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1899

Telephone Me Baby

Geo. M. Cohan
Composer

Geo. M. Cohan
Lyricist

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Forgotten by Mary

Telephone Me, Baby.

written & composed
by Geo. M. Cohan



sung by Ethel Levy

with America's Accepted polite
Vaudeville Company

"The Behman Show"

on tour at the Gayety Theatre, Brooklyn

published by Geo. L. Spaulding, 216 20th St. New York and sold by dealers everywhere at 50^{cts} per copy.
Musical supplement of the New York Journal & Advertiser, January 21, 1900, pages 5-8

Vp. 011922
1899

TEL

TELEPHONE ME BABY.

Words & Music by GEO. M. COHAN.

1. Good-bye la - dy, so long, Sa - die, Let me hear from you my ba - by,
2. When I hear dat 'phone bell ring-ing, Then with glad-ness I'll be wing-ing,

'Cause I'll wor - ry 'bout you may - be When you leave my side;
And your ev' - ry word be bring-ing Joy to me, I know;

Write me of - ten al - so wire me 'Cause dem love notes nev - er tire me,
You won't see me but you'll hear me, And im - ag - ine dat your near me,

And, in - fact dey do in - spire me, Swell me out with pride; You are
Your sweet voice will cert' - ny cheer me When you say, "Hel - lo!" When the

go - ing man - y miles a - way, you know, ——— Yes, you're goin' to leave your.
op - er - a - tor tells you for to start ——— Then he cert' ny will con -

lit - tle nig - ger beau, ——— And, if for me your heart should ev - er
nect you with my heart, ——— And, if you're broke and ev - er need a

moan, ——— Why, ring up some long dis - tance tel - e - phone. ———
loan, ——— You can touch me by long dis - tance tel - e - phone. ———

Chorus.

Tel - e - phone me, ba - by, Tell me all you know,

p - f

Tel - e - phone me, ba - by, If you needs de dough, You know I loves to

talk to you, hon-ey, You want to talk fast 'cause it costs a lot of mon-ey, But,

tel-e-phone me, ba-by, ev-ry day, Hello! give me long distance. day. —

WHEN THE LIGHT IS TURNED AWAY DOWN LOW.

Meditation for Alto or Bass.

Words and Music by G. L. SPAULDING.

Andante

On - ing through a veil of grief at her you meet a - gain.

Think - ing of the hap - py past the gold - en days of yore.

Days that you would fain re - call from out the long a - go.

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My Babe from Boston Town.

CHORUS.

By GEO. M. COHAN.

Then what makes the at - mos-phere so hot, (Oh! Ba-by, Ba-by,) My babe, she helps it 'long a

lot. (Well, may-be, may-be,) Who's dat gal cools down the heat, Well, I'll as-sure you she's all mine.

Pri - vate back seat a real - skin saucer, And her diamonds flash in' 'round, (I bought them) Of all the

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Complete copies of these beautiful songs are on sale by dealers everywhere.