

DE SKEEPER

(THE MOSQUITO)

Humorous Ethiopian Ditty,

Written by

HARRY SPURR,

Composed and Sung

BY

LESLIE HARRIS.

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DE SKEETER.

(The Mosquito.)

WRITTEN BY
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Moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It is in common time (C) and marked 'Moderato'. The score consists of three systems. The first system has a voice part with a whole rest and a piano accompaniment starting with a forte (f) dynamic. The piano part features a melody with triplets and a bass line with eighth notes. The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The third system includes a voice part with a whole rest and a piano accompaniment starting with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The piano part continues the melody and bass line. The word 'De' is written above the final measure of the piano part in the third system.

⊕ Care should be taken to play the first of these groups as a triplet, and the second as three of four quavers — not both groups as triplets.

song you're gwine to suf-fer wid's a - bout de skeet - er fly, He's a

be - ry pain - ful sub - ject, if you've met him you'll know why - He's de

deb - bil's spec - ial pat - ent, an' we get a fresh sup - ply When -

eb - ber trade be - low's a look - ing slack. He's an



in-expensive house-pet, but he ain't the sort I love, Though while he jes keeps buzzin' he's as



harm-less as a dove, But when he takes to set-tin' down it's



time for you to shove, Or you'll tink you've struck a red-hot ten-inch



tack.

Oh, de skeet-er fly!



REFRAIN.

When to dine he takes his place, Why it's you dat says de grace, For he's

pow'r_ful fond of din_ner, an' his peck_er neb_ber fails; He'll make you mighty ill, Wid de

1st & 2nd times.

way he pays his bill, An' he always brings his toof-pick in de pockets ob his tails. D.C.

Last Verse only.

always brings his toof-pick in de pockets ob his tails.

DE SKEETER.

De song you're gwine to suffer wid's about de 'skeeter fly,
He's a bery painful subject—if you've met him you'll know why.
He's de debbil's special patent, an' we get a fresh supply

Whenebber trade below's a-looking slack.

He's an inexpensive house-pet, but he ain't the sort I love,
Though while he jes' keeps buzzin' he's as harmless as a dove,
But when he takes to *settin' down*—it's time for you to shove,
Or you'll tink you've struck a red-hot ten-inch tack!

Oh, de skeeter fly!

Chorus — When to dine he takes his place,
Why it's you dat says de grace,
For he's powerful fond of dinner, an' his pecker nebber fails;
He'll make you mighty ill,
Wid de way he pays his bill,
An' he always brings his toof-pick in de pockets ob his tails!

You're a-snoozin' an' a-snorin' in your cosy little cot,
When you hear his sawmill goin', an' you wake up like a shot,
An' you spend a pleasant eb'nin' sending crockery to pot,
An' a-missin' Brudder Skeeter eb'ry time.
Dey say a cat has *nine* lives, but a skeeter's got a score,
If you spy him on de ceiling an' you tink you'll hab his gore,
No matter whar you fotch him (*chord*) blomp!—he's jes' removed next door,
Whar he sits and winks and tinks de fun sublime!
Oh, de skeeter fly! When to dine &c.

Big Sambo was a dandy coon, so big and trim and tall,
And he courted Topsy Green across her poppa's garden wall,
But de night befo' de weddin' de moskeeters made a call,
An' serenaded Sambo all de night.

Next day dat darkie *was* a swell—he could hardly have been sweller—
When he went into de streets he had to w'ar an umbereller,
An' Topsy shrook a shriek and vowed she'd nebber wed a feller
Wid a face like a potato wid de blight.

Oh, de skeeter fly! When to dine &c.