

C·H·I·C·A·G·O

© 1906

Lyric by *SIDNEY CLARE*

SONG

Music by *LEW POLLACK*

J. J. and Lee Shubert present—

THE WHIRL of the TOWN



HOW'D YOU LIKE TO PUT YOUR HEAD
UPON MY PILLOW
ANY NIGHT ON OLD BROADWAY
C·H·I·C·A·G·O
YOU TICKLE ME

Jerome H. Remick & Co.
New York Detroit

C-H-I-C-A-G-O

SONG

Lyric by
SIDNEY CLARE

Music by
LEW POLLACK
Arr. by J. Dell Lampe

VOICE

PIANO

Moderato

f

fz

Vamp

mp

p

I love to dance to all the
I love the blues it seems more

wea - ry drear - y blues
than I love to eat

Come take a
All my good

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chance there is no - bod - y I'll re - fuse
news I claim is right down in my feet

Can't you hear that haunt-ing mel - o - dy
How I crave to hear a jazz - y band

Come on dear and won't you step with me
I just rave be-cause that mu - sic's grand

If you're will - ing to I will show to you A dance that is new
I can't help but say I will dance that way All the live long day

CHORUS

C - H - I - C - A - G - O —

That's the dance that I love so —

All day long — I keep on strut - tin' For that dance it seems

I'm a - glut - tin' I just moan and groan with glee —

When I hear this mel-o - dy They stole my jewels but I

nev - er cried__ I've got my shim - my left I'm

sat - is - fied__ C - H - I - C - A - G - O__

That spells Shake-ca - go - go D.S.