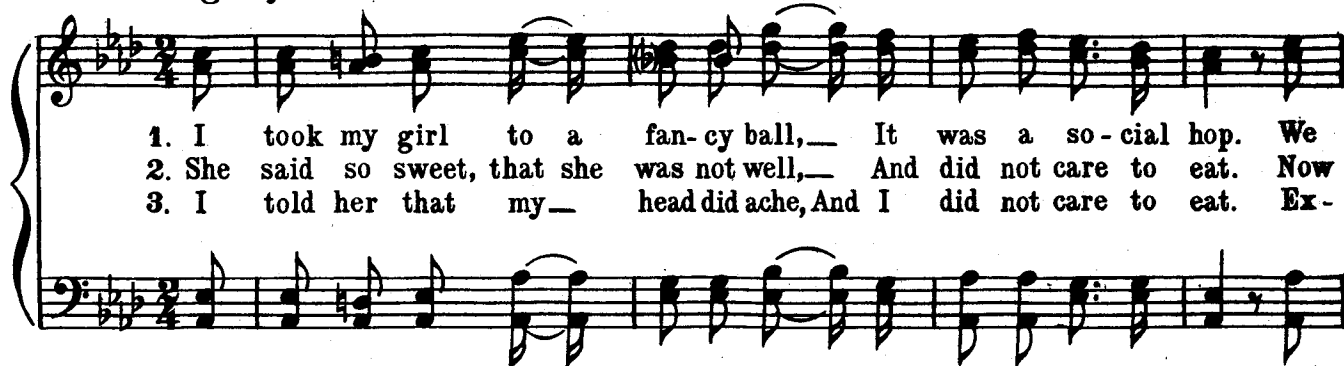


Fifty Cents

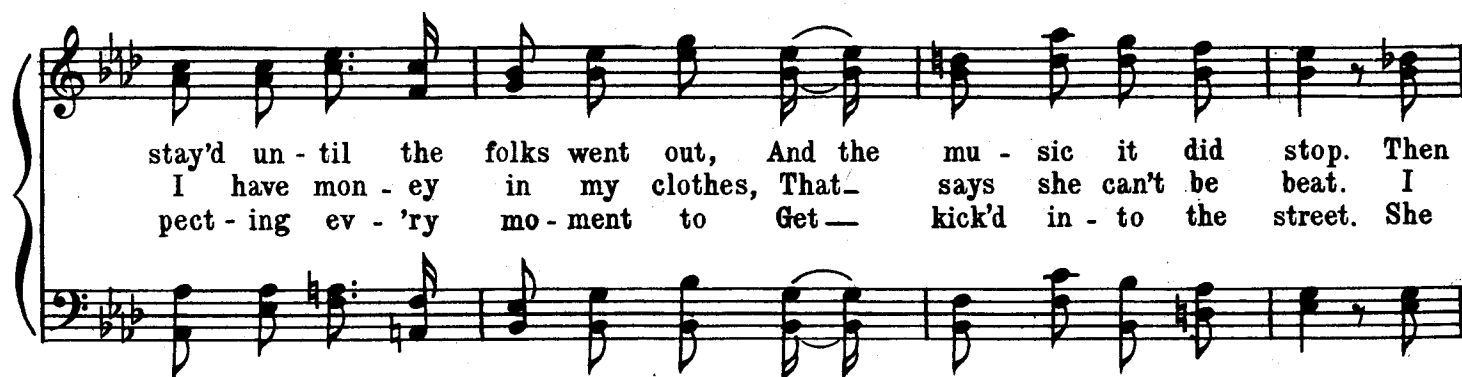
Words by
BILLY MORTIMER

Music by
DAN LEWIS
Arr. by Geoffrey O'Hara

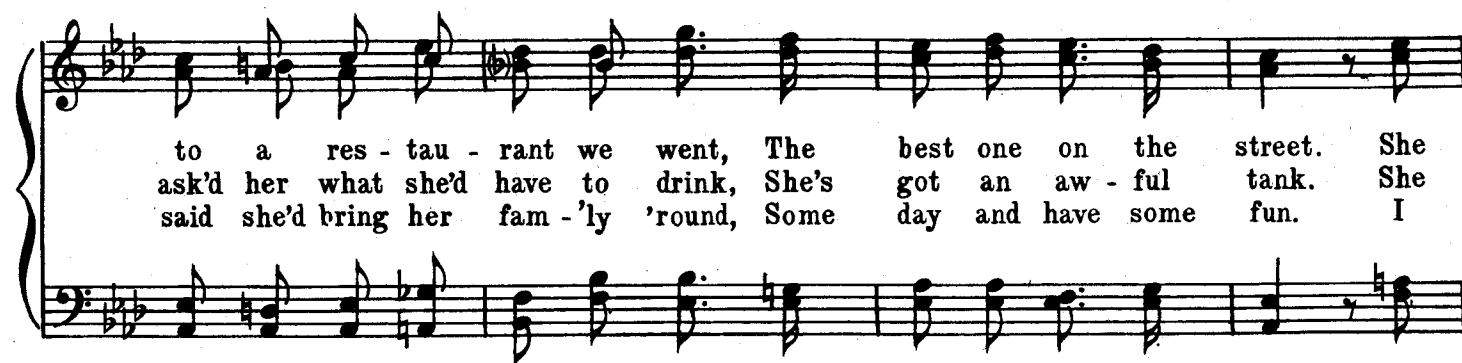
Brightly (*Give the 1st tenors a break. They sing the melody*)



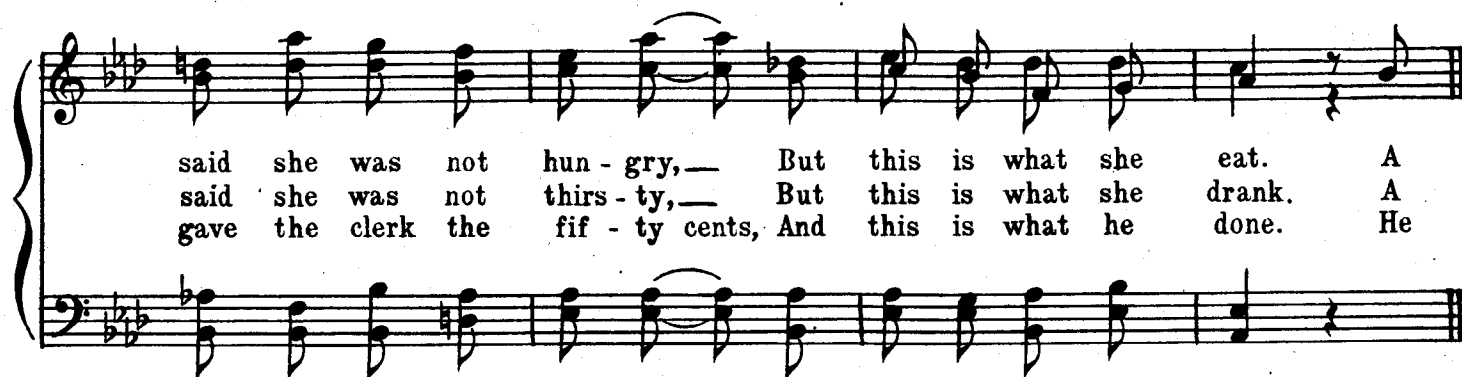
1. I took my girl to a fan-cy ball,— It was a so-cial hop. We
2. She said so sweet, that she was not well,— And did not care to eat. Now
3. I told her that my— head did ache, And I did not care to eat. Ex-



stay'd un - til the folks went out, And the mu - sic it did stop. Then
I have mon - ey in my clothes, That— says she can't be beat. I
pect - ing ev - 'ry mo - ment to Get — kick'd in - to the street. She



to a res - tau - rant we went, The best one on the street. She
ask'd her what she'd have to drink, She's got an aw - ful tank. She
said she'd bring her fam - 'ly 'round, Some day and have some fun. I



said she was not hun - gry,— But this is what she eat. A
said she was not thirs - ty,— But this is what she drank. A
gave the clerk the fif - ty cents, And this is what he done. He

Hum doz - en raw, a plate of slaw, A chick - en and a roast. Some
glass of gin, a whis - key skin, It made me shake with fear. Some
smash'd my nose, and tore my clothes, And hit me in the jaw. He

Hum

Hum spar - row grass with ap - ple sass, And soft shell crabs on toast. A
gin - ger pop with rum on top, A schoo - er, then of beer. A
put my eyes in mourn - ing deep, And with me swept the floor. He

Hum

big box stew with crack - ers too, Her hun - ger — was im - mense. When she
glass. of ale, a gin cock - tail, She ought to have had more sense. When she
grabb'd me where my pants were loose, And kick'd me — o'er the fence. Take —

call'd for pie, I thought I'd — die, For I had but fif - ty cents.—
call'd for more, I dropp'd on the floor, For I had but fif - ty cents.—D.C.
my ad - vice, Don't try it — twice, When you

3.
have but fif - ty, have but fif - ty

Dialogue, suggested:

High Voice - Say, (Harry) why don't you pay me
back that buck you owe me?

Low Voice - Whaddya mean a buck? I don't
owe you no buck.

High Voice - Well you might at least pay me
a little on account. Say along
about fifty -

ff cents.—
ff