

AN AMERICAN SONG CREATES A FURORE IN PARIS

I Miss My Swiss

(MY SWISS MISS MISSES ME)

With Ukulele
Accompaniment

The
New Hit
from
**BALIEFF'S
"CHAUVE SOURIS"**

by
L. WOLFE GILBERT
and
ABEL BAER

by the writer of
"O KATHARINA"
and Composer of
"JUNE NIGHT"

"You can't go wrong
With Any FEIST song"

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I Miss My Swiss

(My Swiss Miss Misses Me)

Lyric by
L. WOLFE GILBERT

Walk Around (One-Step)
or Shimmy Fox-Trot Song

Music by
ABEL BAER

Allegro moderato

UKULELE Arr. by MAY SINGHI BREEN

*(see note below)

The musical score is written for piano and ukulele. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time, marked *Allegro moderato*. The piano part features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the ukulele part provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The lyrics are written below the piano staff. The score is divided into four systems, each with a key signature change to G major and a time signature change to 2/4. The lyrics are as follows:

He was a mountain climber, and oh, how the boy could climb; In cold Ju - ly, he
He was a bear in snowshoes and oh, how the boy could ski; He'd ski a-way, he'd
climbed so high, Be - lieve me I don't lie. — He'd al-most touch the sky, — And
ski all day, He'd ski with-out a guide. — And she'd ski by his side, — When
here's the rea - son why: — She was a shep-herd's daugh-ter, Who
they'd ski for a ride. No won-der he's brok-en heart-ed, He's

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* With Piano
Tune Ukulele A D F# B
Uke chords in Key G
Letters under diagrams
are the names of chords
adaptable to Banjo, Guitar,
Mandolin etc.

lived on the high-est peak, Where he'd chase her and shed chase him, and
lone-some as he can be, There's no one now to call his own, and

they'd play hide and seek, — One day he lost his sweet-heart, He looked for her in
he can't ski a - lone. — He gave up mountain climb-ing, He could - n't stand the

vain, — And now this moun-tain climb-er, Keeps sing-ing this re - frain:—
strain, — And now he's wash-ing win-dows, And sing-ing this re - frain:—

CHORUS
I miss my Swiss, my Swiss miss miss-es me, I miss the bliss that

Swiss kiss gives to me. I hear her yo-del-ling sweet mel-o-dies, — Like the birds
She was a work-ing girl, down on her knees, — In her yard

and the bees from the Schweitzer trees. Her dear pa-pa makes watch-es that are Swiss, That's
work-ing hard, punch-ing holes in cheese. I looked for her, I near-ly broke my scalp. I

why he watch-es me like this. — I lost her in the moun-tains, in the
tripped and skipped from Alp to Alp. — There must be oth-er climb-ers who could

moun-tains she must be. I miss my Swiss, my Swiss miss miss-es me. — I me. —
tell where she could be. I miss my Swiss, my Swiss miss miss-es me. — I me. —