

SM4094

You Mustn't Fish In My Fish-Pond

Words by
ARTHUR J. LAMB

Music by
JULES CHAUVENET

INTRO.
Moderato

Voice

Down be-side a
With the pass-ing

fish-pond, — Ev'-ry bright and sun-ny day — Daint-y lit-tle
sea-sons, — She grew sweet-er ev'-ry day — Till a lit-tle

maid-en — In a mer-ry mood would play — Woe be-tide the
lad-die — Came his vows of love to say — They would romp the

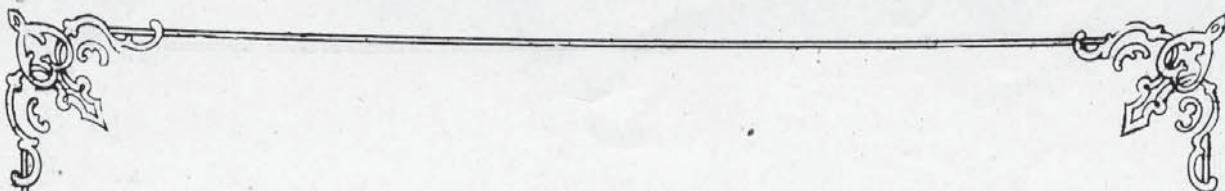
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strang-er _____ who for fish-ing came that way;
mead-ows _____ Toss and tum-ble in the hay;

Bold-ly she'd con-front him _____ Stamp her foot and say _____
Still she loved the fish-pond _____ Still, she'd pout and say _____

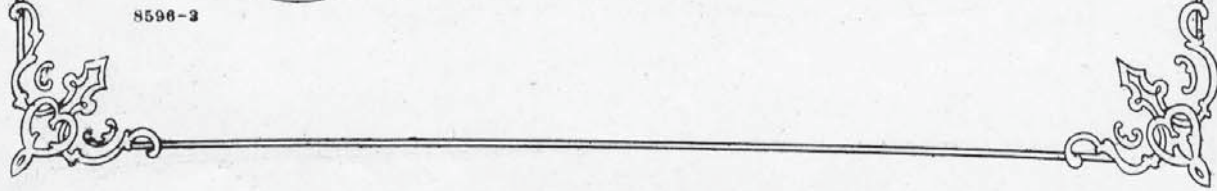
cresc. *mf*

Chorus

You must-n't fish in my fish-pond, Run a-long with your rod and

p-f

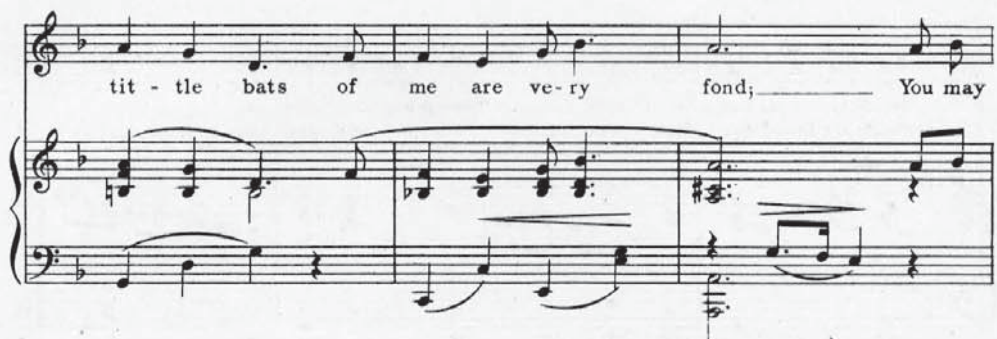
line _____ For ev'-ry lit-tle fish in this fish-pond, Is a



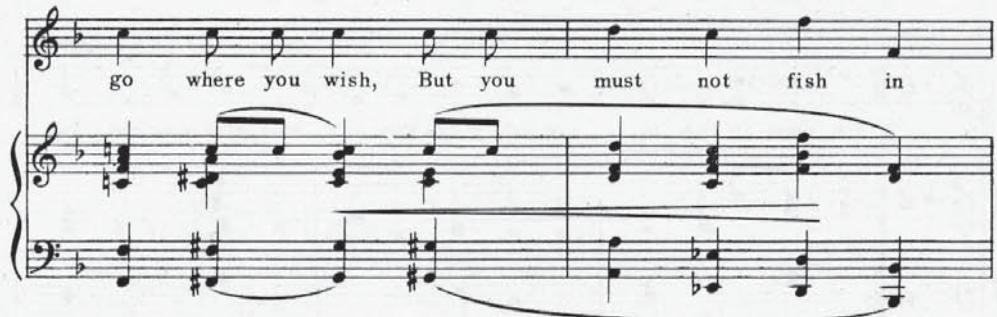
per-son-al friend of mine. The min-nows, the sprats and the



tit - tle bats of me are ve-ry fond; You may



go where you wish, But you must not fish in



my fish pond. pond.

