

# YADDIE KADDIE KIDDIE KADDIE KOO



## Yaddie Kaddie Kiddie Kaddie Koo.

Lyric by  
SAM M. LEWIS and  
JOE YOUNG.

Music by  
GEO. W. MEYER.

Moderato

**Moderato**

**VOICE.**

*Till Ready.*

Ev'ry night I hear my neigh - bors  
When the milk - man called a - round this

sigh - in', "If you lik - a me like I like you,  
morn - ing, I asked him to leave a pint or two,

Yad - die Kad - die Kid - die Kad - die Koo;" All night long — they  
He said "Yad - die Kad - die Kid - die Koo;" When the land - lord

make love in — Ha - wai - ian, Ev'ry time she says "I'm feel - ing  
calls I'm al - ways yawn - ing, He don't ev - er say "the rent is

The music consists of five staves of musical notation for voice and piano. The vocal part is in common time, treble clef, and key of G major. The piano part provides harmonic support with bass and treble lines. The lyrics are integrated into the musical structure, appearing above the vocal line and below the piano line where appropriate.

blue,"  
due,"

He says "Yad-die Kad-die Kid-die Koo."  
All he says is "Yad-die Kad-die Koo."

Man - y, man - y nights I've spent, — Wond'ring what the darn thing meant, —  
Butch-er, ba - ker, jan - i - tor, — When they knock up - on my door, —

Yad-die Kad-die Kid-die Kad-die Koo, — Still I don't know what it means, do you?  
I say "not to - day, I'm feel - ing blue," They say "Yad-die Kad-die Kid - die Koo."

## CHORUS

Please tell me, why do they sing — that sil - ly thing? — Yad-die Kad-die Koo, Love your dad - dy, do,

Kid-die Koo, — he loves you; — That mel - o - dy — from Wai - ki - ki, —

Has - n't an - y sense, un - til they com-mence "Yad-die Kad-die Kid-die Kad-die Koo." Koo." — D.S.

# Way Down In Iowa I'm Going To Hide Away.

Lyric by  
SAM M. LEWIS & JOE YOUNG.

Music by  
GEO W. MEYER.

Chorus.

Sheet music for "Way Down In Iowa" featuring four staves of music. The lyrics are integrated into the melody. The music is in common time, key of G major. The lyrics include:

I'm gon - na hide a - way, — on a lit - tle farm in I - o - wa; — I'm gon - na  
ride a - way, — on the road that leads to yes-ter - day. — Why, I can al-most pic-ture  
dear old mother, Sprinkling sug-ar on my bread and butter, Way down in that town in I - o - wa.

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