

Marimba

A South American Episode



60



Sung' by
FRANK CRUMIT
in the
**Greenwich Village
Follies**

Words by
HOWARD JOHNSON
and **CLIFF HESS**
Music by
JOHNNY BLACK .
Co-Writer of Dardanella

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Words by
HOWARD JOHNSON
and CLIFF HESS

MARIMBA

Fox Trot Song

Music by
JOHNNY BLACK
Co-Writer of "Dardanella"

Moderato

Once I took a trip, — Sailed upon a ship, — Travel'd way a-far, —

— To South A-me-ri-ca. — Chi-li was the land, — Where my fun be-gan. —

— Chilly it was not, — Soon I found it hot. — There I met a dan- cer, Pretty lit-tle

pran- cer, You can guess the an- swer, When I saw this dan- cer, I got all ex-ci-

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This composition may also
be had for your Talking
Machine or Player Piano

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-ted, When her eyes in - vi - ted, Captured in her net, _____ I blew her to a cig-a-

-rette. You bet. Gigg-l-ing, jigg-l-ing, wrigg-l-ing, wigg-l-ing, She could do more than you know, Oh!

An-y-thing you please _____ she could move with ease _____

— An-y-thing at all, _____ fastened on the wall, _____ And with ev-ry move, _____

— I was feeling gay, _____ Till she took my dough, _____ Then she moved a-way. _____ Some mover

CHORUS

Sweet Ma - rim - ba, long and lim - ber, She could shake just like a

tree, There in Chi - li, I went sil - ly, When she tried to

hand the chill to me; Once I kiss'd her, She said "Mis - ter,

stop! — that's where I draw the line," She was Swiss and Belgian But her movement
She won all the highbrows She could e - ven

was an El - gin, Sweet Ma - rim - ba mine. mine.

shake her eyebrows.