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# My Little Polly's a Peach

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My heart's pierced by love's dart, for I have a sweetheart,  
And one to be proud of, I'm sure;  
There's no girl that's sweeter, I wish you could meet her,  
For all kinds of blues she's a cure.  
I love her so dearly, I'm crazy, or nearly;  
Her smiles they are worth fortunes each.  
And when we go straying, I hear the boys saying  
That my little Polly's a "peach."

CHORUS.

She's the girl I dream about, I think the world of Polly;  
She's the girl I never doubt, she's not a case of "jolly."  
If you saw her, in your heart a tender spot she'd reach;  
Sweet as the rest of them, good as the best of them, Polly's a "peach."

There's something about her, I can't do without her,  
Of no one but Polly I talk;  
I call on her Sunday, and sometimes on Monday,  
And then we go out for a walk.  
I know that her Ma will agree, if her Pa will,  
And I think that he'll be enticed  
To let little Polly just jump on a trolley with me,  
To go down and get spliced.

CHORUS.

She's the girl I dream about, I think the world of Polly;  
She's the girl I never doubt, she's not a case of "jolly."  
If you saw her, in your heart a tender spot she'd reach;  
Sweet as the rest of them, good as the best of them, Polly's a "peach."

## Down in Poverty Row

Parody—Written by Frank J. Murray.

Outside of a dinsty tenement,  
With every flat to let,  
In one there lives an Irish girl  
Who can't speak German yet;  
She blows up tires for bicycles,  
And she's all right on the blow,  
With a wheel in her head; and often it's said,  
She's a good thing in Poverty Row.

CHORUS.

Down in Poverty Row, don't ask me where,  
You can live without a cent if you only breathe the air;  
Each girl has her boy, and so so, don't you know;  
There's none of them right, you can take what you like,  
Down in Poverty Row.

In winter time the snow will fall  
At night as well as day,  
And then they all eat snow-balls,  
It's cheaper than eating hay;  
They all dance 'round upon the ice,  
And any old thing will go,  
Then they sing far and near, "My Dad's the Engineer,"  
All 'round in Poverty Row.

CHORUS.

Down in Poverty Row, don't ask me where,  
You can live without a cent if you only breathe the air;  
Each girl has her boy, and so so, don't you know;  
There's none of them right, you can take what you like,  
Down in Poverty Row.

## Just Tell Them that You Saw Me

Parody—Written by Frank J. Murray.

While standing on my feet one night, a change from on my head—  
'Twas after I had chewed a chicken pie—  
I saw a cop who saw me, he was looking hungry, too,  
And wished that he was half as full as I.  
"Is that you, Pat?" said I to him; says he, "Begob, it is;  
I've got to pull some one or lose me job;  
I guess I'll run you in, me boy, before I will forget."  
Says I, "All right, but when you see the mob—

CHORUS.

"Just say that I was with you, or that I saw you last;  
Just telephone I'm working, 'nit,' you know;  
Just spring it, I've been hypnotized and got it in the hip,  
Just tell them any old thing, it will go."

While riding down the bay one night within a cable car,  
After the conductor pinched my fare,  
I saw a girl who worked for me when I ran a "Ching" laundry,  
And writing checks in Chinese language there.  
"I'm glad to see you, Jack, again," that's what she said to me;  
I said, "I'm sorry that we met at all;  
I owe your mother twenty, Kate, and sister 'bout the same,  
But I'll be 'round to see them when I call.

CHORUS.

"So tell them that you saw me and I was fast asleep,  
Just tell them I was trying to touch you;  
Then whisper to your sister if she'd let me have a ten,  
I could love her better than I used to do."

## She May Have Seen Better Days

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Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

While strolling along with the city's vast throng,  
On a night that was bitter cold,  
I noticed a crowd, who were laughing aloud  
At something they chanced to behold;  
I stopped for to see what the object could be,  
And there, on a doorstep, lay  
A woman in tears, from the crowd's angry jeers,  
And then I heard somebody say:

CHORUS.

"She may have seen better days,  
When she was in her prime;  
She may have seen better days  
Once upon a time;  
Though by the wayside she fell,  
She may yet mend her ways;  
Some poor, old mother is waiting for her,  
Who has seen better days.

"If we could but tell why the poor creature fell,  
Perhaps we'd not be so severe;  
If the truth were but known of this outcast alone,  
Mayhap we would all shed a tear.  
She was once some one's joy, cast aside like a toy—  
Abandoned, forsaken, unknown."  
Every man standing by had a tear in his eye,  
For some had a daughter at home.—Chorus.

The crowd went away, but I longer did stay,  
For from her I was loath to depart;  
I knew by her moan, as she sat there alone,  
That something was breaking her heart.  
She told me her life—she was once a good wife,  
Respected and honored by all;  
Her husband had fed ere they were long wed,  
And tears down her cheeks sadly fall.—Chorus.



# A PACK OF CARDS

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The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Written, Composed and Sung by Henry Reilly.

One night as I sat by my fireside, so weary,  
And dreaming of friends who were far, far away;  
Though memory brought me some thoughts sad and dreary,  
Yet others came, too, that were cheerful and gay,  
When, all of a sudden, I found my eyes resting  
On something that brought many scenes to my mind—  
'Twas an old pack of cards, and some tales interesting  
I thought that I might in their history find.  
The first scene that I saw that night was quite a pleasant sight,  
A grand old room ablaze with light—I whispered, "Kind regards,"  
Whilst 'round the board sat young and old, they played for love and not for gold,  
Whilst joy and sorrow all untold was in that pack of cards.

The next scene I saw filled my heart with great pity—  
It was a young man, and his parents I knew;  
'Twas their only son, whom they'd sent to the city  
To study and grow up a gentleman true.  
His weekly allowance they thought would suffice him  
To live on the best and for study to pay;  
They knew not that evil companions enticed him  
Away from his studies at poker to play.  
I saw him as he left his seat, he never thought his pals would cheat;  
Each time he played he met defeat, and still he called them parades;  
But there will come a reck'ning day, and he will through this foolish play  
Bring sorrow in the old folks' way, all through that pack of cards.

The last scene of all I beheld with much sorrow,  
For there was the scene of the gambler's black fate;  
No thought had they got of the waking to-morrow,  
Though then they'd repent but to find it too late.  
The bright gold was stacked by the side of each player,  
The miser's black creed was in every man's heart,  
As quickly the bets passed twist backer and layer,  
And ruin was king in the devil's slave mart.  
'I'll make a hundred on this game,' 'I'll go you, sir,' 'I'll do the same,'  
Who cares for misery and shame, as each his treasure guards,  
'You lie! I saw you turn that ace'—a smashing blow right in the face—  
A pistol shot, and death's disgrace was in that pack of cards.

## PAT MALONE FORGOT THAT HE WAS DEAD.

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The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words by Harry C. Clyde. Melody by Jas. J. Sweeney.

Times were hard in Irish town, ev'rything was going down,  
And Pat Malone was pushed for ready cash;  
He for life insurance spent all his money to a cent,  
So all of his affairs had gone to smash.  
But his wife spoke up and said: "Now, dear Pat, if you were dead,  
That twenty thousand dollars we could take."  
And so Pat lay down and tried to make out that he had died,  
Until he smelt the whiskey at the wake;  
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead,  
He raised himself and shouted from the bed:  
"If this wake goes on a minute, the corpse he must be to it;  
You'll have to get me drunk to keep me dead."  
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead;  
He raised himself and shouted from the bed:  
"If this wake goes on a minute, the corpse he must be in it;  
You'll have to get me drunk to keep me dead."  
Then they gave the corpse a sup, afterwards they filled him up,  
And laid him out again upon the bed;  
Then before the morning gray ev'rybody felt so gay,  
They all forgot he only played off dead.  
So they took him from the bunk, still alive, but awful drunk,  
And put him in the coffin, with a pray'r;  
But the driver of the cart said: "Bedad, I'll never start  
Until I see that some one pays the fare."  
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead;  
He sat up in the coffin, while he said:  
"If you dare to doubt my credit, you'll be sorry that you said it;  
Drive on, or else the corpse will break your head."  
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead;  
He sat up in the coffin, while he said:  
"If you dare to doubt my credit, you'll be sorry that you said it;  
Drive on, or else the corpse will break your head."  
So the fun'ral started out on the cemetery route,  
And the neighbors tried the widow to console,  
Till they stopped beside the base of Malone's last resting place,  
And gently lowered Patrick in the hole.  
Then Malone began to see, just as plain as one, two, three,  
That he'd forgot to reckon on the end;  
So, as clouds began to drop, he broke off the coffin top,  
And to the earth he quickly did ascend.  
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead,  
And from the cemetery quickly fled;  
He came nearly going under; it's a lucky thing, by thunder,  
That Pat Malone forgot that he was dead.  
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead,  
And from the cemetery quickly fled;  
He came nearly going under; it's a lucky thing, by thunder,  
That Pat Malone forgot that he was dead.

# Just Tell Them that You Saw Me

Parody—Written by Frank Murray.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stamp Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

While standing on my feet one night, a change from on my head—  
'Twas after I had chewed a chicken pie—  
I saw a cop who saw me, he was looking hungry, too,  
And a wisp that he was half as full as I.  
"Is that you, Pat?" said I to him; says he, "Begob, it is;  
I've got to pull some one or lose me job;  
I guess I'll run you in, me boy, before I will forget."  
Says I, "All right, but when you see the mob—

CHORUS.

"Just say that I was with you, or that I saw you last;  
Just telephone I'm working, 'nit, you know;  
Just spring it, I've been hypnotized and got it in the hip,  
Just tell them any old thing, it will go."

While riding down the bay one night within a cable car,  
After the conductor pinched my fare,  
I saw a girl who worked for me when I ran a "China" laundry,  
And writing checks in Chinese language there.  
"I'm glad to see you, Jack, again," that's what she said to me;  
I said, "I'm sorry that we met at all,  
I owe your mother twenty, Kate, and sister 'bout the same,  
But I'll be 'round to see them when I call.

CHORUS.

"So tell them that you saw me and I was fast asleep,  
Just tell them I was trying to touch you;  
Then whisper to your sister if she'd let me have a ten,  
I could love her better than I need to do."

## I Love You Yet

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Words and Music by Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

You said you loved me better than I knew,  
But ah! you know you spoke untrue;  
Your heart was faithless and your love was false,  
And yet I loved, I loved but you.  
You claimed me as your happy bride,  
You pressed me to your loving side;  
You took my hand within your own,  
And vowed you loved but me alone.  
But ah! you little dream'd I knew  
That you were faithless and untrue.

CHORUS.

And now I wander sad and lone, the past a drear and vain regret,  
And tho' your many vows were broken, I cannot help, I love you yet.

"I loved you better than you knew, machree"—  
Those were the words you spoke to me,  
And tho' I thought you loved me as you said,  
I knew that this could never be.  
For woman's heart is not a toy,  
One deed her love will oft destroy;  
I saw you kiss another's lips,  
Like her, which stolen honey saps.  
And ah! you little dream'd I knew  
That you were faithless and untrue.—Chorus.

## MAGGIE, MY OWN

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Words by Alice. Music by Andrew Mack.

Maggie, my own, Maggie, my dear,  
Happy am I when you are nigh;  
I love you more and more,  
Dry that bright tear, be of good cheer;  
Wherever I wander, though years may roll on,  
You've a place in my heart, Maggie dear.

CHORUS.

Maggie, my own, Maggie, my dear,  
Happy am I when you are nigh, I love you more and more;  
Oh, light of my life, be my little wife,  
My own sweet Maggie Asthore.

Maggie, my own, Maggie, my dear,  
By night and day for you I'll pray;  
Think of me, love, alone.  
Though far away, still I'll be near;  
The light of your eyes my bright beacon will be  
And guide me to you, Maggie dear.—Chorus.

# ARRAH, GO ON

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Words and Music by Felix McGlennon,

I'm a decent young colleen just over from Ireland,  
And all of the boys seem to run after me;  
Sure, they think 'kase I'm Irish there's green in my optic,  
But, faith, there's no green in my eye, you can see.  
I know which from whether, and this from the other;  
I know their decavin', deludherin' way—  
And so, when they come wid their coazin' and mashin',  
I only wink at them and to them I say:

CHORUS.

"Arrah, go on! you're simply tazin'!  
'Pon my word, you're something awfull!  
Lave me alonel you're mighty phizin'! Arrah! go 'way, go on;  
Go wid ye, go 'way; go wid ye, go 'way, go on!"

There's wan of them carries up bricks to the mortar,  
He tells me he has a fine gentleman's shop;  
For all he's got to do is to climb up the ladder,  
And the work is all done by the man at the top.  
He says it's himself cud keep me like a lady;  
He's "wan-wan" a week, and he's overtime, too;  
He swears I can have his "wan-wan" if I'll marry,  
But I only laugh and then say, "Wir-ras-truel!"—Chorus.

Another wan is a big lump of a p'liceman,  
He's not long from Ireland, his name is Mick Lynn;  
And he swears if he sees any others come mashin',  
Bedad and begorra! he'll run them all in.  
He's give me a watch—I can guess where he got it,  
For he's on night duty; he sees me by day.  
He swears to be true, a big oath on his truncheon,  
But I only luk at his feet and I say:—Chorus.

# THE MIDWAY IN THE MOON

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Words and Music by Guscle L. Davis.

Colored folks, have you heard the news that's been exciting every coon,  
There's going to be a jubilee, and it's going to gather 'round the moon;  
There's Venus, there's Saturn, there's Jupiter and Mars,  
There's a comet and an eclipse of the sun, the moon and stars;  
There's a new sensation now, one that's delighting every coon,  
For brother Jasper, he declares there's a midway in the moon.

CHORUS.

The midway in the moon, the midway in the moon,  
With the boola, boola, boola, boola, boola,  
Every coon will have a chance to do the hoochy, coochy dance,  
When we get up to the midway in the moon.

White folks all must bear in mind that, when the coons begin to dance,  
There'll be no choice or color line, for that day the nigs will have a chance;  
Let's whisper, let's whisper, now coons don't you be shy;  
Don't you hurry, don't you worry, for it's coming bye and bye;  
There's a new sensation now, one that's delighting every coon,  
For brother Jasper, he declares there's a midway in the moon.—Chorus.

## LOTTIE GILSON'S BIG HIT: DENNIE MURPHY'S DAUGHTER NELL

Can Be Had at All Music Stores. Ask for it.

# WHAT WILL YOU SAY, SWEET KITTY SHEA?

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Words and Music by Samuel H. Speck.

I now take my pen in hand, sweet Kitty Shea,  
To write you a letter from over the sea;  
I'm well and I hope this will find you the same—  
If my writing is bad, then my pen is to blame.  
I'm lonely, since I left the dear old green isle,  
For somebody's bright face and somebody's smile;  
And that is the reason I write to you now,  
To ask you a question, if you will allow.

CHORUS.

What will you say, sweet Kitty Shea,  
If I should ask you to marry some day?  
Will you say "Yes, dear," or will you say "Nay"—  
Oh, what will you say, sweet Kitty Shea?

If what I am writing should not reach you, dear,  
I hope that you always will think of me here,  
And tell your old father and mother for me,  
That I'll take care of them if my wife you'll be;  
Now my luk is red and so is the red rose,  
And my love is there where the dear shamrock grows;  
Now sugar is sweet and the violets are blue,  
And blue too I'll be till I hear, dear, from you.—Chorus.

# IN THE BARROOM

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Words and Music by Joe J. Casey.

I'm a celebrated workingman, me duty I never shirk;  
I can do more work than any man from Pittsburgh to New York;  
It's a perfect holy terror, boys, how I'll get through me work,  
Providing I can do it in a barroom.  
I'll hoist derricks with me shoulder, push freight cars with me breath,  
That will make the boss feel tickled, till he's on the edge of death,  
But, between us all, now whisper that I only have to sweat,  
When I'm doing manual labor in the barroom.

There are coppers without numbers, with their well-developed chests,  
Who make the most astounding of the whole police arrests;  
They'll pound the air with vengeance, then dilate their manly chests;  
If you'll only chase the liquor in a barroom.  
They will catch thieves without numbers, they'll be up to snuff, you see;  
They've caught a hundred murderers, including you and me,  
But you'll find out when you know them that they must have twenty-three  
Of the very largest schooners in the barroom.

There are actors who have acted in a hundred different roles,  
And some whose fame extend beyond those two confounded poles,  
But you'll find their acting qualities lies deep within their souls,  
And they draw their inspirations from a barroom.  
They poses are heroic, and their methods are sublime;  
They give old Garrick cards and spades, their soul is full of rhyme,  
But when you come to solve them you will find that at the time  
They only do their John McCullough's in a barroom.

There's the politician robnut, with his pre-election ways,  
Who works his fine influence on the blooming Fourth Ward jays,  
And for fourteen kegs of lager then his nobis he boldly pays,  
And he operates his canvass in the barroom;  
But when the election's o'er and the free beer is all gone,  
He'll wonder how the dence it was that his opponent won;  
He'll find out that I voted for the other son of a gun,  
And I often jollied hecklers in the barroom.

HARRY MILLER'S LATEST SUCCESS,

## If They'd Only Write & Ask Me to Come Home

Is a Pathetic Song and Chorus that will  
touch the tender chords of your  
heartstrings.

For Sale at all Music Stores. Ask for it.

A Song that Touches the Tender Chords of Your Heart-Strings:  
**IF THEY'D ONLY WRITE  
AND ASK ME TO COME HOME.**

WORDS AND MUSIC BY HARRY S. MILLER,  
The brilliant composer of the most popular songs of the day.

**THIS IS THE CHORUS. TRY IT ON YOUR PIANO.**

Chorus.

The musical score is presented in three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line is written in a soprano or alto clef, and the piano accompaniment is in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

“If they'd on - ly write and ask me to come home, I'd  
feel as though for - give - ness they had shown, And my heart would cease its pain, I'd be  
hap - py once a - gain— If they'd on - ly write and ask me to come home.....

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**Complete Copies of this Song can be had at all Music Stores.**



# Dennie Murphy's Daughter Nell

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Words and Music by Chas. E. Baer.

Just down the street a block or two  
Lives Murphy's daughter Nell;  
Her hair is fair, her eyes are blue,  
Indeed, she's quite a belle;  
She smiles on me whenever we meet,  
She has my heart and hand complete,  
And when work is done I start and run  
My Nell to meet.

CHORUS.

Dennie Murphy's daughter Nell  
Waits for me after tea;  
She knows well, she dare not tell  
That she's engaged to me.  
But one of these days, when I get a raise,  
The boy that she loves so well  
Will marry Dennie Murphy's daughter Nell.

The old man says his daughter Nell  
Can never marry me;  
Says, she must wed a howling swell,  
That's rich and up in "G."  
But on his Nell I've got first call,  
She says it's me or none at all,  
And last night she said we will be wed  
Some time this fall.—CHORUS.

# LET ME TAKE MY PLACE AT HOME AGAIN

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Words and Music by Chas. V. Long.

In a cozy little cottage sat a couple old and gray,  
A fire in the hearth was burning bright,  
There a letter they were reading from their son who went astray;  
He left them on one cold and wintry night;  
His companions, whom were evil, had him forge his father's name;  
The parent, in his anger, wished him dead;  
But the son had since repented, and this letter home had come,  
And to his wife these words the old man read:

CHORUS.

Let me take my place at home again,  
Back among the dearest friends of all,  
Back to mother's dear cares, and your old age I will bless,  
Then let me take my place at home again.

Now the old man would not listen to the pleadings of his boy,  
The dear old mother's health soon gave away,  
For her heart was sadly pining for her son, her only joy,  
Who left them in both sorrow and dismay;  
One night as they were sitting by their cozy fireside,  
The son was brought in pale and ill from need,  
Then the father he forgave him, and with joy the mother cried,  
And now my lad no longer has to plead:—CHORUS.

The following are the titles of six Popular Songs, namely:

**Denied a Home  
My Dad's the Engineer  
I Never Loved until I Met You  
Dennie Murphy's Daughter Nell  
After Your Wand'ring, Come Home  
If They'd Only Write and Ask Me to Come Home**

The sheet music of these songs can be had at all Music Stores. Ask your Music Dealer for either one or all of these popular songs.

# You Are My Sweetheart

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Words by Harry S. Marion. Music by J. P. Mullen.

Two little sweethearts, coming from school one day—  
Shyly he told her, in a boyish way:  
"When I am older, I'll ask you to marry me;  
I'll watch o'er and guide you wherever you go, and no harm shall come to thee.

CHORUS.

"You are my sweetheart, I will love you ever;  
Whatever troubles you may have, we will share together.  
When I'm a man I will marry you, then we'll never part;  
There's nothing too good in this world for you, my own sweetheart."

Years have rolled onward, journeying on through life;  
These little sweethearts now are man and wife,  
Two little children, running around at play,  
Often remind him of school-boy days, when to his sweetheart he'd say:—CHORUS.

# Better than Gold

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Words and Music by Charles K. Harris.

In a Pullman palace smoker sat a number of bright men,  
You could tell that they were drummers, nothing seemed to trouble them,  
When up spoke a handsome fellow, "Conc, let's have a story, boys,  
Something that will help to pass the time away."  
"I will tell you how we'll manage," said a bright knight of the grip,  
"We'll have three wishes, something good and true;  
We will give friend Bob the first chance, he's the oldest gathered here"—  
Then they listened to a wish that's always new:

CHORUS.

"Just to be a child again at mother's knee,  
Just to hear her sing the same old melody,  
Just to hear her speak in loving sympathy,  
Just to kiss her lips again,  
Just to have her fondle me with tender care,  
Just to feel her dear, soft fingers through my hair,  
There is no wish in this world that can compare,  
Just to be a child at mother's knee."

There they sat, those jolly drummers, not a sound that moment heard,  
While their tears were slowly falling, there was no man spoke a word,  
For the memories of their childhood days had touched their dear kind hearts,  
When, as children, they had played at mother's knee.  
Then at last the spell was broken by another traveling man,  
"Your attention for a moment I do crave;  
I will tell you of one precious thing, so dear to one and all,  
'Tis a wish we long for to the very grave:

CHORUS.

Just enough of gold to keep me all my days,  
Just enough with which some starving soul to save,  
Just enough I wish to help me on my way,  
Just enough to happy be,  
Just enough to know I'll ne'er be poor again,  
Just enough to drive away all sorrow's pain,  
You may wish for many things, but all in vain,  
Give to me what precious gold can buy."

The conductor, passing through the train, stopped in the smoking-car;  
He had grown quite interested in the stories told so far—  
"Please excuse my interruption, but I listened with delight  
To your wishes, both of them so good and true;  
Yet there is a wish that's dearer, better far than glittering gold,  
Though a simple one perhaps you all will say,  
'Tis a longing that is in my heart each moment of my life,  
'Tis a gleam of sunshine strewn across my way:

CHORUS.

Just to open wide my little cottage door,  
Just to see my baby rolling on the floor,  
Just to feel that I have something to adore,  
Just to be at home again,  
Just to hear a sweet voice calling papa dear,  
Just to know my darling wife is standing near;  
You may have your gold your lonely heart to cheer,  
But I'll take my baby, wife and home."

THE (NEW YORK) JOURNAL'S GREAT SONGS, Entitled:  
**When the Little Ones Are Coming Home from School**

—AND—

**THE RINGTAIL COLORED BAND**

CAN BE HAD AT ALL MUSIC STORES. ASK FOR THEM.

# JUST AS IT USED TO BE IN DAYS GONE BY.

Words and Music by CHARLES GRAHAM.

## CHORUS.

*Waltz tempo.*

Just as it used to be in days gone by,.....

Proud of him now is she, She won't tell why,.....

Kind - est of hus - bands he, No hap - pier wife than she,

Just as it used to be in days gone by.....



# STREETS OF CAIRO

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The words and Music of this song will be sent to any address upon receipt of 40 cents.

By James Thornton.

I will sing you a song, and it won't be very long,  
'Bout a maiden sweet, and she never would do wrong;  
Ev'ry one said she was pretty, she was not long in the city,  
All alone, oh, what a pity—poor little maid.

CHORUS.

She never saw the streets of Cairo, on the Midway she had never strayed,  
She never saw the kutchy, kutchy—poor little country maid.

She went out one night, did this innocent divine,  
With a nice young man, who luvited her to dine.  
Now he's sorry that he met her, and he never will forget her;  
In the future he'll know better—poor little maid.

CHORUS.

She never saw the streets of Cairo, on the Midway she had never strayed,  
She never saw the kutchy, kutchy—poor little country maid.

She was engaged as a picture for to pose,  
To appear each night in abbreviated clothes.  
All the duds were in a flurry, for to catch her they did hurry;  
One who caught her now is sorry—poor little maid.

CHORUS.

She was much fairer far than Tribby—lots of more men sorry will be  
If they don't try to keep away from this poor little country maid.

# Kathleen

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Written, Composed and Sung by Helene Mora.

I'm in love with a charming young lady,  
Just the finest young lady on earth;  
A gem of the very first water,  
And I'm proud that she's Irish by birth;  
I met her beneath the green bower;  
I kissed her and liked it so well;  
She blushed like the fairest of flowers  
That grow in a mossy green dell.

CHORUS.

Kathleen, so fair and bright; star of eve and darkest night;  
'Mid shady lae and meadow green, I long to roam with sweet Kathleen.

Her parents they boast not of riches;  
They've a neat little farm of their own;  
Her father he digs his own praties,  
And they live in the County Tyrone;  
For miles 'round our Kathleen is famous—  
Good looks and good nature serene;  
'Tis there she is always acknowledged  
As the fairest young colleen e'er seen.—Chorus.

We are going to get married next Sunday,  
And the old folks will give us away;  
The bells in the church will be ringing,  
And the boys and the girls will be gay;  
As sure as the stars are above us,  
My Kathleen will ever be true;  
And as from the church we are coming,  
All the boys and the girls shout harroo.—Chorus.

# MY CONEY ISLAND GIRL

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The words and Music of this song will be sent to any address upon receipt of 40 cents.

Written and Composed by James Thornton.

I am in love with a nice little girl, she's only sweet sixteen;  
She works down town, just near Park Row and Pearl, she's my queen;  
She has a bicycle, I've got one, too; oh, how delightful it feels;  
On Sunday morning, as daylight is dawning, taking a spin on our wheels.

CHORUS.

My Coney Island girl, she's just the sort that you'd like;  
She's got no medals, but oh, don't she look nice on a "bike";  
She dresses dainty and neat, on her forehead a Marguerite curl;  
I take a trip Sunday, and sometimes on Monday, with my Coney Island girl.

When we reach Coney the pleasure begins, meeting the girls and boys;  
Then take a ride on the big carousal, oh, what joys;  
If we don't want to ride home on a "bike," sometimes we take the last train;  
We sing every ditty that's sung in the city, but always end with this refrain:  
—Chorus.

The New York Sunday World's Great Song:

# The Band Played On

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Words by John F. Palmer. Music by Charles B. Ward.

Matt Casey formed a social club that beat the world for style,  
And hired for a meeting place a hall;  
When pay-day came around each week, they'd greased the floor with wax,  
And danced with noise and vigor at the hall;  
Each Saturday you'd see them dressed up in Sunday clothes,  
Each lad would have his sweetheart by his side;  
When Casey led the first grand march the rest would fall in line;  
Behind the man who was their joy and pride—for

CHORUS.

Casey would waltz with a strawberry blonde,  
And the band played on;  
He'd glide 'cross the floor with the girl he adored,  
And the band played on;  
But his brain was so loaded it nearly exploded,  
The poor girl would shake with alarm;  
He'd ne'er leave the girl with the strawberry curls,  
And the band played on.

Such kissing in the corner and such whisp'ring in the hall,  
And telling tales of love behind the stairs;  
As Casey was the favorite and he that ran the ball,  
Of kissing and love-making did his share;  
At twelve o'clock exactly they all would fall in line,  
Then march down to the dining hall and out;  
But Casey would not join them, although every thing was fine,  
But he'd stayed up-stairs and exercise his feet—for—Chorus.

Now when the dance was over and the band played "Home, sweet home,"  
They played a tune at Casey's own request;  
He'd thank them very kindly for the favors they had shown;  
Then he'd waltz once with the girl that he loved best;  
'Most all the friends are married that Casey used to know,  
And Casey, too, has taken him a wife;  
The blonde he used to waltz and glide with on the ball-room floor,  
Is happy Missis Casey now for life—for—Chorus.

# The Little Lost Child

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The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words by Edw. B. Marks. Music by Jos. W. Stern.

A passing policeman found a little child;  
She walked beside him, dried her tears and smiled.  
Said he to her kindly, "Now you must not cry,  
I will find your mamma for you bye and bye."  
At the station when he asked her for her name,  
And she answered Jennie, it made him exclaim:  
"At last of your mother I have now a trace—  
Your little features bring back her sweet face."

CHORUS.

"Do not fear, my little darling, and I will take you right home.  
Come and sit down close beside me; no more from me you shall roam;  
For you were a babe in arms when your mother left me one day;  
Left me at home, deserted, alone, and took you, my child, away."

"'Twas all through a quarrel, madly jealous she,  
Vowed then to leave me, womanlike, you see.  
Oh, how I loved her, grief near drove me wild."  
"Papa, you are crying," lisped the little child.  
Suddenly the door of the station opened wide:  
"Have you seen, my darling?" an anxious mother cried.  
Husband and wife then meeting, face to face,  
All is soon forgiven, in one fond embrace.

CHORUS.

"Do not fear, my little darling, and we will take you right home.  
Come and sit down close beside me; no more from us you shall roam;  
For you were a babe in arms when your mother left me one day;  
Left me at home, deserted, alone, and took you, my child, away."

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A DRAMATIC, DESCRIPTIVE SONG AND CHORUS

BY

**HARRY S. MILLER,**

— Author of "A CRUEL HISS," etc. —

TRY THIS CHORUS ON YOUR PIANO.

Chorus.

We had two chil - dren, two bright, lov - ing boys; They were our

*mf*

i - dols, our pride and our joys; The young - est, he left us, the wide world to

roam, The oth - er's a bank - er, de - nies us a home.

*rall.*

Denied a Home.

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# THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

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Words and Music by Will H. Friday, Jr.

I've lived within my present home a month, or maybe more;  
Contented with my folks I lived till then,  
But since I'm there, I met a Miss, none such I've met before,  
With charms just made to captivate the men.  
So graceful and so neat, so winsome and so sweet—

CHORUS.

She's the girl next door, the girl next door—  
Bewitching and so handsome is the girl next door.  
Now whenever I hear her name my heart bursts in a flame—  
I'm in love with the girl next door.

So very soon the wedding bells will ring in tones of joy,  
Two loving hearts will then be very glad;  
A happy youth will march beside a maiden sweet and coy,  
In bridal robes of white she will be clad.  
We'll wed and live in bliss, myself and this young Miss—*Chorus.*

# DIMES AND NICKELS

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Words and Music by Charles Fremont.

Katie was John's steady company,  
They were happy as lovers could be,  
Engaged to be married, the time was quite near,  
Their young hearts were beating with glee,  
But oft, between kisses, dear Katie would say:  
"We must look forward to our wedding day;  
This world is made up of sunshine and rain;  
And when John would laugh, she would sing this refrain:

CHORUS.

"Dimes and nickels, nickels and dimes;  
If we thought more of them, we'd hear of less crimes;  
Now, John, when we're married, in case of hard times,  
You save the nickels and I'll save the dimes."

At last they were married and settled,  
In a nice little place of their own,  
And a baby would call out for Papa, so sweet,  
In the evening when John would come home.  
When the Union declared the big strike at the mill,  
John went out, with his dear Katie's will—  
She says: "Do not fret; we laugh at hard times,  
For you've saved the nickels and I've saved the dimes."—*Chorus.*

# She May Have Seen Better Days

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Words and Music by James Thornton.

While strolling along with the city's vast throng,  
On a night that was bitter cold,  
I noticed a crowd, who were laughing aloud  
At something they chanced to behold;  
I stopped for to see what the object could be,  
And there, on a doorstep, lay  
A woman in tears, from the crowd's angry jeers,  
And then I heard somebody say:

CHORUS.

She may have seen better days, when she was in her prime;  
She may have seen better days once upon a time;  
Though by the wayside she fell, she may yet mend her ways;  
Some poor, old mother is waiting for her, who has seen better days.

If we could but tell why the poor creature fell,  
Perhaps we'd not be so severe;  
If the truth were but known of this outcast alone,  
Mayhap we would all shed a tear.  
She was once some one's joy, cast aside like a toy—  
Abandoned, forsaken, unknown.  
Every man standing by had a tear in his eye,  
For some had a daughter at home.—*Chorus.*

The crowd went away, but I longer did stay;  
For from her I was loath to depart;  
I knew by her moan, as she sat there alone,  
That something was breaking heart;  
She told me her life, she was once a good wife,  
Respected and honored by all;  
Her husband had fled ere they were long wed,  
And tears down her cheeks sadly fell.—*Chorus.*

# OH! UNCLE JOHN

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Words and Music by Felix McGlenon.

Maiden Ruth one day came into town, just to see her uncle dear;  
Maiden Ruth had on a girlish gown, and it made her look so queer;  
Maiden Ruth had never seen New York, not until that day, poor thing,  
As her uncle took her all around, she began to sing:

CHORUS.

Oh! Uncle John, isn't it nice on Broadway;  
Oh! Uncle John, here I will remain;  
Oh! Uncle John, now that I've seen the Bowery,  
Life in the country's awful slow, and I'll never go back again.

Uncle John escorted maiden Ruth all around the town, with care—  
First he took her up to Central Park, then they went to Chatham Square;  
Strange sights maiden Ruth had witnessed from Harlem down to New York bay;  
Every one could tell what pleased her most by the way she'd say:—*Chorus.*

Uncle somehow lost her in the crowd, up and down the street he ran,  
Soon he found her happy as could be, chatting with a policeman;  
Uncle John then said to maiden Ruth, "Come along," but Ruth replied,  
"I must kiss that handsome man in blue," so she did and cried:—*Chorus.*

# What Could the Poor Girl Do?

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Words and Music by E. Alexandra.

While walking down a busy thoroughfare,  
You see a pretty girl, with golden hair,  
Tripping along, humming a song,  
As happy as the birds in the air,  
When suddenly the rain it patters down,  
You'd think the pretty darling she would drown;  
Her dress holds high to keep it dry,  
And the men stare as she toddles through the town:

CHORUS.

But what could the poor girl do? Boys, what could the poor girl do?  
She'd a pretty little shoe, and she liked to show it, too,  
So I couldn't blame the girl, could you?

A pretty girl in bathing went one day,  
Dressed in a bathing suit of colors gay,  
When, like a mouse, from bathing-house,  
A thief her garments stole and ran away;  
She learned her clothes were lost, and she must roam  
The city in a costume made for foam;  
She gave a sigh, but did not cry,  
And then pluckily she started out for home.

CHORUS.

But what could the poor girl do? Boys, what could the poor girl do?  
Through the streets she had to scoot, dressed up in a bathing suit,  
So I couldn't blame the girl, could you?

Now when a man gets married, you'll agree,  
At family work he's helpless as can be;  
His wife says, Dan, 'most every man  
Assets his wife, now why don't you help me?  
The heckeled man consents, but with a scowl—  
At night he walks the floor to baby's howl,  
While mamma dear, without a fear,  
Says I'll retire, then hubby starts to growl.

CHORUS.

But what could the poor girl do? Boys, what could the poor girl do?  
While the baby loudly roars, mamma goes to sleep and snores,  
And I couldn't blame the girl, could you?

A good ship o'er the ocean swiftly sped,  
The sun was shining brightly overhead,  
The captain and a maiden grand  
Stood on the deck, when suddenly he said:  
Now from your pretty lips I'll take a sip,  
Or else this boat has seen its final trip,  
Unless I kiss you, pretty Miss—  
All lives aboard are lost, I'll sink the ship.

CHORUS.

Now what could the poor girl do? Boys, what could the poor girl do?  
Now she's very much adored, she saved all the lives on board,  
And I couldn't blame the girl, could you?

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It may not be a man-sion with ro-ses 'round the door, It  
may not have a par-lor with car-pet on the floor, But when you're far a-way, in  
sor-row you will say, "There's no place like the old home af-ter all.".....  
D.C.

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# I WANT YER, MA HONEY

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Words and Music by Fay Templeton.

When de banjo's a-strummin' and de darkies a-hummin',  
Den I want yer, ma honey, yes, I do;  
I'm a-thinkin' ob yer dally, dressed so sweet and also gally,  
And my heart is forever true to you;  
I'm a-thinkin' ob yer saddy, 'cos I love yer mighty madly,  
And I don't know what to do;  
So come back to please me, don't try for to tease me,  
'Cos I want yer, ma honey, yes, I do.

REFRAIN.

I want yer, ma honey, yes, I want yer mighty badly;  
I'm a-lonin' for yer dally, 'cos I love yer mighty madly;  
So come back to please me, don't try for to tease me,  
'Cos I want yer, ma honey, yes, I want yer, want yer, want yer;  
'Cos I want yer, ma honey, yes, I do.

When de stars am a-gleamin' and de birds am a-dreamin',  
Den I want yer, ma honey, yes, I do;  
For I love yer ev'ry minute, and nobody else is in it,  
And my heart is forever true to you;  
Den don't linger longer, 'cos my love is growin' stronger,  
And I don't know what to do;  
So come back, my lady, my love and my baby,  
'Cos I want yer, ma honey, yes, I do.

REFRAIN.

I want yer, ma honey, yes, I want yer ev'ry minute;  
I'm a-thinkin' ob yer dally, and nobody else is in it;  
So come back, my lady, my love and my baby,  
'Cos I want yer, ma honey, yes I want yer, want yer, want yer;  
'Cos I want yer, ma honey, yes I do.

# I Went to Paris WITH PAPA

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Words and Music by Leslie Stuart.

They say I am a giddy maid,  
Not half enough in manners staid;  
I really try to be discreet;  
I've just come back from school in France,  
The matron led me such a dance,  
Although my education was complete;  
So papa came for me,  
To take me home, you see.  
He was so proud of me, you know,  
He said, "To Paris we will go,  
And there we'll stay for a week,  
So that your French you may speak;  
And when you go home to mamma,  
You'll tell her what you've seen.

CHORUS.

I went to Paris with papa, to see what kind the Frenchmen are,  
Such funny ways they've got—Americans have not;  
You really should to Paris go; you learn so very much, you know;  
I saw a lot in Paris that they never taught in school.

And when we came back to mamma,  
She gave a hall, with great eclat  
She said, "My dear, I'll bring you out;  
Now show them what you've learned in France,  
How well you sing, how well you dance;  
And, mind you, show what manners you've been taught."  
So when the dance began,  
I to my partner ran,  
I kicked my toes up in the air,  
I'd seen them do it over there;  
My cigarette I drew,  
French ladies do that, too,  
And our young curate blushed so  
When I sat upon his knee.—Chorus.

## BE SURE TO GET THE POPULAR HURRY HOME MARCH

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# IF THEY'D ONLY WRITE

## AND ASK ME TO COME HOME

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

In a lonely little garret dwelt a once sweet village belle,  
The only place that she dare call a home;  
She had married 'gainst the wishes of the dear ones who loved her so well,  
And now 'midst strangers she was left alone.  
A youth from city grand had won her heart and hand—  
He'd pictured to her all so bright and gay;  
It was then the father told, "All that glitters, my child, is not gold."  
It soon came true, and she had cause to say:

CHORUS.

"If they'd only write and ask me to come home,  
I'd feel as though forgiveness they had shown,  
And my heart would cease its pain, I'd be happy once again—  
If they'd only write and ask me to come home."

In a humble little cottage sits a father bowed in grief,  
A mother, too, is weeping by his side;  
They have just received a letter, and it told them, in words cruel and brief,  
That her they loved with broken heart had died.  
Oh, had they only known that she was left alone,  
How gladly would they've called her back again.  
"Tie the story we all tell, "She had loved not wisely, but too well,"  
And not the only one we hear exclaim!—Chorus.

# I Love My Girl AND SHE LOVES ME

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Words and Music by Gilmore & Leonard.

My sweetheart is a dark-eyed girl, she lives right close to me,  
And ev'ry morning in the year her smiling face I see;  
The neighbors all love her, too, she has such a winning way,  
And when I come home from my work, I'm often heard to say:

CHORUS.

"I love my girl, and she loves me;  
We're just as happy together as we can be;  
We have a cozy, little home; we're married now, you see;  
For I love my little wife, boys, and she loves me."

Yes, we've been married quite a while, and very pleased to say  
That we are quite contented now, and never mind the day;  
We've never had a quarrel yet, we haven't got any time,  
And when the rainy day comes 'round you'll find us not behind.—Chorus.

# THE CHURCH ACROSS THE WAY

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Words and Music by Wm. Benson Gray.

One Easter Sunday morning, while the sun was shining clear,  
And good folks to the old church came, the parson's prayers to hear;  
They little knew, while seated there, upon that blessed day,  
A human life was ending in a home just o'er the way.  
A man in deepest poverty, without a single friend,  
Would answer soon the call of death; his life was nearing end,  
With no one there to comfort him, no tender words to say—  
He heard the morning service in the church across the way.

CHORUS.

The minister was preaching his good and sacred teaching,  
The congregation sat in ecstasy;  
The bells had just ceased ringing, the choir was sweetly singing  
"Nearer, my God, to thee."

The preacher's words touched ev'ry heart within those sacred walls;  
He told how honor always thrives and how deception falls.  
The outcast in that humble home, whose life had been a blank,  
Sighed softly at those truthful words as nearer death he sank;  
He knew not that the preacher was his honored brother Ned,  
Whom he'd not seen for years, not since to hide his crime he fled.  
If he could live life o'er again, his thoughts would never stray  
From each word taught that morning in the church across the way.—Chorus.

# My Dad's the Engineer

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

We were none of us thinking of danger,  
As the train sped on in the night,  
'Till the flames from a burning forest  
Made the passengers wild with fright,  
Then a tiny maid near a window, with a smile, said,  
"There's nothing to fear;  
I'm sure that no harm will befall you,  
My Dad's the engineer."

REFRAIN.

"Daddy's on the engine, don't be afraid;  
Daddy knows what he is doing," said the little maid;  
"We'll soon be out of danger, don't you ever fear;  
Every one is safe, because my Dad's the engineer."

With the sparks falling closely about us,  
Thro' the flames we sped on so fast,  
And the brave little maid's father  
Brought us thro' the danger all safe at last;  
And the proud, sweet face of his lassie,  
And the words of the calm, little dear, I  
Will live in my mem'ry forever,  
"My Dad's the engineer."—*Refrain.*

# My Girl's a "Corker"

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Words by Wm. Jerome. Music by John Queen.

Oh, talk about your sweethearts fair, and girls of high degree;  
Your Bow'ry pearls, and English girls from far across the sea;  
But I can't see where they come in, they never were in line,  
For up-to-date ideas, with this race-track girl of mine.

CHORUS.

My girl's a "corker!" she's a New Yorker;  
She plays the races, she gets the "dough";  
She loves me dearly, and so sincerely,  
Tell me how you found that out? She told me so!

At Sheephead Bay, in summer time, she's simply "out of sight!"  
She bets her "stuff" like Pittsburgh Phil, and always gets them right.  
The "touts," they all take off their hats and stand right in a line,  
And look for information from this race-track girl of mine.—*Chorus.*

And when the racing season's o'er, she goes across the "pond";  
I've heard some tales that dear old Wales of her is very fond.  
In Paris, on the Boulevard, she never fails to shine;  
For every day is Sunday with this race-track girl of mine.—*Chorus.*

# When You Ask a Girl to Leave A HAPPY HOME

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Words and Music by Wm. B. Gray.

At a kind old mother's side sat her eldest boy, her pride,  
Who would soon arrive at manhood's stage of life,  
When the lad began to tell of a girl he loved so well,  
And intended asking her to be his wife.  
On that loving mother's face came at once your eye could trace,  
Like the change of brightest sunlight into gloam.  
"Have you stopped to think," said she, "what your lot in life should be,  
Ere you ask a girl to leave a happy home?"

CHORUS.

When you ask a girl to leave a happy homestead,  
And to sail with you o'er matrimony's foam,  
You should have employment then, earn your way and living,  
When you ask a girl to leave a happy home.

When the kind old mother said, "Tell me, lad, if you were wed,  
How could you support a wife and dress her well?"  
Said the lad, "Why, we could live on the money you would give,  
And in one of father's houses we could dwell."  
"But the girl," the mother cried, "has a dignity and pride;  
To depend on me, from home would never roam;  
Though we'll help you all we can, we want you to act a man,  
When you ask a girl to leave a happy home."—*Chorus.*

# The Sunshine of Paradise Alley

(PARODY.)

Written and Sung by Gus Williams.

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There's a little snide street, that you cannot call sweet,  
Where the Board of Health often will rally;  
It's about a yard wide, and the law is defied—  
The police call it Paradise Alley.  
There's a girl living there, with cross eyes and red hair,  
And her front name, they tell me, is Sally;  
Every day on the street she sells Frankforters sweet,  
That's the sausage of Paradise Alley.

CHORUS.

Every Sunday, even in rain or snow,  
With her Frankfort pudding, 'long the street she'll go;  
All the boys then say, in a whisper low,  
There goes the sausage of Paradise Alley.

When O'Brien's little boy need that girl to annoy,  
They all thought that she would not go near him,  
But she caught him one day, broke his jaw right away,  
Just to show them that she didn't fear him.  
When the young man got well, to a friend he did tell  
How a red-headed girl they called Sally  
Had hit him with a bone that was harder than stone—  
'Twas a sausage of Paradise Alley.—*Chorus.*

How her hair it got red, by the neighbors 'tis said,  
That, at one time, 'twas black and unsightly,  
And young Tommy Killean said that once it was green,  
And then changed to that color so brightly;  
So we guess, by the by, that she uses hair dye,  
In a manner, like Mrs. McNally,  
And I now do proclaim that the color's the same  
As the sausage of Paradise Alley.—*Chorus.*

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Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?

Sweet Alice, with hair so brown,  
Who blushed with delight if you gave her a smile,  
And trembled with fear at your frown?  
In the old church-yard, in the valley, Ben Bolt,  
In a corner obscure and lone,  
They have fitted a slab of granite so gray,  
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,  
That stood at the foot of the hill,  
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,  
And listened to Appletan's mill.  
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,  
The rafters have tumbled in,  
And a quiet that crawls 'round the wall as you gaze,  
Takes the place of the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,  
That stood in the pathless wood?  
And the button-ball tree, with its motley boughs,  
That nigh by the door-step stood?  
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,  
You would look for the tree in vain;  
And where once the lords of the forest stood,  
Grows grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,  
And the master so cruel and grim?  
And the shady nook in the running brook,  
Where the children went to swim?  
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,  
The spring of the brook is dry,  
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then,  
There are only you and I.

There's a change in the things I love, Ben Bolt;  
They have changed from the old to the new;  
But I feel in the core of my spirit the truth,  
There never was a change in you.  
Twelve months twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,  
Since first we were friends, yet I hail  
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth,  
Ben Bolt of the salt sea gale.

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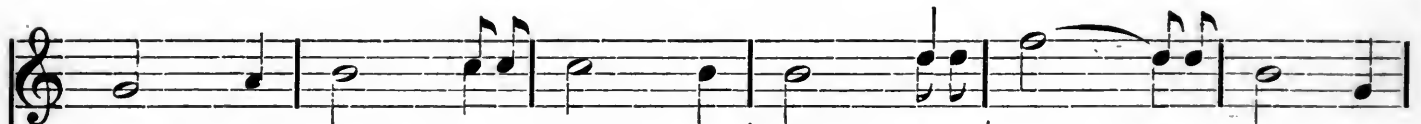


# McNally's Old Back Yard.

Words by CHAS. EDWARDS.

Music by GEO. C. EDWARDS.

*Tempo di Valse.*



1. Right a - cross the Brook - lyn bridge, On the east side of the  
2. Sum - mer's night, when the moon shines bright, The man in the moon sees



town,..... Lit - tle Joe, he will meet his beau, And he  
all,..... John - nie Deau plays the con - cer - tine, Nel-lie



takes her by the arm,..... On their way they meet  
Gra - dy sing's a song,..... Mol - lie Mac - Guire who

Nell and May, A - long with Ju - lie Worth,..... And ev - 'ry  
sings in the choir, A - long with An - nie Hart,..... And ev - 'ry

night you'll find them in Mc - Nal - ly's old back yard.....  
night you'll find them in Mc - Nal - ly's old back yard.....

## Chorus.

Sweet, lit - tle An-nie O' - Con - nor, A - long with Tom-my Mc - Cue,.....

Mak - ing love to - geth - er, As the boys and girls all do,..... And

beau-ti - ful Nan - cy Clan - cy, She is the belle of the ward..... And ev - 'ry

night you'll find them all In Mc - Nal - ly's old back yard..... yard.....

*rit.* *a tempo.*

*rit.*

1 2 *D.C. al*

*D.C. al*



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# TRY THESE SONGS ON YOUR PIANO.

## THE FACE UPON THE BARROOM FLOOR.

Chorus.

Tempo di Valze.

By J. P. KELLY.

The face up on the bar room floor, the whom I did a-dore, Oh  
her tell us those 'Till a fine friend came And colored our cut sage door. Look  
down at sweet Ma del late, For ever in my heart's bright gaze. That  
face from my heart Never more shall de-part The face upon the bar room floor.

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## I'LL NOT GO OUT WITH RILEY ANY MORE.

Chorus.

Words and Music by HARRY A. MILLER.

But I'll not go out with Ri-ley an-y more, I'll not go out with Ri-ley an-y more, I'll not go out with Ri-ley an-y more.  
But I'll not go out with Ri-ley an-y more, I'll not go out with Ri-ley an-y more, I'll not go out with Ri-ley an-y more.  
I'll not go out with Ri-ley an-y more, I'll not go out with Ri-ley an-y more, I'll not go out with Ri-ley an-y more.  
I'll not go out with Ri-ley an-y more, I'll not go out with Ri-ley an-y more, I'll not go out with Ri-ley an-y more.

Copyright, 1911, by Harry A. Miller.

## FORGET THE PAST.

Words by HATTIE ANDERSON.

Music by GEO. E. APPEL.

Chorus.

Dear, I am sorry, I gave you pain, I will love you less and less, And be friends a gain. I will love you  
on ly, dear, while life shall last. Our love, for give me, And for get the past!

Copyright, 1911, by Hattie Anderson.

## SHINNY ON YOUR OWN SIDE.

Words and Music by CHAR GRAHAM

Shinny on your own side all thro' life, Just the same as in the days of school boy strife. These words oft come back, tho' years have gone, "Don't get mad, but shinny on your own side, John."

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