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"Oh What A Night."

Words by L. WOLFE GILBERT.

Music by LEWIS F. MUIR and MAURICE ABRAHAMS.

Tempo di Marcia.

Moderato.

Jon - sy said to Smith - y say you're
With me it is Ma - son - ie I said.

look - ing ve - ry bad, Your eyes are rather hea - vy like; its
I would not re - peat, The only thing that I'll re - veal, it

lit - tle sleep you've had, And Mister Smith said Jones, it's ea - sy to ex - plain,
sure - ly was a treat; And the rest I'll leave to you to fig - ure out.
Any one can guess it, it's aw-fly simple. May-be I have walked the floor with
Be a lit-tle Sher-lock Holmes old pal-lie. May-be I was made a mem-ber

ba-by till the morn, May-be I was up with some sick
of a lo-cal lodge, May-be it's the Turk-ish bath, the

friend all night till dawn; And then a-gain, it's
old fa-mil-iar dodge; And then a-gain it's

may-be, may-be, may, There's on-ly one thing I can say,
may-be this and 'that, Go on and guess where I was at.

Oh what a night.
CHORUS.
Marcia. (Slowly.)

Oh, oh, oh, oh, Oh what a night! Oh what a night!

mancato

Oh what a night! Thinking of it gives me delight This night of mystery goes down in history Oh, oh, oh, oh, Old pal of mine.

Left home at nine Oh what a time I love my wife but Oh, oh you kid.

Oh what a night.

Oh what a night.