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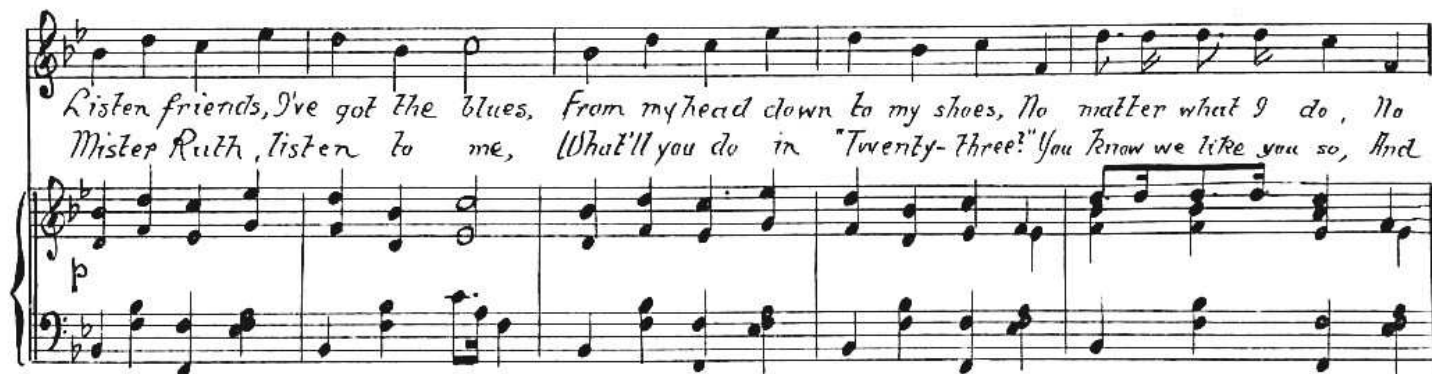
Babe Ruth Blues

Words by Paul R. Couch

Music by E. S. Huntington.

Mod^{to}

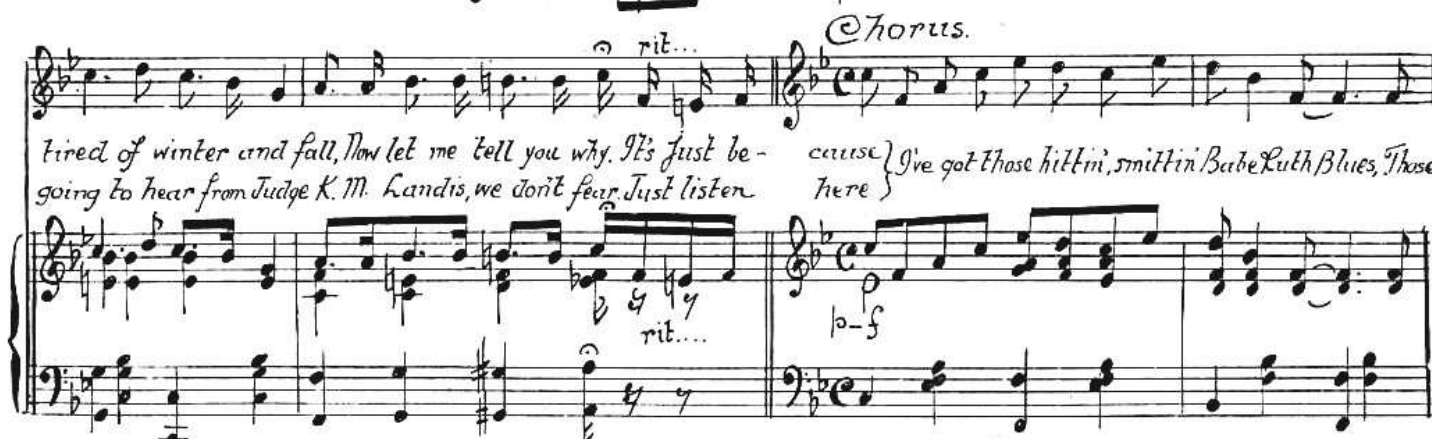

Listen friends, I've got the blues, From my head down to my shoes, No matter what I do, No
 Mister Ruth, listen to me, What'll you do in "Twenty-three?" You know we like you so, And



matter what I try, I just can't shake 'em that's all, — I be-lieve that I'll cry, — I be-lieve I'm gonna die, 'cause I'm
 all we want to know is just how many homers. — You are going to hand us, please don't pull any boners, or you're



rit... *Chorus.*
 tired of winter and fall, Now let me tell you why. It's just be- cause I've got those hittin', smittin' Babe Ruth blues, Those
 going to hear from Judge K. M. Landis, we don't fear. Just listen here



ir-re-sist-ab-le blues — That I get ev'ry year, And have, till I hear, some ump call, —



"Play Ball," — Oh! Oh! — you big Bam-bin-o, — you are the king — of swat we know, — The



crowds I'm gonna foller, When I get there I'll holler, So I'm gonna watch your capers, I'll buy all the daily papers,



Their contents I'm sure to peruse, — Oh, I've got those Babe Ruth Blues. Some blues! some blues!

