

# THE WINTER GARDEN

SENSATIONAL REVUE



1911  
VOCAL

- The Pretty Little Leader of the Band
- †The Goblins Glide
- The Edinboro Wriggle
- Paris is a Paradise for Coons
- That Develin' Rag
- Pretty Little Milliners
- I'm the Human Brush
- Look Me Over, Dearie

T.B. HARMS & FRANCIS DAY & HUNTER  
NEW YORK

# LA BELLE PAREE

WORDS BY  
EDWARD MADDEN  
MUSIC BY  
FRANK E. TOURS  
AND  
JEROME KERN

# De Goblin's Glide.

Words by  
Frederick Day.

Music by  
Jerome Kern.

Tempo di Rag.

Piano.

Talk a - bout your Syn - co - pa - ted Cu - ba - no - la drag,  
 You all don't be - lieve in Gob - 'lins In the broad day light,

I've just got ac - quain - ted with a la - zy lov - in' rag  
 wait un - til you meet 'em in the mid - dle of the night

Has them all beat for - ty ways right from the Jack,  
 You'll wish you'd been kind to lit - tle broth - er Jack,

Licks 'em to a fraz - zle so they can't — come back,  
 You'll make up your mind to put them chick - ens back,

Talk a - bout your grizz - ly bears that squeeze you most to death,  
 When the Gob - lins chase us with their fire — and brim - stone smell,

I can tell you 'bout a dance that takes a - way your breath,  
 May be they's from Heav - en or from you — can nev - er tell,

Where the i - vys cling - in' 'round the old church tow'r, —  
 May - be they's just suf - frin' for some aw - ful — crime, —

*staccato.* *mysterioso.*

When the clocks are chim-ing out the mid - night\_ hour,  
They want you to join 'em there be - fore your\_ time,

That's the time your face turns white, Kin - ky hair gets straight with fright,  
That is when you get a scare, See - in' ghost - 'es in the air,

*rall.*      *poco*      *a*      *poco.*

That is when your fear be - gins, when you see the Gob - e - lins.  
You beat rag - time with your heart, when you see the Bo - geys start.

**Chorus.**

Do - ing the Gob - 'lins glide, Do - ing the ghost - es's

*mf-f*

Slide, Nev-er a-touch-ing the ground at all,— Slip-ping right bang thro' the

churchyard wall, Get in the dance be-fore they catch you,—

Make 'em be-lieve you'se a Gob-e-lin too,— Don't look be-hind you, Hon'

They'll nev-er find you, Hon', Do-ing the Gob-e-lins glide. glide.

# TRY THESE OVER ON YOUR PIANO

## In Roseland.

### INTERMEZZO PETITE.

by MAX C. EUGENE.

*Andante moderato.*

Piano

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