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1908

# My Brudda Sylvest'

Fred Fisher  
*Composer*

Jesse Lasky  
*Lyricist*

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### Recommended Citation

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# MY BRUDDA SYLVEST

FEATURED WITH  
TREMENDOUS SUCCESS

BY

Mabel Hite

AND

Mike Donlin

WORDS BY  
JESSE LASKY  
MUSIC BY  
FRED FISCHER

Bagaduce Music  
Lending Library



Vp. 17064  
1908  
My Bro

## My Brudda Sylvest.

*Extra Verses by Fred Fischer.*

1.

Oh, my brudda work a on 'da steam a boat,  
 Down the East a River one a day he float,  
 Underneath the Brooklyn Bridge so tall, somebody call,  
 "Hey, look a look da bridge he gone a fall,"  
 But Sylvest a say "Cheer up, nobody die,"  
 And he push a push da bridge away up high,  
 And he hold him up like forty horse,  
 (*Spoken*) And fifty thousand people walk across.

2.

Oh, Sylvest a engineer, the B. & O.  
 Run a train from Baltimore to Buffalo,  
 When he see a baby on the track, he tried to check,  
 The engine he no can a push him back,  
 He get mad and grab a telegraph a pole,  
 Wreck da train and push a push him in da hole,  
 Saved the little baby just the same,  
 (*Spoken*) But kill all the passengers on da train.

3.

Oh, my brudda he was in the Spanish War,  
 And he make a fight upon the Cuban Shore,  
 Oh, the bullets flattened on his head, the soldier said,  
 But nobody could kill Sylvest a dead,  
 Oh, he smash a Moro Castle with his fist,  
 With a one a lick and never hurt his wrist,  
 Take a Spaniard throw him in the sea,  
 (*Spoken*) Drown four-hundred-twenty-three.

4.

Oh, the Ring a ling a circus gave a show,  
 Ev'rybody in the whole a town he go,  
 Oh, the lion, big a one broke out,  
 Without a doubt, he'd kill a ev'rybody in the crowd,  
 But Sylvest a say no make a monkey biz,  
 He just take the lion tail and swing like this,  
 Then he put his hand right in his mouth,  
 (*Spoken*) And he turn him inside out.

5.

Oh, Sylvest a throw a ball three thousand feet,  
 He's a got da great a Mike a Donlin beat,  
 If the giants say they need a help, put them on the shelf,  
 Sylvest a play the league a by himself,  
 Last a week the bat a slip a from the hand,  
 Smash the Umpire in the back, and beat the Band,  
 Then he bounce a off a stone in the sand,  
 Break da whole a Grand a Stand.

6.

Oh, Sylvest a down the mine he dig a coal,  
 And he make a one a great a big a hole,  
 Hundred-thousand ton of coal he break, the earth he shake,  
 A hole from here to Italy he make,  
 When the boss he say, "You go too far, Valjo,"  
 Then Sylvest a say "I know just where I go,"  
 Oh, the bottom of the mine it a fell,  
 And Sylvest a went to——.

+++

Dedicated to my friend Sam Dody.

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# My Brudda Sylvest'

Words by  
JESSE LASKY.

Music by  
FRED FISCHER.

Moderato.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked Moderato. It begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The right hand features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with some chordal accompaniment.

The vocal entry is marked with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The lyrics are: "Oh you heard a - bout the great a strong a Up a town there was a fire a last a". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the introduction.

The vocal entry continues with the lyrics: "man, — Oh the great a big a John a Sul - li - van, — Oh you week — P'lice a man a call a fire a en - gine quick, — Fire a". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

The vocal entry concludes with the lyrics: "heard a - bout the Jeff-ries a fight he's a strong all - right he whip a fif - ty en - gine make a root-toot - ie toot the fire out to put a ev - 'ry - bod - y". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

men in one a night, But I got a brud - da got the bunch a  
 tried no - bod - y could, Oh Syl - vest a he then come a - long and

beat, — Got a chest a mea - sure for - ty sev'n a feet — Got a  
 shout, — I will show you just a how to go a boat — Oh he

pea - nut stand on Mul - ber - ry street — he's a tough a man to beat. —  
 swell his chest a big an a stout (blow) and he blow the fi - re out. —

## Chorus.

My great big brud-da Syl - vest — take a great a big a ship on the chest —

*mf-ff*

— Kill a fif - ty thou - sand In - dians out west — he no take a no rest —

— He got a one strong a grip — With a one a punch a

sink a da ship — Oh it take a whole a ar - my to whip —

— my brud - da Syl - vest. — For he's my - vest. —

# TRY THESE ON YOUR PIANO

I Never Knew What Love Was,  
Till I Fell In Love With You.

Words by ALFRED BRYAN  
Music by FRED FISCHER

Chorus.

See-er know what love was, 'till I fell in love with  
you. You was my heart complete-ly with those dream-y  
eyes of thine. I've jil-lied Maude and Ma-rie and made  
eyes at Lil and Lue. 'Till I see-er know what love was,

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Under The Matzos Tree.

(A ghetto love song)

Words and Music by FRED FISCHER

Chorus.

Went you come and make for me a hap-py life,  
I've got plea-sure in you - just a wife. It's not a  
bun-son to be sin-gle. Let's mix - gle in - gle  
in - gle. Make it quick and say the word He -

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IN GERMANY.

Words by ALFRED BRYAN  
Music by FRED FISCHER

Chorus.

Wanted to see a - ny one Ger-man - y I love that  
land would be, if it was Ger-man - y, let's light the  
fla - ger  
There with my love - no more,  
Darl - ing mine, Lieb - ing mine,  
It's long as life,  
It's short as death.

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"HAPPINESS."

FRED FISCHER  
Music by FRED FISCHER  
Words by ALFRED BRYAN

Chorus.

Two hearts that beat just as one, Two eyes as bright as the sun,  
Two lips that whisper to me, "I love you best!" Septimile when  
as - er you're sigh, Sweet like when you say "Good-bye!" True love as  
man - y can say. That's hap - pi - ness.

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