

POPULAR

Mrs. Eder.

THE BUM SONG

Words & Music by
HARRY M^cCLINTOCK
"MAC"

The famous radio and record artist



UKE.
ACCOMP.

Mrs. Eder.

T. G. JACQUES

The Bum's Song

Tune Uke
G C E A

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Moderato

mf

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords in a 6/8 time signature, while the left hand plays a simple bass line. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the dynamic is 'mf'.

VOICE

1. Come all you jol - ly jok - ers — And
3. I beat my way from Fris - co Bay To the
5. Oh a - stand - in' in the rail - road yard A -
7. Oh sleep - in' a - gainst the sta - tion, — Tra -
9. Oh sleep - in' in the po - gies, — —

mp *p*

The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line. Dynamics are marked 'mp' and 'p'.

lis - ten while I hum — A sto - ry I'll re - late to you Of the
rock bound coast of Maine — To Can - a - da and Mex - i - co Then
wait - in' for a train — A - wait - in' for a West bound freight, But
la - la - la - la - la - tion — Well that's our rec - com - men - da - tion, — Hur -
O - gie, O - gie, O - gies — A - smok - in' snipes and sto - gies, — Hur -

C7

The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line. A guitar chord diagram for C7 is shown above the vocal line.

great A-mer-i-can Bum— From the East, the West, the North, the South Like a
wan-dered back a-gain— I've met town clowns and har-ness "bulls" As
think it's all in vain— — Go-ing East they're load-ed, — —
rah, Hur-ree, Hur-rum— For we're three Bums, three jol-ly old Bums, We
rah, Hur-ree, Hur-rum— For we're three Bums, three jol-ly old Bums, We

swarm of bees they come— We sleep in the dirt and wear a shirt That is
tough as a cop could be— And I've been in ev-'ry cal-a-bose In this
Go-ing West sealed tight— I think we'll have to get a-board The
live like roy-al Turks— We have good luck a-bum-min' our chuck And
live like roy-al Turks— We have good luck a-bum-min' our chuck God

dir-ty and full of crumbs — 2. Oh it's ear-ly in the
Land of Lib-er-ty — 4. I've topped the spruce and
fast Ex-press to-night — 6. Oh la-dy would you be
nev-er both-er to work — 8. I met a man the
bless the man that works —

Fine *mp*

F **C7**

morn-ing, And the dew is off the ground. The Bum a-ris-es from his nest And worked the sluice And tak-en a turn at the plow. I've searched for gold in the rain, and cold And kind e-nough To give me some-thing to eat. A piece of bread and but-ter, And a oth-er day I nev-er had met be-fore. He asked me if I want-ed a job, A-

F

gaz-es all a-round. From the box-car and the hay-stack. He gaz-es ev-'ry-worked on a riv-er scow. I've dug the clam and built the dam And packed the e-lu-sive ten foot slice of meat. A piece of pie and cus-tard. To tic-kle my ap-pe-shov-lin' i-ron ore. I asked him what the wag-es were And he said "Ten cents a

C7 **F**

where. He nev-er turns back up-on his track, Un-til he gets a square. D.S.
prune. But my trou-bles pale when I hit the trail, A-pad-lin' my own bal-loon. —
tite. For real-ly I'm so hun-gry, I don't know where to sleep to-night. —
ton. I said "Old fel-ler go chase your-self, I'd rath-er be on the bum." — D.S.