ONE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING
I GET LONESOME.

By IRVING BERLIN

Moderato

Till ready

Jones - ey with a frown, was tell - ing Mis - ter Brown, "Old
Ma - ny doc - tors thought an op - er - a - tion ought
To

pal, I'm just as sick as I can be; Most
be the ve - ry thing without a doubt; They
ev'ry-thing I've done, the doc-tors ev'ry-one, In
eth-er'd him, the fools, then went to get their tools, Came

vain have tried to find a cure for me. They
back at one to cut his lone-some out. They

doc-tor me un-til I al-most faint, They
found a doz-en nurs-es by his side, They

help'd me not, for this is my com-plaint. They
ask'd him to ex-plain, and he re-plied.

One O'clock, etc. 4
CHORUS

One o'clock in the morning I get lonesome,
One o'clock in the morning I get lonesome,
One o'clock in the morning I get blue,
One o'clock in the morning I get blue,

But my wife and family won't stay up with me,
Neither 'neath the sun, neither by the ton,

So I've got to leave the house and hunt for company;
Could'n't keep me sleeping when the clock is striking one;

One O'clock, etc. 4
Going in and out the different places,
So you'll have to wait until tomorrow,

Places where they've thrown away the key,
I just
Soon I'll be as busy as a bee,
For I've

hunt until I'm wild,
For a woman, man or child,
Who is
got an awful hunch,
There's a nurse among the bunch,
Who is

troubled with the same complaint as me.
troubled with the same complaint as me.

One O'clock, etc. 4