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I Need The Morning Air.

JOS. E. HOWARD.

Moderato.

My - doc - tor told me
I - walk the streets till

I was sick, And need-ed morn-ing air, That I must breathe it
late at night, And vis-it ev-ry friend. I set 'em up for

deep - ly, And of my-self take care. But
all my pals, Un-til my knees they bend. And

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when I lay my head to bed, At noon-time I'm still there. I'm
just a-bout the break of day, I try my door with care. Then

'fraid I'll die, and Saint Pet-er try To get that morn-ing air. And
wife yells Bill so you've got your fill Of ear-ly morn-ing air. Then

when I woke that day. You could hear me loud-ly say.
to my wife I said You would like to see me dead.

Bassoon. *f*

CHORUS.

I've got to get that morn-ing air, must

p-f

be up with the light. I've got to get that morn - ing air, If

I stay up all night. The doc - tor says I sleep too much, You

know I'm in his care. So I won't go home till morn - ing Spoken "Why"

Slower.

a tempo

'Cause I need that morn - ing air. I've air.

1. 2.

a tempo *f* *D.S.*

3.

I dreamed one night that I was dead,
And went right down to H..... (Crash)
My pious friends were sizzling,
I heard the females yell,
I was introduced to old Nick,
At me he gave one stare.
I said, please Nick I'm awful sick,
And need the morning air.
Oh, my how Nick did glare,
When I asked him for cold air.

4.

My wife's a politician sort,
Can talk you deaf and dumb.
She loves to take a little drink,
Of course it must be "Mumm."
One night I woke and found her gone,
No make-up on the chair
I heard a noise, she was with the boys,
Imbibing morning air.
She said why Bills 'tis fine,
To be with the boys and dine.