THE "BUGABOO MAN."

Words by R.A. BARNET. Music by J.E. NICOL.

Moderato.

INTRO.

VOICE.

1. Now listen little children, I am
till voice.

2. He lives on frozen pudding and pats

going to tell you true,

ice cream in his tea,

he plays the game of "freeze out" in a

spun bug a boo.

way you seldom see.

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waistcoat made of ice. And when he smiles his countenance is made icy.

His brand of frigidity makes anything but nice. He's watching out for little coons about the size of meat.

He's frayed hair and whiskers, in his eye an icy glare, And if he gets a hold of you, I'll tell you what hell would make an ordinary da.

He'll take you by your nose in the twinkling of your eye And stare. So now you little darkies must beware the ice-man's grip. If he
turn you into icicles and hang you up to dry.
gets you in his clutches he will never let you slip.

Refrain and Chorus.

He'll freeze your little toes,
He'll pinch your little nose,
He'll set your little eyelashes a humming,
Look out for Jacky Frost;
If he bite you, you'll be lost;
And see, dad, if you ever see him com in!
He'll in!