

SM 2563

# Follow The Crowd On A Sunday.

Words by  
JAMES L. MORRISON and  
RICHARD H. GERARD.

Music by  
HARRY W. ARMSTRONG.

Piano. *ff*

Valse moderato.

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, marked 'Valse moderato' and 'ff'. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, both with accents. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

Some take in the show on a Sun - day,  
Each boy has a girl and he loves her

*p*

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piano part is marked 'p'.

Not for mine, Not for mine, But Sun day for  
Treats her fine, Cake and wine. He swears by the

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef.

me is the one day, an - y time, rain or shine.  
bright stars a - bove her She's di - vine, su - per fine.

The third system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef.

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6171-3

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She's think - ing of Sun - day on Mon - day, Ba - by mine,  
 Each Sat - ur - day night is his - pay - day, Gets a shave,

Ba - by mine. You'll make no mis - take If my tip you'll  
 And a shine. Bou - quet in his coat, A sweet scent - ed

take, Don't lose the crowd, keep in line,  
 note, "Come with me May, don't de - cline"

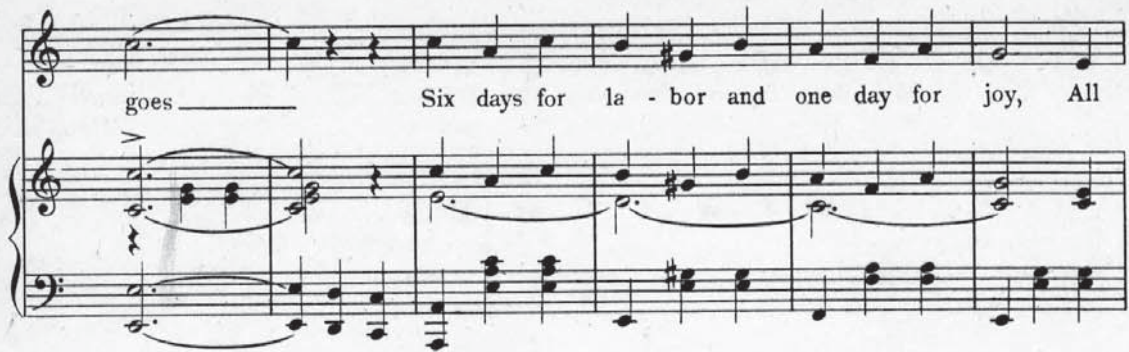
CHORUS.

Fol - low the crowd on a Sun - day, Fol - low the crowd where it

Follow The Crowd. 6171-3

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goes \_\_\_\_\_ Six days for la - bor and one day for joy, All

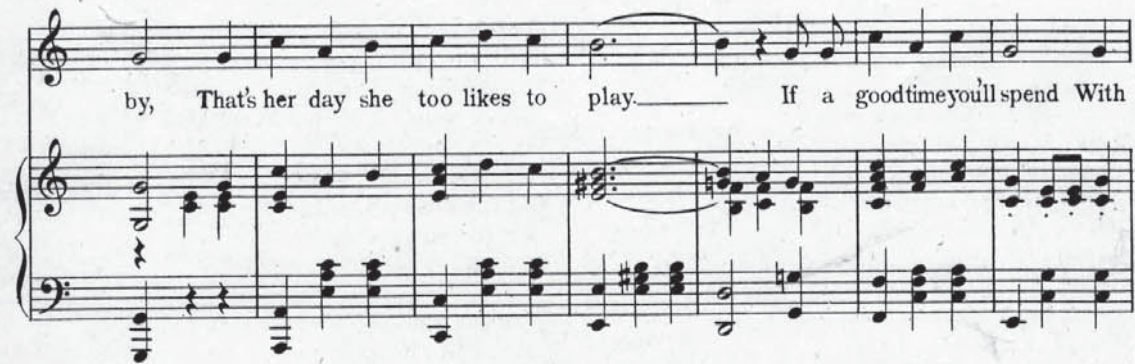


work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. And take wif - ey a - long and the ba -

*rit.* *a tempo.*



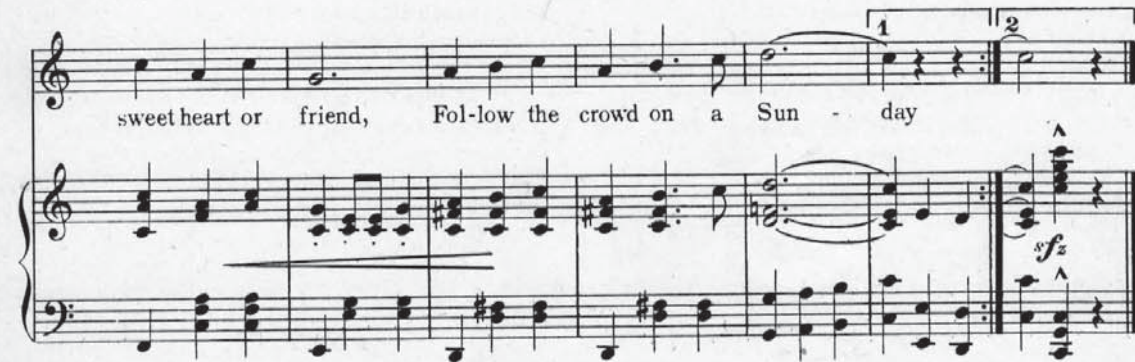
by, That's her day she too likes to play. \_\_\_\_\_ If a goodtime you'll spend With



sweet heart or friend, Fol - low the crowd on a Sun - day

1 2

*sfz*



## EXTRA VERSES

# Follow the Crowd on a Sunday.

1.

Now when the sad Lent time is over,  
Easter come, penance done.  
Then the saint and the sinner's in clover,  
Every one full of fun.  
Just go for a walk on Fifth Avenue,  
With your hon, honey-hon.  
You wear your new clothes  
So every one knows,  
That you are not short on the mon.

*Chorus*

Follow the crowd on a Sunday  
High hat and frock coats and all,  
Girls all pranked out in a milliner's dream,  
If you could but know, things are not what  
they seem,

For there's many a haughty young lady,  
On week days cries "hello" or "cash"  
But we're all upper ten,  
Both women and men,  
When we follow the crowd on a Sunday.

2.

In summer it's fine down at Coney,  
Coney Isle, would beguile  
E'en folks who are haughty or tony,  
For awhile they must smile  
There is every old thing to divert you,  
Such a pile, most a mile  
Fakes, pop - corn and shows,  
Mint taffy and clothes  
Toughness and roughness and style.

*Chorus*

Follow the crowd on a Sunday  
Follow wherever it goes,  
Primmest of maidens will soften right soon,  
And maybe she'll spoon on "A trip to the Moon"

When you're shooting the chutes or the switch-  
A chance in a hundred for you back  
If you wish to propose,  
It's best I suppose,  
To follow the crowd on a Sunday.

3.

You get on a car in the morning  
Fresh and bright, at day-light  
And start for the Zoo: Take this warning,  
You'll get there, before night.  
You ride and you ride on forever  
Till the Bronx comes in sight  
And then at the Park,  
An hour before dark  
With face wreathed in smiles you alight.

*Chorus*

Follow the crowd on a Sunday  
Follow along to the Zoo,  
Look at the lion the tiger and all  
The dear little deer and the camel so tall,

And then think as you ride home to supper  
A hanging half dead on the strap  
How like monkeys you are  
As you sway in that car  
And follow the crowd on a Sunday.

4.

There's many a place you may wander,  
With the crowd you're allowed  
The question to carefully ponder  
Make your choice right out loud  
There's church, and the park and the concert,  
The cafe and the shore  
But the best place to go  
There's some of us know  
Is round to the little back door.

*Chorus*

Oh what a head on a Monday,  
After the holiday's o'er  
You get into line and the pledge you all sign  
And say that "next week Sunday school's good  
for mine!"

For your head's like a hole in the sub-way,  
Your wife says "that's punishment, dear,  
I told you so,  
But still you *would* go  
And follow that crowd on a Sunday."