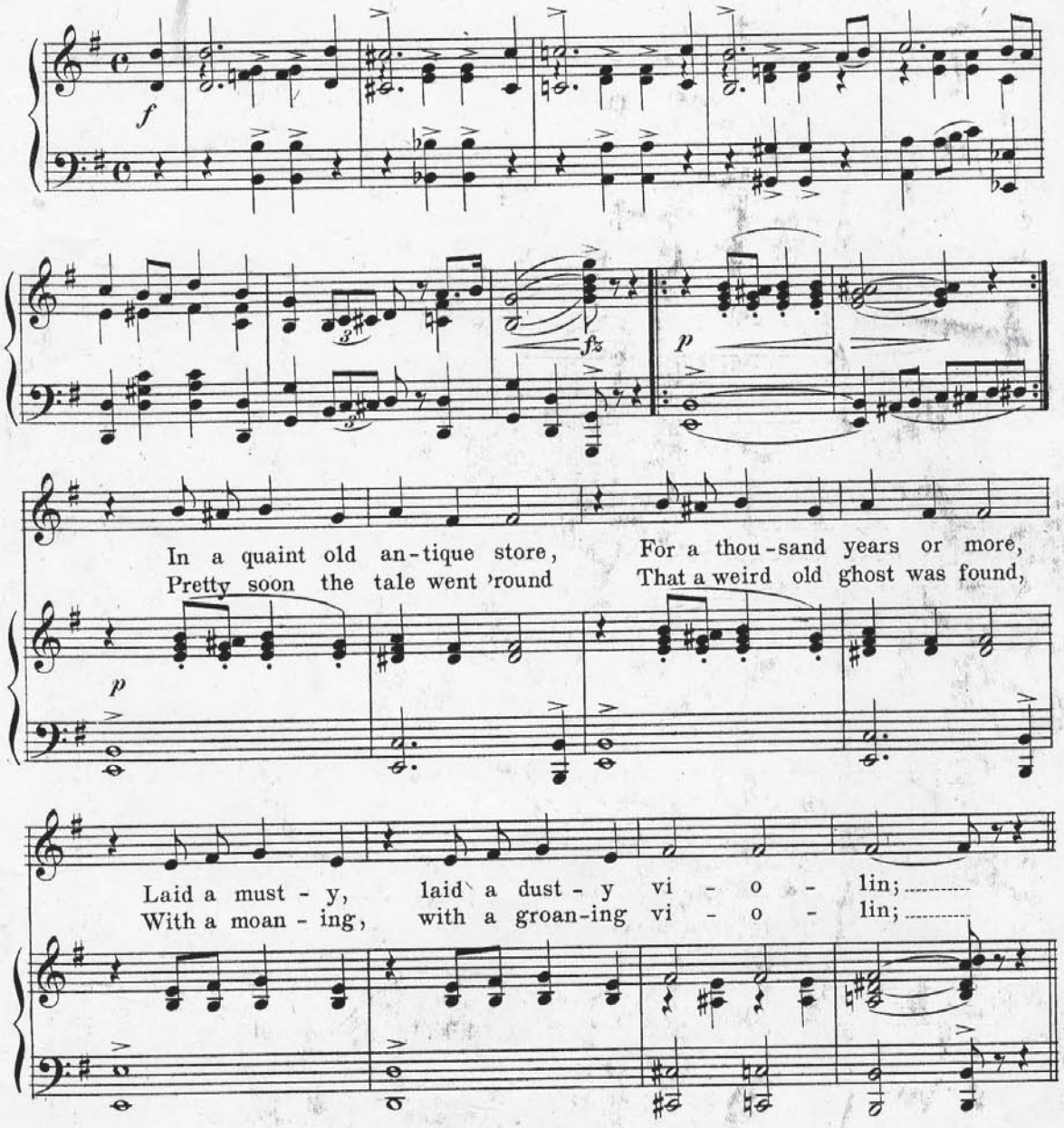
SM 2030

THE GHOST OF THE VIOLIN

Words by
BERT KALMAR

Music by
TED SNYDER



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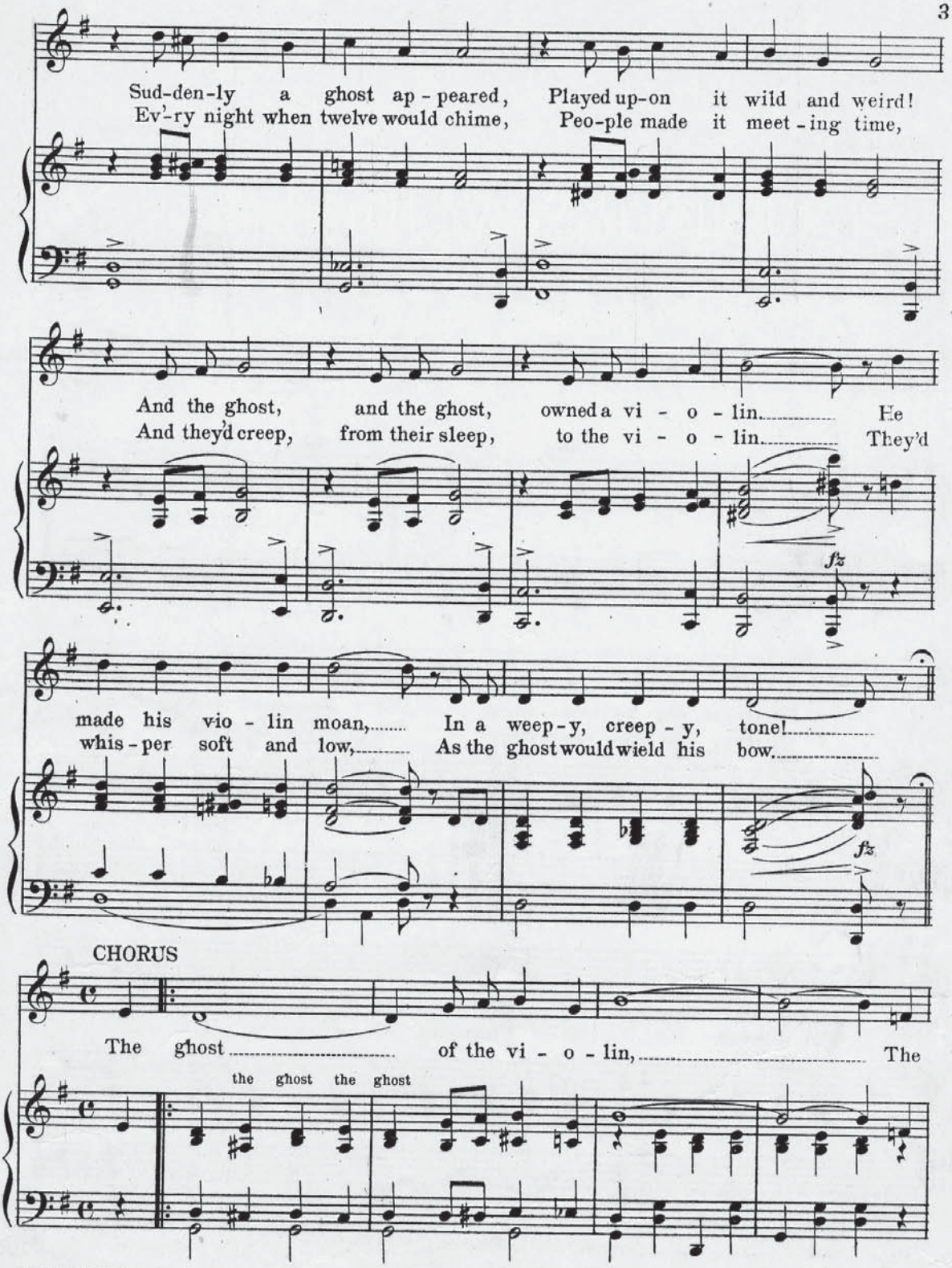
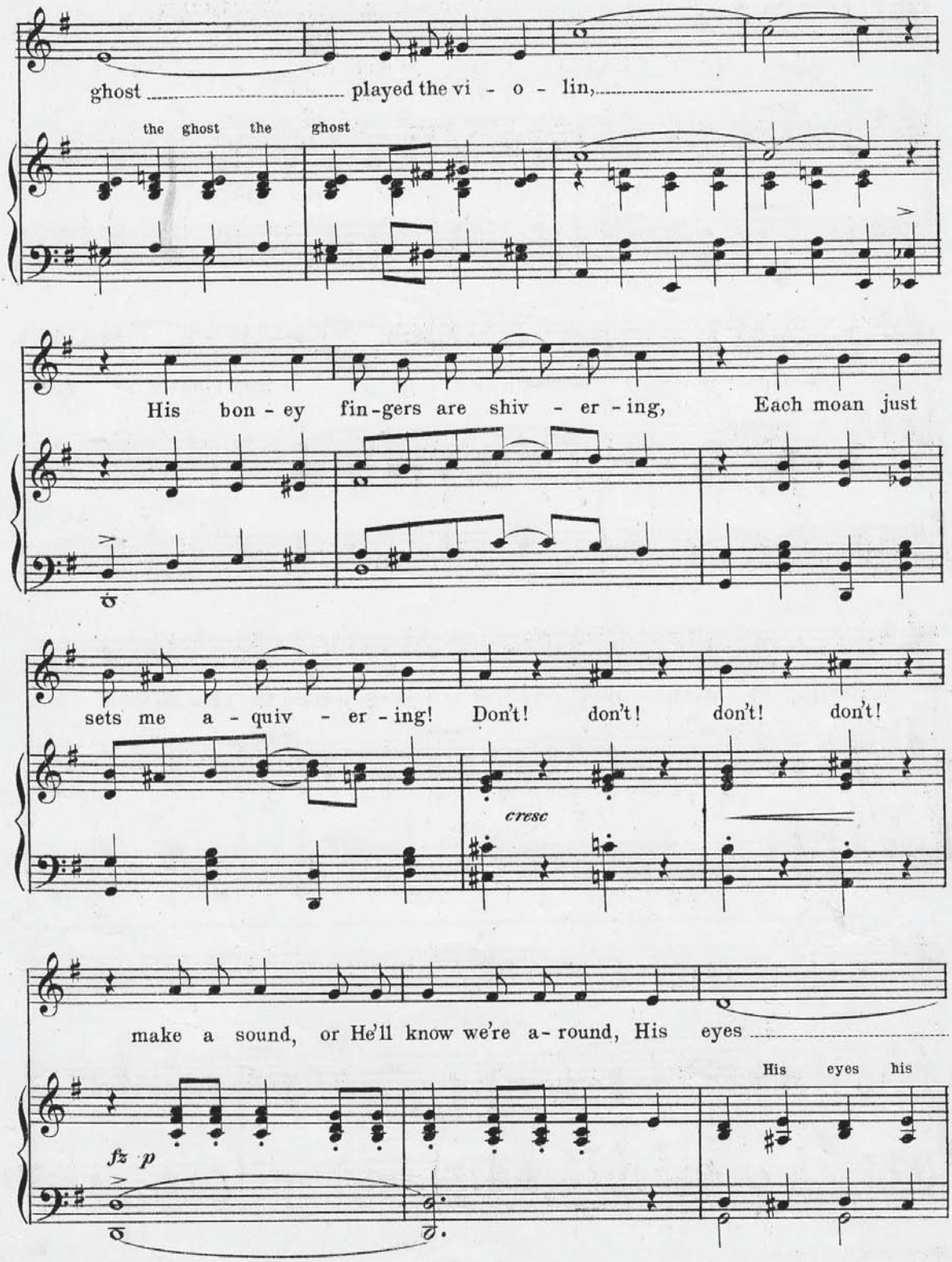
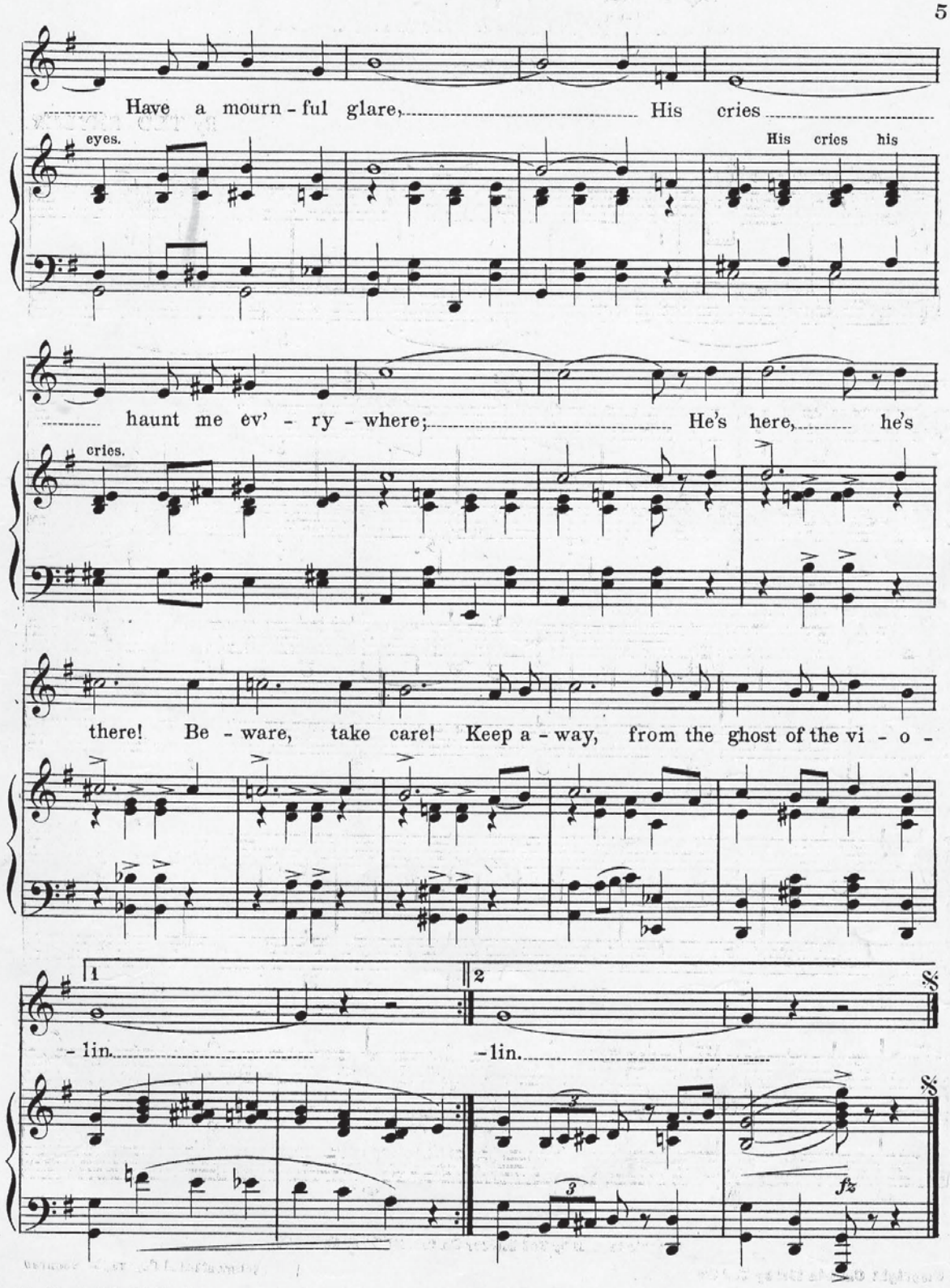

Sud-den-ly a ghost ap-peared, Played up-on it wild and weird!
Ev'-ry night when twelve would chime, Peo-ple made it meet-ing time,
And the ghost, and the ghost, owned a vi - o - lin. He
And they'd creep, from their sleep, to the vi - o - lin. They'd
made his vio - lin moan, In a weep-y, creep - y, tone!
whis-per soft and low, As the ghost would wield his bow.
fz
fz
CHORUS
The ghost of the vi - o - lin, The
the ghost the ghost


ghost played the vi - o - lin,
the ghost the ghost
His bon - ey fin-gers are shiv - er - ing, Each moan just
sets me a - quiv - er - ing! Don't! don't! don't! don't!
cresc
make a sound, or He'll know we're a- round, His eyes
His eyes his
fz p


Have a mourn - ful glare, His cries
eyes.
His cries his
haunt me ev' - ry - where; He's here, he's
cries.
there! Be - ware, take care! Keep a - way, from the ghost of the vi - o -
1
2
- lin.
- lin.
fz