Plunk! Plunk! Plunk!
On Your Little Guitar

Words by
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Music by
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Allegro Moderato

There's a man I know, came from Mex-i-co,
Joe was feeling bad, he was very sad,

Not so long ago,- They call him Joe,
He was very mad; it seems her dad

Had heard of Joey's guitar.

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Played it for the patrons of the Silver-Moon bar; In the little room
He came in one night and wrecked the Silver-Moon bar; And from day to day,
of the Silver Moon, Mid the dust and gloom, He'd make it croon,
Joe would moan away, But he wouldn't play, He'd only say.
Tunes like no one ever had heard before.
"I can't play till honey comes back to me!"

One night came a senorita, fair to see,
One night came the senorita, once again.
Seems Joe couldn't take his eyes away
She said, "I am never goin' away"

And she seemed to fill his soul with melody,
My heart's in the middle of your old guitar,

When Joe heard her say,
So start in to play?

CHORUS (slower)
Plunk, plunk, plunk on your little guitar, On your little guitar, On your

Plunk, Plunk, Plunk on your, etc. -4
lit-tle gui-tar. I have to sway when you play that swing, So

keep on plunk-in' on your old E string. I just can't wait till you're

read-y to start. When you're plunk-in' the strings, How you tick-le my heart. So

plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk on your lit-tle gui-tar.