WHEN MARIOLA DO
THE CUBANOLA.

WORDS BY
Will Dillon

MUSIC BY
Harry Von Tilzer

HARRY VON TILZER
MUSIC PUBLISHING CO.
"When Mariola Do The Cubanola."

Words by
WILL DILLON.

Music by
HARRY VON TILZER.

Moderato.

Piano.

Mariola give a bigga
Manager he go to see the

party last a night
Everybody for a miles around she invite
Mariola dance
Fix a up da bigga act and take a bigga chance

Today sing a ragga song, not a go a very strong
On the very first a night when they turn a up da light
Ev 'ry body make a fun a say a Tony's on the bum
Big Police a Captain say a stop dat dance a right a way

Mariola come and make a one a bigga hit.
Mariola start to wagga just a like a dis

Sing a Cubanola Glide I think she have a fit
Then she trow Police a Captain one a bigga kiss

When the band a play a tune, She say ma ba by what you doin'
He say for the love of Mike Go as far as what you like
Everybody have a bigga fine-a time
Everybody say he's one-a good-a fine-a cop.

Chorus.

When Mariola do the Cubanola Her
great-a bigga eyes-a she's-a roll-a When she move a-round she look-a

very much-a sweet She wig-a wag-a all a-round but

When Mariola etc. 4
never move da feet, On the stage she’s goin’ a make a her da

butta Ev’ry bod’y’s goin’ a clean a off da nutta When she
glide, glide, your heart a she’s a touch a ev’ry lit-tle move-ment has a

mean-ing ver-y much a Sal-o-me she cry, And say a good-bye when

Mariola do the Cuban-ola. When o-la.

When Mariola etc. 4
All Aboard For Blanket Bay

A SONG THAT SHOULD BE IN EVERY AMERICAN HOME

BECAUSE

Here Are the Words Complete of the First Verse of This Beautiful Ballad

and a Few Strains of the Chorus:

Words by Andrew B. Sterling

"All Aboard For Blanket Bay"

Music by Harry von Tilzer

There's a ship sails away at the close of each day, sails away to the land of dreams.

Mamma's little "Boy Blue" is the Captain and Crew, of this wonderful ship called "The White Pillow Ship."
When the day's play is o'er, and the toys on the floor, cast aside by a little brown hand,
Mamma hugs him up tight, Papa whispers "Goodnight, little sailor boy, sail into sweet slumberland."

Chorus.

All a-board for Blanket Bay
Won't come back till the break of day
Roll him round in his little white sheet
'Till you can't see his little bare feet. Then you tuck him up in his

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