



The FROG
POLITICIAN

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MUSIC BY
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THE FROG POLITICIAN.

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Moderato.

PIANO

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The right hand plays a series of chords and eighth notes, while the left hand plays a simple bass line. The piece concludes with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking and a final chord.

VOICE.

The Grand - sire glanced at Shawan gunk's height, And
In a gar - den chair with its tough oak rounds, Grand-pa
Grand-pa's guttural rec - i - ta - tive gave the lit - tle maid a start, There

The vocal line is in 2/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. It begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The melody is simple and follows the lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

to the sun - shine said "good - night, This is the hour when the
set - tled there two hun - dred pounds, And said "I sar - tin - ly
came a flut - ter at her heart, Lest some strag - gling frog was of

The vocal line continues in 2/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. It concludes with a final note and a fermata. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

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pick - 'rel bite," With a look at the pond in per - spec - tive; "That
 think from the sounds, All the bull - frogs have come to li - fe?" "They
 him a part Re - as - sured she snug - gled clos - er, "Tell

old boat o' mine is not ov - er tight," And while he stood re -
 bark O my gau - pa, mos' like hounds, Now what says 'at big one to
 what his wife says when he acts so smart, And 'nen say the rest all

flect - ive, Down the gar - den path flew his own ba - by girl,
 his wife?" "Ah - he says to his wife that's his pri - vate lit - tle joke,
 ov - er," "Oh my starv - ing chil - dren, oh my ou - ly pol - ly wogs,

Swing - ing her sun bon - net all a - twirl, Peer - ing with sweet solemn eyes as
 Ve - ry like - ly nagging her for be - ing in the soak, Mounting to the rostrum with his
 Not a mite of sup - per in these mean old bogs, Mother weep - ing tells you things are

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gates of pearl She listened to the bull - frog chant. . . .
 ev - er - last - ing croak, And tell - ing to the frogs his tale. . . .
 go - ing to the dogs, While poppers shoutings, drown the other frogs

Poco rit.

CHORUS.

p I love A - mos, I love Joe, I love A - mos, I love Joe, I love A - mos,
 I love Joe, Broth - er Luke too, brother Luke too, And why don't you, and
 why don't you? And why don't you?"

cres. *f* *ff* *f* *ff*

The frog politician.

Armstrong-Keyser, Phila. Pa.

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