

SM 4924

# 2 You Can Stay But That Dog-gone Fiddle Must Go

Words by  
BILLY FRISCH

Music by  
BILLY BASKETTE

Moderato

Piano

*f*

*fz*

*p*

Till ready

Voice

Jer - ry Quinn had a vi - o - lin, Ev - ry night hed call up - on his sweet - heart;  
Jer - ry's been learn - ing vi - o - lin, Ev - er since old Hi - ram can re - mem - ber;

Hi - ram Squirrel, fath - er of the girl, Liked him but he did - n't like his fid - dle - in';  
He can't play, a - ny more to - day, Than he could when first he start - ed fid - dle - in';

One night Jer - ry start - ed in to play, And I heard Hi - ram say: \_\_\_\_\_  
One night just be - fore he went to bed, Here's what Hi - ram said: \_\_\_\_\_

Chorus

"You can stay but that dog-gone fid-dle must go, \_\_\_\_\_ 'Cause it's got me near-ly dip-py,

*p-f*

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Some fine day you will find your fiddle and bow; ——— Floating down the Mis-sis-sip-pi. You keep ev-'ry-

bod-y a-wake, You taught our daughter's shoulders to shake; I told her not to let you in;—

If you brought that vi-o-lin.— To tell the truth, you're a gol-darn mys-try to me, ——— Ev-'ry

time you start to fid-dle, Nell won't tell why she likes your har-mon-y, ——— What can it

be?— You play in such out-land-ish keys, You've ev-en got Ma-shak-in' in the knees,  
And when you play that Will-iam Tell, The neighbors all say—that it sounds like well!

You can stay, but that dog-gone fiddle must go!' go!' go!'