

Tippecanoe.

Words by
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Music by
EGBERT VAN ALSTYNE.

Moderato.

1. In days of old there lived a man an
2. Through life is seems to me that ev' - ry

Vamp.

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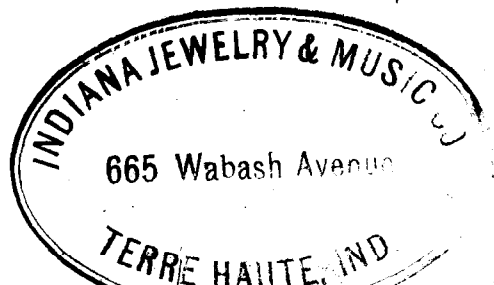
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In - jun through and through, _____ He used to shoot the
 one I ev - er knew, _____ Goes pad - dl - ing his

rap - ids in a lit - tle birch ca - noe, _____ In
 way with - in a tip - py tip - ca - noe, _____ A

hist - ory you will find his name but they for - got to say, _____ A
 man made an ap - point - ment with a charm - ing girl di - vine, _____ He

white man gave him whis - key once and sent him on his way. _____
 said now duck - y come with me to - mor - row night and dine. _____



CHORUS.

1. Tip, Tip, Tip - pe - ca - noe, He tipped up the bot - tle un -
 2. Tip, Tip, Tip - pe - ca - noe, It seems that he tipped ev' - ry

p-f

til he was blue, Now this is no lie, he must have been dry, The
 bo - dy he knew, His wi - fie was wise, a wo - man of size, She

f

way that old tip - pe kept tip - ping the rye, Tip, Tip,
 made up her mind that he'd get a sur - prise, Tip, Tip,

p-f

Tip - pe - ca - noe, A lit - tle red top in a red fel - low too, The
 Tip - pe - ca - noe, She tipped the dumb - wait - er to hide her from view, Then

top in the red put a spin in his head,— Then
just at the time that they came there to dine,— Why

tip - pe tipped out of his Tip - pe - ca - noe. Tip - pe - ca - noe.
tip - pe tipped out of his Tip - pe - ca - noe. Tip - pe - ca - noe.

1. 2.

D.S. §

3.

A newly married couple is a lovely sight to see,
If you don't think they're funny you can take the tip from me,
A man who hates his mother-in-law, says they must live alone,
Then mother comes to visit them and tries to run the house.

Chorus.

Tip, tip, Tippecanoe, he takes her aboating and rows the boat too,
She says Charlie, dear, your wife needs me here,
I've made up my mind that I'll stay for a year,
Tip, tip, Tippecanoe, now in such a case what would any man do,
He says can you swim, and she says no to him,
Then he tips her out of his Tippecano.

4.

The other night a friend of mine was loaded down with wine,
He lived at number seven, but he went to number nine,
He didn't know the difference, his key unlocked the door,
Until he saw a lady's face he'd never seen before.

Chorus.

Tip, tip, Tippecanoe, a tipsy old tipper from tipperville too,
He gave her some lip, she gave him the slip,
And now Mr. Tippy he isn't so flip,
Tip, tip, Tippecanoe, she brought in her brother a prize fighter too,
He hollered "Oh, scat, get out of my flat,"
Then Tippy tipped out of his Tippecanoe.