

Songwriters' 'Dean' Dies in L.A.

LOS ANGELES (AP) — The "Waitin' for the Robert E. Lee" song writer Congress once named "Dean of American Composers" and who turned out the classics "Ramona" and is dead of a stroke at age 83. L. Wolfe Gilbert died Sunday in a convalescent home after a year's illness. 7/13/70

TEXAS PRANCE

Words by L. WOLFE GILBERT.

Author of "May be you think I'm happy"

Music by MELVILLE J. GIDEON.

Composer of "Billiken Man"

Allegro moderato.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). It begins with a series of chords and eighth notes. The left hand starts with a bass clef and a common time signature, playing a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

The first vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef, one sharp, and common time. The lyrics are: "Down in San An - tone, the place I / At a Bar-ber's ball or at a". The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with one sharp and common time. It features a "VAMP" section with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piano part includes chords and eighth-note patterns.

The second vocal line continues the melody with lyrics: "call my own, They have some real bear dance down there. I've seen them / big dance hall, You'll find that dance played off the board That mel - o -". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and eighth-note patterns.

The third vocal line is marked "SPOKEN ad lib." and contains the lyrics: "all. (Just take a tip it can't be beat.) Not hard at / dy. (It keeps you stand - ing on your toes.) So - ci - e -". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and eighth-note patterns.

SPOKEN ad lib.

all (The mus - ic seems to lead your feet.) It is
 ty (— Ev' - ry lit - tle move - ment knows.) Ev' - ry

danced each night un - til the broad day - light. You nev - er
 where I go, it seems to haunt me so. I see that

danced like that be - fore. Just get your hon - ey babe
 dance be - fore my eye. I know my heart would break

SPOKEN ad lib.

— Take her out on the floor. (She's bound to ask for some more.)
 — If to stop it they'd try. (Oh! let me dance till I die.)

REFRAIN

SPOKEN ad lib.

p-ff

That Tex-as Prance, Tex-as Dance, In the school or in the col-lege

That's the most im-port-ant know-ledge, Now's your chance, learn that dance,

Do it if you want to win a home in Tex-as. Tex-as Prance, Oh that dance,

Grab the first gal that is near you, Down in Tex-as they will steer you. Slide, glide

call her your own, When you dance in San An - tone That tone