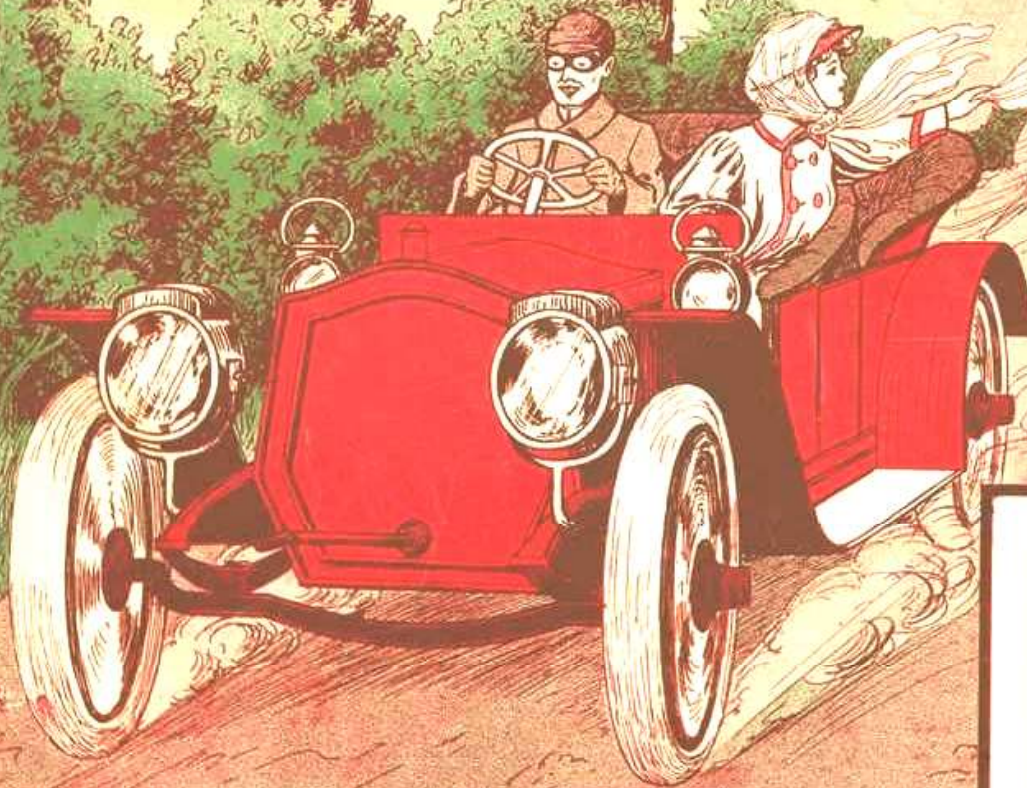
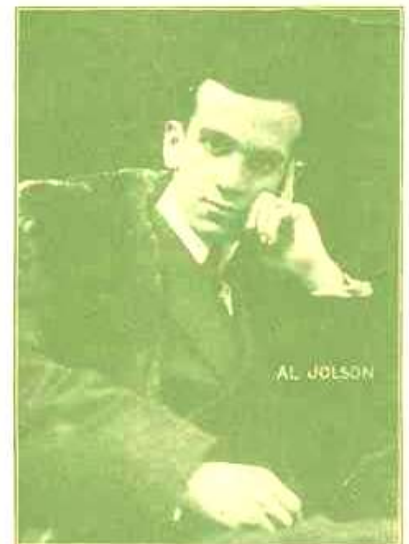


TOOT YOUR HORN, KID YOU'RE IN A FOG

Words by
JOS. MITTENTHAL
Music by
JOS. M. DALY



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AL JOLSON

Toot Your Horn Kid You're In A Fog.

Words by JOS. MITTENTHAL.

Music by JOSEPH M. DALY.

Moderato

Vamp.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in B-flat major, 2/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. The introduction features a series of chords and a melodic line in the right hand, with a 'Vamp.' section marked 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The vocal melody enters in the second system, with lyrics: 'Sun-day when Ob-ad-i-ah won-der'd what to do He called up-on a Time passed and lit-tle Ma-ry moved a-way from there Folks said that Ob-ad-'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line and chords. The third system of the vocal melody has lyrics: 'friend of his named Ma-ry Drew, He said as she was sit-ting by his side, My i-ah did-n't seem to care, But soon he made the coun-try peo-ple talk, He'. The fourth system of the vocal melody has lyrics: 'love I've tried to hide, But you're the girl I'm look-ing af-ter, wan-der'd to New York, And called to see his un-cle Hen-ry,'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support throughout the vocal lines.

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i-ah did-n't seem to care, But soon he made the coun-try peo-ple talk, He
love I've tried to hide, But you're the girl I'm look-ing af-ter,
wan-der'd to New York, And called to see his un-cle Hen-ry,

Soon when he said "Good night my lit - tle heart's de-sire" He thought he sure-ly
He found a lit - tle la - dy who was there to dine, Sure thing 'twas Ma - ry

had her lit - tle heart on fire But when 'twas time to
Drew and she was look - ing fine "By George said Ob - id -

say good night to Ob - ad iah She looked at him and said.
i - ah she's a friend of mine" But lit - tle Ma - ry said.

CHORUS

Toot your horn - kid you're in a fog, - you're in a fog, - Yes

you're in a fog,— Take it from me— you're drift-ing to sea.—

I don't think 'twould be so sun-ny liv-ing just on love and hon-ey Pinch your-self hard— kid

come back to life,— Wake your-self up,— then look for a wife,—

Honk Honk

Hope is not gone so toot your horn you're in a fog. fog.

1. 2.