

Sm4488

# TA - RA - RA BOOM-DER-É

(Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay)

HENRY J. SAYERS

Brightly

VOICE

E<sup>b</sup>



A sweet Tux - e - do  
I'm a blush-ing bud of

B<sup>b</sup>7



girl you see, Queen of swell so - ci - e - ty, Fond of fun as fond can be,  
in - no - cence, Pa - pa says at big ex - pense, Old maids say I have no sense,

E<sup>b</sup>



When it's on the strict Q. T. I'm not too young, I'm not too old, Not too tim - id,  
Boys de - clare I'm just im - mense. Be - fore my song I do conclude, I want it strict - ly

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Dc

not too bold, Just the kind you'd like to hold, Just the kind for sport I'm told.  
un-der-stood, Tho' fond of fun I'm nev-er rude, Tho' not too bad I'm not too good.

CHORUS

E $\flat$  D E $\flat$  E $\flat$  D E $\flat$

Ta - ra - ra Boom-der-é Ta - ra - ra Boom-der-é Ta - ra - ra

B $\flat$ 7 E $\flat$  E $\flat$  D E $\flat$

Boom-der-é Ta - ra - ra Boom-der-é Ta - ra - ra Boom-der-é

E $\flat$  D E $\flat$  E $\flat$  B $\flat$ 7 E $\flat$

Ta - ra - ra Boom-der-é Ta - ra - ra Boom-der-é Ta - ra - ra Boom-der-é.

Ta-Ra-Ra Boom-

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D. C.

# TA RA RA BOOM DE AY

## ADDITIONAL VERSES

by

WILL S. DILLON

I'll sing an old time melody  
'Twas a hit in "Ninety-Three"  
It's a song the old folks know  
They all sang it years ago,  
Again it is the latest fad  
'Twill cure your blues if you are sad  
Ev'rywhere you go to-day  
Here is what they sing and play,  
TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY.

The World War was supposed to be  
A war to end autocracy  
But it looks as though there'll be  
Another war across the sea  
If they should ask the U. S. A.  
To send our boys into the fray  
We will write 'em right away  
And we'll very clearly say  
TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY.

Joe's wife helped him pack his grip  
To go on a business trip,  
She said, "Darling, must you go?  
You know how I'll miss you so"  
To his wife, Joe phoned next day  
From a city far away,  
He said, "Dear, are you O.K.?"  
Then he heard the iceman say,  
TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY.

Up there in old Ontario  
Five sweet babies steal the show  
Those quintuplets we love dear  
All grow cuter year by year  
It's fun to watch them learn to walk  
And when they first began to talk  
The first words that they learned to say  
Were, "Oh, da-da-da-boom-de-ay  
DA-DA-DA-BOOM-DE-AY.

Pa and Ma sent Willie Lee  
To a University  
They worked hard to pay the fee  
A Brain Trust guy they knew he'd be  
Four years later he returned  
And they asked him what he'd learned  
Then the old folks passed right out  
When they heard their Willie shout,  
TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY.

It sure would be an awful loss  
If Ed Wynn ever lost his horse  
If Sally Rand should lose her fan,  
And Mae West failed to get her man,  
If Lou Holtz ever lost his cane  
He would surely go insane  
Joe Penner would be out of luck  
If someone really bought his duck  
TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY.

A traffic cop works hard all day  
But has to whistle for his pay  
The baker's always in the dough  
The farmer has wild oats to sow,  
The cook is always in a stew,  
The butcher, - he's a cut-up too,  
While they work hard I loaf all day  
And sing, "TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY"  
TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY.

Hoot Mac Goot, - a friend of mine  
Who has never spent a dime  
Met a tattooed girl named Rose  
Tattooed from her head to toes,  
He married her, the wise old guy  
And when we asked the reason why  
He said, "I'll have her dance for me  
"Then I'll see moving pictures free"  
TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY.

I wish that I could find the guy  
Who told my wife to go and buy  
A television of her own  
And hook it to the telephone,  
Last night I phoned my wife to say  
A business deal kept me away  
"You brute" she cried, "I plainly see  
"That hussy sitting on your knee,  
TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY.

The strongest man the world has known  
Was Samson, who'd not even groan  
When he'd lift ten tons or more  
Like a feather off the floor,  
But I will bet my next week's pay  
That Samson, if he lived to day  
Would need a derrick or a crane  
To raise a window in a train,  
TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY.