

CLYSMIC WATER

DAUGHTER OF WHITE ROCK

WORDS BY
WILLIAM JEROME
MUSIC BY
HARRY VON TILZER



2 Clysmic Water Daughter Of White Rock

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Piano

Voice

Out in the land where the red man used to reign
Out in the land where the mov-ing pic-ture grows

Vamp

Out where the gold-en sunshinetints the grain
Out where the young squaw now wears open hose

Big Chief Wampum came to woo Clysmic Wat-er
Gamb-ling on the green for coal Big Chief Wampum

some gal too he owned a Ford ca - noe just room for two his book he knew.
lost his roll he held no ace in hole and lost con-trol of Clysmic's soul.

Chorus

Clysmic Wat-er was the daught-er of Big Chief White Rock he once sold wat-ered
Clysmic Wat-er was the daught-er of Big Chief White Rock she knew the way to

stock to his best friend "Nev-er Knock" When the big town him go dry White Rock him wink
 hock a dia-mond or a clock Once big Chief Ford Ca-dil-lac tied her to the

old red eye shook head and said "Daught-er Wat-er big town dead" Fi-re Wat-er
 rail-road track then said "Soon dead In-jun kill her" then he fled Old Red Rav-en

came to court her brought a-round a quart him was an In-jun sport and him
 he came rav-in' start-ed do-ing splits and cut the rope in bits then he

know the way to court Al-ways keeps her old pipe full of the ne-ces-sar-y bull
 took her to the Ritz Where head wait-er "I-rish Stew" him said "I re-mem-ber you"

Clys-mic Wat-er daught-er of White Rock. Rock.
 Clys-mic Wat-er daught-er of White Rock. Rock.