes his
Have a mournful glare, His cries

haunt me everywhere; He's here, he's

cries.

there! Beware, take care! Keep away, from the ghost of the violin.

1

2

The Ghost of the Violin 4