

I FEEL LIKE SENDING HOME FOR MONEY.



*Charles
Chandler*



WORDS BY
IRVING JONES.
MUSIC BY
J. W. SCOTT.

5

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Words by IRVING JONES

Music by JAMES SCOTT

Sam Jones went to the race track And won a thousand bones.
His wife sent him three hun dred, To a crap game he did go.

He quit his job and tried to en - joy life, He
He lost all of that mon - ey in one night, The

took two hun - dred dol - lars And start - ed 'round the world, And he
thought of loos - in' so much Made that coon death - ly sick, He

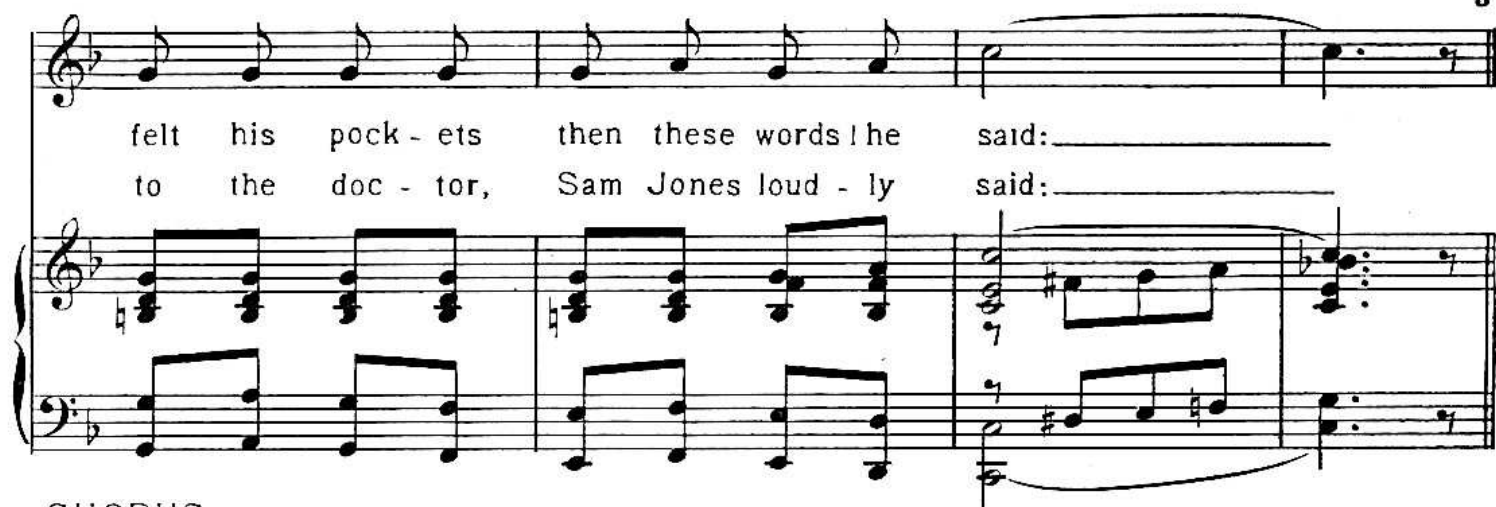
The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a 2/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment consists of a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are written below the piano part, with the voice part indicated by a single line with a treble clef. The lyrics are: "Sam Jones went to the race track And won a thousand bones. His wife sent him three hun dred, To a crap game he did go. He quit his job and tried to en - joy life, He He lost all of that mon - ey in one night, The took two hun - dred dol - lars And start - ed 'round the world, And he thought of loos - in' so much Made that coon death - ly sick, He".

left eight hun - dred dol - lars with his wife. _____ When
look'd, so pale you'd thought that he was white. _____ That

he got to Chi - ca - go His mon - ey had give out, He
coon said, rath - er faint, "Think I've got mon - ey com - plaint, It

was so broke he could-n't hire a bed, _____ A
ain't no use for me to stay in bed" _____ He

friend of his there met him And asked him how he felt, Sam
then gave one loud squeal The doctor said, "how do you feel?" Ther.



felt his pock - ets then these words he said: _____
to the doc - tor, Sam Jones loud - ly said: _____

CHORUS



"I feel like send-in' home for mon - - ey, —



That kind of feel-in' just suits me, —



Guess I will 'spach a 'graph my hon - - ey, — Tell

her to send the mon - ey C. O. D. The

way mon - ey leaves me is — quite fun - ny, I

can't cling to a dol - lar ver - y long, 'Bout my

health I can - not kick, I can't say that I — feel sick, I just

feel like send-in' home for mon - ey. ey.