Budweiser's A Friend Of Mine

Words by Vincent Bryan

Music by Seymour Furth

Introduced in Ziegfeld's Review

Follies of 1907 at the

Jardin de Paris

By

My Pocahontas
I Oughtn't Ought To Any More
Mother's The Boss At Our House
They All Look Alike To Mary
Miss Ginger Of Jamaica
If We Knew What The Milkman Knows
That's How He Met The Girl
Budweiser's A Friend Of Mine
Re-Ingarnation
Come Down, Salomy Jane
How'd You Like To Float Me
I'm The Man Who Built The Subway

Follies of 1907 March
Follies of 1907 Waltzes

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Budweiser's A Friend Of Mine.

Words by VINCENT BRYAN.

Music by SEYMOUR FURTH.

INTRO. Tempo di Valse.

VOICE.

1. The Po-ets may sing of the
2. The friends to take pride in, are
3. Bill Brown's just been mar-ried, one
4. Next ev-'ning at din-ner Bill

friends who will cling to you, When you are gloom-y and blue,
those you con-fide in, When trou-ble comes walk-ing your way,
night he was car-ried, Up home at the hour of one,
Brown the old sin-ner, Told wi-fie, I'm go-ing out dear,

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But I have one friend who will stick to the end, Just the
Most women will scold you, and say: "Well, I told you" When
His wife, who'd retired, got up and admired, His
She said: Stay at home Bill, there's no need to roam, Bill, For

dear-est friend I ever knew,
When ever I'm
ever your plans go astray,
But my friend you
beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful "bun?"
She asked who de
your old friend, Bud-weiser's here,
Said Bill: "If you've

sad, And the world treats me badly, In to some Rathskeller I
see, ne-ver talks back to me, If I'm wrong he has no-thing to
tained him, her an-gry voice pained him, She said: "where on earth did you
met, him, you'd bet-ter go get him, You're more like a pal than a
stray, 
I fill up a stein with this old friend of
say, 
Some friends love to tell you, why hard luck be-
roam?" 
He answered: "Eliza, I’ve been with Bud-
wife 
So fill up my schooner, the quicker the

mine 
And I dream all my sorrow away:
fell you, Bud-wei-ser is wiser then they:
wei-ser, I’ve been taking Bud-wei-ser home:
soo-ner, And well have the time of our life:

CHORUS.

Bud, Bud-wei-ser’s a friend of mine, Friend of mine, yes, a
friend of mine, What care I, if the sun don’t:

Budweiser’s A Friend Of Mine. 4
shine, While I've got Bud - weiser;

That's the rea - son, I feel so fine, feel so fine, yes, I

feel so fine; For though Bill the Kai-ser's a friend of Bud - wei-ser's, Bud-

wei-ser's, a friend of mine.