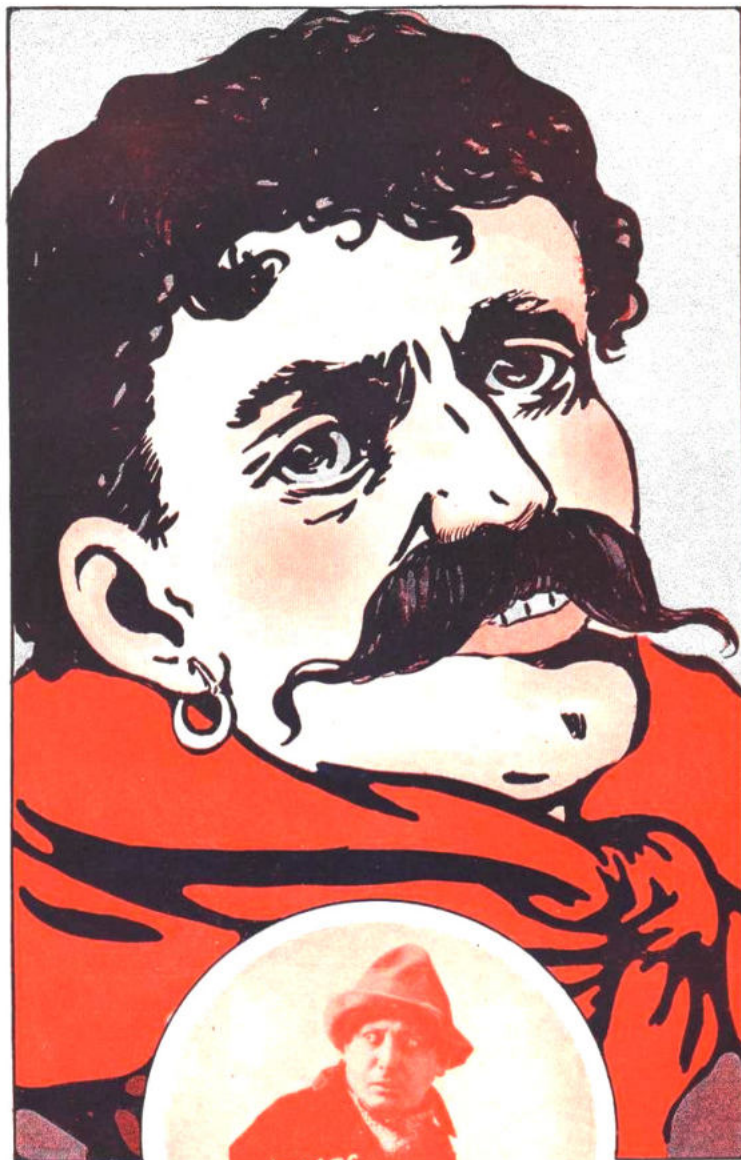


WOP, WOP, WOP!

ITALIAN NOVELTY SONG



SUNG WITH
GREAT SUCCESS BY
THE COMPOSER

WORDS & MUSIC BY
JAMES
BROCKMAN

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NEW YORK CHICAGO LONDON PARIS

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WOP, WOP, WOP!

By JAMES BROCKMAN.

VOICE.

PIANO.

f

Till Ready.

When first I come to
I got love sick with

mp

dees - a coun - ti - ree, All peo - ple call me da - go man; — And
nice a - blond - a girl, She make me feel - a much - a blue; — She's

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you can bet dot was no fun to me, I
got big mat - tress and a blond - a curl, She

feel joust like the emp-ty ban - an. Den dey change and call me
walk joust like a big Kan - ga - roo. She's a-broke my heart in

Gui - nie Twice as bad - a name dey gim - mie, I
three place 'Cause no more I see her sweet face, She

say please make a drop, I beg - a dem to stop, Now dey call me Wop!
 give - a me de flop, My com - pa - nie she drop 'Cause dey call me Wop!

CHORUS.

Wop, Wop, Wop! I won - der why dey call - a me

Wop! It's a one - a big - a shame, Dey call me nick - a name, Dey

shout a Ton - ey, you're a phon - ey Look - a like - a Ma - ca - ro - ni;

Wop! Wop! Wop! I wish a cop would make - a dem

stop, First dey call - a me a Da - go, den Gui - nie, Gui - nie, Gui - nie! Now it's

Wop! Wop! Wop! Wop! —