



ARTIST COPY

# My Little Hottentot Tot

By BARTLEY COSTELLO  
and JACK STANLEY

Moderato Vamp VOICE

*f* *p*

George  
George

Wash-ington Green in his fly-ing ma-chine Lost his bear-ings one dark day The  
Wash-ington Green grew so proud of his queen That he built a wire-less mast And  
wind it blew and it blew him to A jun-gle far a-way There he  
all the day he will- click a-way To send the news broad-cast He will  
met a maid of e-bo-ny shade And he asked her to be his Queen of Spades Now he  
call Nor-folk then switch to New York Why he ev-en sends word to Coun-ty Cork Keeps the  
struts past the huts on the Af-ri-can coast And this is the kind of a boast he'll boast.  
wire-less on fire in Pe-ru and Ja-pan And you'll hear this song in old Hin-dus-tan.

CHORUS

*pf*

I've got a hot lit-tle Hot-ten-tot tot in my jun-gle bun-ga-low I  
I've got a hot lit-tle Hot-ten-tot tot in my jun-gle bun-ga-low I  
love her from the top of her lit-tle top-knot To the tip of her lit-tle tip toe And I wan-na  
love her from the top of her lit-tle top-knot To the tip of her lit-tle tip toe First time that I  
tell ya' I'm her stead-y fel-la Cause I li-ka she and she li-ka me We're  
met her I said I would get her So she vam-pa me and I vam-pa she You  
spoon-ing ev-ry night be-neath a bam-boo tree Oh I'd give a lot for a tee-ny wee-ny tot to  
ought to see her mak-ing goo-goo eyes at me Oh I'll tell you what I have learned an aw-ful lot Since  
join our fam-i-ly An-oth-er Hot-ten-tot with the one I've got Would make it one, two,  
I came'ross the sea No oth-er Hot-ten-tot but the one I've got Could climb my fam-ly  
three I gave her a ring when I went to pro-pose She took the ring and she put it in her nose And  
tree She don't say a word till I tell her to speak I've got her trained now she's might-y mild and meek Oh  
that's what she wears for her Sun-day clothes My lit-tle Hot-ten-tot Tot Hey what Tot Hey what  
I treat her like I was the "Sheik" My lit-tle Hot-ten-tot Tot Hey what Tot Hey what