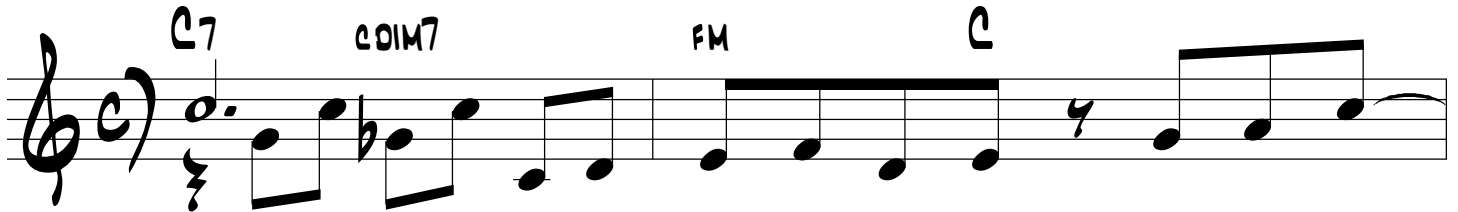


FOR BILL "TAPPY" TAPIA - HAPPY 100TH BIRTHDAY!

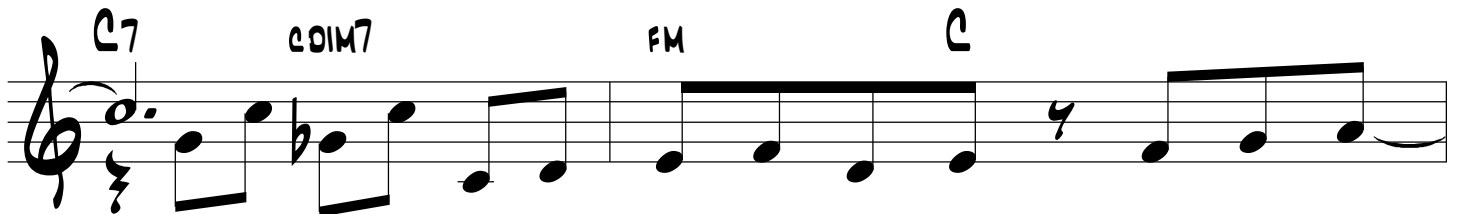
MY PAL BILL

D. V. MONTOYA
(ASCAP)

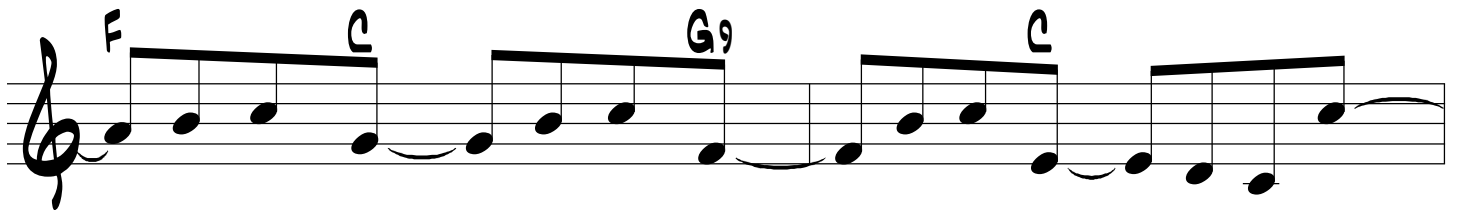
MEDIUM SWING



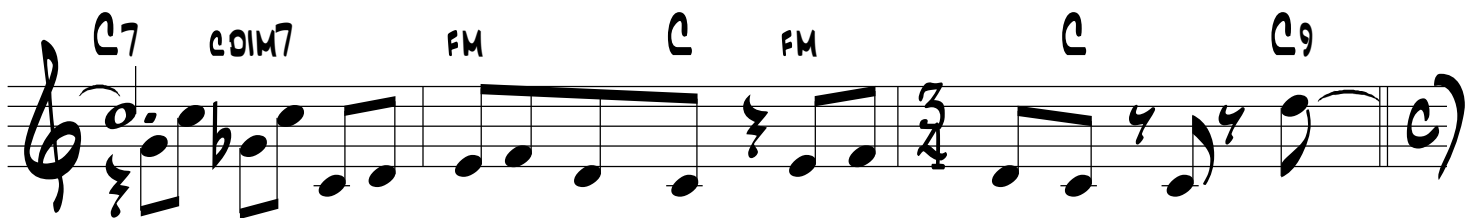
Bill. If he's play - ing to - night, what a thrill!
(2nd verse - solo)



What a won - der - ful sight! With a strum

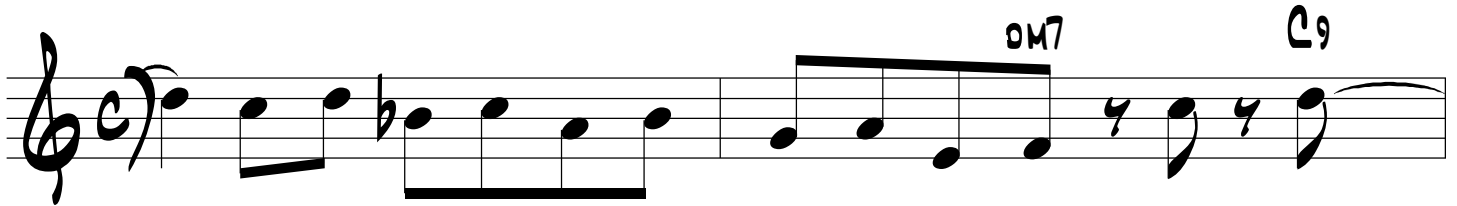


of his thumb I suc - cumb to a mel - o - dy. Still,

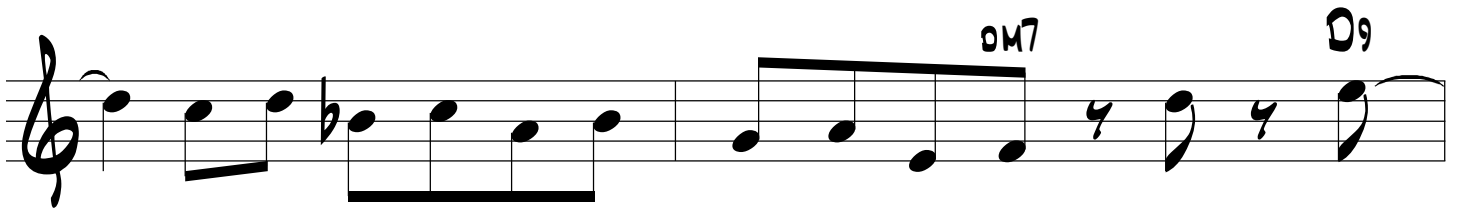


af - ter all of these years, tick - les my ears. Came

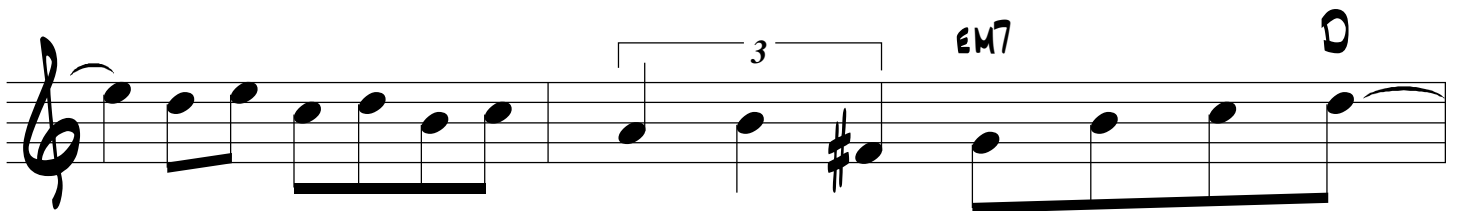
MY PAL BILL - PAGE 2



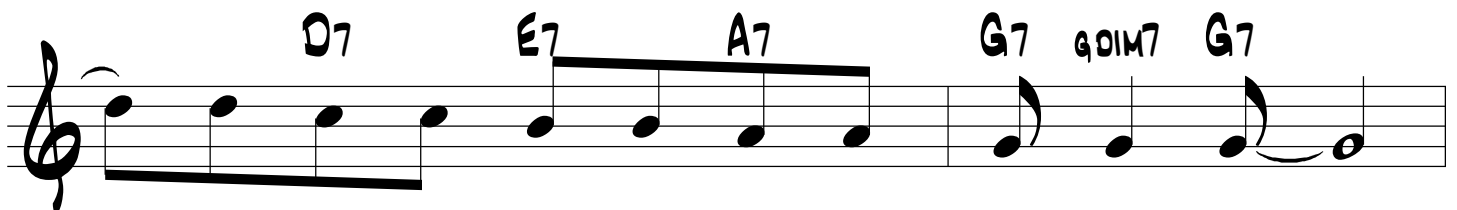
— from Ha - wai' - i. Now he lives in So. Cal. Loves—
(2nd verse - begin scat solo)



— his wa - hi - ne and his sweet lit - tle gal. He plays



— u - ku - le - le in the "Grand Mas - ters Hall." And there's no -



- thing, no - thing, no - thing gon - na stop him at all.

MY PAL BILL - PAGE 3

My pal Bill. — Go, If he's play-ing to-night. If you're low —
 My pal Bill. — Go, If he's play-ing to-night. You should know

— He'll make ev' - ry - thing right. Morn - ing
 — That the mus - ic's just right night af -

or night, he'll play you a tune. Strum it and croon.
 ter night. He'll play you a tune. Strum it and croon.