Who Paid The Rent For Mrs. Rip Van Winkle?

Words by
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Music by
FRED. FISCHER

Respectfully Dedicated to our pal Ed. Morton

Allegretto

man-y years a-go, I would like to know,
Lived the wife of happy Rip Van Winkle,

One day, she drove poor Rip away,
when the lights were low;

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As the little stars began to twinkle.
Did they ever linger by the fountain?

All that he had, he had under his hat,
Twent-y odd years is a mighty long time,
And she was glad to see him go,
So, over the hills he went,

So, home and weep,
Left her without a cent,
One thing I'm anxious to know.
If he slept twenty years, He must have walked in his sleep.

THE LATEST PARISIAN ONE-STEP
"A ZUT ALORS" (As You Please)
Makes One-Stepping A Pleasure
CHORUS

"Who paid the rent for Miss- us Rip Van Wink- le, when

Rip Van Wink- le went a- way? And while he

slept for twen - ty years, Who was it

kissed a- way her tears? She had no

THE NEWEST DANCING SENSATION
THE "URIEL" MAXIXE
(La Mattchiche Brésilienne)
friends in the place, had no one to embrace, but the
landlord always left there with a smile on his face.

Who paid the rent for Missus Rip Van Winkle, when
Rip Van Winkle went away?

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