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Feed The Kitty.

Words by ED. MORAN.

Music by J. FRED HELF.

Allegro moderato.



Of Mis - ter Smith, once Mis - ses Smith, was
A wait - er when he serves you with a

Vamp till ready.

The first vocal line is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. It includes a repeat sign and a vamp instruction. The piano accompaniment continues in the grand staff.

tel - ling Mis - ses Brown; She said: "Smith has a
five cent glass of beer, Ex - pects a ten cent

The second vocal line continues the melody in treble clef. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support in the grand staff.

kit - ten in his of - fic - es, down town. He
tip, if he don't get it, there's a sneer; 'Twould

The third vocal line concludes the melody in treble clef. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord in the grand staff.

EXTRA VERSES.

5

Your wife says, "Dear, I need a gown I think I'll get a sheath;
Of course, I'll want silk tights, you know, they wear them underneath;
If Mrs. Bragg had not bought one, I wouldn't care a fig;
But you know her, the hussy! So it's up to you to dig!"

CHORUS.

Feed the Kitty! Feed the Kitty!
Ev'ry married man is done; no escape for anyone.
Ten for slippers! and eighty for a hat!
Feed the Kitty! pretty Kitty, Kitty, Kitty cat!

6

Now Taft and Bryan both are training for the race they're in;
The stable information is, that "Bill" is sure to win.
The campaign managers will see that Wall Street is relieved;
All contributions to the funds are thankfully received.

CHORUS.

Feed the Kitty! Feed the Kitty!
That's a thing that must be done; they coughed up when Teddy won;
Big "steam roller" is bound to leave us flat!
Feed the Kitty! pretty Kitty, Kitty, Kitty cat!

7

A letter from your wife, who's out of town, gives you a fit;
It reads, "Dear, here's the bill for my hotel, so please remit."
You write back, saying, "Love, buy no hotels at such a price."
She answers "Stop that noise! I'll come home if you don't be nice!"

CHORUS.

Feed the Kitty! Feed the Kitty!
That's a thing that must be done; No escape for anyone.
"That's my board bill, you're talking thro' your hat
Feed the Kitty! pretty Kitty, Kitty, Kitty cat!"

8

Our heiresses are bent on wedding titles, it's a joke!
They're only bent at first, but in a little while they're broke!
Some have to slip the lord, or duke, the coin to buy the ring.
Tho' papa worked for his, he has to loosen up the string.

CHORUS.

Feed the Kitty! Feed the Kitty!
That's a thing that must be done; no escape for anyone.
"Come and see me I'm lord, duke this or that!"
Feed the Kitty! pretty Kitty, Kitty, Kitty cat!

9

Each flat house has it's janitor, there's no house on the square;
If you move in a round house, why the engineer is there;
There's no hope from the White House, for we've looked for help in vain;
We'll all be in the poor house, or the bug house from the strain.

CHORUS.

Feed the Kitty! Feed the Kitty!
Ev'ry tenant must be done; no escape for anyone.
If you're looking for steam heat in your flat,
Feed the Kitty! pretty Kitty, Kitty, Kitty cat!

10

The street railways on watered stock, big dividends declare;
The money that they take from us for standing isn't fair;
But still, we've got to stand it, there's no use to kick and fuss;
Somebody has to be the goat it might as well be us.

CHORUS.

Feed the Kitty! Feed the Kitty!
We're the "thing" that must be done; no escape for anyone
Not withstanding, the street car wheels are flat!
Feed the Kitty! pretty Kitty, Kitty, Kitty cat!