Words by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Allegro moderato.

Music by
SILVIO HEIN.

Toddlle All Over Town.

They tell me there are people who think night was made for sleep; That
mid-night sun is shin-ing in ca-fes and cab-a-rets; The

lighly and brilliant. (sempre staccato.)

strikes me as a dumb thing, They must be ill or some-thing. The
clock is strik-ing jag-time; The bands are play-ing Rag-time. A

noo rubato.

only pos si ble ex-cuse for sleep-ing is it's cheap; And
mil-lion corks are pop-ping and a mil-lion lights a-blaze; Why

a tempo.

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wasting all that time, Is nothing but a crime. should folks go to bed? They might as well be dead.

Chorus.

Come old pals, we'll Tod-dle all o-ver town, Tod-dle all o-ver town

follow a-long, and we'll make a night of it. Like good sports we'll
do all the sights up brown, We are the bee's and the girls are the clo-ver

5102-3 Toddle All Over Town.
There is no harm in looking them over, If we find our sorrows we cannot drown, Then we will push them down.

If you are broke, be happy in spite of it, Get in line for this is the life for all good fellows, So come, old pals, we'll

Toddle all over town. Toddle all over town.