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Round Her Neck She Wears a Yeller Ribbon

Geo. A. Norton

Composer

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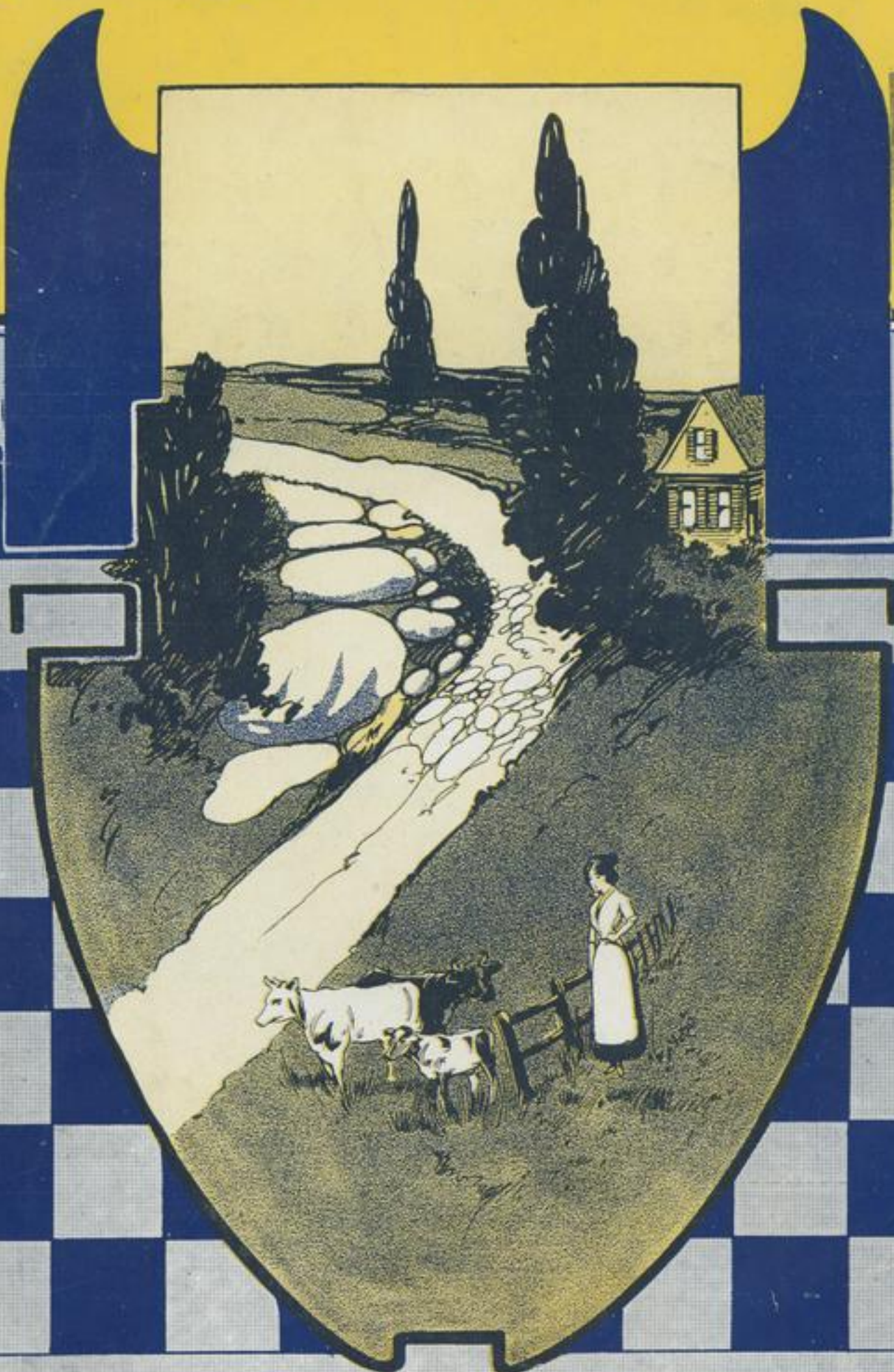
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ROUND HER NECK SHE WEARS A YELLER RIBBON

FOR HER LOVER WHO IS FUR FUR AWAY

Bagaduce Music
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Blue Hill, Maine

1203



WORDS AND MUSIC BY
GEORGE A. NORTON
WRITER OF "MELANCHOLY" "MEMPHIS BLUES" AND "SING
ME A SONG OF THE SOUTH."

PUBLISHED BY
LEO. FEIST, INC. - FEIST BLDG. - NEW YORK

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1917
Round

5/11/17

5

'Round Her Neck She Wears A Yeller Ribbon

(For Her Lover Who Is Fur, Fur Away)

Words & Music
By GEO. A. NORTON.

Moderato.

Vamp.

f *p*

Su-sie. Simpkins in the village pa-pers Read a-bout the soldiers manly ca-pers, And made up her
Months rolled by and patient-ly shewait-ed, Read the war news, great-ly a-gi-ta-ted, No word from her

p

mind, — That a soldier's bonnie bride she'd be; Vo-lun-teers were called a lit-tle la-ter,
boy, — 'Till a let-ter from his Cap-tain said "Your Beau Si-las, he went out a-gun-nin'."

Big Si Hubbard stopped a-hoe-ing 'ta-ters, Fell right in-to line, — And mustered with a com-pa-
Soon he had the en-e-my a-run-nin', Su-sie wept for joy, — Tho' further on the let-ter

ny. — She cried and kissed him when he marched a-way, — And she vowed to keep him in her mind each day. —
read; — "The en-e-my can run some you can bet, — But they could-n't cap-ture Si, he's run-nin' yet!" —

f



Chorus. (Not fast.)

'Round her neck she wears a yel - ler rib - bon, She wears it in the win - ter and the

sum - mer so they say If you ask her "Why the dec - o - rat - ion?" She'll

say "It's fur my lov - er who is fur, fur a - way. Fur a - way fur a - way, fur a - way If

she is milk - in' cows or mow - in' hay; 'Round her neck she

wears a yel - ler rib - bon, She wears it fur her lov - er who is fur, fur a - way. fur, fur a - way.



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Get these four smashing song hits for your piano, your talking-machine, or your player-piano—and get them right away. Keep up with the boys who sing their way into action.

"It's a Long Way to Berlin"

CHORUS *well marked*

It's a long way to Berlin, but we'll get there. Un-der
 Him will show the way. O-ver the line, then a-
 cross the Rhine, shout-ing Hip! Hip! Ho- ray! We'll sing

"We'll sing 'Yankee Doodle' under the Linden with some real live Yankee pep!" That's the real "do or die" spirit of this up-to-the-minute war-song hit. Better than "Tipperary" because it goes straight to the point. The music gets there, too—gets to your heart and your feet. By Arthur Fields and Leon Flatow.



Here's a song that will make you laugh—although it's about a wounded soldier. He was harder hit by his nurse's smile than by the German bullet—and in a far more vulnerable spot. A syncopated melody that won't let your feet keep still. By Johnson, Pease, and Jentes.

"I Don't Want to Get Well"

CHORUS

I don't want to get well. I don't want to get well.
 I'm in love with a beau-ti-ful nurse.
 Ear-ly ev-ry morn-ing, eight and nine. The



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OUR boys on the fields of France, our sailors on the big, gray sea-fighters, and the boys in our training-camps are singing them! The whole country is singing them and dancing to their inspiring melodies! Being sung to tremendous applause in thousands of theatres throughout the land!

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- Hawaiian Butterfly.
- At the Yankee Military Ball.
- There's Something in the Name of Ireland.
- China, We Owe a Lot to You.
- The Garden of Allah.
- Throw No Stones in the Well That Gives You Water. Hello, Aloha, Hello.
- I Called You My Sweetheart.
- Keep Your Eye on the Girlie You Love.
- Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You.
- You're as Dear to Me as Dixie Was to Lee. My Red Cross Girlie.
- When I Get Back to Loveland and You. My Flower Garden Girl.
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"Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here"

CHORUS

Hail! Hail! the gang's all here.
 What the deuce do we care, what the deuce do we care.
 Hail! Hail! we're full of cheer. What the deuce do we

Here's a song you *think* you know. But did you ever hear the verses or did you ever see the music? It's all here—and it's all the sort of stuff that puts pep into everybody. One of the greatest marching refrains ever written—and just as good as a fox-trot or one-step. By D. A. Esrom, Theodore Morse, and Arthur Sullivan.



Your skin will be awfully thick if this song doesn't get deep down underneath. You can see our brave boys coming home, you can see Victory, you can see the joy of duty nobly done and the world at peace again.

The melody—well, it's just the right one for this matchless song. By Howard Johnson, Coleman Goetz, and George W. Meyer.

"Homeward Bound"

CHORUS

"Homeward Bound! Someday they'll hear... that welcome
 sound... For while the shot and shell are fly-ing. For the
 ones at home they're sigh-ing. And tho' the skies seem



LEO. FEIST Inc. 240 W. 40 St., (Feist Bldg.) NEW YORK