

SM 3822

# Hello Central, Give Me No Man's Land.

Words by  
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& JOE YOUNG

Music by  
JEAN SCHWARTZ

Moderato.

*f* *subito*

Voice.

When the gray shadows creep, And the world is a -  
Through the cur-tains of night, Comes a beau-ti - ful

*Till ready*

*p*

sleep, In the still of the night, Ba - by creeps down a flight.  
light, And the sun-shine that beams, Finds a ba - by in dreams.

— First she looks all a - round, With-out making a sound; Then ba - by  
— Mam-ma looks in to see, Where her dar-ling can be; She finds her

*p* *crescendo.*

tod - dles up to the tel - e- phone, And whis - pers in a ba - by tone:  
ba - by still in her slumb - er deep, A - whis - pring while she's fast a - sleep:

*p* *rall.*

Refrain.

*Slowly, with much expression.*

"Hel - lo Cen - tral give me No Man's Land, My dad - dy's there,

*p legato*

my mam - ma told me; She tip - toed off to bed, Aft - er my

*poco-accel - - e - cres - cen - do*

pray's were said, Don't ring when you get my num - ber, Or you'll dis - turb mamma's slumb - er. I'm a - fraid to

*f a tempo* *p* *pp* *poco rit.* *p a tempo*

stand here at the 'phone, 'Cause I'm a - lone, So won't you hur -

ry; I want to know why mamma starts to weep, When I say, 'now I lay me down to sleep;'

*mf* *p*

Hel - lo Cen - tral give me No - Man's Land? Land?

*broadly*