

HE BLEW ON HIS BUGLE-E-OO



WORDS BY
GRANT CLARKE AND EDGAR LESLIE

MUSIC BY
JEAN SCHWARTZ

JEROME & SCHWARTZ PUB CO 222 WEST 46TH ST. N.Y.

E. J. Jaffar

He Blew on his Bugle-e-oo

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Allegro moderato

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked *Allegro moderato* and *f*. The piano part features a rhythmic melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The vocal line enters in the third system with the lyrics: "Pat Mc Cue in Six - ty - Two Was Pat - rick was a wise old guy For". The piano accompaniment includes a section marked *till ready* and *p*. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "known to be a bug - ler true When the Civ - il he knew food was ver - y high When the neigh - bors". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line and chords.

f

till ready

p

Pat Mc Cue in Six - ty - Two Was
Pat - rick was a wise old guy For

known to be a bug - ler true When the Civ - il
he knew food was ver - y high When the neigh - bors

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War was through Pat had noth - ing to do.
let things fly Pat had noth - ing to buy.

Yet when folks would sleep and snore Pat would dream a - bout the war
Nice fresh peach - es hit his door Coal and wood lay on the floor

From his lit - tle "two by four" Came a — ter - ri - ble roar.
And it was - n't long be - fore Pat had a gro - cer - y store.

He blew on his bugle-c-oo 4

CHORUS

Each time he blew (How he blew, How he blew) — On his Bug - le ; e - oo —

p-f

— (On his Bugle-e-oo) — When he let out, the neigh-bors used to shout, You

can't shut him up You can't shut him up He blew (Yes he blew, Yes he blew) On his Bug-le - e - oo —

— (On his Bugle-e-oo) — All night from out of his flat — Ra-ta-ta-tat —

Came notes so blue, but still he blew (Still he blew, still he blew) Ev-ry-thing that he knew

(Every thing that he knew) — He used to play (What?) Co-lum-bia of the o-cean (How) ver-y

blue — From the setting moon to the ris-ing sun He would tear off tunes of Six-ty-One And he

Blew (Blew) Blew (Blew) — On his Bug-le-e-oo — Each time he -oo.

fz D.S.

TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO

Where The Red, Red Roses Grow

Words by
Wm JEROME

Music by
JEAN SCHWARTZ

CHORUS

I want a lit-tle bung-a - low — where the red, red, ros-es grow, — A

tin-y lit-tle home so cos - y, Just room-e-nough for me and Ros - ie. A -

way from all the ice and snow, — Where the warm love breez-es blow. — We will live on

love and kis - ses, Cu - pid, he will wash the dish-es In a bung - a - low where the

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