

# LET'S GET THE UMPIRE'S GOAT

SONG

BY

NORA BAYES & JACK NORWORTH



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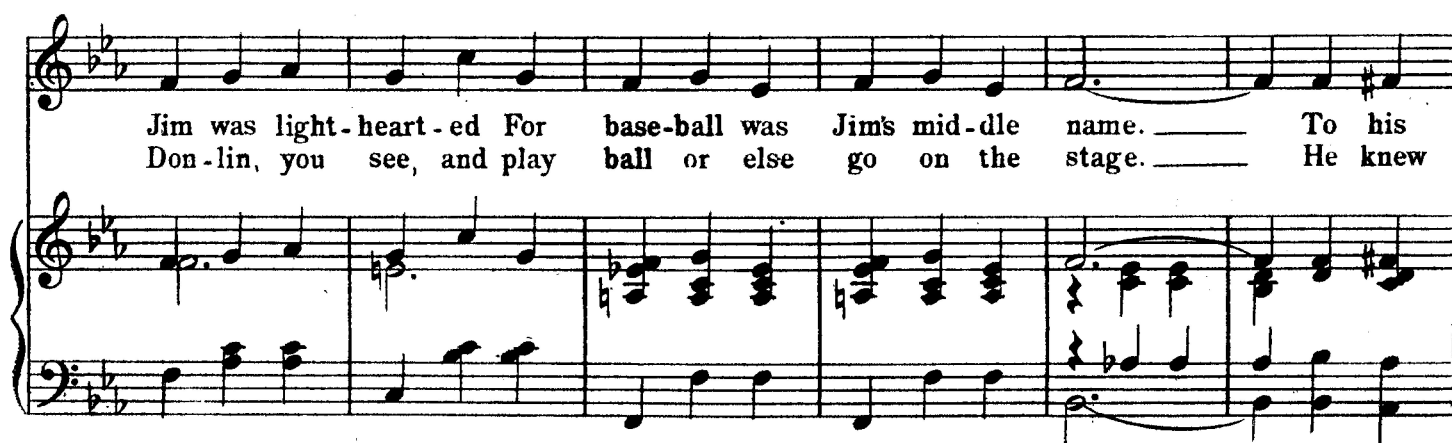
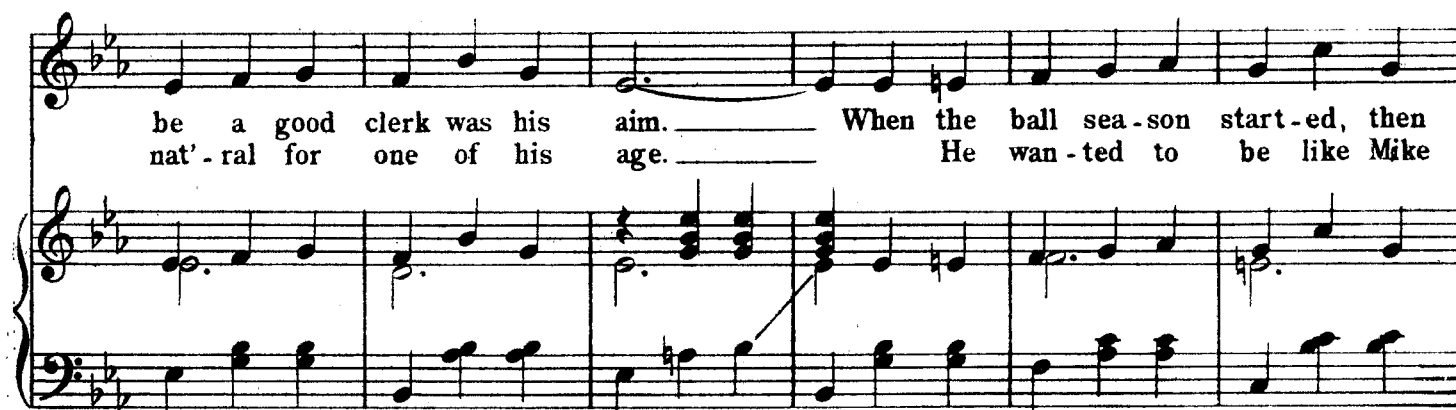
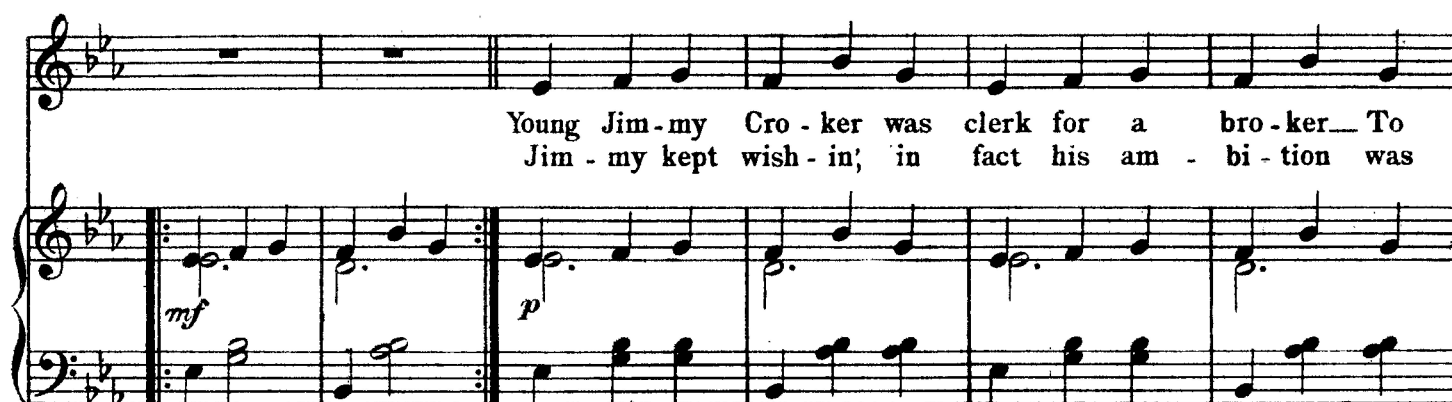
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by NORA BAYES  
and  
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Tempo di Valse.



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boss he would say "My poor Aunt died to - day!" So his boss said, "For  
each play-er's name and kept tab on the game, And could tell you how

hea - ven's sake, gol' Then he'd hike to the bleach-ers with  
pen - nants are won. But each bleach - er - ite fan, was with

six oth - er screech-ers, and yell if the game was too slow.  
Jim to a man, when his home team just need - ed a run.

### CHORUS.

Let's get the Um - pire's goat, goat, goat: Let's make him go up in the

air. ——— We'll yell, Oh you rob-ber! go some-where and die ——— Back to the

bush You've got mud in your eye. Oh, what an aw-ful de-ci-sion! ——— Why

don't you put spec-ta-cles on? Let's hol-ler like sin, and then our side will

win, When the um-pire's nan-ny is gone. ——— gone. ———

1. ——— 2. ———