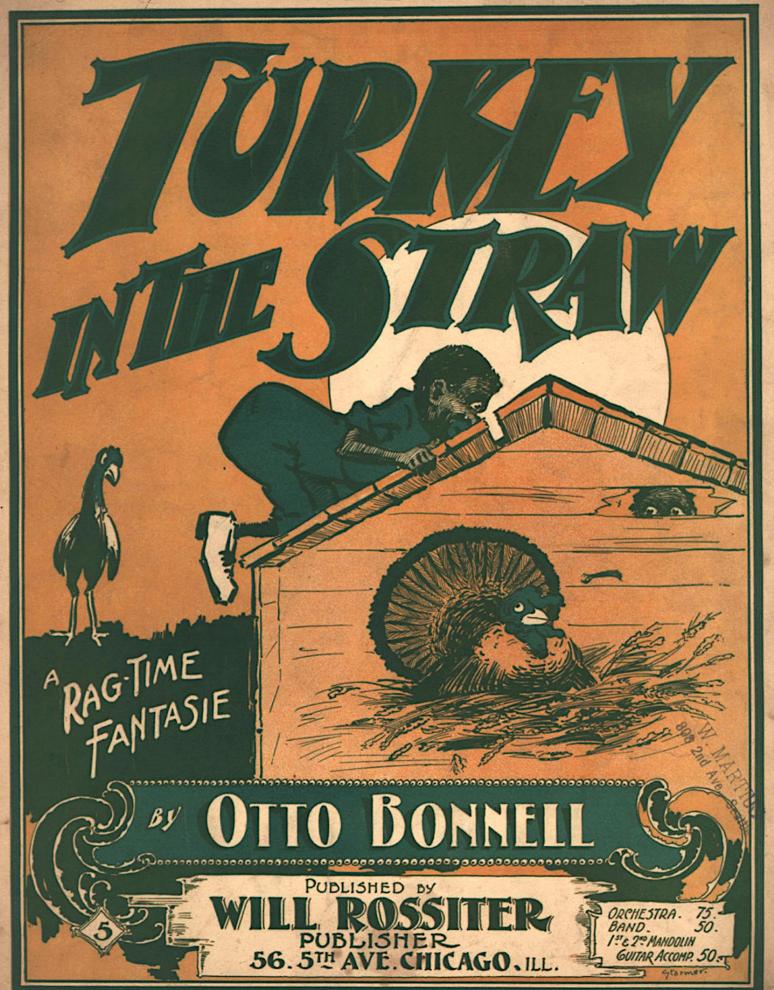
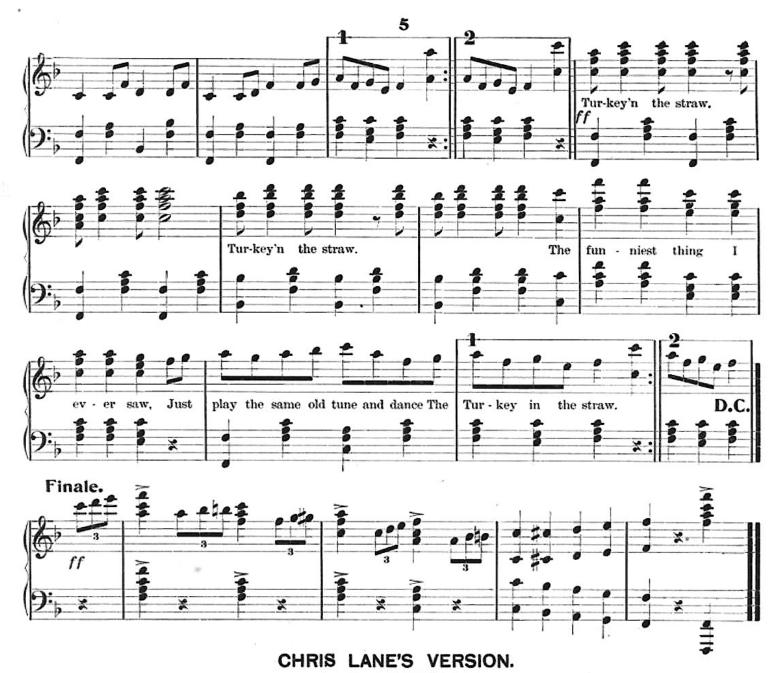
VOCAL



THE NEW TURKEY IN THE STRAW.







Copyright, non, by Will Rossiter.

I went out with a company
That took well in each town;
Of course we didn't take the things
That happened to be nailed down.
We had lots of money behind us,
But I raised an awful fuss,
For it was so darned far behind
It never did catch up with us,
Chorus.

"Turkey in the Straw" was the name of the play.

The newspapers did say,
"Stay far, far away;
It's 18 karat fine without a single flaw,
A good job for the undertaker
Was "Turkey in the Straw."

Saw two men and a dog;
Said I to the house manager,
"Business must be on the hog.
Say, Mister, did you ever
Have a good house in this town?"
He said, "Yes, we used to have one,
But the darned place burned down."
CHORUS.
"Turkey in the Straw," Hip, hip, hurrah!
It certainly was raw,
The worst I ever saw,
Oh, dear, oh, pshaw.
It was stopped by the law;
The "ghost", it never walked
With old "Turkey in the Straw."

I looked out through the peek-hole,

Turkey in the Straw. 3.