

SING

**ZIEGFELD
PRODUCTION**

BETSY

A MUSICAL COMEDY

with

BELLE BAKER

BOOK BY
IRVING CAESAR
AND
DAVID FREEDMAN
LYRICS BY
LORENZ HART
MUSIC BY
RICHARD RODGERS

STAGED BY
SAMMY LEE

Come And Tell Me
If I Were You
Sing
Stonewall Moskowitz March
You're The Mother Type
This Funny World



MADE IN U. S. A.

HARMS
INCORPORATED
NEW YORK

Words by
LORENZ HART

Music by
RICHARD RODGERS

Piano

Moderato

ff pesante

p

You don't need a sil - ver lin - ing On a sun that's al - ways
Ev - 'ry bird and beast would fol - low That young fel - low called A -

p semplice

shin - ing When your chin is drag - ging on your knee.
pol - lo For they liked to lis - ten to his song.

When your cas - tles fall to - geth - er you don't
That's the rea - son young I - tal - ians eat the

care · a - bout the weath - er Or how blu - ish
fruit that we call scal - lions For they want to

blue the sky may be. _____ Here is some-thing to pre-
make their voi - ces strong. _____ Ev - 'ry sim - ple coun-try

serve us From nerv - ous de - spair,
yo - kel Is vo - cal at night

Some-thing that will al - ways swerve us from care. _____
When he wants to woo his lo - cal de - light. _____

Refrain *well marked with spirit*

mf-f

When you are blue, sing; Be sure you do sing; I'm tell-ing you sing some-thing!

mf-f

Start-in to hum that dumb thing, "Ta-ra - ta-ra Sing boom!"

Don't be a kill joy while there is still joy You need a li'l joy in you.

When you be-gin, con - tin - ue "Ta-ra - ta-ra Sing boom!"

Wor-ry and doubt will pay— no where, Sing all your cares a - way.—

Look at the birds, do they— know where They'll get a meal to-day?— Sing to your mother

Sing to your broth-er, You have no oth-er choice left,— And when you have no

Optional
voice left, "Ta-ra - ta-ra" Sing BUM! BUM!