

# ROW ROW ROW

INTRODUCED BY ELIZABETH BRICE

WORDS BY WILLIAM JEROME

MUSIC BY JIMMIE V MONACO



## ZIEGFELD FOLLIES

Scenarist JULIAN MINTON

# Row, Row, Row

Words by  
WILLIAM JEROME

Music by  
JIMMIE V. MONACO

Allegro moderato

Piano

*Till ready*

Young John-nie Jones he had a cute lit-tle boat,  
 Right in his boat he had a cute lit-tle seat,

*p*

B<sub>b</sub>      C<sub>m</sub>      F<sub>7</sub>

And all the girl-ies he would take for a float.  
 And ev'-ry kiss he stole from Flo was so sweet.

\*Symbols for Guitar, Chords for Ukulele and Banjo

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F<sub>7</sub>

B<sub>b</sub>

He had girl - ies on the shore, —  
And he knew — just how to row, —

C<sub>7</sub> o C o C<sub>7</sub> o F<sub>7</sub> E<sub>b</sub>6 F<sub>7</sub> B<sub>b</sub>

Sweet lit - tle peach - es by the score, — But John-nie  
He was a row - ing Ro - me - o, — He knew an

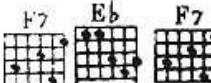
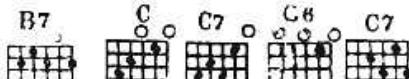
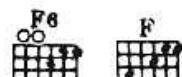
B<sub>b</sub>

G<sub>7</sub>

was a Weis - en - heim - er you know, — His stead - y  
Is - land where the trees were so grand, — He knew just

G<sub>7</sub> C<sub>7</sub> o C<sub>m</sub> C<sub>d</sub><sub>im</sub> C<sub>m</sub> C<sub>7</sub> o

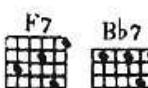
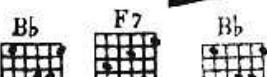
girl was Flo, — And ev - 'ry Sun - day  
when to land, — Then tales of love he'd



af - ter-noon,-  
tell to Flo,—

Shed jump in his boat — and they would spoon.—  
Un - til it was time — for them to go.—

Chorus



And then he'd row, row, row,

Way up the Riv-er he would



row, row, row,

A hug he'd give her, Then he'd kiss her now and



then,

She would tell him when, He'd fool a-round and fool a-round and

B<sub>b</sub> G<sub>oo</sub> F<sub>dim</sub> F<sub>7</sub> B<sub>b</sub> F<sub>7</sub> C<sub>#dim</sub> B<sub>b</sub> F<sub>7</sub> B<sub>b</sub>

then they'd kiss a - gain, and then he'd row, row, row a lit - tle

B<sub>b</sub> F<sub>7</sub> B<sub>b7</sub> C<sub>m</sub> G<sub>7</sub><sub>oo</sub> C<sub>m</sub> A<sub>b7</sub> C<sub>m</sub>

furth-er he would row, oh, oh, oh, oh, Then he'd

C<sub>m</sub> G<sub>7</sub> C<sub>m</sub> B<sub>b</sub> G<sub>m</sub>

drop both his oars, — Take a few more en - cores — and then he'd

C<sub>7</sub> F<sub>7</sub> C<sub>m</sub> F<sub>7</sub> B<sub>b</sub> C<sub>#dim</sub> B<sub>b</sub> F<sub>7</sub> C<sub>#dim</sub> B<sub>b</sub> C<sub>#dim</sub> B<sub>b</sub>

row, row, row. And then he'd row.

D.S.