THE GHOST OF THE VIOLIN

Words by BERT KALMAR

Music by TED SNYDER

In a quaint old antique store, For a thousand years or more,
Pretty soon the tale went 'round That a weird old ghost was found,

Laid a must - y, laid a dust - y vi - o - lin; With a moan - ing, with a groan - ing vi - o - lin;

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Sudden—ly a ghost appeared, Played—up on it wild and weird!
Ev’ry night when twelve would chime, Peo—ple made it meet—ing time,

And the ghost, and the ghost, owned a vi—olin. Fe
And they’d creep, from their sleep, to the vi—olin. They’d

made his vi—olin moan, In a weep—y, creep—y, tone!
whis—per soft and low, As the ghost would wield his bow.

CHORUS
The ghost of the vi—olin, The
the ghost the ghost
ghost played the violin,

His bony fingers are shivering, Each moan just

sets me a-quivering! Don't! don't! don't! don't!

make a sound, or He'll know we're around, His eyes

The Ghost of the Violin 4
Have a mournful glare, His cries haunt me everywhere; He's here, he's there! Beware, take care! Keep away, from the ghost of the violin...