

DIRTY HANDS DIRTY FACE

LYRIC BY
JOLSON
CLARKE & LESLIE
MUSIC BY
JAMES V. MONACO



AL JOLSON'S
MASTERPIECE
FEATURED IN
"BOMBO"
1923 AT WINTER GARDEN, N.Y.

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Dirty Hands! Dirty Face!

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Music by
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Andante moderato

Piano

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, marked 'Andante moderato'. It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The piece begins with a forte (f) dynamic and ends with a crescendo leading to a final chord.

Vamp *Voice (con expression)*

Won-der-ful pals are always hard to find, — Some folk's have
When stars are peeping I tuck him to sleep, — With lull - a -

The vocal line is in 4/4 time, marked 'Vamp' and 'Voice (con expression)'. The piano accompaniment is in 4/4 time, marked 'p' (piano) and 'mp' (mezzo-piano). The lyrics are: 'Won-der-ful pals are always hard to find, — Some folk's have / When stars are peeping I tuck him to sleep, — With lull - a -'.

one, — Some folk's have none — I was a-lone for years, but fate was
bies, — To close his eyes He prays the Lord his lit - tle soul to

The vocal line continues in 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 'one, — Some folk's have none — I was a-lone for years, but fate was / bies, — To close his eyes He prays the Lord his lit - tle soul to'.

kind — And in the end, — Sent me a friend — Al -
keep — And Dad-dy's, too, — That thrills me through — And

The vocal line continues in 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 'kind — And in the end, — Sent me a friend — Al - / keep — And Dad-dy's, too, — That thrills me through — And'.

accel *rit*

tho' he's not much higher than my knee, — Still he's the greatest thing on earth to me. —
 tho' he hard-ly knows his A. B. C. — When he says Dad Oh! what that means to me. —

accel *rit*

Refrain

Tenderly and not too fast

Dirt-y Hands, Dirt-y face, leads the neigh-bors a chase but his smile, is as

cute as can be Mak-ing noise, break-ing toys, al-ways

figh-ts, — with the boys, but his eyes are a vis-ion to see. —

— And when my work is done, ——— Coming home to the set-ting sun, ——— from the gate he

starts to run, ——— Then I kiss my boy. ——— Dirt-y Hands, Dirt-y

face Lit - tle Dev - il they say, but to me he's an

an - gel of joy. ——— Dirt - y