

# TARARA BOOM-DE AY!

Comic  
Character  
Song

Music by

## ANGELO A. ASHER.

MARCH BY J. J. FREEMAN.

3<sup>x</sup>

SONG  
4<sup>x</sup>

NEW YORK

HAMILTON S. GORDON 13 EAST 14<sup>TH</sup> ST.



## TA • RA • RA BOOM • DE • AY!

Written by RICHARD MORTON.

Music by ANGELO A. ASHER.

Moderato.

PIANO *f*

*p*

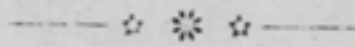
A smart and styl-ish girl you see, Belle of good so - ci - e - ty;

Not too strict but rath-er free, Yet as right as right can be! Nev-er for-ward, nev-er bold,

Not too hot, and not too cold, But the ver-y thing, I'm told, That in your arms you'd like to hold!



# TA · RA · RA BOOM · DE · AY!



1.

A smart and stylish girl you see,  
Belle of good society;  
Not too strict, but rather free,  
Yet as right as right can be!  
Never forward, never bold,—  
Not too hot, and not too cold,  
But the very thing, I'm told,  
That in your arms you'd like to hold!

CHORUS.

Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay,  
Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay,  
Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay,  
Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay,  
Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay,  
Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay,  
Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay,  
Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!

2.

I'm not extravagantly shy,  
And when a nice young man is nigh,  
For his heart I have a try—  
And faint away with tearful cry!  
When the good young man in haste,  
Will support me round the waist;  
I don't come to, while thus embraced,  
Till of my lips he steals a taste!

CHORUS. Ta-ra-ra &c.

3.

I'm a timid flower of innocence—  
Pa says that I have no sense—  
I'm one eternal big expense;  
But men say that I'm just "immense!"  
Ere my verses I conclude,  
I'd like it known and understood,  
Though free as air, I'm never rude,—  
I'm not too bad, and not too good!

CHORUS. Ta-ra-ra &c.

EXTRA VERSES.

You should see me out with Pa,  
Prim, and most particular;  
The young men say, "Ah, there you are!"  
And Pa says, "That's peculiar!"  
"It's like their cheek!" I say, and so  
Off again with Pa I go—  
He's quite satisfied—although  
When his back's turned—well you know—

CHORUS. Ta-ra-ra &c.

When with swell I'm out to dine,  
All my hunger I resign;  
Taste the food, and sip the wine—  
No such daintiness as mine!  
But, when I am all alone,  
For shortcomings I atone!  
No old frumps to stare like stone—  
Chops and chicken on my own!

CHORUS. Ta-ra-ra &c.

Sometimes Pa says with a frown,  
"Soon you'll have to settle down—  
Have to wear your wedding gown—  
Be the strictest wife in town!"  
Well it must come by-and-by  
When wed to keep quiet I'll try;  
But till then I shall not sigh,  
I shall still go in for my—

CHORUS. Ta-ra-ra &c.



# TA · RA · RA BOOM · DE · AY!

## VERSION FOR GENTLEMEN.



1.

I'm a swell young gentleman,  
Living on the modern plan;  
When style's about, I'm in the van!  
I pay as few debts as I can!  
If, when I walk in the street,  
My poor tailor I should meet,  
His complaints I always greet  
By singing to him, soft and sweet:—

### CHORUS.

Ta - ra - ra Boom-de - ay,  
Ta - ra - ra Boom-de - ay,  
Ta - ra - ra Boom-de - ay,  
Ta - ra - ra Boom-de - ay;  
Ta - ra - ra Boom-de - ay,  
Ta - ra - ra Boom-de - ay,  
Ta - ra - ra Boom-de - ay,  
Ta - ra - ra Boom-de - ay!

2.

Once a money-lending Jew  
Swore that for his debt he'd sue;  
"Right!" said I, "good luck to you—  
You won't get much, by all that's blue!"  
To the Court he sped along,  
Breathing vengeance, hot and strong;  
Through his whiskers, gray and long,  
The wind was whistling my old song:—

### CHORUS. Ta-ra-ra &c.

3.

To the Court he took me straight,  
Proceeded there his claim to state;  
The judge then asked me, quite sedate,  
To wipe my score clean off the slate!  
I replied, "Truth is, old bloke,  
"I can't pay, for I'm dead-broke!"  
The judge gave that Jew's ribs a poke—  
In accents soft he slyly spoke:—  
CHORUS. Ta-ra-ra &c.

4.

All the Court broke in a roar!  
Such sights were never seen before;  
The lawyers shouted out, "Encore!"  
And banged their feet upon the floor!  
The tune caught on—of that, no doubt!  
They pitched the poor old Sheeny out;  
The judge and jury jigged about,  
And every one went on to shout!—  
CHORUS. Ta-ra-ra &c.

### EXTRA VERSE.

Once I met a lady fair,  
All in tears, with straggling hair,  
She saw me, began to blare,—  
I could only stand and stare!  
A bundle in her arms was borne,  
She held it out to me in scorn;—  
Cried that female all forlorn:  
"Take it, wretch, this parcel's your'n!"  
CHORUS. Ta-ra-ra &c.



# CHORUS.

3

Tempo di Marcia.

*mf*

Ta - ra - ra Boom-de - ay, Ta - ra - ra Boom-de-ay, Ta - ra - ra

*mf*

Boom-de - ay, Ta - ra - ra Boom-de-ay; Ta - ra - ra Boom-de-ay,

Ta - ra - ra Boom-de - ay, Ta - ra - ra Boom-de-ay, Ta - ra - ra

Boom - de - ay!

*D.C.*