

Dear Little Cootie

Words by
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Music by
GERALD ARTHUR

Moderato

mf

Dear lit-tle Coo-tie un-der-neath my shirt Al-ways on du-ty ne-ver
Last eve-ning, sleep-ing while I dreamed of home. You came a-creep-ing Kissed me

mf

mind-ing dirt Close as a broth-er To my skin you cling
on my dome; Oh, how you loved me I could nev-er tell

Oh, con-stant coo-tie You itch like an-y-thing How you
 Oh cool, you beau-ty, I wish you were in Hell.

itch,itch,itch,while I scratch,scratch,scratch,And you in-crease and mul-ti-ply and

hatch, hatch, hatch, Some-day the war will end And

Coo-tie you'll cry quits I hope you'll live for-ev-er then "up-on the Fritz."

Dear Little Cootie

1.

Dear little Cootie,
Underneath my shirt,
Always on duty,
Never minding dirt,
Close as a brother
To my skin you cling -
Oh, constant Cootie,
You itch like anything!

CHORUS (OR REFRAIN)

How you itch, itch, itch,
While I scratch, scratch, scratch,
And you increase and multiply and hatch, hatch, hatch
Someday the war will end, and, Cootie, you'll cry "quits".
I hope you'll live forever then "upon the Fritz"!

2.

Last evening, sleeping,
While I dreamed of home,
You come a-creeping -
Kissed me on my dome;
Oh, how you loved me!
I could never tell -
Oh, Coot, you beauty,
I wish you were in Hell!

3.

With me at dinner,
Breakfast, luncheon, too,
You little sinner,
You to me are true;
If my own girlie,
Very far away,
Loves me like you do,
I'll marry her some day.

4.

Could you but talk, you'd
Call me "heart's desire";
And when you walk, I
Burn with eager fire;
I always feel your presence
When you move -
Ah yes, my Cootie,
I am your own true love.

5.

Coot, merry Coot,
From taps to reveillé
You are so cute
In all my misery,
When I've the chance, for
What you've done and been,
You'll get a rare bath
Of scented kerosene.

6.

Housed, fed and petted -
Much you care for war;
Yet you're indebted
To your creditor,
Fat little vermin,
Now, I'll get my rest.
East goes the German
But you are "going West"!
(Slap!)

