

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay

Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay
(W.D.Cobb, J.H.Flynn)

Young Herman Von Bellow, a musical fellow,
Played on a big cello each night;
Sweet melodies rare in a dance garden where
Dancers danced 'round and 'round with delight,
One night he saw dancing a maid so entrancing
His heart caught on fire inside;
And music so mellow he sawed on his cello,
She waltzed up to him and she cried:

cho: Yip-I-Ad-Dy-I-Ay-I-Ay!
Yip-I-Ad-dy-I-ay!
I don't care what becomes of me,
When you play me that sweet melody,
Yip-I-Ad-Dy-I-Ay-I-Ay!
My heart wants to holler, "Hooray!"
Sing of joy, sing of bliss,
Home was never like this!
Yip-I-Ad-Dy-I-Ay!

Now some kind of music makes you sick and you sick
And some kind is "puffickly" grand;
But the tune that Van Bellow tore off on his cello
Was that "I'd leave home for you" brand.
So look not Spring Valley to welcome home Sally,
Who went to New York for the ride,
For the night that Von Bellow cut loose on his cello
She tore up her ticket and cried:

Now music, it's known, has a charm all its own
And Von Bellow he gurgled with glee;
"Here's where I win a wife and a partner for life
As he coaxed out a chord up in G.
He played and she tarried, that night they got married
But even before break of day,
Poor sleepy Von Bellow heard his new wife yell, "Oh!
For goodness sakes wake up and play: