

# JEALOUS

By  
Fleta Jan Brown.



Wm. Youns



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# "Jealous"

Words & Music by F. J. BROWN

**Moderato**

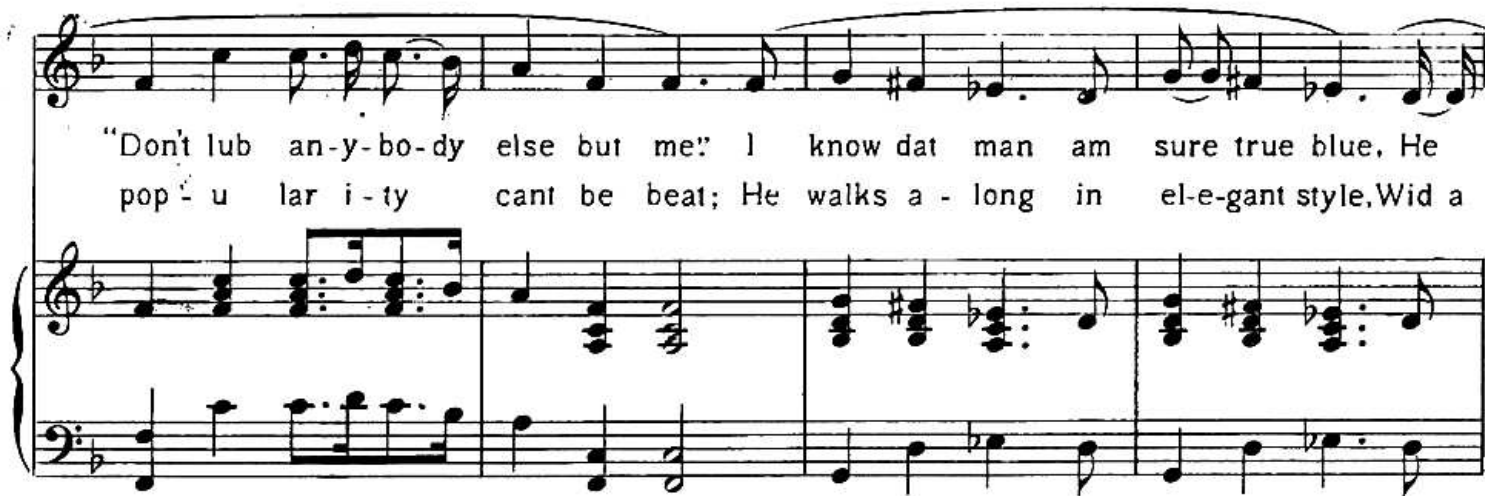


"I got a man and he" says he, —  
When dat man walks down de street, His

**Till ready**



"Don't lub an-y-bo-dy else but me" I know dat man am sure true blue. He  
pop-u-lar i-ty cant be beat; He walks a-long in el-e-gant style. Wid a



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swears his heart is — perfect-ly true, an' I'm  
pure - ly 'ris - to - cra tic bow an' smile, an' de fuss

sure - ly cra - zy 'bout dat man.  
dey make a - bout dat man is great.

When he sits an' holds my hand — All dis world looks —  
When I'm a-lone I mag - ine he — Smiles much more than there's

per-fect-ly grand; If some one else he seems to a - dore —  
an - y need be; I 'magine he flirts an spends his dough, on

Then life aint worth liv-in' an-y-more dat I tries  
some one else an it riles me so, my heart

To keep de tears back all I can. Jes' cuz I'm  
is fill'd with spite and hate. Jes' cuz I'm

### Chorus

Jeal - ous, Dat am de word, Jeal - ous,

You all have heard, dat I'm jeal - ous of his eyes, an' his

nose an' his clothes, an' I'm en - vi - ous of all de pla - ces

dat man goes. I'm Jeal - ous, How my heart pelts,

Jeal - ous, Yet my heart melts when I knows dat de lub in his

eyes aint for an - y bo - dy else.—