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1910

## Toot Your Horn Kid, You're In A Fog

Joseph M. Daly  
*Composer*

Jos. Mittenthal  
*Lyricist*

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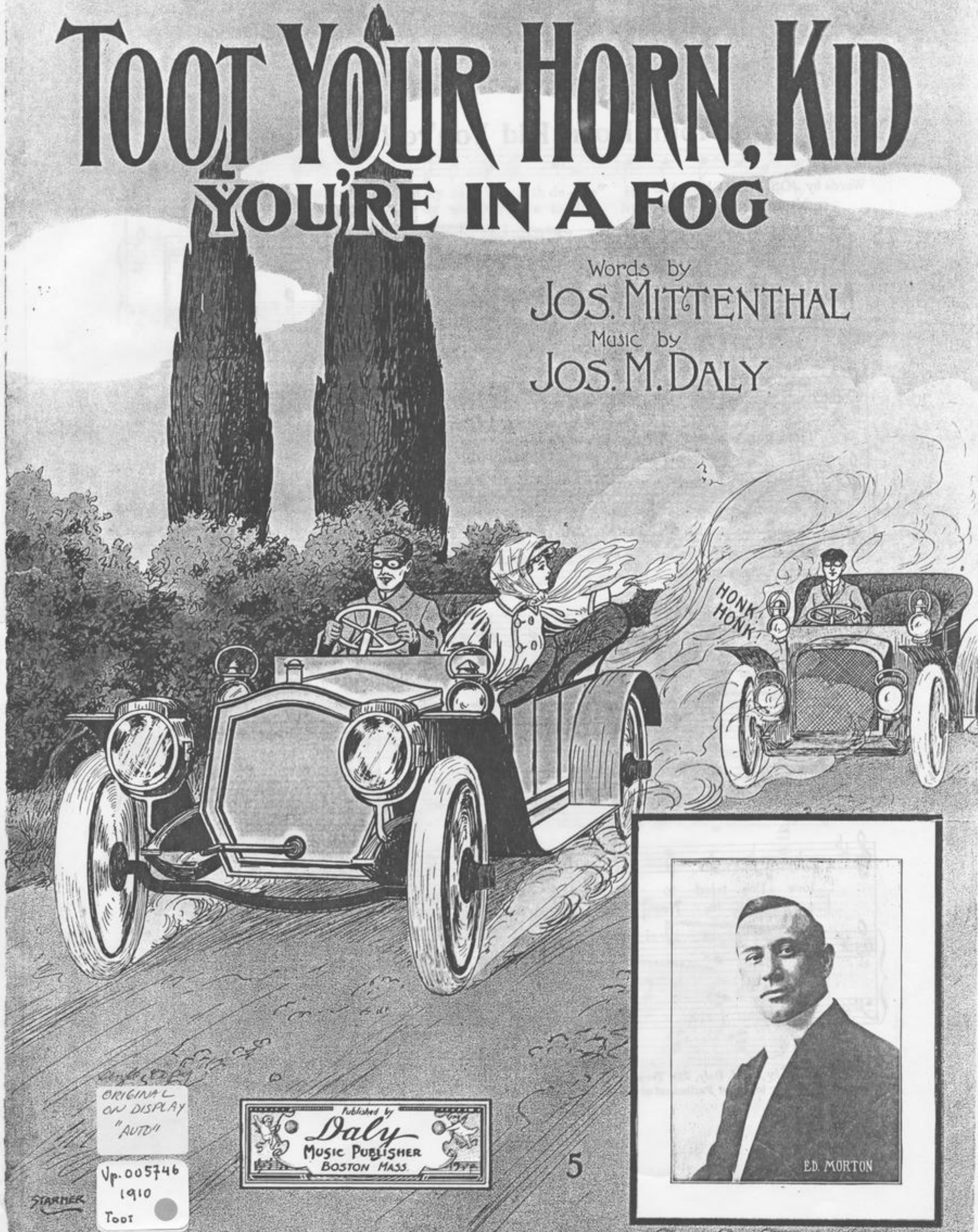
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# TOOT YOUR HORN, KID YOU'RE IN A FOG

Words by  
JOS. MITTENTHAL  
Music by  
JOS. M. DALY



ED. MORTON

ORIGINAL  
ON DISPLAY  
"AUTO"

Vp. 005746  
1910  
Toot

Published by  
**Daly**  
MUSIC PUBLISHER  
BOSTON MASS



# Toot Your Horn Kid You're In A Fog.

Words by JOS. MITTENTHAL.

Music by JOSEPH M. DALY.

Moderato

Vamp.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in B-flat major, 2/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. The introduction features a series of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The tempo then changes to 'Vamp.' (implied by the 'Vamp.' marking and the change in musical texture). The vocal melody enters with the lyrics: 'Sun-day when Ob-ad-i-ah won-der'd what to do'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The lyrics continue: 'Time passed and lit-tle Ma-ry moved a-way from there. Folks said that Ob-ad-friend of his named Ma-ry Drew, He said as she was sit-ting by his side, My i-ah did-n't seem to care, But soon he made the coun-try peo-ple talk, He love I've tried to hide, But you're the girl I'm look-ing af-ter, wan-der'd to New York, And called to see his un-cle Hen-ry,'.

Soon when— he said "Good night my lit - tle heart's de-sire" He thought— he sure-ly  
He found— a lit - tle la - dy who was there to dine, Sure thing— 'twas Ma - ry

had her lit - tle heart on fire But when— 'twas time to  
Drew and she was look - ing fine "By George— said Ob - id -

say good night to Ob - ad iah She looked at him and said.  
i ah she's a friend of mine" But lit - tle Ma - ry said.

## CHORUS

Toot your horn— kid you're in a fog,— you're in a fog,— Yes

Toot your Horn etc 3



you're in a fog,— Take it from me— you're drift-ing to sea.—

I don't think 'twould be so sun-ny liv-ing just on love and hon-ey Pinch your-self hard— kid

come back to life,— Wake your-self up,— then look for a wife,—

Hope is not gone so toot your horn you're in a fog. fog.

*Honk Honk*

1. 2.