Words by HOWARD JOHNSON

Music by JOSEPH A. CIRINA

MYSTERY!

Mysterioso

Have you heard, have you heard, have you heard

Of the new melody they're playing? Makes you

start in swaying; Not a word, not a word, not a word,

It's the new mystery,

it's nearing, that's the strain you're hearing;

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Where it came from nobody knows, It's a strain in your brain that grows, First it tickles your tickle toes, then you dance and away it goes, That melody called "Mystery."

Now it's playing, once more you start swaying, Hear it nearing, now it's disappearing;
That tune called "Mystery,"
the greatest ever in history;

But while you're dancing so blissfully, you hear it cry,
Good-bye. Good-bye.

Now it's playing, once more you start swaying;
Hear it

nearing now it's disappearing; Going, going,

Going, going, Gone! gone!! gone!!!