

# Twentieth Century SONG BOOK



PUBLISHED BY GEORGE W. THOMPSON, BANJOIST AND VOCALIST

# Like the Composition of a Great Genius

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Each note within the compass of a COLE Instrument is a highly polished gem of music joined each to the other by bonds of purest melody.

Then the *intervals* between each and every two notes are scientifically accurate—made so by precision and accuracy in the placing of the frets—by the employment of *superior* skill and machinery that does not allow a variation of the *thousandth part of an inch* in any vital part.

But the quality and accuracy of tone is due not only to skill in the manipulation of the raw materials, but also to the fact that the entire world is laid under tribute for the choicest raw materials. Most of the Spruce, and Ivory, and Ebony, used in the

**Cole Mandolins**  
**Cole Mandolas**

**Cole Banjos**  
**Cole Banjorines**

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is *imported*. Then, besides scrupulous care in the selection of raw-materials, their course through the different departments of the Cole Shops is followed by trained and unerring eyes, ears and hands.

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One of Philadelphia's foremost teachers, an artist with a national reputation, and a member of the Executive Committee of the American Guild, endorses the Cole Banjo.

PHILADELPHIA, January 14th, 1907.

MR. W. A. COLE, Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir:

Do you remember the banjo that I bought of you for my own use? Well, I am sorry to say, I have just sold it to Mr. Thomas S. Davis, a young Philadelphian. He positively refused to have any other. Send me one more just like it, so that I can prove to him that all of your instruments are built on scientific lines and do not vary a hair's breadth when it comes to *tone*.

Yours very truly,

THOMAS J. ARMSTRONG.

1524 Chestnut St.

Cole Mandolins and Guitars have received similar endorsements from the world's greatest virtuosi. Testimonials and descriptive literature sent upon request.

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**W. A. COLE, MANUFACTURER**

786 Washington Street - - - Boston, Mass.

## Geo. W. Thompson.

HE was born in Lawrence, in 1858. His parents were poor, but respectable, hard-working people. His father lost his life while fighting for his country in the War of the Rebellion. In less than a year from the time of his father's death, his mother died also. He was thus left an orphan and homeless, dependent on the charity of friends, at the age of six. In the next year he was attacked with that terrible affliction, cataract of the eye, and, in the operation which followed, his eyesight was lost to him forever. Through the influence of kind friends, he was admitted to the Perkins Institution for the Blind, in South Boston, where he remained three years. He displayed remarkable talent and great love for music, and, through the instruction there received, became proficient on both the organ and piano. The one bright spot in his life, his only pleasure, is in the music he loves so well.

### YOU CAN'T STOP ME FROM LOVING YOU.

Words and music by Thos. S. Allen.

I'd like to know just why  
A fellow can't seem to get by,  
When I'm thinking all the time of you,  
No one else for me will do.  
I guess that I'm in the wrong,  
But still the world goes right along,  
If you knew how much I loved you,  
Perhaps you'd hear my song.

#### CHORUS.

You can't stop me from loving you  
No matter how you try.  
I know you're not responsible  
For the twinkle in your eye.  
Some day you'll find your sweetheart  
And marry bye and bye,  
But you can't stop me from loving you,  
So please don't try.

There's other girls that's true,  
But none that's half so sweet as you,  
For there's something nice about your style.  
Keep me guessing all the while,  
And every single day,  
I'd like to meet you on my way  
Though you may not care to know me,  
But all the same I'll say.

### THE BLIND MAN'S LAMENT.

Music by Prof. George W. Thompson.  
Sung by the writer and composer.

My friends, do you ever give a thought to the blind,  
To the narrow dark world in which we live;  
For the beauties of nature that lie all around—  
The earth and the sky—we cannot conceive.  
Cut off in my mouth from the bright light of Heaven,  
The joys of this life are shut out from me here,  
But when in His mercy he chooses to loosen  
The bonds that now hold me I shall see evermore.

#### CHORUS.

Then pity the blind, for their lot is a hard one,  
The sunlight and shadow to them are alike,  
And the faces of loved ones are hid from their sight;  
Always have a kind word for the poor stricken one.

My father went forth at the call of his country,  
To fight for the freedom of a down-trodden race;  
And he fell on the field, while doing his duty,  
And left mother and I the cold, cold world to face.  
'Twas but one short year ere she, too, was taken,  
And the homeless blind orphan was left all alone;  
But, thanks to our noble old blind institution,  
An object of charity I'll never become.

—Chorus

### DAISIES WON'T TELL.

Words and music by Anita Owen.

There's a sweet old story  
You have heard before,  
Here among the daisies  
Let me tell it o'er.  
Only say you love me,  
For I love you well,  
Answer with a kiss, dear,  
Daisies never tell.

#### CHORUS.

Daisies won't tell, dear,  
Come kiss me, do.  
Tell me you'll love me.  
Say you'll be true,  
And I will promise  
Always to be  
Tender and faithful,  
Sweetheart, to thee.

In a dream I fancied  
You were by my side.  
While I gathered daisies  
One long chain you tied,  
Round us both I wound it,  
Close I held you, too.  
Daisies never tell, dear,  
Make that dream come true.

## WON'T YOU COME OVER TO MY HOUSE?

Words by Harry Williams.

Music by Egbert Van Alstyne.

The time was in June, the bees hummed a tune,  
The perfume of rose filled the air.  
When just o'er the way sat a baby one day,  
All alone and no one seemed to care;  
But one passer by, turned and look'd with a sigh,  
At the tears and the eyes swollen red;  
Then close to her breast, the young darling she  
pressed,  
And tenderly to her she said:—

### CHORUS.

Won't you come over to my house,  
Won't you come over and play;  
I've lots of playthings, a dolly or two,  
We live in the house 'cross the way.  
I'll give you candy and sweet things,  
I'll put your hair in a curl;  
Won't you come over to my house,  
And play that your my little girl?

Perhaps you don't know, that not long ago,  
These toys I am giving to you,  
Were my little girl's, yes my own little Pearl's,  
And her eyes were like yours, large and blue;  
But one night I found that the angels came round  
And they took her way up to the sky;  
So don't stay away but come over each day,  
Or you'll make your new mamma cry.

## RAINBOW.

Words by Alfred Bryan. Music by Percy Wenrich.

While the rain was softly falling in a forest glade  
Beyond the prairies far away,  
Beneath a palm tree so they say,  
There stood an Indian chief one day.  
There he spied a pretty maiden of a copper shade,  
And as he gazed she dropped her head  
To hide her cheek with blushes red,  
While these sweet words he said.

### CHORUS.

Come, be my Rainbow, my pretty Rainbow,  
My heart beguile, give me a smile, once in a while,  
In rain or sunshine, my Rainbow,  
Keep your love-light aglow,  
I love you so, my sweet Rainbow.

Then the Rainbow shone out smiling from the summer  
sky

And when she saw this sign she sighed,  
Now can't you see it's fate he cried,  
Come love and be my happy bride.

Brighter than the rainbow beamed the love-light in her  
eye,

And as they wandered home that night,  
Beneath the moon-beams sil'vry light,  
Oft he sang with delight.

## HANG OUT THE FRONT DOOR KEY.

BENJAMIN HAPPOOD BURT.

When Percy Wilson Gay, left wifey every day  
She always used to say, "He home on time.  
Don't keep me waiting, dear, when dinner time is near  
Be here when we sit down to dine."  
He'd promise that he would  
And swear that he'd be good  
But Percy never could quite settle down  
For when his work was through, he'd meet a friend or two  
And then he'd play around the town  
He would call her up most ev'ry night at home  
And he'd sing to her across the telephone.

### CHORUS.

"Hang out the front door key, love,  
Hang out the front door key  
Don't you sit up for me, love,  
I may be out 'till three.  
I'm with some poor sick friends, dear,  
Who'd do the same for me.  
Just leave a light in the hall tonight  
And hang out the front door key."

One night when he got home he found himself alone  
Wifey had up and flown he knew not where.  
Although it served him right, he had an awful fright  
To think he shouldn't find her there.  
She called him up at three  
And said, "Yes, dear, it's me,  
How does it seem to be home all alone?  
I'm with some friends of mine, having so good a time  
I don't know just when I'll be home,  
On the table you will find a little note."  
Percy opened it, and this is what she wrote.

### CHORUS.

"Hang out the front door key, love,  
Hang out the front door key,  
You wait a while for me, love,  
Just as I have for thee.  
I'm with some poor sick friends, dear,  
Who think a lot of me.  
Your little wife's going to like high life  
So hang out the front door key."

## GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY.

Geo. M. Cohan.

Did you ever see two Yankees part upon a foreign  
shore,  
When the good ship's just about to start for old  
New York once more?  
With tear-dimmed eye they say good-bye—they're  
friends without a doubt—  
When the man on the pier shouts let them  
"clear" as the ship strikes out.

### CHORUS.

Give my regards to Broadway, remember me to  
Herald Square;  
Tell all the gang at Forty Second Street that I  
will soon be there.  
Whisper of how I'm yearning to mingle with the  
old-time throng;  
Give my regards to old Broadway and say that  
I'll be there e'er long.

Say hello to dear old Coney Isle, if there you  
chance to be;  
When you're at the Waldorf have a smile and  
charge it up to me.  
Mention my name every place you go as 'round  
the town you roam;  
Wish you'd call on my gal—now remember, old  
pal—when you get back home—CHORUS.

## WHEN THE SNOW BIRDS CROSS THE VALLEY

Written by MONROE H. ROSENFIELD. Composed by Alfred Solman.

The summer skies were shining o'er my Dixie home  
so fair,  
The meadows green were kised with fragrant dew.  
Then I twined a wreath of blossoms to adorn my sweet-  
heart's hair,  
White moonbeams made a veil of golden hue.  
Down the lane we slowly wandered 'neath the pine tree's  
gentle sway  
As the robins chirped our wedding march on high.  
We parted and I kised her with these words 'tho far  
away  
You'll always be my own sweetheart don't sigh.

### CHORUS.

When the snow birds cross the valley,  
When Jack Frost is in the air,  
I'll come back some day to claim you, dearest Ruth so  
pure and fair.  
Tell me will I find you waiting  
When the mountain crests are white—  
When the snow birds cross the valley  
And the breezes sigh "Good night."

The winter moon is beaming on the fair home of my  
youth,  
The forest trees are silver-lined with ice,  
I've come back to claim a promise of my true love little  
Ruth,  
The jewel of my heart of rarest price.  
Though the fields are clothed in snow robes it is June  
time in my heart,  
Now the winter's gloom has changed to summer's bliss,  
And as I ask her promise that we never more shall part  
She turns her lips to me for one sweet kiss.

## IT LOOKS LIKE A BIG NIGHT TO-NIGHT.

Words by Harry Williams. Music by Egbert Van Alstyne.

Old Peters was a "Patsy," his wifey ruled the day,  
He didn't dare go out at night unless she was away.  
So once he took the family and put them on the boat.  
Said he: "Go out and have some fun, but I must be  
the goat."  
Then Peters dashed uptown, and said to' bacheloer  
Brown.

### CHORUS.

"It looks to me like a big night to-night,  
Big night to-night, big night to-night,  
For when the old cat's away, why the mice want  
to play,  
And it looks like a big night to-night."

They started out that evening to paint the bloomin'  
town,  
Said Peters: "Let's be devilish." "I'm with you,  
sir," said Brown.  
They got some chorus ladies, and took them out to dine,  
Then both of them decided they would corner all the  
wine.  
And every time it came they'd warble this refrain.

### CHORUS.

Old Peters like a lily began to fade away,  
They piled him in a cab and took him home at break  
of day.  
But when they turned the corner he gave a fearful  
shout.  
A light was in the window and his wife was peeking  
out.  
"Don't leave me boys," said he, "My finish I can see."

### CHORUS.

## PRETTY MARY.

Words by ANDREW B. STERLING. Music by KERRY MILLS.

Since the morning I first met you, pretty Mary,  
With the roses blushing red upon your cheek,  
Did you think I could forget you, pretty Mary,—  
Do not turn away and tremble when I speak;  
Let me take you home I know your heart is  
plunging.  
Let me call you sweetheart as I used to do;  
Soon your mother's arms around you will be  
twining,  
And the brook down in the meadow sighs for  
you.

### CHORUS.

Pretty Mary, pretty Mary,  
Must the brook wait all in vain,  
Must my heart grow cold with pain?  
Roses dying I am sighing.  
Be my own sweet pretty Mary once again.

Think of how the daisies missed you, pretty Mary,  
They are waiting sad and lonely in the dell,  
It was there that I first kised you, pretty Mary,  
And the wild flow'rs all have kept our secret  
well;  
Let me take you there, they cannot live without  
you,  
For they love you now, just as they used to do;  
You'll be happy with your dear ones all about  
you,—  
Pretty Mary, come with me I love you too.

## WON'T YOU BE MY HONEY.

Words by JACK DRISLANE. Music by THEODORE MORSE.

I'm feeling lonely, I'm awf'ly sad.  
I really don't know what to do.  
It seems a pity I never had  
A sweetheart just the same as you.  
Now don't be angry because I say,  
I like you, yes, indeed I do.  
My one suggestion is just a question  
And I hope you'll answer true.

### CHORUS.

Won't you be my honey, I'll try so hard to please  
And I'll tell you all I know, dear,  
Of a sweetheart's A, B, C's.  
I know a cosy corner that is big enough for two,  
So won't you be my honey, I'll be true to you.  
Don't answer "No," dear, don't be afraid.  
Please answer "Yes," and make me glad.  
If you should leave, dear, I know I'd grieve.  
If you should say that you were mad.  
A home with you, dear, would be divine.  
I want you just to call my own.  
With hugs and kisses you'll know what bliss is  
So don't leave me here alone.

## JUST SOME ONE.

Will R. Anderson.

When your happy and contented,  
And your sky is clear and blue.  
It's kind of nice to know there's some one  
Glad to share it all with you,  
But when the little troubles gather  
And your sky's no longer fair,  
It's kind of nice to know there's some one,  
Some one who is sure to care.

### CHORUS.

Some one to love and cheer you  
Sometimes when things go wrong,  
Some one to snuggle near you,  
Some one to share your song,  
Some one to call you sweetheart,  
After the day is done,  
Some one to kiss you, some one to miss you,  
Just some one.

When perhaps some duty takes you  
On a journey far away,  
It's kind of nice to know there's some one  
Thinking of you every day,  
And when the call of duty's answered  
And you're speeding homeward, too,  
It's kind of nice to know there's some one  
Waiting there to welcome you.

## MAGGIE, MY DARLING.

In the pleasant port of Queenstown  
Lay the gallant ship "Tremore,"  
Laden down with emigrants  
Bound for a foreign shore.  
Apart from all the rest of them  
A girl stood on the quay;  
Her lover stood beside her,  
And these words to her did say:

### CHORUS.

Maggie, my darling, when I'm far away  
I'll think of you, love, yes, every day.  
Maggie, my darling, Maggie ashore,  
Good-bye and God bless you, darling.

Farewell, my darling colleen;  
When in distant lands I roam,  
Take good care of old mother  
And our dear old Irish home.  
I know the time will quickly pass,  
We'll meet no more to part;  
These words he whispered in her ear,  
Then pressed her to his heart.

### CHORUS.

Maggie, my darling, when I'm far away  
I'll think of you, love, yes, every day.  
Maggie, my darling, Maggie ashore,  
Good-bye and God bless you, darling.

## YOUR DAD GAVE HIS LIFE FOR HIS COUNTRY.

(Decoration Day.)

Words by Harry J. Breen. Music by T. Mayo Geary.  
Copyright, 1903, by The American Advance Music Co.

Within a quaint old village school not many miles away,  
The teacher said, "Tomorrow, boys, is Decoration  
Day;  
I want you all to bring something to place upon the  
graves  
Of each and ev'ry soldier bold who died his cause to  
save."  
Most of the boys said we'll bring flags, but one poor lad  
alone—  
Said, "Teacher, we've no money to buy flags down at  
our home."  
At mother's knee that night he told her what the teacher  
said,  
With tear-dimmed eye she whispered as she knelt  
beside his bed—

### CHORUS.

"Your dad gave his life for his country—  
He marched away with the rest;  
Tight in my arms I held you  
As they went by four a-breast.  
He marched away with the soldiers,  
Dressed in their colors of blue,  
And if our country needs heroes again,  
Then I will give them you!"

The mother thought of by-gone days, when with its  
wreck and ruin,  
War took away her only love to march to trumpet's  
tune;  
She thought of how he kissed his boy, his last farewell  
good bye,  
And said, "Make him a soldier boy if on the field I  
die."  
And when the war was ended she said, "God's will be  
done,  
But still if duty calls him they can always take my  
son."  
Just then a voice said, "Mother, dear, please do not go  
away,  
But tell me what I'll say at school on Decoration Day."  
—Chorus.

## DAISIES NEVER TELL.

Words and music by Elizabeth M. Grady.

Strolling alone in the twilight  
Down through a daisy dell,  
Youth and a maiden together  
Softly their love tales tell.  
Some one says softly, "You love me?"  
Somebody answers, "I do."  
Then it was sealed with a sweet little kiss,  
And they thought that nobody knew.

But the daisies heard the story,  
Daisies heard the kiss,  
They winked and bowed together,  
It was too good to miss.  
They heard the maiden's answer,  
Watched love's happy spell,  
Whispered softly, turned their heads,  
But daisies never tell.

As they strolled home in the moonlight,  
Through the same daisy dell.  
Hands clasped together; how happy  
Only true loves can tell.  
They think that they have a secret,  
They think that nobody knows  
How they made love at twilight one night  
In the lane where the sweet daisy grows.

## SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

Words by Harry Williams.

Music by Andrew Mack.

When crimson light fades into night,  
When all the buds that have blown  
Drop as if dead, each drowsy head,  
Why do I wander alone  
Over the hills, down thro' the rills,  
Under the new harvest moon?  
Why does the stream or the brooklet seem  
To sing this tune?

### CHORUS.

Somewhere there is a voice that is calling me,  
Somewhere there is a face I am longing to see,  
Somewhere there is a girl that is fair and square,  
Sometime she'll find my heart, for it's there,  
Somewhere.

Birds up above, robin or dove,  
All have their mates, you'll agree,  
Even the rose, then I suppose,  
There must be someone for me,  
I want her now, want her I vow!  
Why should we both live apart?  
Oh, for the bliss of a good-night kiss  
From my sweetheart.

### CHORUS.

## MONEY IS THE MILK IN THE COCOANUT.

Words and Music arranged by Geo. W. Thompson.

Now money in your pocket is a very nice thing,  
And money is the thing for me.  
Go where you please, live at your ease,  
Be as happy as a big bumble bee;  
But if you're broke and got no tin,  
And feel that you must die,  
You may be good looking, but you can't come in  
And there's no use for to try.

### CHORUS.

Money is the milk in the cocoanut,  
Money is the cream in the jug,  
Money is my honey, if you got a pile of money,  
You're as happy as a bug in a rug.

Money is a good thing to have when you're sober,  
It's a clever thing to have when you're drunk;  
Never go to jail, get lots of bail,  
If you've got plenty sugar in the trunk;  
Steamboats selling for two cents apiece,  
Why, you couldn't buy a solitary plank;  
They'd bang you in the jaw, and take you to  
the law,  
And arrest you for looking at a bank.—Chorus.

A married man with a large family,  
And his pocketbook is all gone to smash;  
The rent comes due and his money is all gone,  
A ud the landlord is looking for his cash.  
Then love takes a flop out the window pop,  
And the devil sneaks in through the door,  
The woman drinks gin and the trouble begins,  
And the pot don't boll any more.—Chorus.

## MEET A COON TO-NIGHT.

Words and music arranged by Geo. W. Thompson.

Silvery, silvery moon, won't you shine out  
bright?  
I'se going to meet a coon to-night,  
Meet him in the valley by the pale moonlight,  
I'se a going to meet a coon to-night.  
Hurry, Aunt Eliza, for I won't stop long,  
I'se going to meet a coon to-night,  
Listen to the bell with its big ding dong,  
I'se a going to meet a coon to-night.

### CHORUS.

Meet a coon to-night, meet a coon to-night,  
Where the little stars are shining bright,  
At the hour of eight, down by the garden gate,  
I'se a going to meet a dandy coon to-night.

The leader of the choir of the Baptist church,  
I'se a going to meet a coon to-night,  
Never stole a chicken from a hen nest perch,  
I'se a going to meet a coon to-night,  
Jonah went a-fishing for a great big whale,  
I'se a going to meet a coon to-night,  
Caught a little monkey, with a tomcat's tail,  
I'se a going to meet a coon to-night.

## TAKE GOOD CARE OF MOTHER.

By "Murphy." Melody by James A. Bland.

Copyright, 1888, by Benj. W. Hitebock.

Take good care of mother, for she's getting old  
and feeble,  
Her hair, that once was golden, is turning  
into gray;  
Her face, that once was beautiful, is getting  
full of wrinkles—  
Take good care of mother, for she soon will  
pass away.  
Treat her just as tender as you would a little  
flower;  
Press her to your bosom, as she did you when  
a babe;  
Kiss her and caress her ev'ry day and ev'ry hour,  
For you'll miss your dear old mother when  
she's gone.

### CHORUS.

Take good care of mother, nurse her ev'ry hour,  
Treat her just as tender as you would a little  
flower;  
Kiss her and caress her, ev'ry night and morn,  
For you'll miss your dear old mother when  
she's gone.

Take good care of mother, for you'll miss her  
when she's sleeping  
In the quiet country churchyard where summer  
blossoms bloom,  
All through the livelong day the merry birds are  
sweetly singing,  
And the lovely flowers fill the air with sweet  
perfume.  
Oh, how sad and lonely we will pass the weary  
hours,  
When the angels take her homeward to that  
land that's free from pain;  
In the little churchyard then she'll sleep amongst  
the flowers,  
Never more to see her, or to speak to her  
again.—Chorus.

## NEVER TO MEET AGAIN.

Words by Joseph A. Callahan.

Music by Lawrence B. O'Connor

Copyright 1906 by Standard Music Co.  
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'Twas summer time, the birds sang sweetly in  
the trees above.

The air was filled with scent of new mown hay.  
As down the winding pathway of a little shady  
lane

A lad and lassie hand in hand did stray.  
You're going from the village, Nellie, to the city  
grand;

And O! my heart is filled with bitter pain—  
I fear perhaps you will forget your sweetheart  
far away

And you and I may never meet again.

### CHORUS.

Sometime I fear you will forget, that you and I  
had ever met,

And that my heart will one day yet, call for you,  
love in vain—

Wand'ring in sadness all along, life's but a dreary  
plain

Longing for one little sunny smile, never to meet  
again.

The hillside where in summer we would gather  
flowers wild,

The rustic bridge to which we oft would roam,  
The village green, the harvest dance, the joy that  
it would bring.

'Twill be so different in your new found home.  
As others too may come to whisper tales of love  
to you,

Among them as a queen perhaps you'll reign—  
While I with heart so sad and lone will live in  
doubt and fear,

That you and I may never meet again.

—Chorus

## WHEN I MARRY YOU.

Words by Alfred Bryan. Music by Albert Gumble.

Two sweethearts strolling 'mid roses in June,  
Two little sweethearts just learning to spoon;  
She rolls her eyes, he softly sighs  
I will marry you, only you.

When we are married we'll live love and dream,  
Life will be sunshine and peaches and cream,  
But she murmurs, Joe, dear,  
I first want to know, dear, so tell me true.

### CHORUS.

Will you love me all the time, Summer time, Winter  
time,

Will you love me rain or shine as I love you?

Will you kiss me every day?

Will you miss me when away?

Will you stay at home and play when I marry you?

Man in the moon seemed to look down and smile,  
Boy drooped his head and was silent awhile.

He stole a kiss, then whispered this,

I'll be always near, never fear,

It is so easy to be true to you.

Maidens like you in this world are so few.

But what worries you, dear, will worry me too, dear,  
So tell me true.

## IF I WERE ONLY MISTER MORGAN.

Words and music by Geo. M. Cohan.

How few men that we meet are really happy,  
And how few are free from every care and strife,  
For the most of men are aussy, and, and scrappy,  
't seems they're never satisfied with life.  
Tho' I've never broken banks or beaten races  
I'm contented in my own way just the same,  
And there is but one with whom I would change places  
And Mister Pierpont Morgan is his name.  
Then I'd have

### CHORUS.

Eighty thousand different kinds of servants at my heels,  
I'd have champagne sauce on every thing that's served  
at all my meals,  
I'd have Carnegie to run my errands, pretty girls to pose,  
I'd have Vanderbilt and Rockefeller brushing off my  
clothes,  
I'd have sweet Egyptian maidens just to roll me all my  
smokes,  
I'd have actors all about the place to tell me funny jokes,  
If it cost me all my dust why every trust I'd surely lose,  
If I were only Mister Morgan.

I'd buy up ev'ry race track I were able,  
Then I'd purchase all the horses right away,  
Then I'd have a Chinese laundry in my stable  
To dope the winners for me ev'ry day;  
And in fact I'd take a mortgage on the nation,  
And I'd run the thing to suit my own idea,  
And instead of going to Paris for vacation  
I'd buy the place and bring it over here.  
And then the

### CHORUS.

Grapes I'd eat would cost me forty dollars by the bunch,  
I'd have Chauncey Olcott sing to me while I was eating  
lunch,  
I would buy the Broadway cable line, no fare at all I'd  
charge,  
I'd have ladies for conductors so that business would be  
large,  
I would print a New York paper, advertisements would  
be free,  
And I'd criticize the critics who'd been criticizing me;  
Then a tailor I'd engage to make some clothes for  
Russell Sage,  
If I were only Mister Morgan.

## I WISH I HAD A GIRL.

Words by Gus Kahn.

Music by Grace Le Boy.

These days ev'ry fellow has a sweetheart,  
Seems that every girlie has a beau,  
Gee, I'd be glad if I only had  
Some one to tell me, "I love you so,"  
I'd like to do some kissin' and some huggin',  
Some croonin' and some spoonin' too I guess,  
But no matter how I strive folks don't know that I'm  
alive,  
And I fear I'm goin' to die of lonesomeness.

### CHORUS.

Gee, I wish that I had a girl  
Like the other fellows had,  
Someone to make a fuss over me,  
To cheer me up when I feel sad,  
On Wednesday night I'm all alone  
When I ought to be up at some sweetheart's home,  
And I'm "lonesome, awful lonesome,"  
Gee, I wish I had a girl.

There are times when I get fairly started  
With some girlie who looks good to me,  
But I can't win 'cause someone butts in,  
And then it looks like they meant twenty-three.  
It seems that I just can't get up a system,  
My sighin' and my tryin's all in vain;  
Cruel fate, spoils ev'ry plan, 'Cause I'm not a ladies'  
man,  
And a lonely creature I'll always remain.



## A DEAR OLD GRAY-HAIRED MOTHER.

Words by Walter Douglas. Music by Edward Holst  
Copyright, 1892, by Malcolm Douglas.

Near a quiet country village, in a peaceful little home  
That was long ago the scene of childish joy,  
By the fireside alone, with the happy years long flown,  
There's a gray-haired mother waiting for her boy.  
It was long ago he left her, with a kiss upon his brow,  
Not dreaming how that parting made her sad heart yearn;  
Now with tears her eyes are dim, as she rocks and thinks of him,  
While she wonders if he ever will return.

### REFRAIN.

She is waiting there so lonely,  
She is thinking of him only,  
How she prays that he'll come back to her some day.  
He will never find another  
Like the dear old gray-haired mother,  
In the little home he left so far away.

Every night a lamp shines brightly out, to guide him back to her.  
When the days of all his wandering are o'er;  
Could he see the dear old face, on which grief has left its trace,  
He would come and bring a smile to it once more.  
Not a night but in her prayers she has a blessing for him still,  
However far from her his weary feet may roam,  
Though the world may prove unkind, still the boy she loves will find  
A fond welcome at his dear old mother's home.—Refrain.

## WHAT IS A HOME WITHOUT LOVE?

Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris.  
Copyright.

One night alone in a mansion,  
No one to love or caress,  
Sits a man, noble and handsome,  
No loving wife's lips to press;  
She married him for position,  
No love was in her heart;  
Sad and alone in his grand home,  
He looks around him and says:

### CHORUS.

What is a home without baby,  
Just to love and to tease and adore;  
What is a home without sweet wife,  
Who will kiss you at night by the door;  
What is a home without sunshine,  
As it sheds its bright rays from above;  
You may have wealth and its pleasures,  
But what is a home without love.

Down the street he walks one evening,  
Passes a cottage so neat,  
Stops and looks in at the window,  
Sees there a picture so sweet;  
Husband and wife and a baby,  
Laughing and kissing too;  
He turns aside his tears to hide,  
While from his heart come these words:

—Chorus

## MOLLY'S THE GIRL FOR ME.

Arranged by Adam Moeller.  
Words and Music by Harry Chase.  
Copyright, 1894, by Harry Chase.

I've wandered this world over for ten long years  
or more,  
I've met both youth and beauty and rich girls  
by the score;  
I've seen them at their parties and fancy balls so  
fine,  
Bedecked in jewels gaudy, and drinking costly  
wine;  
But in a humble cottage in a quiet part of town  
There lives my sweetheart Molly, without kind-  
red or renown;  
She knows what's pure and holy, and toils from  
morn till tea,  
You may have your wealth and fashion, but she's  
the girl for me,

### CHORUS.

Molly's the girl for me, Molly's the girl for me,  
With eyes ever bright and heart always light,  
and true to her I'll be;  
She is my joy and pride, she soon will be my  
bride,  
Though without fine lace she has such graces,  
she's just the girl for me.

You can see her every morning just at break of  
day,  
With basket on her arm, then to work she wends  
her way;  
She's always bright and cheerful and never once  
complains  
Of her sad lot and hardships, but true to home  
remains;  
And after work is over she hastens to her home,  
Where she e'er finds a welcome from mother,  
who's alone;  
And there a pleasant evening awaits me after tea,  
She's but a plain dear shop girl, my Molly's the  
girl for me.—Chorus.

## UNDER THE IVY VINE.

Words by Nate Sachs. Music by Maurice Percelean.

There are some like to spoon in an auto  
And their's some like to spoon in the park  
While there's some like to spoon on the beaches  
Just a little after dark. —  
There's a place that I think is delightful  
And in fact it is divine  
I will tell you soon, of a place to spoon  
It's under the Ivy vine.

### CHORUS.

Under the Ivy vine to spoon there is divine  
That's where to take your lady love  
You call her your sweet little turtle dove  
Sing to her soft and low: I'll be your Romeo  
The stars above watch you making love  
Under the Ivy vine.

In the summer time when you go courting,  
And your sweetheart you take for a ride  
Then you tell her how much you adore her  
And ask her to be your bride —  
Then she turns to you gently and whispers  
It's so sudden give me time  
Then your heart's aglow, it is time to go  
Right under the Ivy vine.

## MARY'S THE QUEEN OF THEM ALL.

Words by E. J. McDermott.

Music by Chas. E. Washburn.

In the good summer time, when you stroll down  
the line  
With your sweetheart by your side,  
You tell love's old story to your morning glory,  
And ask her to be your bride.  
You sit in the park until long after dark,  
While the evening shadows fall.  
She says she'll be true, and she loves only you,  
For Mary's the queen of them all.

### CHORUS.

Mary, Mary, Mary's the queen of them all;  
You're always together in all sorts of weather.  
On Sunday night you call.  
As you stroll down the lane you will whisper  
again

That you love her best of all.  
Your head's in a whirl over this little girl,  
For Mary's the queen of them all.

As you walk down the beach with this sweet little  
peach,  
And the waves roll on the shore,  
You sing some love ditty and tell her she's pretty,  
As you've often done before.  
Then you hold her hand, and it all seems so grand  
As you watch the stars that fall;  
Then you stroll home quite late, leave her at the  
gate,  
For Mary's the queen of them all.

## WHEN TWO HEARTS ARE ONE.

Words and Music by Chas. Shackford.

While the twilight rays were fading in the tree-  
tops,  
And the birds had gone to rest at close of day,  
We were standing where the brook ran through  
the wild wood,  
Telling love tales in the old, old way;  
'Twas then, that first I told how much I loved  
you,  
'Twas then it seemed that life had just begun;  
For you promised you would always be my  
sweetheart,  
And I knew, dear, that our hearts were one.

### CHORUS.

All the world is sunshine, when two hearts are  
one;  
Smiles will follow tears, like rainbows in the  
summer sun;  
Hearts are never broken, sorrows never come;  
Life is like one grand sweet song when two  
hearts are one.

When the sunshine of your life seems gone  
forever,  
And the one who owns your heart is far away,  
Tho' the drifting clouds you'll find a silver lining,  
For the old love will come back some day.  
The same sweet voice will tell that old, old  
story.  
Tho' years may pass, true love is ever young,  
And will greet you where the brook runs  
thro' the wildwood,  
Just the same, dear, when two hearts are one.

—Chorus

## MAH WATERMELON BELLE.

Words by OWEN CLARK. Music by CARL WHEELOCK.

Watermelons big and fine grow on the vine  
'Mid tendrils twining,  
Where their stately forms recline  
You may divine—a friend of mine,  
Patiently with busy hoe from row to row  
She tends their growing,  
Never at her feet grew melon sweet  
As mah watermelon belle.

### CHORUS

Toiling in the sunshine, resting in the shade,  
Driving off to market, happy little maid,  
You can't find her equal anywhere you seek,  
Never was another like her, she is unique,  
Just to watch her ripen surely is a treat;  
Ev'ry single day she grows more luscious sweet  
Since I saw her first, my heart has been athirst  
For mah dusky watermelon belle.

I've a little nest where two can bill and coo,  
At end of wooing,  
There's a little garden, too,  
I've planted new, I think will do;  
Now that little maid I need, I do, indeed,  
To make my Eden,  
For of course I can't 'till I transplant  
Mah watermelon Belle.

## SEE SAW!

Words by ED. GARDENIER.

Music by GEO. EDWARDS.

When long weary school hours are over,  
After the farm chores are done,  
Free as the bee in the clover  
Come children, come join in the fun.  
Any old board lying handy  
Makes a throne fit for a king,  
I tell you what kids its dandy  
To float through the air as you sing.

### CHORUS.

See saw, see saw, see us go up and go down,  
Say kids don't it feel like an automobile  
That's riding and gliding to old New York town  
While we see saw, see saw,  
When we're not young any more  
We'll give all our joys, just to be girls and boys  
On the old see saw.

When life turns from May to December,  
Backward fond memories may flow,  
Then with a sigh we'll remember  
The old see saw ride long ago.  
Free as a bird you rode on it  
When some wee maid screamed in fright,  
Then pressed to your heart a sun bonnet  
And whispered don't fear hold me tight.

## WHEN THE ROBIN SINGS AGAIN.

By DON. RAMSAY.

It was summer when you left me  
And the pansies were in bloom,  
The old meadow brook was singing  
And all nature seemed in tune;  
In your eyes the tears were glist'ning  
And you tried to smile in vain,  
As you whispered, I'll be with you  
When the Robin sings again.

### CHORUS

Don't you hear the robin singing,  
Don't you hear the brooklet call,  
Don't you see the ivy clinging  
And the scented blossoms fall,  
Don't you know my heart is yearning  
And I wonder if in vain,  
For you said, I'll be returning  
When the Robin sings again.

Have the fields all lost their charm, dear,  
Where alone we used to stray  
To the ivy-covered church, dear,  
Where we hoped to wed some day;  
Would your heart be just as happy,  
If you knew my grief and pain;  
Don't you ever long to see me  
When the Robin sings again.

## JUST A LITTLE WORLD OF TWO.

Words and Music by Chas. Shackford.

I saw two sweethearts standing in the moon  
beams golden light,  
Down by a little cottage long ago,  
The hour had come for parting, ere they said the  
last good night  
I heard the boyish lover whisper low:  
If you always love me, I know what we'll do;  
We'll play this world belongs to you and me.  
The brown eyes of the maiden gazed into her  
sweetheart's face,  
And softly asked him will it always be?

### CHORUS.

Just a little world of two  
Where the skies are always blue,  
Where the sunbeams seem to whisper of my love  
for you.  
Where two hearts are always true,  
In a home where tears are few,  
Where the old love's ever new,  
That's a little world of two.

Long years have passed, yet fancy brings a  
picture back once more  
Of that same little cot now old and gray,  
And gazing o'er the meadows thro' the latticed  
vine-clad door,  
I see those same brown eyes of bygone days  
Watching for her sweetheart just at close of day,  
With open arms she greets him just the same;  
For true love never faltered but grew stronger  
day by day  
And filled their world with sunshine to the  
end.

—Chorus

## OYSTERS AND OLAMS.

Words by Jack Drislane. Music by Theodore Moss.

Ev'ry week day morning comes a short fat  
greasy coon,  
A-shouting oysters, and a-shouting clams;  
Standing on the corner in the morning and at  
noon,  
A-shouting oysters, and a-shouting clams!  
In his hand he has two cans wherever he is found,  
In one there's oysters, in the other one clams:  
Makes no diff'rence where you go this coon's  
always around,  
A-smiling at you as he sings this song:

### CHORUS.

Oysters! clams! under your window ev'ry morn,  
Always around as sure as you're born,  
A-shouting oysters! clams!  
It's the ragtime voice of the ragtime oyster man.

This coon took his best girl to a ball the other  
night,  
They started dancing and they started to sing;  
Now, he said, we'll go to dine, my appetite's just  
right,  
I'm feeling happy, just as gay as a king.  
When she saw the bill of fare she said, I'll have  
some quall,  
I don't like oysters and I never eat clams!  
As the waiter came around he started in to wail:  
Give me some oysters and some little neck  
clams.

## I'D RATHER TWO-STEP THAN WALTZ, BILL.

Words and Music by Benjamin Haggood Burt.

I knew a little lady by the name of Annabelle,  
She was quite a swell out in New Rochelle,  
She went to all the parties, and the dances too,  
as well,  
She was "leading lady" in the dell of New  
Rochelle;  
She used to love to two-step with her steady  
fellow, Bill,  
You couldn't keep her still until she'd had her fill,  
She'd make him two-step good and proper, and  
if Bill would try to stop her,  
This is what she'd always sing to Bill:

### CHORUS.

I'd rather two-step than waltz, Bill,  
I'd rather two-step than eat,  
Waltzing is fine, Bill, but not for mine, Bill.  
It isn't "in it" with the two-step a minute, for  
there's something about it that's grand, Bill,  
And though I may have my faults;  
Make me your wife, and we'll two-step through  
life,  
For I'd rather two-step than waltz.

She'd two-step down to breakfast, an' she'd  
two-step up to bed,  
Until the doctor said she'd surely lost her head,  
When people saw her coming they immediately  
fed,  
But Annabelle would two-step right ahead, I've  
heard it said:  
One day she married William, at the church in  
New Rochelle,  
The wedding it was swell, leave that to Anna-  
belle,  
But everybody had to smile to see them two-step  
up the aisle.  
And listen to the song of Annabelle.

## THE TALE OF THE MOON AND STAR.

Words by Wm. Toland.

Music by Jos. M. Daly.

At the close of the day in the merry month of May,  
Miss Star was shining from above,  
As the day grew dim and night was settling in,  
She was thinking of the moon, her love.  
She was full of fear lest her moon might not appear  
To keep his date with her that night;  
Soon her little heart did thrill, for behind the distant hill  
Came Mister Moon, so radiant and bright.

### CHORUS.

Oh, Mister Moon, come be here soon,  
Please don't keep me here waiting;  
You are dreadful late. It must now be eight  
And my heart is palpitating;  
I am glad you're here, Mister Moon, my dear  
I know how nice and bright you are.  
He winked his eye, she hear'd a sigh,—  
That's the tale of the Moon and Star

She was most insane, for Mister Rals,  
She thought, might drive her to her room;  
He was like Papa to the love-lorn star,  
For he seldom let her see her moon.  
She began to cry as a cloud passed by  
And hid her Mister Moon away;  
She ceased to weep when she saw him peep  
From behind the cloud, then he heard her say —  
—Chorus.

## YOU'LL NOT BE FORGOTTEN LADY LOU

Words by ALFRED BRYAN, Music by GEO. W. MEYER.

Just as the day was done  
Just as the setting sun was sinking in the summer sky,  
There stood a southern lad  
And though his heart was sad,  
With a smile he said "Good bye."  
There's not a star that shines  
Above the fragrant pines,  
But seems to speak to me of you  
For while the Swanee flows  
And while the cotton grows, I'll be true my  
Lady Lou.

### CHORUS

You'll not be forgotten in the land of cotton  
I will wait for you.  
Though I will be missing, all your love and kissing,  
Girlie I'll be true,  
Where the moon-beams quiver by the Swanee  
river  
I'll dream dreams of you.  
You'll not be forgotten in the land of cotton  
Sweetheart Lady Lou.

Far in a northern land, another sought her hand  
As at her feet his love he told  
And though he sighed and sighed,  
'T was all in vain he tried.  
For she spurned him and his gold.  
Down by the Swanee shore, they tell love's tale  
once more.  
And oft he kisses her again,  
While through the scented trees  
The balmy evening breeze, seems to whisper this  
refrain.

## SAN ANTONIO.

Words by Harry Williams

Music by Egbert Van Alstyne.

Just as the moon was peeping o'er the hill, after  
the work was through  
There sat a cowboy and his partner, Bill, cowboy  
was feeling blue;  
Bill says: Come down, pal, down into town, pal,  
big time for me and you  
Don't mind your old gal, you know it's cold, pal,  
if what you say is true  
Where is she now? Bill cried, and his partner  
just replied:

### CHORUS.

San Antoni Antonio,  
She hopped upon a pony and ran away with  
Tony;  
If you see her just let me know  
And I'll meet you in San Antonio.

You know that pony that she rode away, that  
horse belongs to me,  
So do the trinkets that she stow'd away, I was  
the big Mark E;  
I won't resent it, I might have spent it plunging  
with Faro Jack,  
If she's not happy there with her chappie tell  
her I'll take her back,  
No tenderfoot like him could love her like her  
boy, Jim.

## THE GIRL WHO THREW ME DOWN.

Words by BENJ. HAPGOOD RURT.

Music by ALBERT GUMBLE.

It was in Long Island City,  
I got the "throw down" from Kittie,  
She handed me my "twenty-three" out in that  
lonely town;  
If she'd accepted me may be,  
I'd not have cared for the lady,  
But just because she had no use for me  
I wanted sweet Kittie Brown.

### CHORUS

Every Sunday I go down to that old Long Island  
town,  
But it's not for the air, that I'm going there,  
It's really to see Kittie Brown;  
And I long to settle down, in that old Long  
Island town,  
For try as I may I cannot keep away  
From the girl who threw me down.  
When I asked Kittie to take me,  
I didn't think she would shake me,  
I thought I stood all to the good, until she  
"turned me down;"  
When I asked Kittie the reason,  
She said you're rushing the season,  
You ought to know that good things are slow,  
In any Long Island town.

## STROLLING HOME WITH JENNIE.

Words and music by Thomas S. Allen.

When the evening bells were ringing  
And the lights were burning low,  
I was strolling home with Jennie,  
Down the lane we used to go.  
There the breezes from the valley  
Brought a breath of new mown hay,  
Then I told my love 'neath the stars above  
In the good old fashioned way.

### CHORUS.

I was strolling home with Jennie,  
By the river, she and I,  
Where the bright full moon was shining  
In the star-lit summer sky.  
After church on Sunday evening,  
Then together we would roam,  
And I told her how I loved her,  
While we were strolling home.

Far away to-night she's waiting  
For her boy to come back home  
To the dear old hills and valleys  
And the fields we used to roam.  
By the farmyard gate I left her,  
Just a year ago to-day;  
But I soon will be where she waits for me  
In the village far away.

## THE OLD FOLKS IN THE OLD HOME.

Written and Composed by Chas. D. Blake.

Copyright, 1886, by Chas. D. Blake & Co.

The old folks in the dear old home grow dearer  
day by day;  
I long again them all to greet, 'twould make  
my happiness complete  
To sit again at mother's feet, in the old home  
far away,  
To sit once more at mother's feet, in the old  
home far away.  
I've travelled far this wild world o'er, I've been  
in ev'ry land;  
I've entertained both King and Queen and  
clasped them by the hand.  
But now my spirit wanders back to that old  
old home far away,  
For the old folks in that dear old home grow  
dearer day by day.

### CHORUS.

I've traveled far this wide world o'er, I've been  
in every land,  
I've entertained both King and Queen and  
clasped them by the hand;  
But now my spirit wanders back to the old home  
far away,  
For the old folks in that dear old home grow  
dearer day by day.  
I see them now as in the past all gathered  
'round the fire;  
Dear father, mother, sisters, all, now far  
away beyond recall;  
Oh would that I could meet them all, and the  
old love re-inspire;  
I would that I could meet them all, and the  
old love re-inspire.  
Ah! many of my youthful friends have long  
since passed away,  
And many scenes of boyhood days are chang-  
ing to decay.  
To see the old home once again, and the dear  
ones living there,  
For many long and weary years, has been my  
daily pray'r.

## MY LITTLE ONE'S WAITING FOR ME.

Copyright, 1875, by Knabe & McGinn.

In the dell where the brooklet's gently flowing,  
On the bench 'neath the old willow tree,  
Where the birds their songs are sweetly singing,  
There my little one's waiting for me.  
And she knows well the sounds of my footsteps,  
As I cross o'er the bridge by the lea,  
And I hasten with arms stretched to greet her—  
My little one's waiting for me.

### CHORUS.

In the dell where the brooklet's gently flowing,  
On the bench 'neath the old willow tree,  
Where the birds their songs are sweetly singing,  
There my little one's waiting for me.

And at night, when my dally toil is o'er,  
And I'm wending my way toward my home,  
My heart always beating with pleasure,  
For my little one surely will come.  
As I pass o'er that clear, rippling brooklet,  
There, watching, I always can see,  
On the bench, 'neath the old weeping willow,  
My little one waiting for me.—Chorus.

## EVERYBODY KNOWS MY SISTER SUE

Words and music by LAWRENCE B. O'CONNOR.

Smiling and pretty right here in the city  
A girlie fair resides,  
Sunshine she brings as she cheerily sings  
She's modest in manner besides.  
Up at the dawning then all thro' the morning and untill  
the close of the day  
Befriending the small but thoughtful of all  
No wonder that I say,

### CHORUS.

Everybody knows my little sister Sue,  
Everybody says there's no sweeter girl, so would you.  
And all the neighbors declare it is true.  
If I lost her what would I do?  
Everybody knows my little sister Sue.  
Boys like to meet her and most of them treat her  
Down at the corner store.  
When she has planned to give some boy her hand  
Our home will not be as of yore.  
Sweet little treasure, she's always a pleasure and true as  
the stars above,  
Some day she will wed some Charlie or Ned  
For that's the way with love.

## DOWN ON THE OLD MOBILE.

Way down the old Mobile, down the old Mobile  
Sally cried she loved me. Oh, come along with  
me.

I took my girl to a ball one night,  
I took her down to supper,  
She fainted over the table,  
And rammed her nose into the butter,  
They used morphine to fetch her to,  
And just a moment later,  
She swallowed a dozen of cod-fish balls,  
And choked to death with a hoop skirt.

### CHORUS.

Did she cry——Oh no!  
Did she sigh——Oh yes!  
Sigh for the yellow girl,  
They called her handsome Sal.

While walking down the other day,  
Down by my sister's grave,  
I fell in love with a ham-fat man,  
They called him the poor old slave.  
All around the cobbler's shop,  
Mother don't get weary,  
Stand me on my little head,  
And carry the news to Mary.—Chorus.

The world was made in six days,  
And finished on the seventh,  
According to the contract, boys,  
It ought to have been eleven,  
But the carpenters they got drunk,  
The masons wouldn't work,  
And the only way that we could do it,  
Was to fill it up with dirt.—Chorus

## THE MAN IN THE MOON SEES IT ALL.

Some very old sayings have been handed down  
From the time of old Adam and Eve;  
Some say that there is a man in the moon,  
And everything he can perceive,  
It's very unpleasant, you all must admit,  
And at times makes you feel very small;  
Wherever you go and whatever you do,  
The man in the moon sees it all.

Now there are young clerks who work hard  
every day,

At night they go off on a mash;  
Their clothes they look grand, kid gloves on  
their hands,

Cost at least seventeen dollars in cash.  
They wear diamond rings, gold watches as well  
Whenever they go to a ball,  
But how he can do it at four dollars a week,  
The man in the moon sees it all.

It was only the other night, going through the  
Park,

I happened to meet a young Dame,  
She was talking to a big jay, and I heard him say,  
“Miss, will you give me a kiss?”

She hugged him and kissed him, put her arms  
round his waist,

She stole his watch and chain—what a gall!  
But how it was done, am a son-of-a-gun,  
The man in the moon sees it all.

## THE GOOD OLD U. S. A.

Words by Jack Drislane. Music by Theodore Morse.

“Tell me, daddy, tell me, why those men in that  
big crowd,  
Won't you tell me why they're cheering, what  
makes each one act so proud?”  
“Listen, lad,” he answered, “It's the tune the  
brass band plays,  
It's the song ‘My Country, 'Tis of Thee,’ and  
you'll know one of these days.

### CHORUS.

“Makes no difference where you wander,  
Makes no difference where you roam;  
You don't have to stop and ponder  
For a place to call your home.  
When they ask you where were you born, lad,  
Speak right up, be proud to say  
That your home's the land of Uncle Sam,  
The good old U. S. A.”

“Years ago, in battle, both our grandpas fought  
and fell  
‘Mid the cannon's roar and rattle, so of freedom  
we could tell,  
Washington and Jackson, dear old Lincoln,  
Grant and Lee,  
Are the men who made us what we are, on the  
land and on the sea.”

## ARE YOU SINCERE.

Words by Alfred Bryan. Music by Albert Gumble.

A youth and a maiden were tripping along, skipping  
along, singing a song,  
The youth said linger near me, cheer me, hear me,  
I like you much better, sweetheart, every day,  
In every way, don't you think, May,  
“I would sound more romantic if I called you ‘dear,’  
The maiden just answered, “Look here now, look  
here.”

### CHORUS.

Are you sincere? If you're sincere,  
I'll let you call me your *Deàrie*,  
Say what you mean, mean what you say,  
And you can always be near me.  
If I give my heart to you,  
I'll have none and you'll have two,  
If you're sincere call me your *Dear*,  
Answer me: Are you sincere?

It's leap year, you know, said the maid all aglow,  
I want to know why you're so slow  
Now what's the use to tarry  
Marry, Harry.  
If you are too bashful put me to the test;  
Answer me yes, I'll do the rest.  
I like you, I love you, I want you, I do,  
Now answer the question that I put to you.

## THE FACE ON THE BARROOM FLOOR.

Written by D'Arcy.

'Twas a balmy summer evening and a goodly crowd was there,  
Which well nigh filled Joe's barroom on the corner of the square;  
And as songs and witty stories came through the open door,  
A vagabond crept slowly in and posed upon the floor.

"Where did it come from?" some one said; "The wind has blown it in."  
"What does it want?" another cried; "Some whiskey, beer, or gin?"  
"Here, Toby, seek him, if your stomach's equal to the work—  
I wouldn't touch him with a fork, he's as filthy as a Turk."

This badinage the poor wretch took with stoical good grace—  
In fact he smiled as though he thought he'd struck the proper place;  
"Come, boys, I know there's kindly hearts among so good a crowd—  
To be in such good company would make a deacon proud."

"Give me a drink—that's what I want—I'm out of funds, you know, |  
When I had cash to treat the gang, this hand was never slow;  
What? You laugh as if you thought this pocket never held a sou,  
I once was fixed as well, my boys, as any one of you.

"There, thanks, that braced me nicely, God bless you, one and all,  
Next time I pass this good saloon, I'll make another call;  
Give you a song? No, I can't do that, my singing days are past,  
My voice is cracked, my throat's worn out, and my lungs are going fast."

"Say, give me another whiskey, and I'll tell you what I'll do—  
I'll tell you a funny story, and a fact, I promise, too;  
That I was ever a decent man, not one of you would think,  
But I was, some four or five years back. Say, give us another drink."

"Fill her up, Joe, I want to put some life into my frame—  
Such little drinks to a bum like me are miserably tame;  
Five fingers—there, that's the scheme—and corking whiskey, too,  
Well, here's luck, boys, and landlord, my best regards to you."

"You've treated me pretty kindly, and I'd like to tell you how  
I came to be the dirty sot you see before you now;  
As I told you, once I was a man, with muscle, frame and health,  
And but for a blunder, ought to have made considerable wealth."

"I was a painter—not one that daubed on bricks and wood,  
But an artist, and, for my age, was rated pretty good:  
I worked hard at my canvas, and was bidding fair to rise,  
For gradually I saw the star of fame before my eyes."

"I made a picture, perhaps you've seen, 'tis called 'The Chase of Fame,'  
It brought me fifteen hundred pounds, and added to my name;  
And then I met a woman—now comes the funny part—  
With eyes that petrified my brain and sunk into my heart."

"Why don't you laugh? 'Tis funny that the vagabond you see  
Could ever love a woman and expect her love for me;  
But 'twas so, and for a month or two her smile was freely given,  
And when her-loving lips touched mine, it carried me to heaven."

"Boys, did you ever see a girl for whom your soul you'd give,  
With a form like the Milo Vénus, too beautiful to live;  
With eyes that would beat the Kojinour, and a wealth of chestnut hair?  
If so, 'twas she, for there was never another half so fair."

"I was working on a portrait, one afternoon in May,  
Of a fair-haired boy, a friend of mine, who lived across the way;  
And Madeline admired it, and, much to my surprise,  
Said that she'd like to know the man that had such dreamy eyes."

"It didn't take long to know him, and before the month had flown,  
My friend had stole my darling, and I was left alone;  
And ere a year of misery had passed above my head,  
The jewel I had treasured so had tarnished and was dead."

"That's why I took to drink, boys. Why, I never saw you smile,  
I thought you'd be amused and laughing all the while;  
Why, what's the matter, friend? There's a teardrop in your eye,  
Come, laugh like me, 'tis only babes and women that should cry."

"Say, boys, if you give me another whiskey, I'll be glad,  
And I'll draw, right here, a picture of the face that drove me mad;  
Give me that piece of chalk with which you mark the baseball score—  
You shall see the lovely Madeline upon the barroom floor."

Another drink, and with chalk in hand, the vagabond began  
To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any man;  
Then, as he placed another lock upon the shapely head,  
With fearful shriek he leaped and fell across the picture—dead.

## THE TRAMP.

Lemme set down a minute, a stone's got in my shoe;  
Don't you commence your cussin', I ain't done nothin' to you  
Yes, I'm a tramp. What of it? Folk's say we ain't no good,  
But tramps has to live, I reckon, tho' folks don't think we should.  
Once I was strong and handsome, had plenty of cash and clothes,  
That was before I tumbled and gin got into my nose.  
Down in Lehigh Valley me and my people grew.  
I was a blacksmith, cap'n, yes, and a good one, too;  
Me and my wife and Nellie Nellie was just sixteen,  
She was the poorest creature the valley had ever seen.  
Beaus? Why, she had a dozen — had 'em from near and fur,  
But they were mostly farmers, none of 'em sulted her.  
There was a city stranger, young, handsome and tall.  
Damn him — I wish I had him strangled ag'in that wall.  
He was the man for Nellie — she didn't know no ill;  
Mother she tried to stop it, but you know a young gal's will.  
Well, it's the same old story — common enough, you'll say,  
He was a soft-tongued devil, and got her to run away.  
More than a month after we heard from the poor young thing  
He'd gone away and left her without a wedding ring.  
Back to her home we brought her, back to her mother's side,  
Filled with a raging fever — she fell at my feet and died.  
Frantic with shame and trouble, her mother began to sink.  
Dead — in less than a fortnight — that's when I took to drink  
Gimme one glass, Cornel, and then I'll be on my way,  
I'll tramp till I find that scoundrel, if it takes till the Judgment day.

## THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

Written by S. W. Foos.

The great big church was crowded full uv' broadcloth an' uv silk;  
An' satins rich as cream that grows on ol' Brindle's milk;  
Shined boots, billed shirts, stiff dickeys an' stovepipe hats were there  
An' doods 'ith trouserloons so tight they couldn't kneel down in prayer.

The elder in his pulpit high, said, as he slowly riz:  
"Our organist is kep' to hum, laid up 'ith roomatiz,  
An' as we hev no substitoot, as Brother Moore ain't here,  
Will some un in the congregation be so kind's to volunteer?"

An' then a red-nosed, drunken tramp, of low-toned, rowdy style,  
Give an interductory hiccup, an' then staggered up the aisle;  
Then through the holy atmosphere ther' crep' a sense er sin,  
An' through thet air of sanctity the odor of ol' gin.

Then Deacon Purington he yelled, his teeth oll sot on edge:  
"This man profanes the house er God! Why, this is sacrilege!"  
The tramp didn' hear a word he said, but slouched 'ith stumblin' feet  
An' sprawled an' staggered up the steps, an' gained the organ seat.

He then went pawin' through the keys, an' soon there rose a strain  
Thet seemed to jest bulge out the heart an' 'lectrify the brain;  
An' then he slapped down on the thing 'ith hands an' head an' knees  
He slam-dashed his whole body down kerflop upon the keys.

The organ roared, the music flood went sweepin' high an' dry,  
It swelled into the rafters, an' bulged out into the sky;  
The ol' church shook an' staggered, an' seemed to reel an' sway,  
An' the elder shouted "Glory!" an' I yelled out "Hooraay!"

An' then he tried a tender strain that melted in our ears,  
Thet brought up blessed memories en' drenched 'em down 'ith tears  
An' we dreamed uv' ol' time kitchens, 'ith Taby on the mat,  
Uv home an' love an' baby days, an' mother, an' all that.

An' then he struck a streak uv hope — a song from souls forgiven —  
Thet burst from prison-bars uv sin, an' stormed the gates of Heaven,  
The mornin' stars they sung together — no soul wuz left alone —  
We felt the universe wuz safe an' God wuz on his throne.

An' then a wall of deep despair an' darkness come again,  
An' a long black crape hung on the doors uv all the homes uv men;  
No luv, no light, no joy, no hope, no songs uv glad delight,  
An' then — the tramp, he staggered down an' reeled into the night.

But we knew he'd tol' his story, tho' he never spoke a word,  
An' it wuz the saddest story thet our ears hed ever heard;  
He hed tol' his own life history, an' no eye wuz dry thet day,  
W'en the elder rose an' simply said: "My brethren, let us pray!"



# Cracker-Jack Conundrums

Why is a little Italian boy like the sun?  
Because he makes the day go. (Dago.)

Why does the sun rise in the east?  
Y east will make anything rise.

When is a lover like a tailor?  
When he presses his suit.

What is larger when cut at both ends?  
A ditch.

What was Hobson's choice?  
Mrs. Hobson.

What pins are used in soup?  
Terrapins.

Where was Caesar going when he was 39 years old?  
Into his fortieth year.

When are cooks cruel?  
When they beat eggs and whip cream.

Add two figures to nineteen and make it less than twenty.  
19.

When did the fly fly?  
When the spider spied her.

When you see a man scratching his head what time is it?  
Five after one.

Why didn't the dog want to go into the ark?  
Because he had a bark of his own.

When is a clock cruel?  
When it strikes its little one.

What is the west side of a little boy's trousers?  
Where the son sets.

If you get parasites from Paris and germs from Germany, what do you get from Ireland?  
Microbes (Mike-robies).

If a goat should swallow a rabbit what would be the result?  
A hare in the butter.

Why didn't the ancients use slates and pencils?  
Because the Lord told them to multiply on the face of the earth.

When is it that a chair doesn't like you?  
When it can't bear you.

Why are the passengers of an electric car like the current?  
Because they make the car go.

What ship has two mates but no captain.  
Courtship.

When you examine a dog's lungs under the X ray what do you find?  
The seat of his pants.

When looking into a dog's mouth what do you sometimes find?  
The seat of somebody's else pants.

Why are soldiers usually in good company?  
They are generally associated with big guns.

Why does Cupid carry an arrow?  
Because it is a weapon for the bow (bean).

What makes the cost of tea so high?  
Because we must pay a steep price.

Why don't persons improve when in prison?  
Because the whole thing is more or less a sell (cell).

When we find a grain of truth?  
When we see real (cereal) facts.

What tree bears the most toothsome fruit?  
Dentist-try.

Why should the goat's milk be used most in the dairy?  
Because the goat makes the best butter.

Who was the first man condemned to hard labor for life?  
Adam.

Why does a mariner need a great deal of sand?  
Because he scours the sea.

Why is the American eagle like the enterprising business man?  
Because he is found wherever there is a dollar.

Where should the American eagle sit in the theater?  
In the bald-head row.

When was beef tea first made in England?  
When Henry VIII dissolved the papal bull.

What pain do we make light of?  
Window pane.

Why is a baby like wheat?  
Because it is first cradled, then thrashed, and finally becomes the flower of the family.

Why is it economical to keep fowls on a farm?  
Because for every grain of corn they take they give a peck.

At what season did Eve eat the apple?  
Early in the fall.

When a boy falls into the water what is the first thing he does?  
He gets wet.

Why will the emblems of America outlive those of England, France, Ireland or Scotland?  
Because the rose will fade, the lily will droop, the shamrock will wither and the thistle die, but the stars are eternal.

What plant is fatal to mice?  
Cat-tail.

What may be called the drunkard's age?  
Wreck-age.

If a bee could stand on its hind legs what blessing would it invoke?  
A bee-attitude.

What tradesman should always be prosperous?  
The sausage-maker, because he makes both ends meet (meat).

Why is Gillet a very wicked man?  
Because he makes people steal (steel) pens and then say they do right (write).

What is the most difficult train to catch?  
The 12.50, because it is ten to one if you catch it.

If 32 is the freezing point what is the squeezing point?  
Two in the shade!

When is the molasses wedding?  
When the first baby is old enough to lick.

Why isn't Dewey an admiral any more?  
Because he is his wife's second mate.

Why was Goliath surprised when the stone from David's sling struck him?  
Because such a thing never entered his head before.

When a little boy gets his stockings on wrong side out, what does his mother do?  
Turns the hose on him.

Why is a train of cars like a bed bug?  
They both run over sleepers.

Which are more valuable, women or men?  
Men, because they give away brides; but bridegrooms are often sold.

How do you make a maltose cross?  
Pull its tail.

What can you put up a spout down that you can't put down a spout up?  
An umbrella.

What is it that will run up a hill faster than it will run down?  
A fire.

How do we know that Job had a bicycle?  
Because he said, "Oh Lord, look out for my safety."

How do you spell a good needle?  
One with an I (eye) in it.

What did Lot's wife turn to?  
Rubber!

What did the chickens say when the hen laid an orange?  
See the orange mar-ma-lade.

What kind of sauce did they have in the ark?  
Preserved pairs.

What were the first words the grasshopper said after he was created?  
Oh Lord! how you made me jump!

How many weeks in a year.  
Forty-six; because six are lent.

What is a hot time?  
A clock in an oven.

Why can't flies see in Winter?  
Because they leave their specs behind them in summer.

Why is there water in a watermelon?  
Because it is planted in the Spring.

In what place are two heads better than one?  
In a barrel.

What we all require, what we all give, what we occasionally ask for but very seldom take?  
Advice.

If you saw an egg on a music-stool what great poem would it remind you of?  
The Jay of the last minstrel.

What is vinegar without a mother?  
It is orphan very poor.

What would hold all of the snuff in the world?  
No one nose (knows).

What is the latest thing in dresses?  
Night-dresses.

Why is a sneeze like Niagara?  
Because it is a cataract.

If a woman were to change her sex why could she no longer be a Christian?  
Because she would be a he(s)then.

What is the difference between a dog's tail and a rich man?  
Because one keeps a waggin (g) and the other keeps a carriage.

How can a woman keep a man's love?  
By not returning it.

What kind of snout should a singer have to reach the high notes?  
A soar (sore) throat.

When does the rain become too familiar to a lady?  
When it begins to pat her (pat-ter) on the back.

When did Caesar first go to the Irish?  
When he crossed the Rhine and then went back to Bridget (bridge) it.

Why is Satan always a gentleman?  
Because, being the imp-o-f-darkness, he can never be imp-o-ite.

What is the Board of Education?  
The schoolmaster's shingle.

When should we read the book of nature?  
When autumn turns the leaves.

Why is Westminster Abbey like a fire place?  
Because it contains the ashes of the great (great).

When is bread inhabited?  
When it has a little Indian in it.

Why is a dilapidated house like old age?  
Because its gate (gait) is feeble and its joints are few.

What is a waste (waist) of time?  
The middle of an hour-glass.

# Cracker-Jack Conundrums

Why should a doctor never be seasick?  
Because he is accustomed to sea, sea, sickness.

When may a person be said to breakfast  
before he gets up?  
When he takes a roll and a turnover in bed.

Why is a school boy like a postage stamp?  
Because he gets licked and put in a corner.  
Represent an old coat with two letters?  
C. D.

When was fruit known to use bad language?  
When the first apple cursed the first pair (pear).

If a man gets up on a donkey where should he  
get down?  
From a swan's breast.

What is it if you add nothing to it, it will grow  
larger, and if you add something to it, it will  
grow smaller.  
A hole in a stocking.

What is it that comes with a coach, goes with a  
coach, is of no use to the coach and yet the coach  
can't go without it?  
A noise.

Why are sheep the most dissipated of animals?  
Because they gamble (gamble) all their youth,  
spend most of their lives on the turf, the best of  
them are black legs, and they are fleeced at last.

Why is the nose in the middle of the face?  
Because it is the center (center).

Take 9 from 6, 10 from 8, 50 from 40 and leave 6.  
S. (X) I. (X) X. L.

Who was the shortest man mentioned in the  
Bible?  
Baldad the Shuhite (shoe height).

Why is Massachusetts like a statue?  
Because it has a Marble-head.

When does a farmer behave rudely towards  
his corn?  
When he pulls its ears.

What is wetter than a woman with waves in  
her hair, a catarrh over each eye, a waist with  
half a dozen springs in it, and high tied (tide)  
breeches?  
A woman with an ocean (a notion) in her head.

Why is a mouse like hay?  
Because the cat-like eat it.

Why does Santa Claus always go down the  
chimney?  
Because it suits (soots) him.

When is a man immersed in his business?  
When he is giving a swimming lesson.

What is the difference between the earth and  
the sea?  
One is dirt-y and the other is tide-y.

Why is a tramp like flannel?  
Because he shrinks from washing.

How do we know that Shakespeare was a  
worker?  
Because he furnished many stock quotations.

If a colored waiter carrying a platter with a  
turkey on it should fall what would be the effect  
on the world?  
The downfall of Turkey, the overthrow of  
Greece, the destruction of China, and the con-  
struction of Africa.

Where in the Bible do we find authority for  
women to kiss men?  
"Whosoever ye would that men should do to  
you, do ye even so to them."

What is it that you give away<sup>ed</sup> of it and can  
still keep all of it?  
Your promise.

Why is a bushful lever like rice corn?  
He turns white when he pops.

Why is A like a honey-suckle.  
Because a B follows it.

There is a girl that works in a candy store in  
Boston who is 6 feet 6 inches high, has a waist  
measure of 42 inches and wears a number 9 shoe.  
What do you think she weighs?  
She weighs candy.

What sort of a cravat would a hog use?  
A pig's eye.

When is a newspaper like a delicate child?  
When it appears weakly (weekly).

What part of an engine should have the most  
care?  
The tender part.

Why is the fourth of July like an oyster stew?  
Because we enjoy it best with crackers.

How would you increase the speed of a slow  
boat?  
Make her fast.

Why would a spider make a good correspon-  
dent?  
He drops a line by every post.

When is a carpenter like circumstances?  
When he alters cases.

What kind of servants are best for hotels?  
The inn-experienced.

Why are lumps of sugar like race horses?  
The more you lick them the faster they go.

What sort of tune do we most enjoy?  
A for-tune made up of bank-notes.

Why is horse racing a necessity?  
Because it is a matter of course.

Why is a worn out shoe like ancient Greece?  
Because it once had a sole on (Solon).

What is a button?  
A small event that is always coming off.

When does a cherry fall in business?  
When the red-breast sends in its robin-bill.

Why is a professional thief comfortable?  
Because he takes things easy.

What is a soldier's definition of a kiss?  
A report at headquarters.

Why is a kiss like a sermon?  
Because it requires two heads and an applica-  
tion.

Why are stout men prone to melancholy?  
Because they are men of size (sighs).

What color are the winds and waves in a  
storm?  
The winds blew (blue) and the waves rose.

Why do little birds in their nests agree?  
For fear of falling out.

What bird can lift the heaviest weight?  
The crane.

Why are free sittings in church immoral?  
Because you are made good for nothing.

Why ought women to be employed in the P. O.?  
Because they know how to manage the mails  
(males).

What did the cheese say to the toasting fork?  
You are too pointed.

What goes most against a farmer's grain?  
The reaper.

Why is there no whole day?  
Because every one begins by breaking.

What is a good sleeping draught?  
Taking a dose (dose).

Why is Canada like courtship?  
Because it borders on the United States.

Why is an author like a Chinaman?  
Because his tale (tail) comes out of his head.

Who is the most polished king in the world?  
Blacking.

What is the best way to make a coat last?  
Make the trousers and vest first.

What do you expect at a hotel?  
In-attention.

What are the hottest letters in the alphabet?  
K N (Cayenne).

What is the coolest costume?  
Air-tights.

What is a country-seat?  
A milking-stool.

What burns to keep a secret?  
Sealing-wax.

What proof have we that they had sewing in  
the time of David?  
Because he was hemmed in on all sides.

Who was the first successful financier?  
Noah, when he floated a company, when every-  
body else was in a state of liquidation.

What is even better than presence of mind in  
a railway accident?  
Absence of body.

Why is it difficult to flirt on the P. O. steamers?  
Because all the mails (males) are tied up in  
bags.

Which animal travels with the most luggage,  
and which with the least luggage?  
The elephant because he never travels without  
his trunk; and the fox and rooster the least, be-  
cause they have only one brush and comb be-  
tween them.

When does a donkey weigh the least?  
When he is within a pound.

What relation is that child to its father who is  
not his father's own son?  
His daughter.

If Pan had been pushed into the bay of  
salamanca what would he have been when he came  
out?  
A dripping-pan.

What dance do bakers most prefer?  
A bun-dance.

What is the happiest state in the union?  
Merry-land (Mar, lan!)

If a man should break his knee where would  
he go to have it repaired?  
To Africa where the knee-grooves (Negroes)

If a woman sustain similar injury where would  
she go?  
To Jerusalem where the she-knees ("Sheenies")  
are.

If a boy, where would he go?  
To a butcher's, where kid-knees (kidneys) are  
sold.

Why is a dog in an ice chest like a telegraph  
pole?  
Because it is purp-in-de-cooler (perpendicular).

What is the trade of all the presidents?  
Cabinet-makers.

What is a well-matched pair?  
A sorry man and a saggy wife.

What play has the longest run of the season?  
Base-ball.

Where is the largest diamond in Boston kept?  
In the base-ball field.

What animals grow on grape vines?  
Gray apes (Grapes).

When is base-ball first mentioned in the Bible?  
When the prodigal made a home run.





I use the W. A. Cole  
Eclipse 3-Octave Banjo  
“Special.” I, Geo. W.  
Thompson, find it su-  
perior in quality of tone  
and workmanship.

