

SM 3142

2  
"The Melting of Molly"

## Grandma, dear Grandma

Words by  
JACK HAZZARD

Music by  
BURTON GREEN

Moderato

*mp*

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked Moderato and mezzo-piano (mp). It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, both in G major.

A - deb - u - tante of eigh - teen stood be - side her Grand - ma dear, The  
Her Grand - ma shook her yel - low curls, too blonde by man - y shades, Her

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in G major with lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line and chords in the right hand.

tears were gent - ly stream - ing down her face. \_\_\_\_\_ She was  
pen - ciled eyes she cast a - bout the place. \_\_\_\_\_ She

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes some sustained chords in the right hand.

3508-4

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plead-ing with her Grand ma, as a girl of eigh-teen pleads, That  
dug down in the van-i-ty to find her pow-der puff, And

both of them should leave that aw-ful place. She  
plas-tered more up-on her dear old face. She

took her dear old Grand-ma's hand, Her tear dimmed eyes she raised, Sweet,  
shook her near-ly knee-length skirt And snapped her fin-gers so, Her

sad brown eyes, now swol-len up and red, She  
sweet old voice let out a gen-tle "whee," Her

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tried to draw dear Grand-ma's poor old car-cass t'ward the door, And  
tired - lit - tle Grand-child sobbed a - gain in ac - cents wild, But

with her voice a - fal - ter - ing she said: \_\_\_\_\_  
Grand-ma nev - er lis - tened to her plea. \_\_\_\_\_

*rit*

CHORUS  
Valse Moderato

Grand-ma, dear Grand-ma, come home with me now, The clock in the  
Grand-ma, dear Grand-ma, come home with me now, The rouge on your

*mf*

stee-ple strikes four, \_\_\_\_\_ The or - ches-tra's pack-ing their in - stru-ments  
cheek's fad-ing out, \_\_\_\_\_ The wait-ers are yawn-ing, the scotch is all



up, They say they can't play an-y more. — Grand-child, dear  
gone, And it's time to be leav-ing, no doubt. — Grand-child, dear

Grand-child, Just one one-step more, Or a Tan-go, a Paul Jones, a  
Grand-child, I'm just wak-ing up, So fetch me some sea-go-ing

Waltz, ——— It's the shank of the ev-'ning, I'm just wak-ing  
hacks, ——— Your Grand-ma is hun-gry and thirs-ty as

up, And quit-ting is not one of my faults. ———  
well, So we'll drop in for break-fast at Jack's. ———