

# Cohen Owes Me Ninety Seven Dollars

Irving Berlin

Arranged by Mathieu Daniël Polak

Moderato (♩ = 100)

rit.

Carillon

*mf*

5 *a tempo* Old men Ros - en - thal lay sick in bed

9 Soon the doc - tor came a - round and said, "No use cry - ing, the

12 man is dy - ing, He can't live ve - ry long."

15 "Send my son here to my side," they heard the old man

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18 say \_\_\_\_\_ "I've got some - thing to tell him\_ be -

*mf*

21 fore I pass a - way" \_\_\_\_\_ Soon his son\_ was sit-ting by his bed \_\_\_\_\_

*mf*

25 "What's the mat - ter, pa - pa deard?" he said. The old man said, "My son be

28 fore my days\_ are done I want you to know. \_\_\_\_\_

*mf*

Chorus  
31 Co - hen owes me nine - ty se - ven dol - lars \_\_\_\_\_ And it's

*mp*

33 up to you to see that Co-hen pays \_\_\_\_\_ I sold a lot of goods to




36 Ro- sen stein and Sons on an I O U. for nine-ty days \_\_\_\_\_



39 Le - vi broth - ers don't get a - ny cre - dit \_\_\_\_\_ They

*mf*



41 owe me a a hun-dred yards of lace. \_\_\_\_\_ If you pro-mise me my son, You'll col-

*f* *p*



44 lect from ev-ery one I can die with a smile up on my face

1. 2. *rit.*

