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"The Little Wooden Whistle Wouldn't Whistle"

Words by BILLY CURTIS

Music by HARRY VON TILZER

Moderato

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blow the little whistle and your Daddy will be near.
Quickly she consented for she loved the water so.

She went strolling with a chap that evening,
In the park he
Ver- y soon the boat he started rocking,
When they were a

started getting gay.
He said please give
mile or so from land.
She was scared but

me a little squeeze And Mary grabbed the whistle right away:
she had come prepared, And grabbed the little whistle in her hand:
CHORUS

But the little wooden whistle wouldn't whistle, wouldn't whistle,
But the little wooden whistle wouldn't whistle, wouldn't whistle,

wouldn't whistle. Now he was not so slow, at
wouldn't whistle. She said "Now Johnny row," but

kissing her, you know, And ev'ry time he'd steal a kiss, She'd blow blow blow. But the
Johnny he said "No" And ev'ry time he'd rock the boat She'd blow blow blow. But the

little wooden whistle wouldn't whistle No matter how she
little wooden whistle wouldn't whistle No matter how she
He said "You're just the kind of girl for me? Then kissed her underneath the willow tree, She used dear, to squawk, If you don't like it, just get out and walk;" She tried to blow the whistle, the little wooden whistle, but the little wooden tried to blow the whistle, the little wooden whistle, but the little wooden whistle wouldn't blow whistle wouldn't blow And the And the