Poor Prune.

Words by
P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Song. Flora.

Music by
JEROME KERN.

Moderato.

Piano.

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

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

go out walk-ing eve-nings with a stu-dent,
In-since those crool re-mar-ks of his was spok-en,

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instead of washing dishes safe at home. But I
turned into a woman from a child. — It

never thought my Percy would deceive me: He seemed as good and
gets my goat for fair when I remember Them walks we used to

faithful as a lamb. And now-dog-gone it! If he doesn't
take at close of day. And how it used to fan Love's burning

leave me, The double faced horn-swingling little clam;
ember, When he to me these tender words would say:

T. B. H. Co. 3.3
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

-moon;
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,
hot air stuff, That Per- cy used to spill,
Poor prunel
Poor pill!

T.B.H.Co. 3.3