

HE'S JUST LIKE YOU

(I'M GLAD HE'S A BABY OF MINE)



WORDS BY
LEW BROWN

MUSIC BY
ALBERT VON TILZER

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BROADWAY MUSIC CORPORATION
WILL VON-TILZER, PRESIDENT
145 WEST 45TH ST. NEW YORK

"He's Just Like You"

Words by
LEW BROWN

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ALBERT VON TILZER

Moderato

f

Vamp **VOICE**

I know a married coup-le who have got a ba-by boy — A boun-cing ba-by
This ba-by boy is old-er now, and get-ting ver-y bold — Though moth-er starts to

boy — Who brings them lots of joy — You ought to see the way they fuss and fret a-bout that
scold — He won't do what he's told — At night when Dad comes home from work his wif - ie starts to

child — If an-y-thing should hap-pen to him it would drive them wild, — His moth-er says when
cry — And says, "I can - not man-age him no mat-ter how I try — I wish that you would

he grows up, "I won-der what he'll be," And fath-er says, "It's plain to see, he don't take after me —
help me," and Dad says, "I wish I could but if I spank him dear-ie it won't do a bit of good —

p

p

sfz

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CHORUS

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He's just like you,— Has cur - ly hair and big blue eyes, He's just like you— I
 He's just like you,— Has cur - ly hair and big blue eyes, He's just like you— I

love him ev - ry time he cries, He makes a lot of noise— and does - nt care for toys— But ain't it fun - ny
 love him ev - ry time he cries, And dear - ie don't for - get— of him you've made a pet— Ev - ry thing he

how he loves to play with all the boys He's just like you He's got your per - son - al - i - ty and
 sees and wants He's al - ways bound to get He's just like you He's got your per - son - al - i - ty and

im - i - tates most ev - 'ry thing you do — And when he grows up — I'll be proud of my son -
 im - i - tates most ev - 'ry thing you do — If I get him mad he hits me with his rat -

- ny I bet that he'll cost — me a whole lot of mon - ey He's just like you He's
 - tle There's no use to fight — him, he wins ev - 'ry bat - tle He's just like you He's

just like you, and I'm glad he's a ba - by of mine He's mine
 just like you, and I'm glad he's a ba - by of mine He's mine

f *sfz*

HAVE THIS SONG PLAYED FOR YOU!

YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED

WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN IN DIXIE

AND THE MOON BEGINS TO RISE

Words by
CHAS. McCARRON

Music by
ALBERT VON TILZER

CHORUS

When the sun goes down in Dix - ie, And the moon be-gins to rise, That's the hour down in

a tempo

Dix - ie, When the dark-ies har-mon - ize. Old Un-cle Joe you'll sure-ly see,

With his ban-jo on his knee, And my lit-tle sis-ter Han-nah, at the old pi-an-a,

Pick-in' out a mel-o - dy. Come to think a-bout it, I'm go-ing back to the scenes of my

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