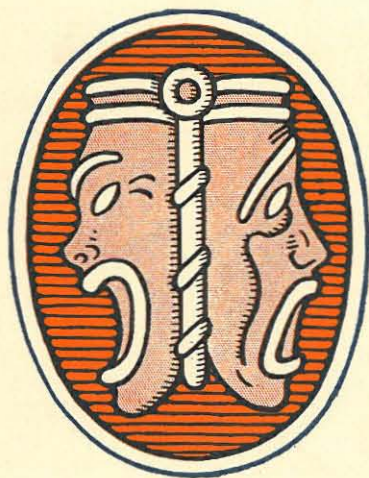


SOMEBODY LIED *(Nothing Personal)*

DENISON SONGS



EXCLUSIVE
NOVELTY
NUMBERS

for

Musical Comedies
Minstrels
Vaudeville
Revue and
Specialties

A Partial List

As Long As I Have You
Come On, Black Boy!
A Game That Two Can Play
I Ain't Got Enough for to Pass
Around
In the Evening by the Moon-
light, Long Ago
Just Lettuce Alone
Let's Get Together
Me and Mah Razor
The Minstrel Show Parade
Mud Pie Days
The Night That Timothy Shee-
nan Married Daphanay Mc-
Grew
Old Fashioned Rose
Orange Blossom Moon
Oshkosh, b'Gosh!
Rosie O'Reilly
Steppin' Around
There'll Be No Me to Welcome
You if You Ever Come Back
Tony Barroni
Travel On!
Watermelon Days
What Makes a Nigger Prowl?
When You Walked Into My
Heart

Price, 30 cents each

T.S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Price, 30 Cents



SOMEBODY LIED.

Adapted by BERT WILLIAMS.

Words & Music by
JEFF T. BRANEN and EVANS LLOYD.

Moderato. (Slow.)

George
When

VAMP.

Wash - ing - ton so his - 'try says, would nev - er tell a
first I start - ed out in life, to be a Pres - i -

lie; I wish there were more Wash - ing - tons I do, I hope to
dent; I got a liv' - ry sta - ble job That was - n't worth a

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die. cent, When I was but a lit - tle boy, some -
Some - bo - dy said, "there stands a mule, go

bo - dy felt my head: Says he "you'll be a
cur - ry her for me; Don't be a - fraid of

Pres - i - dent some day" that's what he said. —
her hind legs, she's gen - tle as can be. —

CHORUS.

Some-bo-dy lied — Some-bo-dy lied, you see; — There
Some-bo-dy lied — Some-bo-dy lied, you see; — That

p-f *L. H.*

nev - er was a Pres - i - dent that ev - er re - sem - bled
mule just twist - ed in her stall and hand-ed me one that's

me _____ Some-bo-dy lied _____
all. _____ Some-bo-dy lied _____

L.H.

As plain as plain can be; _____ Some - bo - dy lied, As
As plain as plain can be; _____ Some - bo - dy lied, As

sure's you're born, Some-bo-dy fal-si-fied to me. _____ me. _____
sure's you're born, Some-bo-dy fal-si-fied to me. _____ me. _____

"SOMEBODY LIED"

By Jeff T. Branen and Evans Lloyd, adapted by Bert A. Williams

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3 EXTRA VERSES BY JEFF T. BRANEN

The day my brother Bill was born I never shall
forget;
My mother said, "An Angel brought the darling
little pet."
The nurse said, "No, the doctor brought him,
really, on the dead."
But when I asked my dad, said he: "I found
him in the shed."

CHORUS:

Somebody lied! Somebody lied, you see;
I never could quite understand,
It sounded mighty queer to me;
'Cause somebody lied—plain as A. B. C.
Somebody strayed from the righteous path,
Somebody falsified to me.

4

One day while I stood waiting at a depot for
my train,
A lady stepped right up to me, her eyes were
full of rain;
"Come, hold this bundle, won't you please,"
I said, "Why, certainly."
"I've got to buy a ticket, so I'll be right back,"
said she.

CHORUS:

Somebody lied! Somebody lied, you see;
That bundle it contained a kid
That yelled unmercifully.
Somebody lied—plain as plain can be;
I missed my train, lost out with my wife,
Somebody falsified to me.

6

My dad once said that Shakespeare said:
"There's nothing in a name."
And later on I told my dad, I really thought
the same,
Until I stopped an Irishman upon the street
one day
And said, "just kindly step aside you dog-gone
A. P. A."

CHORUS:

Somebody lied! Somebody lied, you see;
I don't intend to tell you what
That Irishman did to me,
Somebody lied—plain as plain can be,
Somebody lied—as sure's you're born,
Somebody falsified to me.

5

I went one night to sit up with my best friend,
who was dead;
His wife, she left me all alone to watch beside
his bed.
That night when all was dark and still, a form
stole through the door,
I near dropped dead when someone said, "He's
gone forevermore."

CHORUS:

Somebody lied! Somebody lied, you see;
My friend, he rose right up in bed,
"Give me some gin," said he.
Somebody lied—plain as plain can be;
My dead friend was dead drunk, that's all;
Somebody falsified to me.

7

I hired a boat one time and took a stranger
for a row—
A mile from shore our boat went down, the
wind did howl and blow,
I had a life preserver, but the stranger yelled:
"that's mine!"
When I get back to shore" says he, "I'll throw
you out a line."

CHORUS:

Somebody lied! Somebody lied to me,
I would have drowned but I held my breath
And floated to shore, you see,
Somebody lied—as plain as plain can be,
Somebody lied—as sure's you're born,
Somebody falsified to me.

DENISON SONGS FOR MINSTRELS

What Makes a Nigger Prowl?

1. I guess it's up to me to in-tro -
 2. Says I to dad, "There's lots of things that
 3. "Well, how a - bout a camp-meet - in," I

duce my - self to you. — Well, I'm the son of my old man and
 make a nig - ger walk; — A flask of gin am ne - ces - sa - ry
 axed my dad a - gain, — "Where all good sis - ters join the preacher

Rousing coon shout, with a tuneful fox-trot rhythm.

What Is, Wasn't, and What Was, Isn't!

1. In dese days of ed - u - ca - tion, dis - si - pa - tion, 'cras - ti - na - tion, Our —
 2. In dese days of in - for - ma - tion, dis - si - pa - tion, a - vi - a - tion, I'se a

slang ex - press - ions am de worst of crimes; — When it comes to an - a - lyz - in', it am
 walk - in' 'sa - clo - pe - dia' in de dark, — In - di - ges - tin' all its pag - es down thro'

Just the kind of snappy musical tomfoolery that endmen like.

There'll Be No Me to Welcome You if You Ever Come Back

CHORUS *a tempo* *p-f*

"Goin' to haul your pic - ture down from off the wall; — I
 "Goin' to send your pic - ture to a gal - ler - y — Where

nev - er want to see your face no more a - tall! Of course I know you're broke, that's the
 all the oth - er rogues can keep you com - pa - ny. You're just a pet - ty thief, 'cause you

Typical endman song, bound to be a laughing hit.

On the Old South River Route— Toot, Toot!

Allegretto

QUARTET

I TENOR (Soprano)
 II TENOR (Alto)
 BARITONE (Tenor)
 BASS (Bass)

With a rat, tat - tle - tat, tat - tle,
 1. Oh, the south - bound freight goes swing - in' a - long, With a rat, tat - tle - tat, tat - tle,
 2. Long the riv - er bank we nev - er go fast, With a rat, tat - tle - tat, tat - tle,

Rollicking fox-trot quartet for male or mixed voices.

Any of the above songs, complete words and music, price, 30 cents each.



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