

Swat the Fly

Words by
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Music by
GENEVIEVE SCOTT

Moderato

mf

3

When Why I'm Sum - mer peo - ple comes call a - long, you may be
I'm ver - y fond me of blue rab - bit, tle and I'm don't

5

sure that I'll be there, I
sure mind if do not know, I
mind if it's a hare, In

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in common time (C) at a moderate tempo. The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The melody is marked with a forte mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with syllables aligned with the notes. The score is divided into three systems, each starting with a measure number (3, 5, and 5 respectively). The first system covers measures 3 to 8, the second system covers measures 5 to 10, and the third system covers measures 5 to 10. The piano part continues throughout the vocal lines, providing a steady accompaniment.

6

have no spec - ial home sweet home, I bum 'round an - y - where, My
may be blue, but in - to bot - tles that ver - y sel - dom go, I
fact I'm fond of an - y - thing that an - y - one can spare, I'm at

8

lit - tle job is clean - ing up what has been left be - hind, But
I dine in a the ca - fe or of a lo - cal butch - er shop, I've
tract - ed by the o - dor, of a pheas - ant hang - ing high, But

10

to got my use - ful hab - its, all the hu - man race seems blind.
it to fair - ly turns when they "you know" when my dain - ty meal to stop.
cook shouts, "swat the fly."

Swat the Fly

3

12 CHORUS

Hear them cry, "swat the fly, dir - ty fly, _____ Yes, swat him

15

as he's av - i - a - ting by For he bums 'round where he pleas - es, De -

15

18

pos - it - ing dis - eas - es, And one of them means mil - lions In the sweet bye and bye."

18

4

A heavy drinker; no, but still I like a sip of beer,
 And never fail to make a call at any place that's near,
 Of course, I help myself to what I please and never pay,
 But the bartender's not tender, when I get in his way.

5

The tit-bit of my season is on grandpa's head so bald,
 I love to dance around it and hear the names I'm called,
 He lets fly with a magazine, he's mad; says "damn take that,"
 Of course, he missed me, then he swears, that tickling fly to swat.