"Under The Anheuser Bush."

Words by
ANDREW B. STERLING.

Music by
HARRY VON TILZER.

Tempo di Valse.

Talk a-bout the shade of the shelter-ing

Rave a-bout the place where your swells go to

Palm, Praise the bam-boo tree and its wide spreading.

Dine, Picture Sue and me with our sand-wich and
charms,

There's a little bush that grows right here in

stein,

underneath the bush where the good fellows

town,

You know its name, it has won such re-

meet,

Life seems worth living, our joy is com-

nown;

Often with my sweetheart just after the

plete;

If you're sad at heart, take a trip there to-

play,

To this little place then my footsteps will

night,

You'll forget your woe and your eyes will grow-

Under the Anheuser 4
stray, If she hes-i-tates when she looks at the sign,
bright, There you'll sure-ly find me with my sweet-heart Sue,

Soft-ly I whis-per, "Now Sue don't de-cline!
Come down this ev'-ning I'll in-tro-duce you.

CHORUS.

Come, Come, Come and make eyes with me, Un-der the

An-heus-er Bush Come, Come, drink some Bud-

Under the Anheuser 4
Hear the old German band, Just let me hold your hand Yah!

Do, Do, Come and have a stein or two, Under the Anheuser Bush.