

ITS ALL YOUR FAULT

LYRIC BY
EDDIE NELSON
-AND-
N^OBLE SISSLE

MUSIC BY
J. HUBERT BLAKE
(EUBIE)



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To Paul

It's All Your Fault.

Words by
NOBLE SISSLE and
EDDIE NELSON.

Music by
J. HUBERT BLAKE.
("EUBIE")

Moderato.

Piano. *f*

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a series of chords and single notes, while the bass staff has a simple harmonic accompaniment. Dynamics include a forte 'f' marking and a crescendo leading to a final 'f'.

Till ready.

mf

I'm, sigh - in' I'm cry - in',
Re - mem - ber Sep - tem - ber,

p

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the treble staff and piano accompaniment in the bass staff. The piano part has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include mezzo-forte 'mf' and piano 'p'.

You know the rea - son, You know what's mak - in' me blue, Now that it's
You know the day when, You first met me, How you tried to make me

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains the same eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics are consistent with the previous system.

ov - er you don't care — But some day you'll know you've not treat-ed me fair; —
love you all the while — You said you'd give the world for one of my smiles, —

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features some chordal textures. Dynamics are consistent with the previous system.

You took me, Then shook me, You made me lone - ly, May be you'll rue it some
You plead-ed, You need - ed, On - ly my love and I was a fool to be -

Chorus.

day, Now please don't haunt me, taunt me, Hear what I have to say: ——— It's
lieve, Now you de - ceive me, leave me, That's the rea - son I grieve: ———

all your fault, It's all your fault, You called me pret - ty names, And I

told you not to do it, ——— You prom - ised that you'd love me, Now I

find there's no thing to it, And it's all your fault, It's all your

fault, Once I be - lieved in you and I was glad, Now I'm de -

ceived in you and I am sad, My poor heart is ach - ing, and

al-most break-ing, And it's all your fault. It's fault. *D.S.*