"On The Old Front Porch."

Words by BOBBY HEATH.  
Music by ARTHUR LANGE.

Moderato.

There's a fellow following me, I'm as  
just pick out any old night, But be

ner-vous as can be, He might follow me, Till th' day is  
sure the moon is not bright, 'Cause it must be dark, And she can

Copyright 1912 by Joe Morris Music Co., 145 W. 45th Street New York City.  
The Publishers reserve the right to the use of this Music or Melody for Mechanical Instruments  
International Copyright Secured. All rights reserved. Albert & Sons, Australian Agents Sidney
through, I wonder what he would do,
be, sitting right on your knee,
if I stopped and said, so that you can do.

"How do you do?" like other girls do, why he might die with delight, he'd want to
lots of nice things that none can see, so if her dreadful old Pa, would come
call and love me at night, in the parlor, no, in the
down to give you a jar, you must understand if it's

hammock, no, well I think I know just where we'd go:
dark that's grand, cause the kick he aims will never land:

On The Old Front Porch 4
Out on the old front porch, Move o-ver Charlie, On the old front porch,

now stop, I was on-ly try-ing to steal a lit-tle kiss, Well

kis-ses do in-vite me dear, But Gee, you tried to bite me, On the

old front porch, now don't get an-gry On the old front proch,

On The Old Front Porch 4
Please don't, Everything is lovely and you're cuddled up so dear, When suddenly a voice you know rings
out so loud and clear, Will that young man go home tonight or have his breakfast here? On the old front porch, Oh Charlie, on the old front porch.

On The Old Front Porch 4