Row, Row, Row.

Words by
William Jerome.

Music by
Jimmie V. Monaco.

All° Moderato.

Piano.

Young John-nie Jones he had a cute lit-tle boat,
Right in his boat he had a cute lit-tle seat,
And all the girl-ies he would take for a float,
And ev-ery kiss he stole from Flo was so sweet.

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4 to reproduce Mechanically.
He had girl-ies on the shore,
And he knew just how to row,

Sweet lit-tle peaches by the score,
But John-nie he was a row-ing Ro-me-o,

Was a Weisenheim-er you know,
His steady Is-land where the trees were so grand,

Girl was Flo, where to land,
And ev'-ry Sun-day then tales of love he'd

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afternoon, Shed jump in his boat and they would spoon.
tell to Flo, Until it was time for them to go.

Chorus.
And then he'd row, row, row, Way up the River he would
row, row, row, A hug he'd give her, Then he'd kiss her now and
then, She would tell him when, He'd fool a-round and fool a-round and

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then they'd kiss again, and then he'd row, row, row a little

furth'er he would row, oh, oh, oh, oh, J. Then he'd 2. With her

drop both his ears, head on his breast. Take a few more encores and then he'd

row, row, row. And then he'd row.

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