LEW DOCKSTADER'S
Wonderful Comic Song Hit

FEED THE KITTY

Words by Ed. Moran
Music by J. Fred Helf

Also Featured by
Eddie Foy,
Stuart Barnes,
Press Eldridge,
Wm. McCarty,
Jack Norworth,
Geo. Evans,
Trixie Friganza,
Albert Hart,
Arthur Rigby,
Carroll Johnson,
etc., etc.

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Try This On Your Piano.

MY FLUFF-A DE RUFF.

Words by
ED. GARDINIER.
Chorus.

Music by
JAMES BROCKMAN.
Writers of "Marianina."

Fluff-a de Ruff, Good stuff no make-a de bluff,

She wear de blond-a de hair, And freez-a de curl, She

walk-a just-a like-a the Gibson girl, "Hey Fluff" de

gal-ler-y cries, "Make more dem goog-le-in eyes,"

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For Sale By All Dealers.
Feed The Kitty.

Words by
ED. MORAN.

Music by
J. FRED HELF.

Allegro moderato.

Of Mister Smith, once Misses Smith, was a waiter when he serves you with a

Vamp till ready.

telling Misses Brown; She said: "Smith has a five cent glass of beer, Expects a ten cent

kitten in his offices down town. He tip, if he don't get it, there's a sneer; 'Twould

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doesn't know I know it, but he sees that cat is fed;

pay to take your dignity and jab it on the shelf

Slap

tender hearted darling in his sleep last night he said."
on the apron, serve the waiter, get the tip yourself.

Chorus.

Feed the Kitty! Feed the Kitty!

Feed the Kitty! Feed the Kitty!

That's a thing that must be done; no escape for anyone;

That's a thing that must be done; no escape for anyone;

Feed The Kitty. 
Don't be bashful, there's no fair standing pat;
That's all humbug, that "welcome" on the mat;

Feed the Kitty! pretty Kitty, Kitty, Kitty cat.
Feed the Kitty! pretty Kitty, Kitty, Kitty cat.

3
You talk about "Palm gardens" and you talk about "Palm Beach"
But I know where the "palms" are thick and have a longer reach
To learn the art of "palmistry," just visit City Hall
Now all together, let us sing, the "motto on the wall."

CHORUS.
Feed the Kitty! Feed the Kitty!
That's a thing that must be done no escape for anyone;
Someone's been there I hear him singing flat;
Feed the Kitty! pretty Kitty, Kitty, Kitty cat.

4
You start off with the hotel boy who carries in your grip;
You run the gauntlet giving each and ev'ry one a tip;
The barber when he cuts you, even comes in for his bit;
You even tip the chamber maid, but you never tip your mitt.

CHORUS.
Feed the Kitty! Feed the Kitty!
Ev'ry hotel guest is done; no escape for anyone;
No use kicking they own the ball and bat!
Feed the Kitty! pretty Kitty, Kitty, Kitty cat.
I Don't Want The Morning To Come.

Words by ARTHUR J. LAMB

Music by J. FRED HELF

I don't want the morning to come mama, I'm going to keep out the light. I've turned back the hands on the clock you see, I just want to think it's not. I don't want to hear when the birds sing. And the bees hum mid flow' ers gay. I don't want the morning to come mama, I want neither Jim to stay.

J. Fred Helf's companion song to "I'm Tying the Leaves so They Won't Come Down."

I Don't Want the Morning to Come

The beautiful sentiment in this child song is conveyed in the words of the chorus.

Words by ARTHUR J. LAMB

Music by J. FRED HELF

Writers of: "I Lost My Heart When I Saw Your Eyes"
"Somebody That I Know and You Know Too"
"When It's Moonlight Mary Darling, 'Neath the Old Grape Arbor Shade"

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