OH GEE, SAY GEE, YOU OUGHT TO SEE

MY GEE GEE FROM THE
FIJI ISLES

Words by
LEW BROWN
Music by
ALBERT VON TILZER
TRY THIS OVER ON YOUR PIANO

When The Autumn Leaves Begin To Fall

Lyric by
NEVILLA PLESSON

Music by
ALBERT VON TILLES

REFRAIN (with feeling)

I'll come back when the leaves begin to fall
In the one that I love the best of all
Your voice I hear, whispering, "Dear, when you're away, every day's a year"

Oh! how bright the setting sun will shine
On the day I make you...
Oh Gee! Say Gee! You Ought To See
My Gee Gee From The Fiji Isle

Words by
LEW BROWN

Music by
ALBERT VON TILZER

Moderato

VOICE

Hi - ram Per - kin,
Hi - ram wig - gled
got tired of work - ing on the farm each day,
each time she wig - gled he was gone for fair.

So he wandered down to see the cir - cus in the town
Followed her a round un - til the cir - cus left the town

Saw the sea - lions and the con - ni - hals when they came on view
Told the friends he knew he was go - ing to sell his farm next day

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Then he flirt-ed with a wild, wild woman, and they got real friend-ly too. When
They thought he was go-ing cra-z-y so they called the doc-tor right a-way. The

Hi-ram got back home, the folks all gath-ered by his side. They
doctor felt his head and said there's some thing wrong in-side.

I said, where were you what did you see? And Hi-ram re-plied.
can't diag-nose it what can it be? And Hi-ram re-plied.

CHORUS

Old Gee-say Gee, you ought to see my Gee Gee, From the Fiji Isle God Gee, say Gee, you

ought to be with Gee Gee She can make you smile Rings inside her nose

Oh Gee! Say Gee! You Ought To See It
Oh! Gee, say gee, you ought to see my Geo. Geo, From the Hi-jí, girls.

Oh! Geo, say gee, you ought to see my Geo Geo, From the Hi-jí, girls.

Oh! Geo, say gee, you ought to see my Geo Geo, From the Hi-jí, girls.

And I'm here to tell you that she's some high kick'er,

Her kick is like the kick in home-made li-quer, She's got a lin' go as fun-ny as By Jeez, go.

You know what I mean. And she don't run a nickel bet her than her sister, nil-by Chil-i Boys.

O-ver here, over there, sh bub, hit the bit brum, So she wears a lot of leaves to protect her from the air.

Oh! Geo, say gee, you ought to see my Geo Geo, From the Hi-jí, girls.

Oh! Geo, say gee, you ought to see my Geo Geo, From the Hi-jí, girls.

Oh! Geo, say gee, you ought to see my Geo Geo, From the Hi-jí, girls.
A Blues Song That Will Drive Away the Blues
By the Writers of "Oh By Jingo"

I Used To Love You But

It's All Over Now

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