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Whistling Jim.
(That's Him)

Words by D.A. ESROM.

Music by THEODORE MORSE.

Moderato.

Voice.

Hear that melody a-floating on the breeze,
Feeling dizzy and my head is going round,

Like a mockingbird a-singing in the trees,
As I listen to that fascinating sound,

How it fills the air,

Don't he whistle grand,

Hear it every where, Makes you want to dance around with glee.
He can hold my hand, When he imitates a hurricane.

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Sounds like something I have surely heard before,
Mention any tune and Jim can whistle it,

It's my whistling Jim a-hanging round my door,
Oh, so soft and low,
In an orchestra that boy would be a hit,
That's my Jimmie dear,

Like a Piccolo,
He's a calling to me.
Trilling loud and clear
He's a blowing again.

CHORUS.

That's him, that's him, that's whistling Jim,
My Jim, My Jim, just listen to him,
Every night and morning in the sun or rain... Comes a-long a-toot-in' like a rail-road train... That's him, that's him, that's whist-ling Jim... My boy, My joy, I'm crazy for him... Don't you hear him call-ing me, That's him, that's

(Whistle)

(Whistle)

him, that's whist-ling whis-tling Jim... That's Jim...

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