IN MIAMI
WHERE MAMMY'S WAITING FOR ME

by
SIDNEY D. MITCHELL
ARTHUR FIELDS - ARCHIE GOTTLER

LEO. FEIST, INC. NEW YORK
In Miami
(Where Mammy's Waiting For Me)
Words and Music by
SIDNEY D. MITCHELL
ARTHUR FIELDS
and
ARCHIE GOTTLER

Moderato

Till ready

I hear my Mam-my,
I'll soon be look-ing,

Down in Mi-am-i,
calling me,
To hur-ry home,
I'd like to

At Mam-my cook-in' chicken fries,
In South-ern style,
Her Dix-ie

bet you,
That when I get to Flor-ida,
I'll nev-er roam;

dishes,
Are so de-li-cious, Just for one,
I'd walk a mile;

CHORUS

In Mi-am-i, my old Mam-my,
In Mi-am-i, my old Mam-my,
Is waiting for me,
Is waiting for me,
Soon I'll hold her, to my shoul-der
If I take you, she will make you
Just as tight as can be, I'll take the next boat go-in', Down where the Gulf stream's flowin',
Comfy as you can be, So come with me a fly-in', Cause 'tain't no use denyin',

And where the palms are grow-in', My devotion I'll be showin', Ev'ry motion, Of the ocean,
I know you'll soon be sighin', For the meals my Mammy's fryin', When you're pickin', On that chicken,

While I'm sailing the sea, Will remind me of the time, she rock'd me to sleep on her knee,
What a glutton you'll be, You won't know it but you'll show it, step on the scales and you'll see,

Oh Lord-y, keep me alive, Until the day I arrive in Miami, Where Mammy's waiting for me.
Oh, don't refuse me I plead, Come on let's travel with speed to Miami, Where Mammy's waiting for me.
TWO “SURE-FIRE” SONG HITS!

“A MOST UNUSUAL AND ATTRACTIVE SONG”

“Hawaiian Lullaby”
Solo or Duet
With Steel Guitar Effects and Instrumental Chorus

By DOROTHY TERRISS
and ETHEL BRIDGES

CHORUS Slowly with expression

Hear that plaintive melody, A whispering thro' the trees,

Filled with love and harmony, Comes floating on the breeze,

As the silver stars appear, like music in the sky;
Hear them softly strumming that Hawaiian lullaby.

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“Ragging the Chopsticks”

By ARCHIE GOTTLEB and ABE FRANKL

You’ve heard “Chopsticks” Dozens of Times—But You’ve Never—Until Now—Heard It “Rag’d”

VOICE

You’ve heard “chopsticks,” plain old “chopsticks”? Played by ev’ry kid,
It may sound strange,

but they have chang’d Here’s something I did. I took a “chop” and took a “stick” and

shook ’em in a bag. And when I finished with the trick, I found I had a “rag.”
First you play this strain, Try it once again. And you will have a sweet refrain. Then it

goes like this, and it goes like that, If you follow me you won’t go flat. Now comes “chop-sticks,”
rag-time “chop-sticks.” With two fingers just like fiddle sticks, Tick, Tick, Tick, Tick. Like a clock-tick,
It’s an easy trick. And now there’s censa, meena, mins, too. Catch him by the toe.
If he hollers let him go. The rest of the words I don’t know.

Back to “chop-sticks,” rag-time “chop-sticks.” With two fingers just like fiddle sticks, Tick, Tick, Tick, Tick,
Like a clock-tick, It’s an easy trick. “Ragging the chop-sticks”, It’s got the kick!

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