

FRECKLES

By CLIFF HESS
MILTON AGER
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SM 4194

Moderato Till ready

The piano introduction is in G major, 2/4 time. It begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The right hand features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes and chords, while the left hand plays a steady bass line. The piece concludes with a piano (p) dynamic and a 'Till ready' instruction.

VOICE

He was just a Kid — a lit - tle red head, pug-nosed Kid, — And tho' he was his mother's
In a marb - le game — he'd shoot and nev - er miss his aim, — At spin - ning tops that Kid was

The vocal line is in G major, 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, starting with a piano (p) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

pride and joy, He was worse than "Pecks bad boy." I lived right next door — he side the
sure to win, His top had the long - est spin. At the swim - ming place — you'd al - ways

The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and a steady bass line.

Vil - lage gro - cery store — And we went to school to - geth - er in those days of yore. —
see his grin - ning face — And down at the old Church pic - nic he'd win ev - 'ry race. —

The vocal line concludes the verse. The piano accompaniment features a triplet in the final measure of the piano part.

CHORUS *with a Swing*

Freck - les was his name, — He al - ways used to get the blame, — for ev - 'ry

The chorus is in G major, 2/4 time, marked 'with a Swing'. The vocal line is written above the piano accompaniment. The piano part starts with a piano-forte (p-f) dynamic and includes triplet markings.

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bro-ken win-dow pane Oh how they'd yank him and spank him
Oh how they'd fan him and tan him How he'd tease the

girls — When in school he'd pull their curls — And tho' his marks were lower than Kid's much slow-er
His lit-tle face was ruddy but not from stud-y

His mark was per-fect with the old bean blow-er,
You ought to see him in a scrap, Oh, Bud dy! Peo-ple used to coax, — young Freck-les

not to play his jokes, — The way he'd fool the vil-lage folks, it was a shame, —

And when the teach-er found a tack on her chair, Tho' a hun-dred chil-dren were there, —
And when the cat had kit-tens up in the hay, One was black and sev-en were gray, —

Ev-'ry-bo - dy said 'FRECKLES!' he al-ways got the blame! — blame!