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Slide, Bill, Slide!

J. CONNELL
PORTHOPE

By JOHN B. LOWITZ.

Tempo di Valse.

f

Mad-e-laine Moon-ey for base-ball was loon-ey, She'd rush to the game ev-'ry day, ___ She'd root like a root-er if things did-n't suit her, 'Twas aw ful the things she would say, ___ Now Bill was her stead-y, and when he got rea-dy, To

Bill was a won-der he rapped it like thun-der Then all round the dia-mond he flew, ___ He land-ed on third, she cried Bill you're a bird, Oh Gee! but that's go-ing a few, ___ The next one to bat hit a cork-er with that, Bill

p

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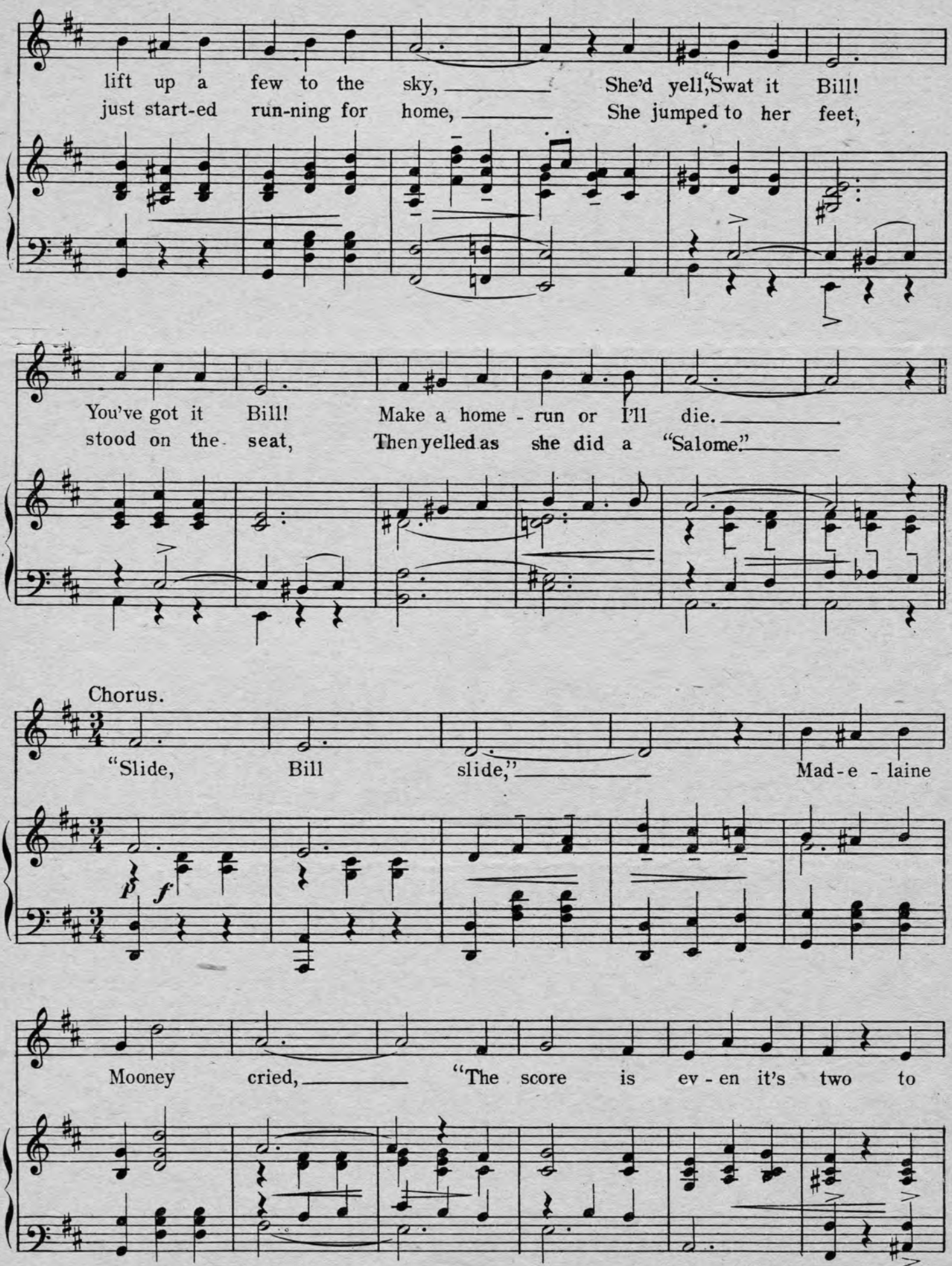
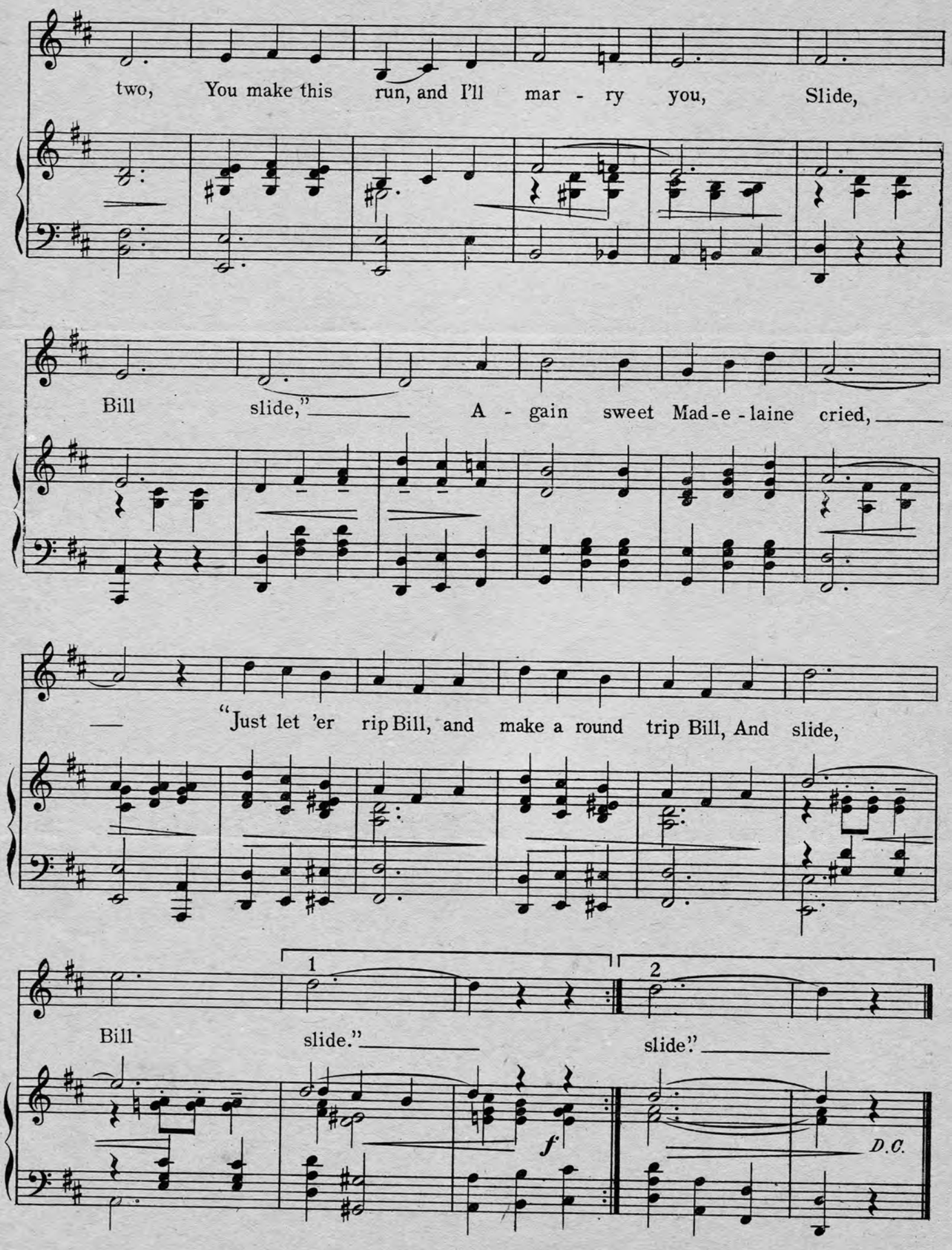

lift up a few to the sky, She'd yell, "Swat it Bill!
just start-ed run-ning for home, She jumped to her feet,
You've got it Bill! Make a home - run or I'll die.
stood on the seat, Then yelled as she did a "Salome."
Chorus.
"Slide, Bill slide," Mad - e - laine
Mooney cried, "The score is ev - en it's two to


two, You make this run, and I'll mar - ry you, Slide,
Bill slide," A - gain sweet Mad-e-laine cried,
"Just let 'er rip Bill, and make a round trip Bill, And slide,
1
2
Bill slide." slide."
f
D.C.