

Dorothy Lee

Edmund Vance Cooke's  
Poem

# The Monkey Man

Set to Music by  
Dorothy Lee

60



High  
★ Low

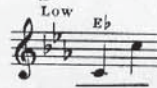
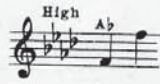
mb that way;

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# The Monkey-Man



\* Words by  
EDMUND VANCE COOKE

Music by  
DOROTHY LEE

§

*Cheerfully*

*mf* *rall.* *p*

The  
The  
And

sun in win - ter goes a - way And makes you light the  
mon - key - man has got a box And car - ries tunes to  
it is just the fun - niest thing To watch him get his

*a tempo*

light, But in the sum - mer - time it's day All  
sell; He winds it like you wind up clocks, Or  
pay, And then his pa - pa pulls the string And

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day un - til it's night. So we just play un -  
 like you wind a well, And when the mu - sic  
 takes the cent a way. I wisht I was a

til at last We don't know what to do And  
 goes te - toot The mon - key acts so fun - ny That  
 mon - key - man And ev - er - 'where I went As

then the mon-key - man comes past And brings the mon - key, too.  
 we all hur - ry up and scoot To get some mon - key - mon - ey.  
 soon as ev - er I be - gan To play I got a cent!

*poco rall.*

## REFRAIN

M - dou-ble-unk for the mon-key, M - dou-ble-an for the man;

*a tempo*

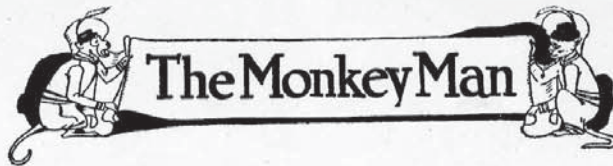
M-dou-ble-un-ky hun-ky mon-key Hun-ky mon-key-man. Ev-er since the

world be-gan Chil-dren danced and chil-dren ran When they heard the mon-key-man, The

m-dou-ble-un-ky mon-key-man. After last verse

*rall.* To beginning *mf* cheerfully

*D. S.*



By EDMUND VANCE COOKE

The sun in winter goes away  
And makes you light the light,  
But in the summer-time it's day  
All day until it's night.  
So we just play until at last  
We don't know what to do,  
And then the monkey-man comes past  
And brings the monkey, too.

The monkey-man has got a box  
And carries tunes to sell;  
He winds it like you wind up clocks,  
Or like you wind a well;  
And when the music goes te-toot  
The monkey acts so funny  
That we all hurry up and scoot  
To get some monkey-money.

REFRAIN:

*M-double-unk for the monkey,  
M-double-an for the man;  
M-double-unky hunky-monkey  
Hunky monkey-man.  
Ever since the world began  
Children danced and children ran  
When they heard the monkey-man,  
The m-double-unky monkey-man.*

And it is just the funniest thing  
To watch him get his pay,  
And then his papa pulls the string  
And takes the cent away.  
I wisht I was a monkey-man  
And ever'where I went  
As soon as ever I began  
To play I got a cent!

I wisht I was a monkey, too,  
And wore such pretty clo'es,  
A coat and hat all red and blue  
And fingers on my toes.  
He run right up the porch one day,  
And ran along the rail;  
I wisht that I could climb that way;  
I wisht I had a tail!



*The Song Immortal*

*The Song Eternal*

# One Fleeting Hour

A Song That Will Live Forever

## One Fleeting Hour

Words by **KARL FUHRMANN** Music by **DOROTHY LEE**

*Moderato, molto espressivo*

VOICE *When the*

PIANO

*(w) light of eve dints the sun's last ray And the shades of the night gather*

*fast There is one fleeting hour that I've pray'd would stay, Full of*

*joy and of pain that's passed And perhaps you may know of its*

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## *The Song that made Dorothy Lee*

DOROTHY LEE, who is so dearly loved, and whose songs are sung "wherever people sing," first became known to music lovers through her great success "One Fleeting Hour." A beautiful, melodious song, there is about it a wealth of human understanding which has made a wonderful irresistible appeal. The song eternal, it seems destined to live forever, for it is being sung more today than ever before. The countless thousands who love this quiet little woman of the West and her inspired music, love all of her songs, but none more than her immortal "One Fleeting Hour."

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