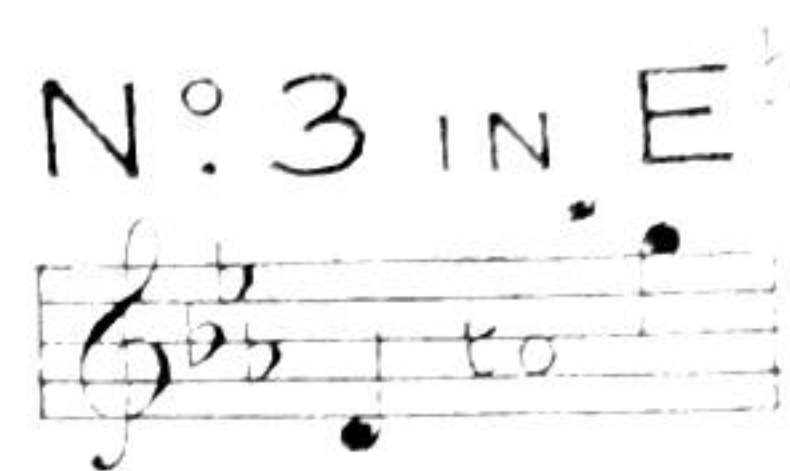
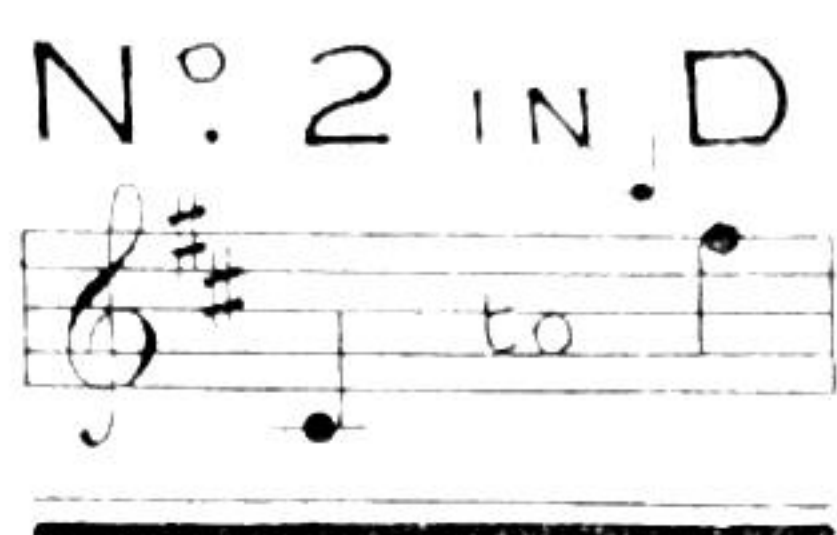
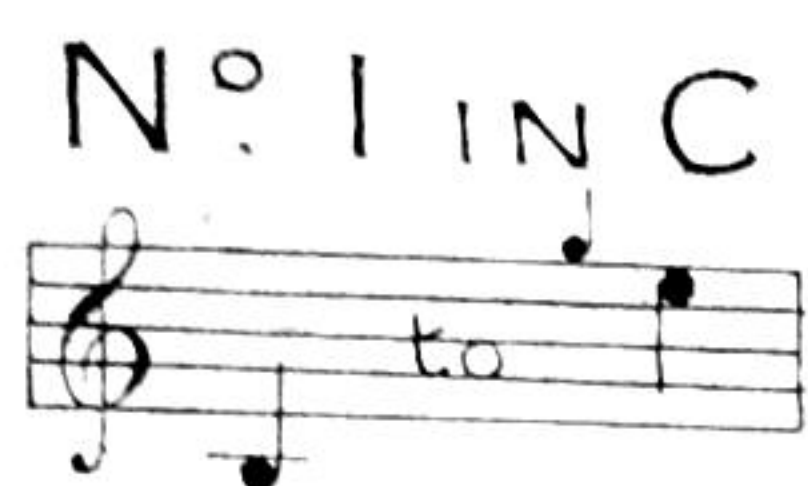


Wm D. Whurr
April 1924.



THE LITTLE BROWN OWL

Song

THE WORDS BY

ADA LEONORA HARRIS

The Music by

WILFRID SANDERSON.

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THE LITTLE BROWN OWL.

A LITTLE brown owl once lived in a tree,
Afar in the forest that grew.
A bachelor fowl and lonely was he,
For neighbours were scattered and few.
And, so, he determined to change his estate —
Said he, "I'll look out for a suitable mate;
For as long as you're single 'tis never too late
To woo-oo! To woo-oo! To woo-oo!"

He hooted in vain, till his voice nearly broke,
The whole of a summer night through,
"I'm wanting a mate in my snug, hollow oak!"
And the brown owl felt awfully blue.
"A bachelor bird I must still be, I fear;
For nobody loves me, 'tis woefully clear!"
Just then came a voice, as the dawning drew near—
"I do-oo! I do-oo! I do-oo!"

Now the little brown owl has a neat little mate
Of the same sober, sensible hue,
A happier fowl, with pleasure I state,
Is not to be found — for 'tis true,
Although you may fancy a bachelor den
A snug enough dwelling, nine times out of ten
You'll find it a thousand times comfier when
You're two-oo! You're two-oo You're two-oo!

ADA LEONORA HARRIS.

THE LITTLE BROWN OWL.

Words by
ADA LEONORA HARRIS.

Music by
WILFRID SANDERSON.

Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

cresc.

dim.

mf

A

lit-tle brown owl once lived in a tree, A - far in the for-est that grew. A

p leggiero.

rit.

bach - e - lor fowl and lone - ly was he, For neigh-bours were scattered and few. And

rit.

so, he de-ter-mined to change his es-tate— Said he, "I'll look out for a

poco rit. *cresc. f* *rall.* *p*

suit-a-ble mate; For as long as you're sin-gle 'tis ne-ver too late To

poco rit. *f* *rall.*

woo-oo! To woo-oo! To woo-oo!

p

a tempo. *mf*

mf *cresc.* *dim.*

He

hoot - ed in vain, till his voice near-ly broke, The whole of a sum-mer night

mp

through, "I'm want - ing a mate for my snug hol-low oak!" And the

mp

molto rit. brown owl felt aw - ful - ly blue. *mf a tempo.* "A bach - e - lor fowl I must

molto rit.

still be, I fear; For no - bo - dy loves me, 'tis woe - ful-ly clear!" Just

rall.

rit. *p*

then came a voice as the dawn-ing drew near— I do-oo! I do-oo! I

rit. *p*

a tempo.

do - oo!

mf *cresc.*

mf *Slower.* *ten.*

Now the brown lit-tle owl has a neat lit-tle mate Of the

dim. *mf* *ten.*

same so - ber, sen - si - ble hue, A hap - pi - er fowl, with

ten.
plea - sure I state, Is not to be found— for 'tis true, Al -

ten.

ten.

ten. *cresc.* *ten.* ✓
though you may fan - cy a bach - e - lor den A snug e-nough dwell-ing, nine

ten. *ten.*

cresc.

f molto rall. *p*
times out of ten You'll find it a thou-sand times com - fi - er when You're

f molto rall.

f
two - oo! You're two - oo! You're two - oo!.....

f