Respectfully dedicated to our old style friend Mr. Walter Mueller.

Oh! you "JEFFRIES"

BY
MILTON WEIL.
AUBREY STAUFFER.
and
ROGER LEWIS.

Moderato.

fourth of next July we'll see some fun out Frisco way, An
rain and Ryan Sullivan they all were noted Turks, And

Copyright, 1910, by Bob White.
Published by Bob White, The Modern Music Publisher, 121 Plymouth Ct, Chicago.
Irishman intends to drive a load of coal away, not so very long ago Jim Corbett was the works, Old

other words, Jim Jeffries white will beat Jack Johnson black, Then

Bob Fitzsimmons had his day and then came mighty Jim, There's

every one will join the chorus singing "Good bye Jack," When

not a man a living who can stand in front of him, For

Jeffries swings his mighty right against Jack Johnson's ear, Poor

Jeffries has a wallop like the kick of Maud the mule, And

Oh! you Jeffries.
Jack will say "Oh dear! What makes me feel so queer? I
no one as a rule Around a mule will fool, When
aunt a-fraid of fight-ing but this Ir-ish-man I fear; I
John-son gets a wal-lap from that dear old fash-ioned school, He'll
wish I was in Dix-ie, Or an-y place but here, Next
think the whole of Ir-lands Been fight-ing him a duel, You'll
In-de-pen-dence day You'll hear the Ir-ish say!
hear the Ir-ish shout "Come on Jeff knock him out!__
Oh! you Jeffries.
CHORUS.

"Oh you Jef-fries! Oh you Jim!—Hit him once for me, and that will set-tle him!—Bless the

Ir-ish! They can fight! When Jef-fries swings on John-son’s jaw, Then Oh! Good night!—night!"

Oh! you Jeffries.
COME RIGHT IN, SIT RIGHT DOWN, MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME.

CHORUS

Come right in, sit right down and make yourself at home You've found the place you're looking for, there's no more need to roam. I know you're hungry The sign reads "Small Fox" The world's so awful
eat your fill for mister Pullman pays the bill, on the door, But a "Welcome" mat lies on the floor, "So cold I know But down here there's no fear of snow, come right in, sit right down and make your self at home? home!"

TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO.