

DAVE MONTGOMERY'S TERRIFIC HIT IN  
"THE WIZARD OF OZ"

# Must You?

WRITTEN BY  
HARRY BODEN &  
DAVE MONTGOMERY

COMPOSED BY  
BERT BRANFORD



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# Must You?

Written by Harry Boden.  
and Dave Montgomery.

Composed by Bert Brantford  
*arr. by Karl L. Hoschna.*

*Allegro moderato.*

Piano. *f*

I must have been a sil - ly sort of Josh When I went and spliced Ma-til - da  
I nev - er can have half e - nough to eat That is why I'm in this skin-ny

Jane. I thought at the time — I was in for some-thing prime. But  
state, And she thinks it jol - ly fine When we sit down to dine. She

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ver - y soon found out I was in - sane. The fact is she's a  
puts a pile of mus - tard on my plate. And if I say why

lump too fond of me Nev - er on my own she'll let me stray, And  
don't I have some meat You know I can't eat the mus - tard raw, She'll

if by chance I should go in to a pub All my pals will look at me and say:  
look at me and turn up her ras - ber - ry nose And then ex - claim oh lor!

CHORUS.

Must you have the mis - sus with you Can't you come out on your own,  
Must you have beef with your mus - tard Can't you sop it up with bread,

*p ff*

Must you al - ways have a keep - er Aint you old e - nough to be a -  
Aint it just the stuff to warm you Make you sneeze and al - so clear your

lone. Why dont you take her out and lose her  
head. In that mot - to be o - blig - ing

Why be such a sil - ly elk, If there's a - ny beer wants  
Have you real - ly no be - lief, Cant you sit and eat the

mop - ping Cant you — mop it up your - self. -self.  
mus - tard Let me and the child - ren have the beef. beef.

*ff* *sf* *sfz D.S.*

## MUST YOU?

## EXTRA VERSES.

1.

This morning I turned in at three twenty five  
I knocked upon the door and rang the bell,  
But she sleeps so sound and so far above the ground,  
I had to stand out in the street and yell  
Matilda, do come down and let your hubby in,  
I'm freezing and so weak for want of sleep,  
But she only put on airs and said it's too far down the stairs,  
Now please be content in the street.

*Chorus.*

Must you have a bed to sleep in?  
Can't you stand up in the corner for a nap?  
Think of those six day bicycle riders,  
Have to sleep in every other lap.  
Don't you know that sleeping's all a habit?  
I feel it coming on and must turn in,  
Now you stay there until the morning  
And I'll call a cop and run you in.

2.

Well talk of warm, she's very warm indeed,  
For when I went to dress last Sunday morn,  
Vainly I looked 'round for my trousers, then I found  
As per usual they'd been sent to pawn,  
Because I said it seem'd a trifle hard  
To be obliged to stick in bed all day  
When I might be out with some pals for a walk,  
She only did a grin and then did say.

*Chorus.*

Must you always have your trousers?  
Can't you go without for once?  
Don't you know that poor old Adam  
Never had a pair at all for months.  
Won't they last you all the longer  
While your uncle them has got,  
Make a kilt of my old apron  
And think that you're Sir Walter Scott.

3.

In the summer wife goes to the country,  
Takes the children, the cook and the maid,  
I felt rather glad, but you bet that I was sad  
When I got on to all the plans she'd made  
She locked each door from parlor to fourth floor  
Closed our little "comfy" folding bed,  
She made the house look just like a beastly morgue  
Then that woman calmly to me said:

*Chorus.*

Must you, dearest, use the kitchen  
Can't you stay out in the yard,  
You can sleep in the dog kennel  
If you find the door-step is too hard  
You can bathe beneath the rain spout  
With the grindstone, you must shave,  
Oh! you'll have a jolly summer  
If you only can behave.

4.

One day I said to myself "I am a guy  
If I stand this treatment any more,  
I'm going to get gay, I'll throw some cash away,  
A blonde and giddy show girl, I'll adore."  
Took the fairy out to dine at Rectors  
Spent a lot of cash to treat her right,  
She left me in the cold upon the sidewalk  
Shut the cab door and sweetly said "Good Night".

*Chorus.*

"Must you ride in cabs, Oh dear me!  
Can't you go and use the car?  
Don't forget to pay the cabby  
Just to Harlem, that's not far  
How dare you ask me sir to kiss you,  
Well I never! On my life!  
Oh you horrid awful creature,  
Go right home and kiss your wife."

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**DOWN IN MOBILE LONG AGO**

Story ballad & Refrain

WORDS BY RICHARD H. GERARD  
MUSIC BY GEORGE EVANS

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"In The Grand Old Opry Show 1917"

**Guess Little Girlie, Who Loves You.**

Words by MAURICE J. STONEHILL. Music by ERNEST R. BALL.

CHORUS.  
Guess lit - the girl - ie who loves you, Guess lit - the one who it is. Whose heart be - longs to you dear, Who prays that your heart is his. Guess who it is wants to claim you

And to his food he soon pres- To his - giv' near for - ev - er,

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**You're just the same to me**

WORDS BY CHAS. NOEL DOUGLAS  
MUSIC BY LILLIAN HECKLER

M. WITMARK & SONS

**Down In Mobile Long Ago.**

Words by RICHARD H. GERARD Music by GEORGE EVANS.

CHORUS.  
Down Mo - bile, Down Mo - bile, I heard the dark - ies sing their sweet re - frain, As with a sigh, I said good - by, To the girl that I would nev - er see a - gain. Down Mo - bile, Down Mo - bile, Once more I hear them sing - ing soft and

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**GUESS LITTLE GIRLIE WHO LOVES YOU**

A NEW BALLAD AND REFRAIN

Words by MAURICE J. STONEHILL  
Music by ERNEST R. BALL

M. WITMARK & SONS

**You're Just The Same To Me.**

Words by CHARLES NOEL DOUGLAS. Music by LILLIAN HECKLER

CHORUS.  
"You're just the same to me as if 'twere yes - ter - day, You have - nt changed a bit my love in a ny way, I see your gold - en locks and your dain - ty lit - tle frocks, That you wore when we were chil - dren in the days gone by"

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