

# "INSANITY."

(A Daffy Ditty.)

Words by  
JACK NORWORTH.

Music by  
ALBERT VON TILZER.

Marcia.

Voice.

1. Now a man will go and take a wife but he
2. Now a man will call to see his girl, and they'll
3. There's a lu - na - tic a - sy - lum not so

does - n't take her far; — They start in on their mar - ried life, then  
play some kiss - ing games, — He calls her pop - sey's pre - cious Pearl, and some  
ve - ry far a - way, — That stands be - side a lit - tle stream, and

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comes a fam' - ly jar. — He — claims she's not the  
 oth - er mush - y names; — Then he holds her on his  
 there the oth - er day; — A — man went fish - ing,

pro - per sort, She — claims the same of course, — And  
 lap a while, Though she weighs three hun - dred just; — And  
 for that sport, it seems, was his de - light. — But

then he drags her in - to court And asks for a di - vorce. — The  
 all the time he tries to smile But he knows his knees will bust; — The  
 though he fished six hours yet he nev - er got a bite; — A

judge hauls out the pa - pers in the case and then he reads, — He  
 girl says: "dear, let me get up, you know I'm not so light," — But the  
 lu - na - tic came out and watched the man with hook and line, — Then

*mf*

looks them o - ver care - ful - ly And finds the poor man pleads: —  
 man says: "no, my pre - cious love, I could hold you here all night." —  
 fi - nal - ly he said, "you've got the same com-plaint as mine." —

CHORUS.

In - san - - i - ty, — In - san - - i - ty, — His  
 In - san - - i - ty, — In - san - - i - ty, — He  
 In - san - - i - ty, — In - san - - i - ty, — "There

*p=f*

mar - ried life was filled with pain; Then he finds out he was in - sane; He  
wants to show that he's awf' - lly sweet, But all the time his foot's a - sleep, He  
has - nt been a fish in there, since Wash - ing - ton crossed the Del - a - ware, So

asks the judge to kind - ly set him free, The  
thinks it's love But just twixt you and me, When  
come in - side, And keep me com - pa - ny, For -

man gets loose for his ex - cuse is, pure in - san - i - ty. In - ty.  
wed, no doubt, He'll then find out, That it's pure in - san - i - ty. In - ty.  
get the eels And mend your wheels, It's pure in - san - i - ty." In - ty.

*f* *fz D.S.*  
8va