

SM 3032

# Toddle All Over Town.

Words by  
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by  
SILVIO HEIN.

Allegro moderato.

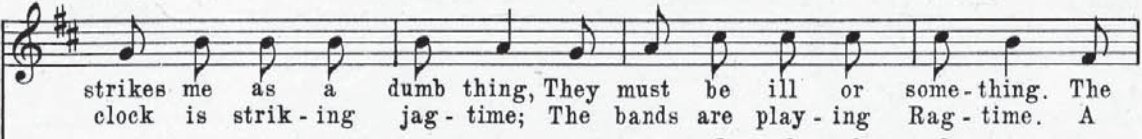
VOICE. 

Piano. 



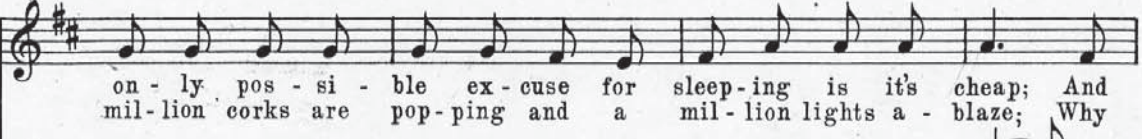
tell me there are peo - ple who think night was made for sleep; That  
mid-night sun is shin - ing in ca - fes and cab - a - rets; The

*lightly 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

*poco rubato.*



on - ly 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.*



wast - ing all that time, Is no - thing 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

fol - low 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



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There is no harm in look-ing them o - ver, If we find our

sor - rows we can - not drown, Then we will push them down.

If you are broke, be hap - py in spite of it, Get in line for

this is the life for all good fel - lows, So come, old pals, we'll

1 Tod - dle all o - ver town. 2 Tod - dle all o - ver town.

5162-3 Toddle All Over Town.