MARIUTCH
(Make-a the Hootch-a ma Kootch)
Down At Coney Isle.

Words by ANDREW B. STERLING.

Music by HARRY VON TILZER.

I feel much-a mad all the day;
Mar-i-utch she make-a de hit;

Thought my Mar-i-utch went a-way;
I think that she take-a de fit;

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When I saw that steam-boat-a leave,
On the stage I jump-a de quick,

Waste-a much-a time when I grieve;
'Cause that dance it make-a me sick;

Steam-boat she no go to Italy, she wait a while;
I said Mariutch you break my heart in one big place,

'Cause last night I saw my Mariutch at Con-ey Isle;
Then some-body throw a ripe toma-to in my face;

Mariutch &c 4
Don't you tell a nobody a what I tell a you;
Mariutch she say you bet a make a quick skid-doo;

What a you think my Mariutch a do.
Or a my Tony break a you in two.

CHORUS. Slowly.
Mariutch she make a de hootch a ma kootch down at Con-ey

Isle,
Make me smile, she go like a this, like a

Mariutch &c 4
that, like-a this, she make-a such-a dance and nev-er
move-a de feet that's a fun-ny style; Some one yelled like-a
that, "Hey look out! you'll break-a your back!" When my Mar-i-utoh
make-a hootch-a ma kootch. kootch.