"Don't Take Me Home."

Words by
Vincent Bryan.

Music by
Harry von Tilzer.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

1. Augustus J. Mc -
2. Mc - Cann made such a
3. Mc - Cann be - came so

Till Ready.

Cann,
fight
sore

Is a - hen pecked mar - ried man.
That they - locked him up that night
That he ran off to the war.


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been a fighting with his wife since his married life began. One
day he got six months in jail And he said now I'm in right
war was like Vacation Time after all he'd fought before He

morn at half past three, while out up on a spree, A
jail there was no strife He never saw his wife He
always led the fray But he was shot one day His

Motor knocked him down and out and it nearly broke his knee; The
said that he'd be happy if he could stay there all his life But
comrades saw he couldn't walk and they carried him away Up

Chauffeur raised Mac's head, He said "this man is dead!" But
after half a year They said "get out of here" The
on his cot he fell The doctor said "well well!" We'll

Don't take me home.
when he said "we'll take him home" McCann jumped up and said.

jailer said we'll take you home But Mac yelled out in fear.

send this man home to his wife Then Mac began to yell.

Chorus.

Don't take me home.

please don't take me home, Tell me,

what did I do to you? Oo oo oo oo

Don't take me home.
have a little pity, I'm a poor married man,

in search of peace I roam,

I'm with you in anything you do but don't take me home, home.

Don't take me home.