One Meatball
by George Martin Lane (1855)


Am . . . | E7 . . . | . . . . | Am . . . | A little man walked up and down. He found an eat-ing place in town.
Am . . . | Dm . . . . | E7 . . . | . . . . Am\ . | He read the me-nu through and through to see what fif-teen cents could do.

He could af-ford but one----- meat-ball.

Am . . . | E7 . . . | . . . . . | Am . . . . | He told the waiter near at hand, the simple dinner he had planned
Am . . . | Dm . . . | E7 . . . . | E7\ \(---\text{tacet}---\) The guests were startled, one and all, to hear that waiter loudly call.

Hey, this here gent wants one----- meat-ball.

Am . . . | E7 . . . | . . . . . | Am . . . | The little man felt ill at ease, said “Some bread, Sir, if you please?”
Am . . . | Dm . . . | E7 . . . | . . . Am\ . | The waiter hol-lered down the hall, “You gets no bread with one meat-ball

Well you gets no bread with one----- meat-ball.
The little man felt very bad. One meat-ball was all he had.

And in his dreams he hears that call, “You gets no bread with one meat-ball!!

Chorus: One meat-ball, one meat-ball,

Well you gets no bread with one—meat-ball.