

Napoleon.

Words by
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Music by
JEROME KERN.

Moderato pomposo.

VOICE.

Piano.

f

1. Na -

po - leon was a lit - tle guy, They used to call him
 2. po - leon was a home - ly gink, He had - n't time to
 3. po - leon was the la - die's pet, He liked to have them

shor - ty, He on - ly stood a - bout so high, His
 doll up, But though he looked like thir - ty cents, He
 han - dy. He used to blow in half his pay, On

chest was un - der for - ty. But when they start - ed
 packed an aw - ful wal - lop. And all the kings in
 vi - o - lets and can - dy. He knew the game from

josh - ing him, His pride, it did - n't in - jure. He'd
 Eu - rope, when they came to know his hab - its, Pulled
 soup to nuts And worked it on a sys - tem! He'd

sim - ply say "Ah, fade a - way!" He knew that he had gin - ger. Na -
 up their socks, And ran for blocks, He'd got 'em scared like rab - bits. Na -
 meet a Queen at five fif - teen, By six o' - clock she'd kiss him. Na -

Refrain.

po - le - on, Na - po - le - on, They thought him quite a
 po - le - on, Na - po - le - on, Went out and got a
 po - le - on, Na - po - le - on, The la - dies thought him

joke. "Hey! take a slant at the lit - tle pill!" Was the
 "rep," He had a lot of 'em climb - ing trees, Though he
 great, They fell for him good and hard, they did. When he

line of chat - ter that they used to spill. But they could - n't hold Na -
 weighed a hun - dred in his B. V. D's. It was eas - y for Na -
 came and hand - ed them the "Oh, you Kid" They were wild a - bout Na -

