

EVERY DAY WILL BE SUNDAY WHEN THE TOWN GOES DRY



"GOOD BYE HUNTER, SO LONG SCOTCH
FAREWELL HAIG AND HAIG"



WORDS AND MUSIC BY
WM. JEROME AND
JACK MAHONEY

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Allegro Moderato

1 Mis-ter Pro - hi - bi - tion says John Bar - léy - corn must
 2 When the town goes dry a wom - an can't drive you to
 3 Can you pic - ture some big husky with a pick and

Till Ready

go, He must fly off with Old Crow and the oth - er brands we know; Old John has been champion for
 drink, If she does just stop and think, she will drive you to the sink; Rich old men and women who have
 spade, When it's nine - ty in the shade, drinking warm, red lemonade? Man - y Bourbon tossers will en -

years be - yond a doubt, But now it looks as if they'll counthim out, — Soon cloves and Sen Sen
 champagne on the brain, Will have it with the ac - cent on the pain. — When pro - hi - bi - tion
 list and join the ranks, Then ev - 'ry arm - y will be full of tanks. — Then rubbers and um -

will be out of date, — When pro - hi - bi - tion comes they'll get the gate. —
 knocks up - on our door, — Old Mis - ter Bro - mo Seltz - er will be sore. —
 brel - las won't be high, — They won't be need - ed when the town is dry. —

This composition may also
 be had for your Talking
 Machine or Player Piano
 3992 - 2

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CHORUS

Good-bye, Hun-ter; So long, Scotch; Fare-well Haig and Haig; — Oh my
 Good-bye, Hun-ter; So long, Scotch; Fare-well Haig and Haig; — Oh my
 Good-bye, Hun-ter; So long, Scotch; Fare-well Haig and Haig; — Oh my

p-f

darling old frap - pé, they will soon take you a - way, At the ta - ble d'hote with Lo - la
 lit - tle glass of brew, they are hand - ing it to you, No more will you see those slackers
 lit - tle Sloe Gin Fizz, you are go - ing out of biz., Ev - ry lit - tle Broadway daughter

they will serve us Co - co - Co - la; No more say - ing: "Let me buy,"
 flirt - ing with the cheese and crack - ers; No more say - ing: "Just one more,"
 will be sip - ping Clys - mic wat - er; No more say - ing: "Fill the pail,"

No more com - ing thru the Rye; Old Man - hat - tan and Mar - ti - ni have re -
 No more night - cap, no side door; Then the hat you wear on Sun - day, won't be
 No more feet up - on the rail; You can bet that we will grieve, oh, when we

ceived the big sub - poe - na, Ev - ry day'll be Sun - day when the town goes dry. dry.
 too small for you Mon - day, Ev - ry day'll be Sun - day when the town goes dry. dry.
 have to gargle Be - vo, Ev - ry day'll be Sun - day when the town goes dry. dry.

1 2