You Can Stay But That Dog-gone Fiddle Must Go

Words by BILLY FRISCH

Music by BILLY BASKETTE

Moderato

Piano

Voice

Jerry Quinn had a violin, Every night he'd call upon his sweetheart;

Jerry's been learning violin, Ever since old Hiram can remember;

Hiram Squirrel, father of the girl, Liked him but he didn't like his fiddle-in';

He can't play, any more today, Than he could when first he started fiddle-in';

One night Jerry started in to play, And I heard Hiram say:

One night just before he went to bed, Here's what Hiram said:

Chorus

"You can stay but that dog-gone fiddle must go, Cause it's got me nearly dippy,

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Some fine day you will find your fiddle and bow; Floating down the Mississippi. You keep every body awake, You taught our daughter's shoulders to shake; I told her not to let you in.

If you brought that violin. To tell the truth, you're a gold-darn mystery to me. Every time you start to fiddle, Nell won't tell why she likes your harmony. What can it be? You play in such outlandish keys, You've even got a shakin' in the knees, And when you play that William Tell, The neighbors all say that it sounds like well.

You can stay, but that dog-gone fiddle must go!