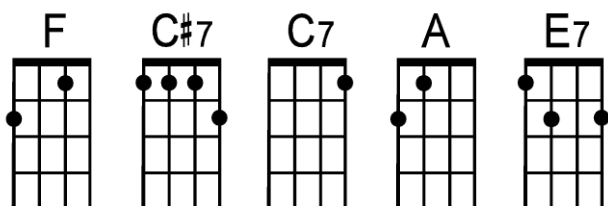


# Singing in the Bathtub

by Michael Cleary, Herb Magidson and Ned Washington (1929)



## (Moderate Tempo)

F . . . | C#7 . . . |  
 Singing in the bathtub— happy once a-gain—  
 C7 . . . | F . . . |  
 Watching all my troubles— go dripping down the drain—  
 F . . . | C#7 . . . |  
 Singing through the soap suds— life is full of hope—  
 C7 . . . | F . . . |  
 You can sing with feeling— while feeling for the soap—

**Bridge 1:** | A . . . | E7 . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . |  
 Oh, a ring a-round the bathtub— isn't so nice to see—  
 | A . . . | E7 . . . | G7 . . . | C\ C7\ |  
 But a ring a-round the bathtub— is a rain— bow to me—

F . . . | C#7 . . . |  
 Reaching for a towel— ready for a rub—  
 C7 . . . | F . . . |  
 Everybody's happy— when singing in the tub—

## (Fast Tempo)

F . . . | C#7 . . . |  
 Why am I exc-ited—? Why am I so gay—?  
 C7 . . . | G7\ C7\ F . . . |  
 Why am I de-lighted? Oh, what day is to-day?  
 F . . . | C#7 . . . |  
 Pardon my e-lation— every-thing's just right—  
 C7 . . . | G7\ C7\ F\ (--Hold----) |  
 I get in-spir-ation— every Saturday night. I'm—

## (Moderate Tempo)

F . . . | C#7 . . . |  
 Singing in the bathtub— sitting all a-lone—  
 C7 . . . | F . . . |  
 Tearing out a tonsil just like a bari-tone—  
 F . . . | C#7 . . . |  
 Never take a shower— it's an awful pain—  
 C7 . . . | F . . . |  
 Singing in the shower's— like singing in the rain—

**Bridge 2:** Oh, there's dirt to be a-bolished but don't for-get one thing  
 While the body's washed and polished sing, brother, sing—!

F . . . . | C#7 . . . . |  
 You can yodel opera— even while you scrub—

C7 . . . . | F . . . . |  
 Everybody's happy— when singing in the tub—

F . . . . | C#7 . . . . |  
 La-la-la-la la la— Happy as can be—

C7 . . . . | F . . . . |  
 Watching all the lather— just gather 'round on me—

F . . . . | C#7 . . . . )  
 (*whistle*-----)

C7 . . . . | F . . . . |  
 I can even whistle— and splash around the place—

F . . . . | C#7 . . . . |  
 Playing with the bubbles— while your ears you scrub—

C7 . . . . | F\ C7\ F\  
 Really, I'm so happy— when singing in the tub—