

EXCUSE ME,

BUT ISN'T YOUR NAME JOHNSON?



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Sal New Orleans
At liberty I'm Johnson I'll
start for there, and I'm govine to
wear a high hat and red tie
Yours, good-bye
Jim Johnson

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GREET BAND ORCHESTRA
MANDOLIN CLUB MUSIC
Williamsport, Pa.

Words by W. HAUSER · Music by HARRY J. LINCOLN,

Composer of

"HEAVEN'S ARTILLERY" MARCH "A SOUTHERN DREAM" WALTZES
"JUST AT THE BREAK OF DAY" SONG "MY SOUTHERN HOME" SONGS ETC. ETC.

DITTMAR & FURMAN

Excuse Me, But Isn't Your Name Johnson?

Words by
W^m HAUSER

Author of
"Baby's First Love Letter."
"When I Dream of Thee" etc. etc.

Music by
HARRY J. LINCOLN

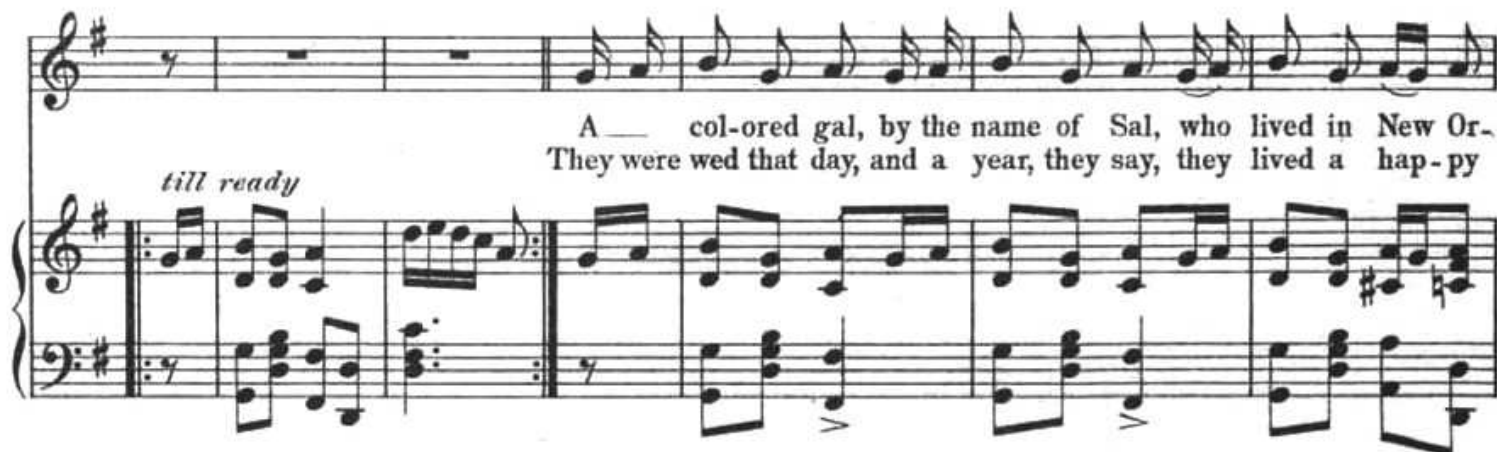
Composer of "My Southern Home"
"Just at the break of Day"
"A Southern Dream"
"Heaven's Artillery" etc. etc.

Intro.

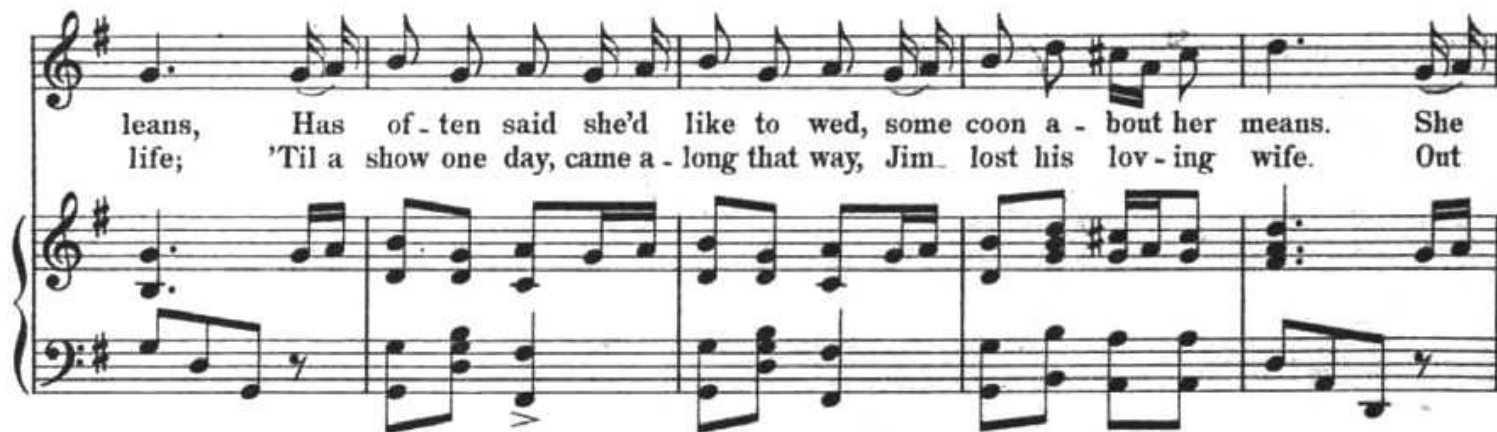


A — col-ored gal, by the name of Sal, who lived in New Or-
They were wed that day, and a year, they say, they lived a hap-py

till ready



leans, Has of-ten said she'd like to wed, some coon a - bout her means. She
life; 'Til a show one day, came a - long that way, Jim. lost his lov-ing wife. Out

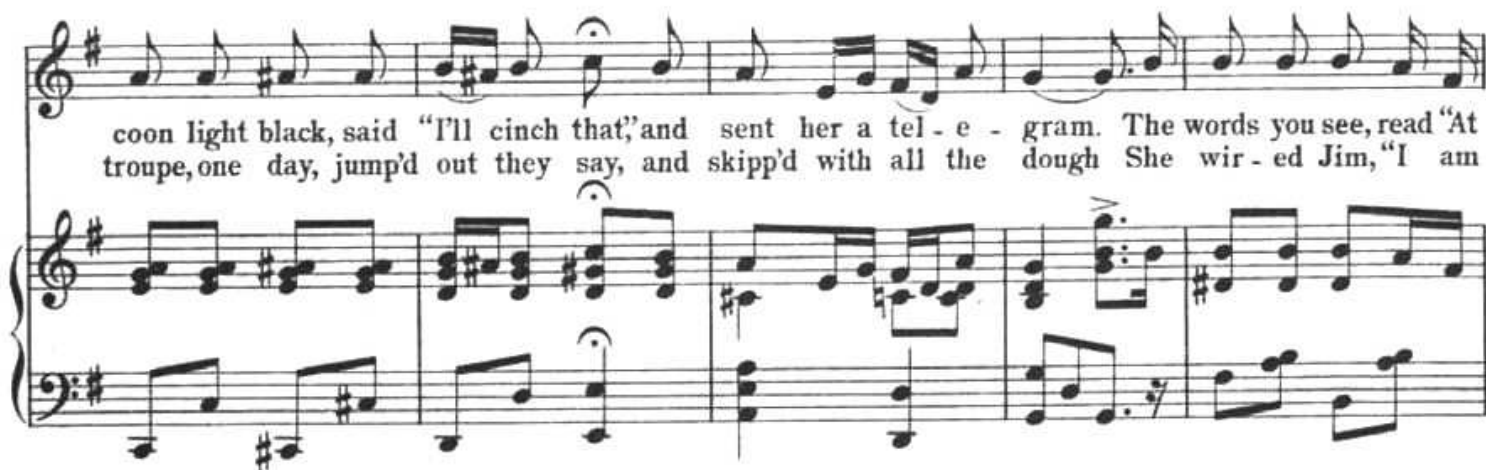


then got wise, and ad-ver-tised, for a light brown color-ed man; When a
with the play she starts a-way as E - va in the show, But the

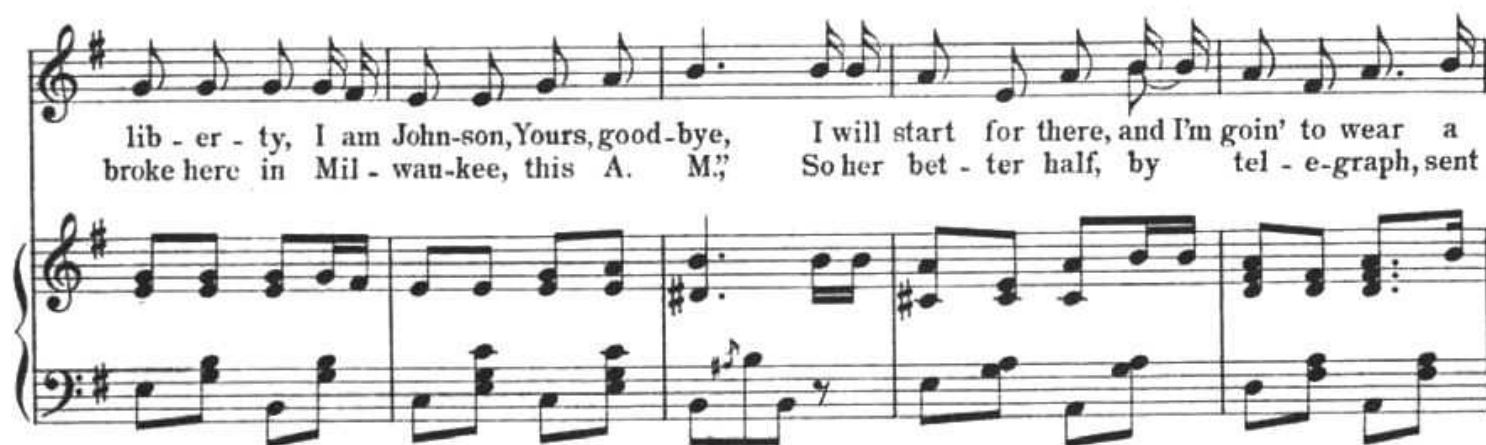


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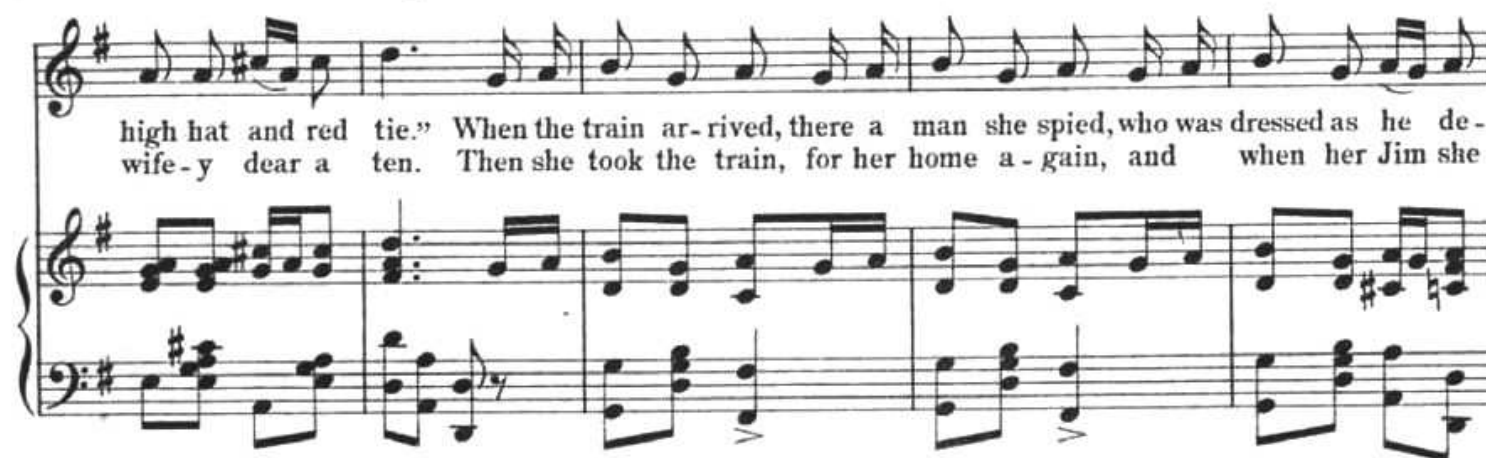
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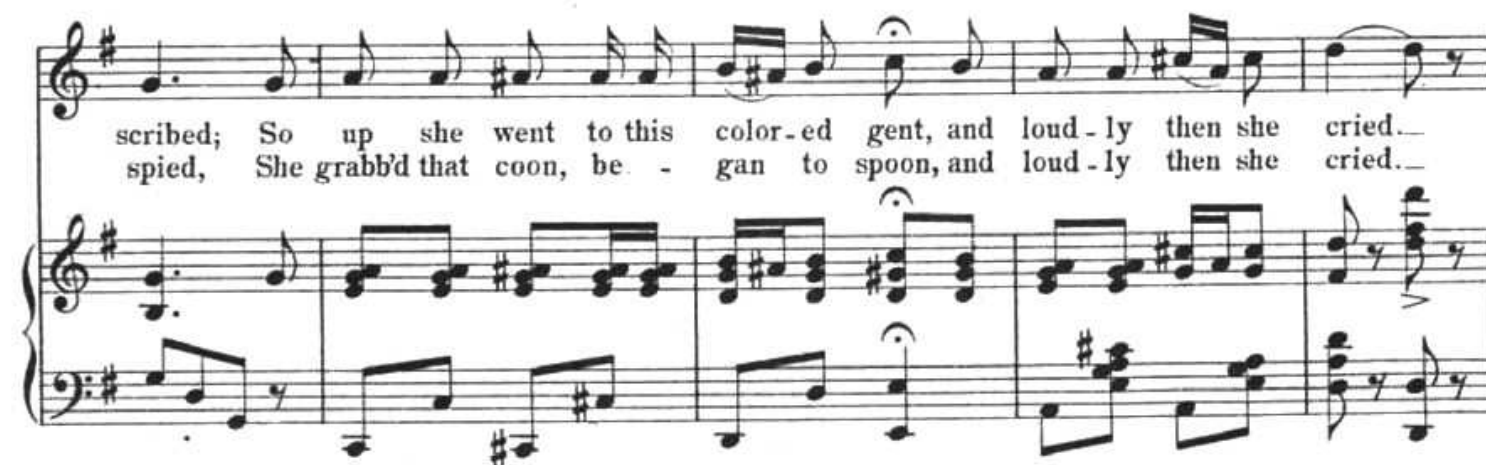
coon light black, said "I'll cinch that," and sent her a tel - e - gram. The words you see, read "At troupe, one day, jump'd out they say, and skipp'd with all the dough She wir - ed Jim, "I am



lib - er - ty, I am John-son, Yours, good-bye, I will start for there, and I'm goin' to wear a broke here in Mil - wan-kee, this A. M., So her bet - ter half, by tel - e-graph, sent



high hat and red tie." When the train ar - rived, there a man she spied, who was dressed as he de - wife - y dear a ten. Then she took the train, for her home a - gain, and when her Jim she



scribed; So up she went to this color - ed gent, and loud - ly then she cried. - spied, She grabb'd that coon, be - gan to spoon, and loud - ly then she cried. -

CHORUS.

Ex - cuse me, but is - n't your name John - son,

Who sent me this yel - low tel - e - gram?

Fol - low me I'm long - ing to know wheth - er, I'll

live a - lone, or we'll go home to - geth - er er