F. ZIEGFELD JR'S
PRODUCTION

# THE SOUL KISS

WITH
THE WORLD'S GREATEST DANCER

# GENEE

BOOK BY
HARRY B. SMITH
MUSIC BY
MAURICE LEVI

| | |
|---|---|
| The Soul Kiss (Just for You from Above) | 50 |
| I'm the Human Night Key of New York | 50 |
| Let's Pretend | 50 |
| When the Swallows Return in Spring | 50 |
| My Affinity | 50 |
| Any Old Place in the World With You | 50 |
| There Were Actors Then | 50 |
| They Cannot Smoke With Me | 50 |

ADDED NUMBERS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Since My Mariutch Learned the Merry Widow Waltz | 50 |
| My Diabolo Beau | 50 |
| The Dollar Sign | 50 |
| Rah! Rah!! Rah!!! | 50 |
| That Wasn't All | 50 |

INSTRUMENTAL.

| | |
|---|---|
| Happy Days March | 50 |

Theatrical and Music Hall Rights of this Song are Reserved. For permission apply to the Publishers.

M. WITMARK & SONS
NEW YORK CHICAGO LONDON PARIS
ALLAN & CO. MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA
CANADIAN-AMERICAN MUSIC CO. LTD., TORONTO

# I'm the Human Night Key of New York.

4283

Lyrics by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
MAURICE LEVI.

Allegro moderato.

*f*

They tell me there are peo - ple who go home and go to bed Be-
From eight o' clock till twelve I'm al - ways loaf - ing 'round the club, The

*p*

fore the mid night hour; That's queer to me.— I don't know what they see in life, You
tight wads al - ways take me for the host.— I buy and buy for ev'- ry one the

might as well be dead, The fun don't real - ly start till two or three.— The
li - quids and the grub, And when I leave they all be - gin to roast.— Then

Copyright MCMVIII by M.Witmark & Sons.
International Copyright Secured.
Rights for Mechanical Instruments Reserved.

pik - ers and the quit - ters then re - mark they must ski - doo; But
I stroll in - to Brown's or may - be Rec - tors or some place, The

then I'm just be - gin - ning to feel bright. At
oth - ers soon for home be - gin to steer.

four the few re - main - ing wrecks, Sneak off and leave their un - paid checks, Leav - ing
Then the wait - ers pull their freight, With a scowl - ing look of hate, And there's

me to close the town up for the night.
no one left but me and the cash - ier.

CHORUS.

Oh, I'm the man who shuts New York at night!— Some
Oh, I'm the man who clos - es up the town,— The

*p* —

*f*

fel - low has to do it, I'm the one.— One
milk - man has one friend and I'm the one.— My

day by a mis - take at five P. M. I chanced to wake, First
eve - ning dreams be - gin when I have let the bak - er in, He

time in man - y years I've seen the sun.— My
brings the rolls, yours tru - ly brings the bun.— When

quarts of wine if they were placed in line, Would
pik - - ers quit I do not care a bit, If

build a trans - at - lan - tic bridge of cork; My
I have a - ny pull it's with a cork; I

heart will al - ways stay light, While I keep a - way from day - light, For
still sit at the throt - tle, Tak - ing one last lone - ly bot - tle, For

I'm the hu - man night key of New York. Oh, York.
I'm the hu - man night key of New York. Oh, York.

1. 2.

*f* *sfz*