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Whistling Jim.

(That's Him)

Words by
D.A. ESROM.

Music by
THEODORE MORSE.

Moderato.

f

Voice.

Hear that mel-o-dy a-float-ing on the breeze,
Feel-ing dizzy and my head is go-ing round,

mf *ad lib till Voice.* *f* *p*

Like a mock-ingbird a-sing-ing in the trees, How it fills the air,
As I list-en to that fas-ci-nat-ing sound, Don't he whistle grand,

Hear it ev'-ry where, Makes you want to dance a-round with glee.
He can hold my hand, When he im-i-tates a hur-ri-cane.

L.H.

Sounds like some-thing I have sure - ly heard be - fore,
Men - tion an - y tune and Jim can whis - tle it,

It's my whistling Jim a - hang - ing round my door, On, so soft and low,
In an or - ches-tra that boy would be a hit, That's my Jim-mie dear,

Like a Picc - o - lo, He's a - call - ing to me.
Trill - ing loud and clear He's a - blow - ing a - gain.

CHORUS.
That's him, that's him, that's whist - ling Jim, - My Jim, My Jim, just listen to him, -

Ev-ry night and morning in the sun or rain... Comes-a-long a-toot-in' like a

rail-road train... That's him, that's him, that's whist-ling Jim, - My boy, My joy, I'm

(Whistle)
crazy for him... Don't you hear him call-ing me, That' him, that's

(Whistle)
him, that's whist-ling whi - stling Jim. 1 That's Jim. 2

fz D.S.