Take Your Girl To The Ball Game.

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Valse.

1. Coney Island's all right, It's a fine place at night,
But the place that's the

2. Get your seat in the shade, Buy some cool lemonade,
And a big bag of

3. When my Mame is my wife, And we're settled for life, In a home filled with

money to me,
Is the park where they play, Class-y
peanuts or two;
Tell her each player's name, And all
comforts and joys.
It's a family then, Lots of

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Ball ev'ry day, Talk of sport! It's the big Jubilee!

At the points of the game, All her life she'll be thankful to you.
Ev'ry kids, nine or ten, And I'd like to have nine of 'em boys. Then I'll

shout of "Play Ball!" I'm just daf-fy, that's all; As I sit with my real Yankee maid, Loves to see the game played, For ten innings, she'd have my own team, And can root and can scream, And the very first

queen like a king, With her score card in hand, Mamie travels to Rome. And she'll pray ev'ry day, that the day that they play, As I start for the game, I am

looks more than grand. To the rooters around me I sing:
home teams a-way, That they'll win, and she'll sing when they're home.
sure that my Mamie, Tho' she eight-y years old, she will say:

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Take Your Girl etc 3
CHORUS.

Take your girl to the ball game, Any old after noon.

That's the place to propose to Mame, The spot for a sunny spoon.

Make a fan of your steady girl, If you lose her I'll take all the blame. In the

stand, It's just grand as she squeezes your hand. At the baseball game.

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