

# THE GHOST OF THE GOBLIN MAN



EVERY LITTLE  
BUTTERFLY, THE  
BIRTH OF PASSION  
I'M ALL RIGHT  
UNCLE SAYS I  
SHE SHOOK ALL  
I'LL BUILD FOR  
DID YOU GAVE

WORDS BY  
ANDREW B. STERLING  
MUSIC BY  
HARRY VON-TILZER

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# The Ghost Of The Goblin Man.

Words by  
ANDREW B. STERLING.

Music by  
HARRY VON TILZER.

Moderato.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, marked 'Moderato' and 'mf'. The introduction consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The second system continues the piano accompaniment with more complex chordal textures. Following the piano introduction, there is a vocal line with the lyrics: 'Look, Look, Look, Look,'. This is followed by a piano accompaniment system. The final system of the page contains the vocal melody with the lyrics: 'what is that I see? What is that I see out in the dark, — It's an can't you see him now? Can't you see him now right o - ver there, — With his'. The piano accompaniment continues beneath the vocal line.

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aw - ful sight all dressed in white, A Ghost \_\_\_\_\_ with eyes that spark, \_\_\_\_\_  
big har - poon and rag - time tune, He walks \_\_\_\_\_ right on the air, \_\_\_\_\_

See, see, see it watch - ing me Gee, it looks just like the Gob - lin  
See, see, once he used to be Black as ink be - fore they had him

man, \_\_\_\_\_ Though he died last year, He's back he's here. And  
canned, \_\_\_\_\_ Now he's back to - night, All dressed in white Take

now he's goin' to catch you if he can, \_\_\_\_\_ He's o - ver  
care, he'll gob - ble you up in his hand, \_\_\_\_\_ He's creep - ing

there, \_\_\_\_\_ He's o - ver there, \_\_\_\_\_ He's ev - 'ry where, take care, take care. —  
 near, \_\_\_\_\_ He's creep - ing near, \_\_\_\_\_ He's o - ver there no no he's here. —

CHORUS.

The Ghost \_\_\_\_\_ of the Gob - l - in man\_ The Ghost \_\_\_\_\_ of the

Gob - l - in man\_ Run a - way, run\_ a - way fast as you can\_

Or you'll get fried. in his big fry - ing pan, — Look out, \_\_\_\_\_ 'Cause you

won't hear him shout— He'll creep soft as he can ————— Here he

comes ————— see the fir - e in his eyes Here he comes, ————— oh I

wish that I could fly Great big hook in hand The

Ghost of the Gob - 1 - in man! ————— The man. —————

*fz* *D.S.*

THE GREATEST MARCH BALLAD EVER WRITTEN

Words  
WOOD DILLON

Music  
HARRY VON TILZER

# I WANT A GIRL

JUST LIKE THE GIRL THAT MARRIED DEAR OLD DAD

Chorus.

I want a girl, just like the girl that married  
Dear old Dad, She was a pearl and the  
best I had dy ever had, A good old

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