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In The Good Old Summer Time

Theodore F. Morse

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Recommended Citation

Morse, Theodore F., "In The Good Old Summer Time" (1902). *Historic Sheet Music Collection*. 718.
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CHORDS.

In the good old sum-mer time, — In the good old sum-mer time, —

mp -ff

Stroll-ing thro' the sha - dy lanes, With your ba - by mine; — You

hold her hand and she holds yours. And that's a ve-ry good sign — That she's your

1. 2.
toot-sey wootsey in The good old sum-mer time. — In the time. —

In the good old summer time:

PING PONG LANCIERS

Arranged by THEO. F. MORSE.

This is one of the best medley lancers on the market to-day and contains such hits as
"Ain't That A Shame," "Little Boy in Blue," "Come Out, Dinah, on the Green," "My Princess Zulu Lu"
"Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home?" "Way Down in Old Indiana."

EXTRA VERSES TO "IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME"

In the good old summer time,
In the good old summer time,
That's when a Wilson high-ball
Is certainly divine;
With a bran-new suit and swell straw hat
I tell you a man feels fine.
But when it rains his name is mud—
In the good old summer time.

In the good old summer time,
In the good old summer time,
You go out to the race-track
With a bet on something fine;
You bet on a horse that's ten to one,
You play him with your last dime.
He generally comes in about quarter-past eight—
In the good old summer time.

In the good old summer time,
In the good old summer time,
When hubby he hears of the price of coal
He keeps swearing all the time;
But wife looks at him sweetly
With a smile that will not rhyme,
And says, "You can't play ping-pong, John,
"In the good old summer time."

In the good old summer time,
In the good old summer time,
The sun affects some people
In a manner not divine;
A man got sun struck yesterday,
And he was a brother of mine.
The son it weighed about nine pounds—
Pretty good for the summer time.

In the good old summer time,
In the good old summer time,
You see young couples holding hands
In the bright moonshine.
They should give Central (Local) Park some other
name;
Central (Local) Orchard would do very fine:
For there's so many pairs found under the trees
In the good old summer time.

In the good old summer time,
In the good old summer time,
The way that my wife and I get along
Is certainly divine.
Not once have we ever quarreled in our house,
Or had a fight of any kind;
We went out in the yard where there was more room,
In the good old summer time.

In the good old summer time,
In the good old summer time,
The way they've raised the price of coal
I don't like it at all, for mine;

A stop should be quickly put to them
Before the snow begins flyin',
Or half of us will freeze to death
Before the next summer time.

In the good old summer time,
In the good old summer time,
When a woman goes out shopping,
She goes all the way down the line;
She tries to cross the busy streets,
And thinks she's doing fine,
And a trolley car hits her an awful rap,
In the good old summer time.

In the good old summer time,
You see a dog bark and cry,
And with froth hanging from his mouth
Snap at you as you pass by.
If he breaks into a dry-goods store,
Why, that's a very good sign
That what he wants is muslin,
In the good old summer time.

In the good old summer time,
With my girl I'd sit in the hall,
And she would always claim a kiss
Whenever a star would fall.
For a while I did enjoy myself
And thought it all very fine
Till she began ringing in lightning bugs,
In the good old summer time.

In the good old summer time,
My children bother me.
This morning when I went to work
I knew I was the father of three.
When I came back this evening
I discovered that I had nine.
They'd been eating green apples, and all doubled up,
In the good old summer time.

In the good old summer time,
Since I've grown to be a man,
I go down to the seashore for a swim,
And for to work up a tan;
When a boy I'd run way from home to swim
And think it just divine;
And mother would see that I'd get well tanned,
In the good old summer time.

In the good old summer time,
In the good old summer time,
With George I would go riding,
And we'd have a jolly time.
Now, George he only had one arm,
And that's a very good sign
That I had to do all the driving
In the good old summer time.