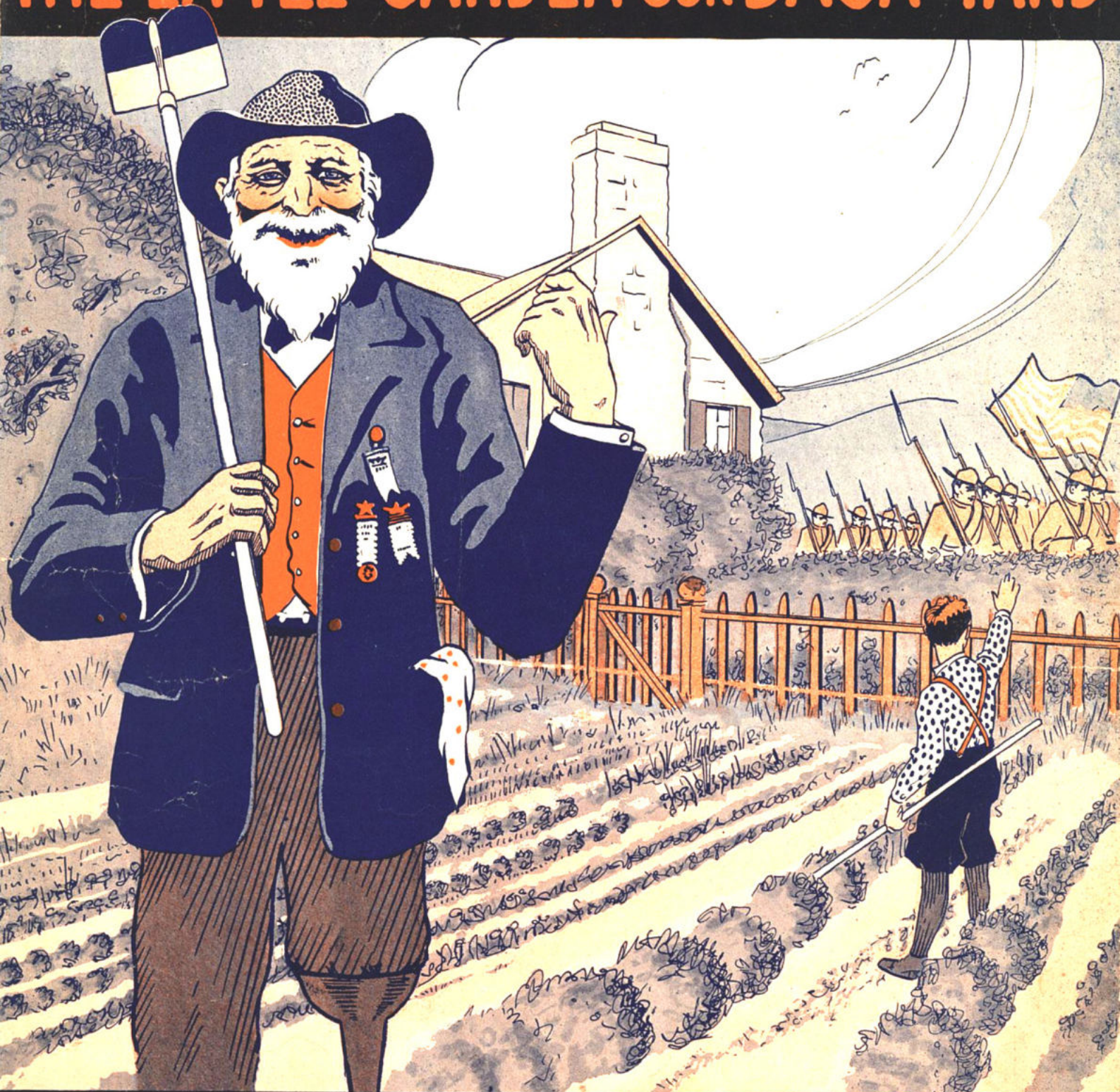


YOU OUGHT TO SEE

# THE LITTLE GARDEN OUR BACK YARD



LYRIC BY  
**JEFF BRANEN**

MUSIC BY  
**JAMES BROCKMAN**

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# The Garden In Our Back Yard.

Lyric by  
JEFF BRANEN

Music by  
JAMES BROCKMAN

Piano. *f*

*Vamp.* *p*

Out in our town ev-ry-bo-dy there,  
I've bean told I'm go-ing to pro-pose,

Ev-en to the Mayor Tries to do his share Tea-chers, Prea-chers,  
To a girl named Rose Lit-tle tur-nip nose, Rad-ish hair and

dig-ging ev-'ry-where We're as bu-sy as can be  
freck-les, I sup-pose, I have bought a car-rot ring.

One old sol-dier close to nine-ty three, With a shov-el on his shoul-der said to me.  
Ro-sie, Ro-sie, Just the pro-per thing, I can caul-i-flow'r to break-fast, let-tuce sing.

*rall.*

Chorus (*Not fast*)

You ought to see the lit-tle gar-den in our back yard, It's like a farm in Ill-i-  
 You ought to see the lit-tle gar-den in our back yard, It's where the old barn used to

nois \_\_\_\_\_ With tur-nips and to-ma-toes Cab-bage and po-ta-toes 'Twould  
 stand \_\_\_\_\_ The cows are in the kit-chen All of us are it-chin' To

fill your lit-tle heart with joy \_\_\_\_\_ The boys are fight-ing in the tren-ches you  
 cul-ti-vate that strip of land \_\_\_\_\_ The pri-ces go-ing go-ing up is the

know what that means. That's why I'm work-ing migh-ty hard \_\_\_\_\_ I'm goin' to raise a lit-tle ar-my of  
 gro-cry-man's yarn. But rea-ly I don't give a darn \_\_\_\_\_ We've got a bu-shel of po-ta-toes but

"Na-vy beans" In our back yard. \_\_\_\_\_ You ought to yard. \_\_\_\_\_  
 no more barn, In our back yard. \_\_\_\_\_ You ought to yard. \_\_\_\_\_