

SM6058

"Ziegfeld Follies"

All Pepped Up

Words by
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Music by
HARRY TIERNEY

Allegro moderato

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes and chords, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'Allegro moderato'.

The first system of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "I'm tin - gl - ing to be min - gl - ing, With the la - dies when I". The piano accompaniment is marked 'mf' and continues the rhythmic pattern from the introduction.

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics "hear a tune go jin - gl - ing, My fan - cy flies to". The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the previous system.

The third system concludes the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line ends with the lyrics "danc - ing. My nim - ble wits do - twid - dl - y - bits My -". The piano accompaniment features a triplet of eighth notes in the final measure.

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man - ner with the la - dies caus - es ner - vous fits, As — moths a - round the

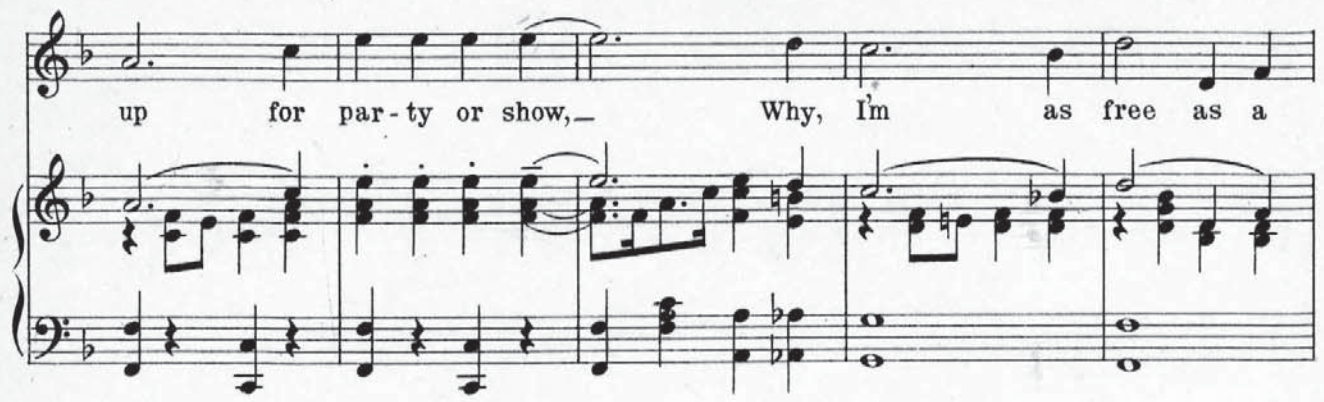
flame. _____ If I'm cra - zy — I'm hap - py — don't both - er me with

woe, _____ Men - tion a par - ty and then just watch me go. — I'm

CHORUS

All pepped up and ra'r-ing to go, — All pepped

up for par - ty or show, — Why, I'm as free as a



lark in the air, — String with me I nev - er have a



care or wor - ry Life's a joke to jol - ly a - long, —



Laugh and love it so, — Why play the



dance? We live on - ly once, — Come on and pep up your step, — let's

1. go! 2. go!

Fine

PATTER

I've had gals I'd dance a-round one time, Sometimes two times, Some quite a few times,

mf

Nev-er knew one time I've been tired out yet. I've had gals who

f *mf*

Chorus
(Not him, the great pro-fes-sor.)

real-ly were crak-er-jacks, Jumping up and down, just like jumping jacks, Never took wat-er from

no man's daughter yet. I've had gals who couldn't dance a little mite,

Could-n't catch a tune, Could-n't shake a toe, Self same gals are now like dy-na-mite,

Gosh - fry how they go. I'll keep jig-ging till Gab-ri - el calls And I'm packed up in

cam-phor balls, While I'm liv - in' I'm right here to say: I'm

D.S. Chorus al Fine