

BABY'S GOT A TOOTH

COMIC SONG

BY

E. H. JONES.

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# THE BABY'S GOT A TOOTH.

Written by J.F. Mitchell.

Music by E.H. Jones.

Moderato.

Piano. *f*

The first system of the piano introduction, marked 'Piano' and 'Moderato'. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The music begins with a forte dynamic (*f*) and consists of several measures of chords and moving lines.

The second system of the piano introduction, continuing the musical theme from the first system with similar chordal textures and melodic fragments.

The sun will soon re - fuse to shine, we're go - ing to lose the moon, There will

The first line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "The sun will soon re - fuse to shine, we're go - ing to lose the moon, There will".

be a great ca - - tas - tro - phe, 'twill hap - pen ve - - ry soon, The

The second line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues on the treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment continues on the grand staff. The lyrics are: "be a great ca - - tas - tro - phe, 'twill hap - pen ve - - ry soon, The".

age of won - ders has re - vived Old age will turn to youth, And

you'll a - gree that I am right when you have heard the truth.....

*Spoken:* — The other morning I was suddenly awakened by a violent nudge from the partner of my joys, who cried, "Oh, George, George, dear, George, you brute, put your finger in the baby's dear little mouth. — I did, and found a tooth."

*Chorus.*

George dear, George dear, would you guess the truth..... George dear, the

ba - by dear, bless the lit - tle youth..... Do get up and light the fire,

Turn the gas a lit-tle high-er, Run and tell my Aunt Ma - ri - a ba - by's got a

1. tooth..... 2. tooth.....

Now since that wonderful event the house both day and night,  
Is crowded with mamma's who come to wonder at the sight  
Of baby's wond'rous primal tooth, to dance it on their knees,  
And hum their approbation like a hive of busy bees.

*Spoken:* — Yes, they are all busy, some are busy eating, some are busy drinking, and all are busy singing —

*Chorus:* George, dear, &c.

My wife will get up a party in honour of the day,  
I dare not utter one protest, but must the piper pay;  
The house from top to bottom looks as if 'twere wreck'd with bombs,  
Because the kid has push'd a bit of ivory thro' his gums.

*Chorus:* George, dear, &c.

She says I am a nasty brute without an ounce of sense,  
That I think not of the honour but only the expense;  
But if I must speak the honest truth before you all to-night,  
I wish the kid had kept his masticator out of sight.

*Chorus:* George, dear, &c.