

Mrs. Ben Miller Apr. 1918

I Don't Want To Get Well



Words by
HARRY PEASE
and
HOWARD JOHNSON

Music by
HARRY JENTES

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Allegro Moderato

I just re-ceived an an-swer to a let-ter that I wrote, From a
I showed this let - ter to a friend who lives next door to me And I

pal who marched a - way, He was wound-ed in the trench-es some-where in
heard him quick - ly say, "Good bye, pal, I must be go - ing, I'm off to

France and I wor - ried a - bout him night and day, "Are you get-ting well," was what I
war, and I hope that I'm wound-ed right a - way, If what's in this let-ter here is

wrote, This is what he ans-tered in his note:
true, I'll get shot and then I'll write to you:"

This Composition may also
be had for your Talking
Machine or Player Piano

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Band 25c
Orchestra 25c
Male Quartette 10c



CHORUS

I don't want to get well, — I don't want to get well, — I'm in love with a beau - ti - ful
 I don't want to get well, — I don't want to get well, — I'm in love with a beau - ti - ful

nurse. — Ear - ly ev - 'ry morn - ing, night and noon, — The cut - est lit - tle
 nurse. — Though the doc - tor's treat - ments show re - sults, — I al - ways get a

girl - ie comes and feeds me with a spoon; I don't want to get well, — I don't want to get well, — I'm
 bad re - lapse each time she feels my pulse; I don't want to get well, — I don't want to get well, — I'm

glad they shot me on the fighting line, fine, The doc - tor says that I'm in bad con -
 glad they shot me on the fighting line, fine, She holds my hand and begs me not to

di - tion, but Oh, Oh, Oh, I've got so much am - bi - tion, I don't want to get well, — I don't
 leave her, Then all at once I get so full of fev - er, I don't want to get well, — I don't

want to get well, — For I'm hav - ing a won - der - ful time. I don't time. —
 want to get well, — For I'm hav - ing a won - der - ful time. I don't time. —

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A-73

SONGS the SOLDIERS and SAILORS SING

Get these four smashing song hits for your piano, your talking-machine, or your player-piano—and get them right away. Keep up with the boys who sing their way into action.

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"It's a Long Way to Berlin"

CHORUS *well marked*

It's a long way to Ber-lin, but we'll get there Un-cle
 Sain will show the way, O-ver the line, then—
 cross the Rhine, Shout-ing Hip! Hip! Hoo-ray! We'll sing

I Don't Want To Get Well

Here's a song that will make you laugh—although it's about a wounded soldier. He was harder hit by his nurse's smile than by the German bullet—and in a far more vulnerable spot. A syncopated melody that won't let your feet keep still. By Johnson, Pease, and Jentes.

"I Don't Want to Get Well"

CHORUS

I don't want to get well, I don't want to get well,
 I'm in love with a beau-ti-ful nurse—
 Ear-ly ev-ry morn-ing, night and noon,— The



ON SALE NOW

At all music and department stores, or at any Woolworth, Kresge, Kress, McCrory, Kraft, Grant, or Metropolitan store.

OUR boys on the fields of France, our sailors on the big, gray sea-fighters, and the boys in our training-camps are singing them! The whole country is singing them and dancing to their inspiring melodies! Being sung to tremendous applause in thousands of theatres throughout the land!

Try over the choruses and you will know *why*. Don't wait until you hear everybody singing them—get copies of all four of these songs now and be the *first* to sing them.

These songs are on sale at practically every music store in the United States and Canada. Look for their displays of the songs and reproductions of this advertisement in their windows.

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Special Note: The very next time you go to a cabaret, dance-hall, or other place where there is music, be sure to request the leader to play these four songs that the soldiers and sailors sing and love.

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 China, We Owe a Lot to You.
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 I Called You My Sweetheart.
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These songs are printed in the new "Feist" easy-to-read style. Complete song at a glance. No leaves to turn.

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Here's a song you *think* you know. But did you ever hear the verses or did you ever see the music? It's all here—and it's all the sort of stuff that puts pep into everybody. One of the greatest marching refrains ever written—and just as good as a fox-trot or one-step. By D. A. Esrom, Theodore Morse, and Arthur Sullivan.

"Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here"

CHORUS

Hail! Hail! the gang's all here,
 What the deuce do we care, What the deuce do we care,
 Hail! Hail! we're full of cheer,— What the deuce do

Homeward Bound

Your skin will be awfully thick if this song doesn't get deep down underneath. You can see our brave boys coming home, you can see Victory, you can see the joy of duty nobly done and the world at peace again.

The melody—well, it's just the right one for this matchless song. By Howard Johnson, Coleman Goetz, and George W. Meyer.

"Homeward Bound"

CHORUS

"Home-ward Bound" Someday they'll hear—that we'll come
 sound,— For while the shot and shell are fly-ing, For the
 ones at home they're sigh-ing, And tho' the skies seem



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