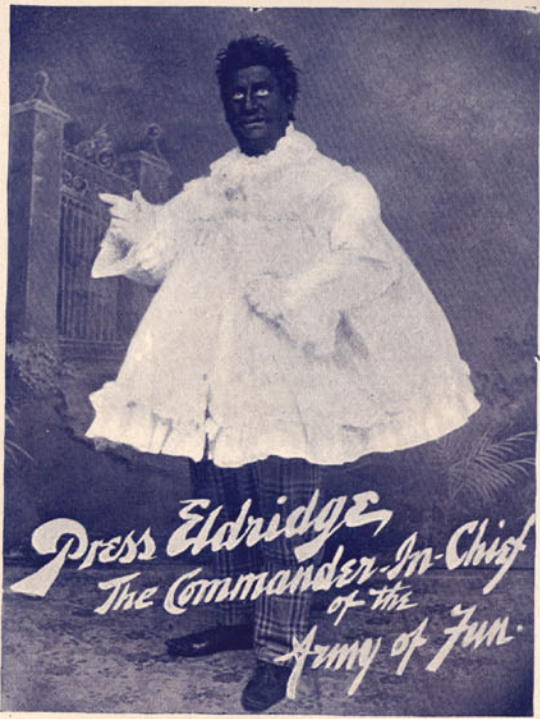


PRESS ELDRIDGE'S TREMENDOUS SUCCESS

I GUESS THAT WILL
BE ABOUT ALL



*Press Eldridge
The Commander In-Chief
of the
Army of Fun.*

WORDS
& MUSIC
BY

HARRY
VON
TILZER

PUBLISHED BY



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I GUESS THAT WILL BE ABOUT ALL.

Words & Music by HARRY VON TILZER.

Introduction.

(Till ready.)

fz *pp*

1. A big black coon called on his gal, One cold De - cem - ber
 2. With this re - mark she closed the door, And left him in the

day; He rang the bell and yelled out "Sal," But she an - swered "Go a
 snow; Of course this coon felt aw - ful sore, A - way he would - n't

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way, I'm dis - gust - ed with the way you act, stop a
go, Now he stood out in the cold so long that he

hang-ing round my door, Now I ain't got much to
al - most froze to death, When she o - pened the door why

say, Mis-ter Nig-ger! I don't need you nev - er no more.
this coon fell in - side, Then she mur - mured un - der her breath.

CHORUS.

And I guess that will be a - bout all, I guess that will be a - bout all;

p=f

I am sick and tired of hav-ing you a-bout, You aint got no mon-ey so I'm

going to cut you out, And I guess that will be a-bout all, I

guess that will be a-bout all. Re - member what I say, Mis-ter

Jackson, now good day, And I guess that will be a - bout all. And I all.