

FRECKLES



Introduced with Great Success by NORA BAYES

Words and Music
by

CLIFF HESS
HOWARD JOHNSON
MILTON AGER

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FRECKLES

By the writers of "Friends" "Heart Breaking Baby Doll"
"Anything Is Nice If It Comes From Dixieland" etc

By CLIFF HESS
MILTON AGER
HOWARD JOHNSON

Moderato

f *fz* *p* *Till ready*

VOICE

He was just a Kid a lit - tle red head, pug-nosed Kid, And tho' he was his mother's
In a marb - le game hed shoot and nev - er miss his aim, At spin - ning tops that Kid was

pride and joy, He was worse than "Pecks bad boy." I lived right next door be - side the
sure to win, His top had the long - est spin. At the swim - ming place you'd al - ways

Vil - lage gro - cery store And we went to school to - geth - er in those days of yore.
see his grin - ning face And down at the old Church pic - nic hed win ev - 'ry race.

CHORUS *with a Swing*

Freck - les was his name, He al - ways used to get the blame, for ev - 'ry

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bro-ken win-dow pane Oh how they'd yank him and spank him How he'd tease the
 Oh how they'd fan him and tan him

girls — When in school he'd pull their curls — And tho' his marks were lower than Kid's much slow-er
 His lit-tle face was ruddy but not from stud-y

His mark was per-fect with the old bean blow-er, You ought to see him in a scrap, Oh, Bud dy! Peo-ple used to coax, — young Freck-les

not to play his jokes, — The way he'd fool the vil-lage folks, it was a shame, —

And when the teach-er found a tack on her chair, Tho' a hun-dred children were there, —
 And when the cat had kit-tens up in the hay, One was black and sev-en were gray, —

Ev-'ry-bo - dy said "FRECKLES!" he al-ways got the blame! — blame!

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By KENDIS, BROCKMAN and VINCENT, Writers of "Golden Gate" and "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles"



CHORUS *Slowly and with expression*

I know what it means to be lone - some, I

know how it feels to be blue, I know what it means to long in my dreams, for

someone, for someone, I've sighed and I've cried since we parted, There's no one knows what I've gone through; I'd give all that I own, just to have you back home, I'm lonesome, so lonesome for you.

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Everybody, Everywhere is Singing and Dancing

"I AM ALWAYS BUILDING CASTLES IN THE AIR"

By TED GARTON and A. FRED PHILLIPS

CHORUS

I am al-ways build-ing pret-ty cas - tles in the air

a tempo

Sun-shine ev'-ry-where ros-es al-ways bloom-ing But then the clouds come back and soon the

shadows gather there Hiding all my castles in the air.

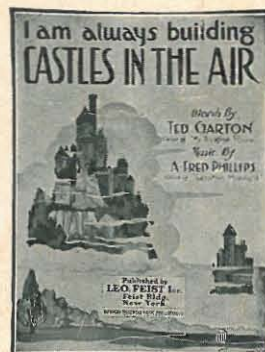
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