

Poor Prune.

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Words by
P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Song-Flora.

Music by
JEROME KERN.

Moderato.

Piano.

mp *p*

Ma-mah
Now I

of-ten used to tell me how im-pru-dent It
can't en-joy my meals, my heart is brok-en: I

is for girls to let their fan-cies roam, And
don't know when I've felt so aw-ful wild. Ah,

go out walk-ing eve-nings with a stu-dent, In-
since those crool re-marks of his was spok-en, I've

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-stead of wash - ing dish - es safe at home. But I
turned in - to a wom - an from a child. — It

nev - er thought my Per - cy would de - ceive me: — He seemed as good and
gets my goat for fair when I re - mem - ber — Them walks we used to

faith - ful as a lamb. — And now - dog - gone it! If he does - n't
take at close of day. — And how it used to fan Love's burn - ing

leave me, — The doub - le faced horn - swog - gling lit - tle clam: —
em - ber, — When he to me these ten - der woids would say: —

Burthen.

I will al - ways love you dear - ie! Morn-ing, night and af - ter-
 I will al - ways love you dear - ie! With a love that nought can

-noon; And my heart will be so wear - y if we
 kill; And my heart will ne'er grow wear - y nor my

don't get mar - ried soon! Oh I fell for all that
 pas - sion get a chill! Yes I fell for all the

old time junk, Them nights be - neath the moon, Poor prune! - *D.C.*
 hot air stuff, That Per - cy used to spill, Poor pill! -