Oh! Oh! Miss Phoebe.

Words by ANDREW B. STERLING.  
Music by HARRY VON TILZER.

Tempo di Schottische.

PIANO

VOICE.

1. I love a little yellow gal,
Big brown eyes.
She's gwine to be my steady pal,
She's a prize;
Stay

2. I'm going back to Tennessee,
Some fine day,
I'm gwine to bring my gal with me
Down where the yellow corn is gently swaying,

45 West 28th St.
New York.  
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53 Dearborn St.
Chicago Ills.
A black carnation, tho' low her station,
We'll go astraying, with banjos playing,

She's just the sweetest flow'r in all creation
There ain't no place like Dixie land they're saying

Translated from a garden far away
Wide world everywhere

When moonbeams shine,
And soft and low,

With love divine,
Like long ago,

Then these words to her I say:
I will whisper to her there:

Oh! Oh! Miss Phoebe.
CHORUS.

Oh, oh, Miss Phoebe, don't ever leave me. Tell me you'll make me a happy gal, and true to me you'll ever ever ever be. And oo, oo, say you'll be true, I love you, deed I do; just believe me, don't deceive me, Phoebe. be. 

Oh! Oh! Miss Phoebe.