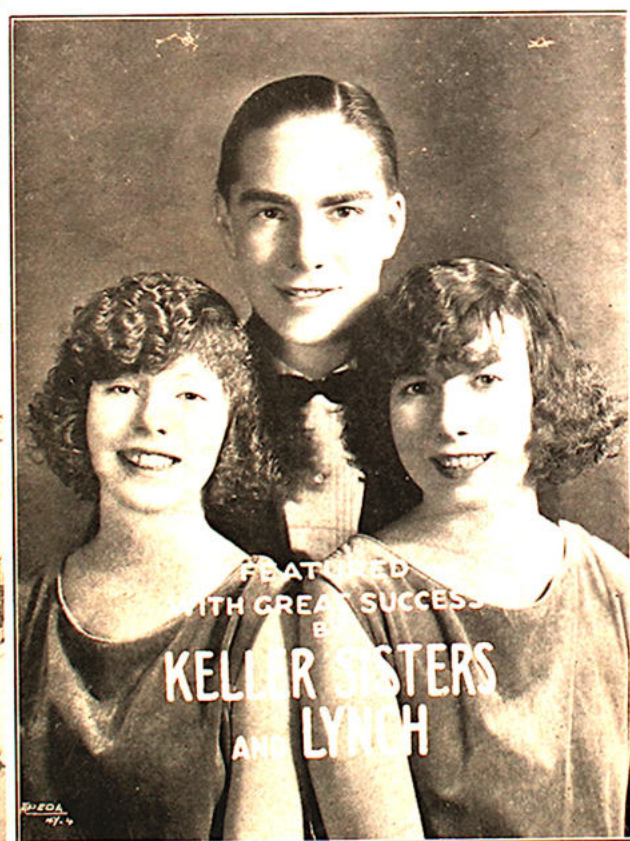


I'M SITTING PRETTY IN A PRETTY LITTLE CITY

WITH
UKULELE
ACCOMPANIMENT



M. WITMARK & SONS
NEW YORK



I'm Sitting Pretty in a Pretty Little City



Fox Trot Song

Ukulele in D

G C E A

Tune Uke thus  when played with Piano

Words & Music by
LOU DAVIS
ABEL BAER
& HENRY SANTLY

Moderato

f *ff*

Till ready *p*

There's no place like home, you nev-er learn that till you
Post-man calls each day, with lots of let-ters and they

roam Ev-'ry place I'd be that lit-tle home kept call-in'
say When will you be here we hav-n't seen you in a

me I left the world be-hind, fate was kind showed the way
year I know they want me there I de-clare there's no use

Hap-py the whole-day long, life's a song- and I'll say.—
I have just learned to live, and I'd give— this ex - cuse.—

This system contains the first line of the song. It features a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

REFRAIN
I'm sit-tin' pret-ty in a pret-ty lit-tle cit-y down Geor-gia way

This system contains the first line of the refrain. It continues with the same musical notation as the first system, with the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

There are no an-gels near, But it seems like heav-en here

This system contains the second line of the refrain. The musical notation continues, with the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

And ev - 'ry morn-in' when a Geor-gia day is dawn-in' I hear a

This system contains the third line of the refrain. The musical notation continues, with the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

song Whip-por - will on my sill. Whist-lin' come on a

This system contains the fourth line of the refrain. The musical notation continues, with the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

long Al-ways blow-in' bub-bles hav-n't an-y trou-bles

luck-y it would seem Hope no-bod-y shakes me hope no-bod-y wakes me

this may be a dream and there's a sweet cer-tain per-son who is

faith-ful-ly re-hears-in' a wed-ding day So I'm sit-tin' pret-ty in a

pret-ty lit-tle cit-y down old Geo-rgia way. way.