

# BE SWEETER

(THE MOSQUITO)

*Humorous Ethiopian Ditty,*

Written by

**HARRY SPURR,**

*Composed and Sung*

BY

**LESLIE HARRIS.**

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# DE SKEETER.

(The Mosquito.)

WRITTEN BY  
HARRY SPURR.

COMPOSED BY  
LESLIE HARRIS.

Moderato.

VOICE. 

PIANO. 

The first system of music features a vocal line (VOICE) and piano accompaniment (PIANO). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The piano part begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and includes several triplet markings over groups of notes.



The second system of music continues the piano accompaniment. It features a forte (*f*) dynamic and includes several groups of notes, some of which are marked with a circled '3' to indicate triplets.



The third system of music continues the piano accompaniment. It features a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and includes several groups of notes, some of which are marked with a circled '3' to indicate triplets. The word 'De' is written at the end of the system.

<sup>⊖</sup> Care should be taken to play the first of these groups as a triplet, and the second as three of four quavers — not both groups as triplets.

song you're gwine to suf-fer wid's a - bout de skeet - er fly, He's a

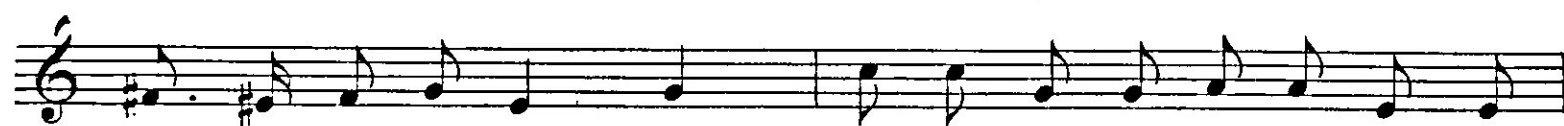
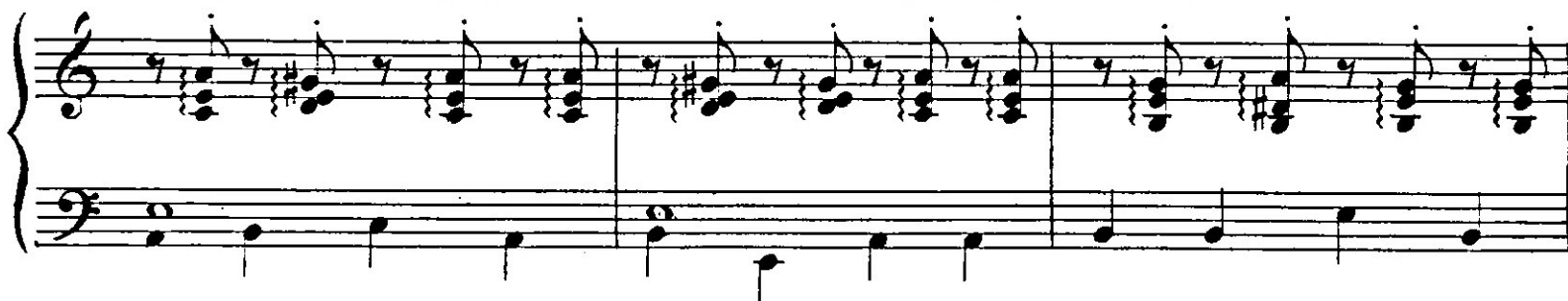
be - ry pain - ful sub - ject, if you've met him you'll know why - He's de

deb - bil's spec - ial pat - ent, an' we get a fresh sup - ply When -

eb - ber trade be - low's a look - ing slack. He's an



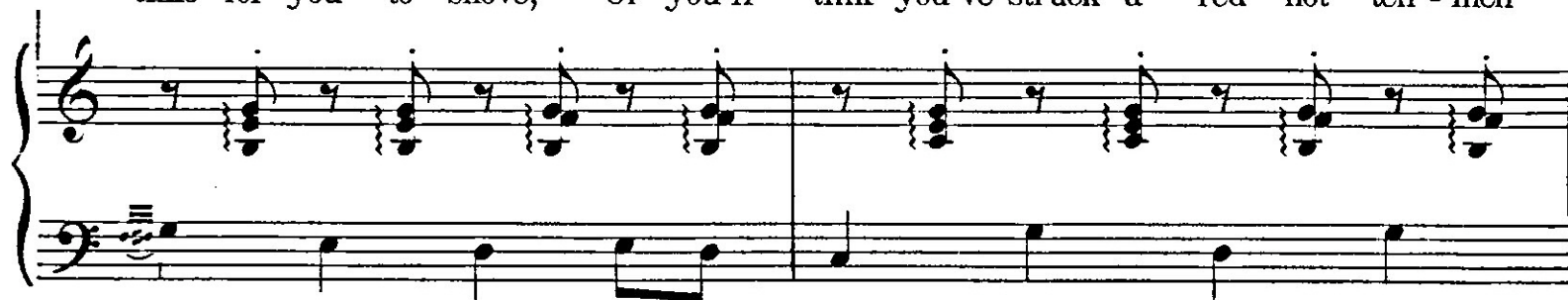
in . expensive house - pet, but he ain't the sort I love, Though while he jes keeps buzzin' he's as



harm - less as a dove, But when he takes to set - tin' down it's



time for you to shove, Or you'll tink you've struck a red - hot ten - inch



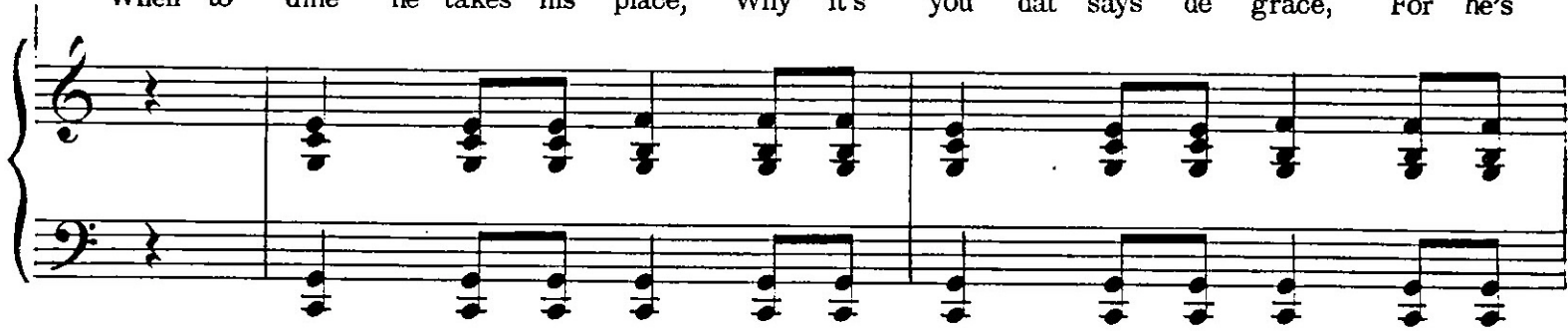
tack. Oh, de skeet - er fly!



## REFRAIN.



When to dine he takes his place, Why it's you dat says de grace, For he's



pow'r..ful fond of din-ner, an' his peck..er neb..ber fails; He'll make you mighty ill, Wid de



*1st & 2nd times.*



way he pays his bill, An' he always brings his toof-pick in de pockets ob his tails. D.C.



*Last Verse only.*



always brings his toof-pick in de pockets ob his tails.



# DE SKEETER.

De song you're gwine to suffer wid's about de 'skeeter fly,  
 He's a bery painful subject—if you've met him you'll know why.  
 He's de debbil's special patent, an' we get a fresh supply  
     Whenebber trade below's a-looking slack.

He's an inexpensive house-pet, but he ain't the sort I love,  
 Though while he jes' keeps buzzin' he's as harmless as a dove,  
 But when he takes to *settin' down*—it's time for you to shove,  
     Or you'll tink you've struck a red-hot ten-inch tack!  
     Oh, de skeeter fly!

*Chorus*— When to dine he takes his place,  
     Why it's you dat says de grace,  
 For he's powerful fond of dinner, an' his pecker nebber fails;  
     He'll make you mighty ill,  
     Wid de way he pays his bill,  
 An' he always brings his toof-pick in de pockets ob his tails!

You're a-snoozin' an' a-snorin' in your cosy little cot,  
 When you hear his sawmill goin', an' you wake up like a shot,  
 An' you spend a pleasant eb'nin' sending crockery to pot,  
     An' a-missin' Brudder Skeeter eb'ry time.  
 Dey say a cat has *nine* lives, but a skeeter's got a score,  
 If you spy him on de ceiling an' you tink you'll hab his gore,  
 No matter whar you fotch him (*chord*) blomp!—he's jes' removed next door,  
     Whar he sits and winks and tinks de fun sublime!  
     Oh, de skeeter fly! When to dine &c.

Big Sambo was a dandy coon, so big and trim and tall,  
 And he courted Topsy Green across her poppa's garden wall,  
 But de night befo' de weddin' de moskeeters made a call,  
     An' serenaded Sambo all de night.  
 Next day dat darkie *was* a swell—he could hardly have been sweller—  
 When he went into de streets he had to w'ar an umbereller,  
 An' Topsy shrook a shriek and vowed she'd nebber wed a feller  
     Wid a face like a potato wid de blight.  
     Oh, de skeeter fly! When to dine &c.