

CHANTICLEER

(COCK · A · DOODLE · DOO)

RAG

Helen Warner.

SONG



Composed by

ALBERT
GUMBLE

5

JEROME M. REMICK & Co
New York Detroit

STARMER

The Chanticleer Rag

Words by
EDWARD MADDEN

Music by
ALBERT GUMBLE

Moderato (Slowly)

Spoken

Ear - ly in the morn-ing, when the
Chant-i-cleer kept crowing, till the

Till ready

mf

mp

sun was slow - ly dawn - ing, Lit - tle Chant - i - cleer would wa - ken, say - ing:
wise old owl so know - ing Tho't the roost - er too con - ceit - ed, so he

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120.

"No I'm not mis-ta-ken, If I don't be-gin crow-ing, it will
yelled: Come on, let's beat it, To the for-est we'll trav-el, 'neath the

mf

nev-er be day, The Sun will be lag-ging and the
syc-a-more tree; The tim-bers are tall for you, the

mp

Spoken

hens will be nag-ging, Now I won-der what the dick-ens is the
barn-yard's too small for you." Then Chant-i-cleer de-part-ed, and the

mp

mat-ter with you chick-ens? Can't you see the day ad-vanc-ing? It's the
hens were brok-en-heart-ed, But the same old Sun was dawn-ing, when he

mp

- 1 -

4

hour — for your danc-ing, So get up or I shant de-clare, it's
came back in the morn-ing, So they hol-lered "get out" of this,—

time for the Chant-i-cleer Rag?
Just as he shout-ed this song:—

CHORUS.

Come to your Chant-i-cleer, Cud-dle up a-gainst me

ev-ry-where, Chick-ie, chick-ie, chick, I do de-clare,



You soon get used to Pa - pa, Roost - er hates to brag o cock - a - -

doo - dle - doo, — Flap your wings and let me crow with you, —

Ev - 'ry chick - en lays an egg or two — In the Chant - i - cleer

1 Rag. Come to your Rag. 2