

Miss Hattie Williams Song Success.

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Hoop-la-la, Papa!

(Hoop La, Father Doesn't Care.)

Words by
M. E. ROURKE.

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Music by
JEROME D. KERN.

Voice. 

Piano. 

When
When
And


I was but a lit - tle child I played with ev - 'ry kid. And
I grew up I grew to know, a fas - ci - na - ting man. Who
now no mat - ter who they are, you meet in gay Pa - ree. They




al - ways at the ver - y games my fa - ther would for bid. I
ca - tered to my ev 'ry whim un - til in debt he ran. And
seem to pat - tern all they do ex - act - ly af - ter me. Some



used to be so ver - y good till fa - ther went a - way. And
 in re - turn for all he did he'd some-times get a kiss. A
 say "They don't go far e - nough!" And oth - ers, "Much too far!" At

when the kids would come a - round, they'd al - ways hear me say.
 thing that's apt to hap - pen when you sing a song like this.
 an - y rate they cul - ti - vate my, Hoop - la - la, Pa - pa!"

Refrain.

Hoop - la Fa - ther does - nt care, He's not here to

see! Hoop - la Fa - ther does - n't care, Come and play with

me, To my - self I al - ways say, When the cat has

gone a - way, That's the time the mice will play

Hoop - la - la Pa - pa!" pa!" *D.S.* pa!"