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1918

## Wheatless Day.

Jerome Kern

*Composer*

P. G Wodehouse

*Lyricist*

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# WHEATLESS DAY

F. RAY COMSTOCK & WILLIAM ELLIOTT  
PRESENT

THE  
NEW MUSICAL COMEDY

# “OH LADY! LADY!!”

MUSIC BY  
**JEROME KERN**

BOOK & LYRICS BY  
**GUY BOLTON**  
AND  
**P.G. WODEHOUSE**

## VOCAL

When the Ships Come Home	.60
You Found Me and I found You	.60
Before I Met You	.60
Some Little Girl	.60
Dear Old Prison Days	.60
Not Yet	.60
Wheatless Day	.60

Vp. 006068

1918

WHEAT

ARMS  
ANY  
YORK





## Wheatless Day.

Lyric by  
P. G. WODEHOUSE

Music by  
JEROME KERN.

Moderato.

Piano. *mp*

If you will mar - ry me, how hap - py  
We'll be so hap - py at our co - zy

we will be: Yes, life will seem so sweet. If you should  
lit - tle flat; When ends the hon - ey - moon: I'll think up

bid me, I would pluck the stars from out the sky, And  
dodg - es to a - void the in - come tax, while you pre -

lay them at your feet. I'll give you  
-pare the ev-'ning prune. And when our

all your heart can wish, Ex-cept, that is, to say A  
sim-ple meal is done, To keep from get-ting bored, We'll

mut-ton chop on Tues-day, For that's a meat-less day. Would  
talk a-bout the sug-ar, Which once we could af-ford. Per-

you be-grudge that fav-or To her whom you a-dore? I  
-haps a lit-tle strang-er Will come to us one day: But,

could not love thee, dear, so much, Loved I not Hoov - er more..  
if the jan - i - tor ob - jects, We'll give the child a - way.

**Chorus. Very moderato.**

*She.* When you are my hub - by, *He.* When you are my

wife, *Both.* We'll set - tle down some - where in town And

live the sim - ple life, But, though e - con - o -

- mis - ing In ev - 'ry kind of way With

meat - less days and wheat - less days and heat - less days and

sweet - less days, We won't go through a bill - and - coo - less,

bliss - less, kiss - less day. 1 2 day. \_\_\_\_



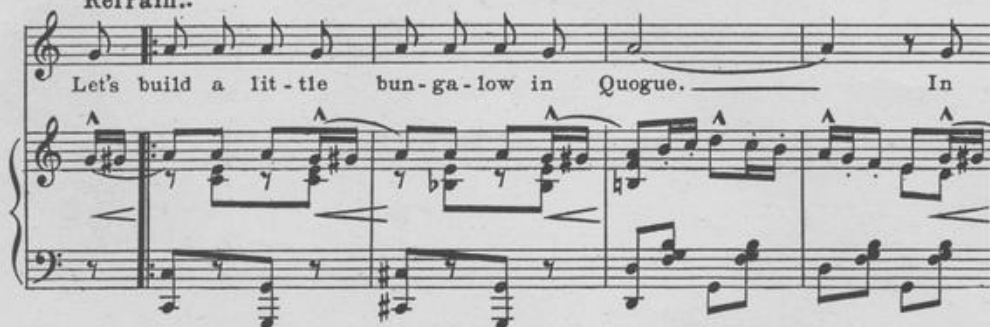
# A LITTLE BUNGALOW IN QUOGUE

Lyrics by  
P. G. WODEHOUSE.

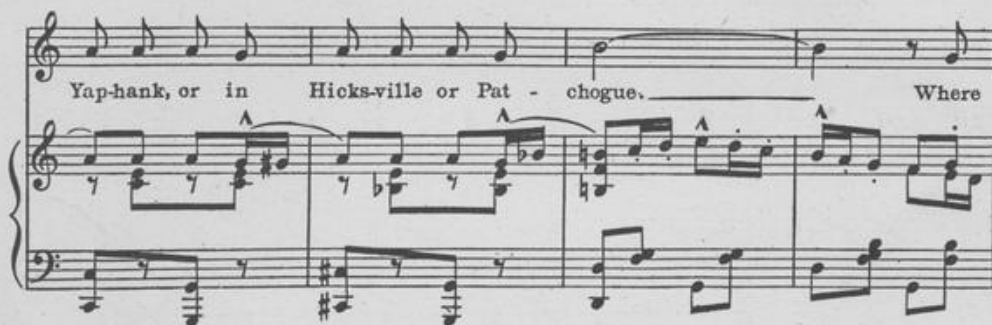
INTRODUCED IN THE  
MUSICAL PRODUCTION  
THE RIVIERA GIRL

Music by  
JEROME KERN.

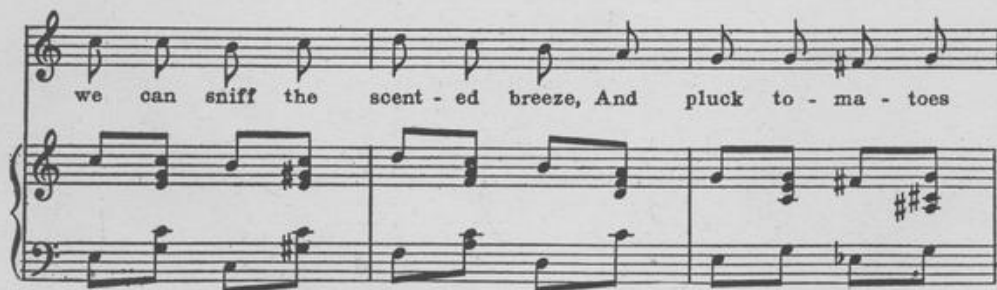
Refrain..



Let's build a lit-tle bun-ga-low in Quogue. In



Yap-hank, or in Hicks-ville or Pat - chogue. Where



we can sniff the scent - ed breeze, And pluck to - ma - toes

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