

LUCILLE

A Snappy Fox Trot Song



HENRY - HUTT -

Words by

L. WOLFE GILBERT

Music by

ABNER SILVER

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L. WOLFE GILBERT

Lucille

An Appealing
Fox-Trot Song

Music by
ABNER SILVER

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Moderato



My Kid broth-er acts ver-y strange, — He has a brand new
My poor broth-er, he drives me wild, — He's lovesick as can



flame, — He'll nev-er be the same, He's so ab-sent mind-ed, each night,
be, — He puts salt in his tea, Bumps his head on tel-e-graph poles,



— He puts the clock out-side our flat — And then he starts to wind our cat and sings:-
— When in the morn-ing, he gets dressed, — He puts his shirt o-ver his vest and sings:-



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CHORUS

Lu - cille, Lu - cille, what is that ap - peal — You

hold for me, Lu - cille? Lu -

- cille I feel, You should be con - fid - - ing,

Do your de - cid - - ing, Where, oh, where have you been hid - ing? Let me

hold you close in my arms, — I can't be - lieve you're

real, — Oh! won't you tell me, dear - ie,

why did you steal — my heart a - way, Lu -

- cille? — Lu - cille?