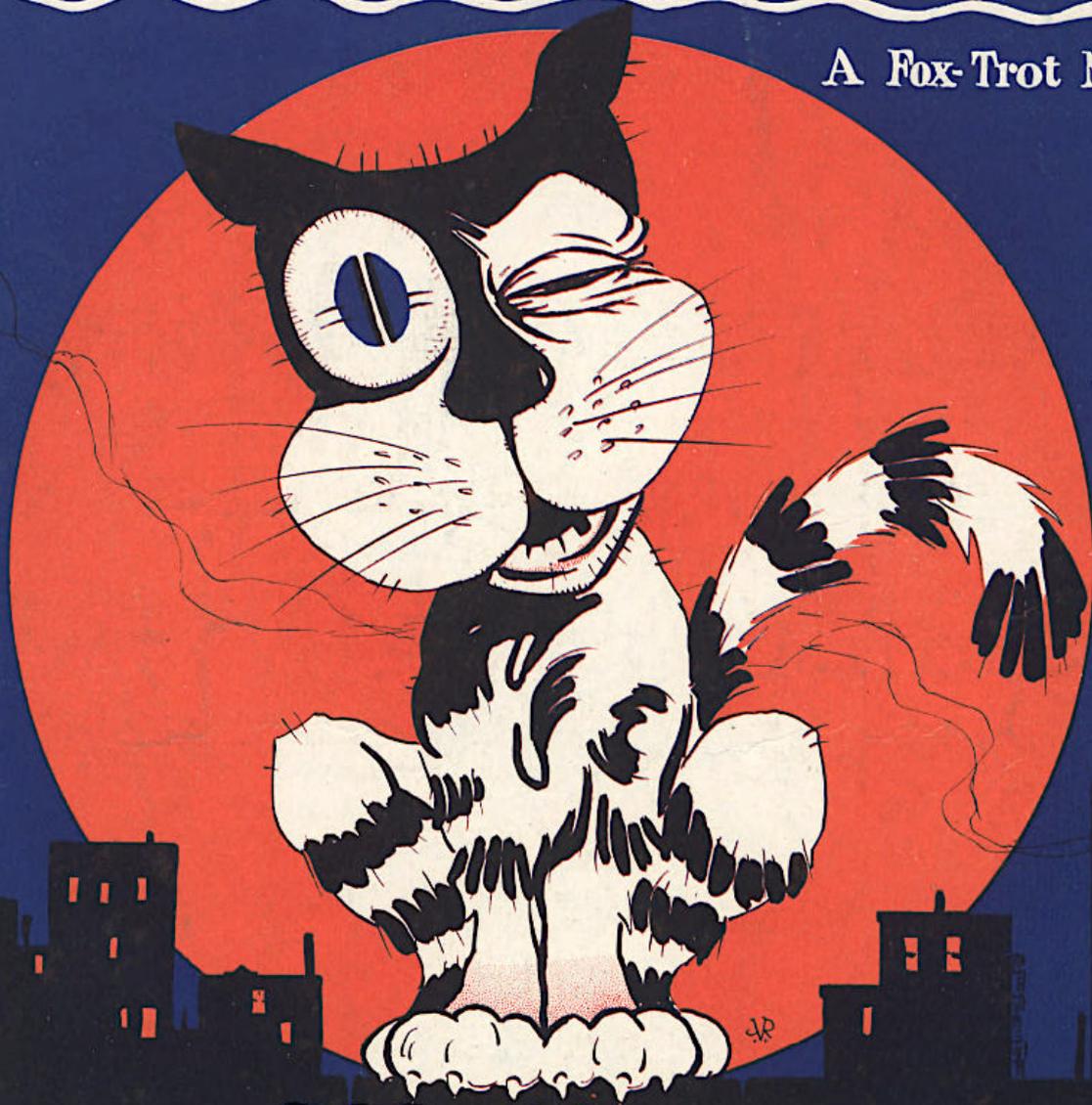


I WON'T GO HOME TO-NIGHT

A Fox-Trot Novelty



WORDS BY
L. WOLFE GILBERT
and **SAUL BERNIE**
MUSIC BY
CON CONRAD

"You can't go wrong
with any **FEIST** song!"

POPULAR EDITION
LEO. FEIST INC. **NEW YORK**
CANADA, LEO. FEIST, LIMITED, 193 YONGE ST. TORONTO.
FRANCIS, DAY & HUNTER, 150-160 CHASING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, E.M.C.

I Won't Go Home Tonight

Novelty Fox-Trot Song

Words by
L. WOLFE GILBERT
and SAUL BERNIE

Ukulele arr.
* See note below

Music by
CON CONRAD

Moderato

The musical score is written in G major and 2/4 time. It begins with a piano introduction marked 'Moderato' and 'mf'. The piano part consists of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The vocal melody is written in a single treble clef staff. The lyrics are: 'Where I min-gle, I can hear a jin-gle, And it jin-gles in my mind, — Takes you back when you used to roam, Stayed out late till the'. The score includes various musical notations such as dynamics (mf, p), articulation (accents, slurs), and ukulele chord diagrams above the vocal line.

Copyright MCMXXVI by LEO. FEIST, Inc., Feist Building, New York
International Copyright Secured and Reserved

London - England, Francis Day & Hunter, Limited, 138-140 Charing Cross Road
Toronto - Canada, Leo. Feist, Limited, 193 Yonge Street

Ukulele arr. by
MAY SINGHI BREEN
Tune ukulele
A D F# B








cows came home, The tune is gang - y, and the words are slang - y, But you'll




find it's bound to stick, — When you're blue,






sing it through, It will do the trick. —

CHORUS







The rent's all paid, so who's a - fraid, I won't go home to -
 cops they sleep, on ev - 'ry beat, I won't go home to -
 street car crowd, they talk so loud, I won't go home to -

p-f



night, The gang's all here, we're full of cheer, I
 night, There's hold-up men, on ev-'ry street, I
 night, The tax-i rate, keeps me out late, I



won't go home to - night, To go home now, and
 won't go home to - night, I've al - ways been the
 won't go home to - night, It's cold out - side, it's



ring the bell, Would on ly cause a fight, So why should I, make
 milk-man's pal, We meet at broad day-light, The milk-man's horse, knows
 warm in here, The tem-p'ra-ture is right, I'm not so old, but I



some - one cry, I won't go home to - night. The night. —
 me, of course, I won't go home to - night. The night. —
 might catch cold, I won't go home to - night. The night. —