

# MACKNEY'S FIFTY POPULAR SONGS



WITH AND  
SYMPHONIES ACCOMPANIMENTS

## FOR THE BANJO.

### CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
Sweet Genevieve ... ..	1	Cradle isn't empty, baby smiled ... ..	20
A sandy-haired Fairy is my Mary ... ..	2	Dip me in de golden sea ... ..	21
My Linda love ... ..	2	The old log cabin in the dell ... ..	22
Shining curls of gold ... ..	3	Carry me back to old Virginny ... ..	22
Bring back the old folks ... ..	4	That dear old Bell! ... ..	23
The old inn sign ... ..	5	Mollie mavourneen ... ..	24
The old inn ain't what it used to be ... ..	6	So did Uncle Charley ... ..	25
The old girl and I ... ..	7	She may have gone to Germany ... ..	26
Come along, sinners ... ..	8	Give my love to Nancy ... ..	27
Send my Father homo ... ..	9	A flower from Father's grave ... ..	28
Up they go! ... ..	10	My best friend was Mother ... ..	28
The mirror's the cause of it all ... ..	11	'Tis forty years ago, John ... ..	29
Your lassie will be true ... ..	12	The bill of fare ... ..	30
Scotch lassie Jean ... ..	12	The Half-moon Union ... ..	31
Talk about your Moses ... ..	13	Never take the Horseshoe from the door ... ..	32
Keep dem golden gates wide open ... ..	14	The day I was sot free ... ..	32
Little Maggie, the pride of Kilvane ... ..	14	Oh! golden hours, too bright to last ... ..	33
Mulligan's funeral ... ..	15	Dearly beloved brethren ... ..	34
Mary's gone with a coon ... ..	16	Tea gwine in de valley ... ..	34
When the clock strikes eight ... ..	16	Where are the Angels, Mother! ... ..	35
The Spring will soon be here again ... ..	17	You are a lucky fellow, John ... ..	36
Does your heart beat true to me? ... ..	18	Hullo! where are you coming to? ... ..	37
Only to see her face again ... ..	18	The dandy coloured waiters ... ..	38
Lost in the wide world ... ..	19	Oh, what a forward young man you are ... ..	39
Only a tress of golden hair ... ..	20	Put on my long white robe ... ..	40

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# MACKNEY'S 50 POPULAR SONGS

FOR THE

## BANJO.

(1st SELECTION.)

### I. SWEET GENEVIEVE.

SONG AND CHORUS.

HENRY TUCKER.

*Andante.*

VOICER.

BANJO.

1. O Gen - e - vieve, I'd  
give the world To live a - gain the love - ly past! The rose of youth was dew im - pearl'd, But  
now it wi - thers in the blast. I see thy face in ev - ry dream, My waking thoughts are full of thee; Thy  
glance is in the star - ry beam That falls a - long the sum - mer sea. O Gen - e - vieve, sweet Gen - e - vieve, The  
days may come, the days may go, But still the hands of men - ry weave The blissful dreams of long a - go. O Gen - e - vieve.

Chorus.

*Coda ad lib.*

2. Fair Genevieve, my early love,  
The years but make thee dearer far!  
My heart shall never, never rove:  
Thou art my only guiding star.  
For me the past has no regret  
Whate'er the years may bring to me;  
I bless the hour when first we met,  
The hour that gave me love and thee!  
O Genevieve, &c.

2. A SANDY-HAIRED FAIRY IS MY MARY.

T. S. LONSDALE.

VOICER. 1. When I came up last Christmas To see the Cat-tle

BANJO.

Show, I found a lit-tle wo-man, A ser-vant-girl, you know; Her beau-ty quite un-done me, I

CHORUS.  
felt in such a state, My mouth it went wide o-pen When I saw her at the gate. She's a duck, she's a dove, She's the

on-ly one I love; She's a jew-el, she's a li-ly, she's a fai-ry; She's a pet, you can bet, And my

feel-ings she's up-set; A san-dy-hair'd fai-ry is my Ma-ry. Ma-ry.

2. She flirts with every bobby  
Patrolling on the beat;  
The milkman in the morning  
He has his *litte-à-tite*;  
The grocer at the corner,  
He gives her double weight,  
And lugs his heavy basket  
Down to the area gate.  
She's a duck, &c.

3. The man who gives the knocker  
A rat-tat every morn  
Turns up his nose at slaveys,  
And treats them all with scorn,  
But stops to aggravate me,  
And turns my poor bald pate,  
With Mary every morning,  
Down at the area gate.  
She's a duck, &c.

4. The draper and the butcher,  
The baker with his bread,  
The plumber and the glazier,  
Have really turned my head;  
A dreary undertaker  
Has polished me off straight;  
He marries her next Sunday,  
They close the area gate.  
She's a duck, &c.

3. MY LINDA LOVE.

JOHN McVEIGH.

VOICER. 1. (Oh, white folks lis-ten to me, I'm  
Hermald-en name was Lin-da, She's

BANJO.

gwine to sin; a song, It's all a-bout a color'd gal, And t'wont de-tain you long,  
hand-some as a peach, But when shesings de Mulligan Guards, Likeanight owl she does screech.



Oh, yes, she does, Oh, yes, she does, Oh, yes, she does, Like a night-owl she does screech.

CHORUS.

Den it's walk along, keep a gittin' up, a gittin' up, Walk a-long, keep a gittin' up, John.

DANCE.

2. She's as graceful as an elephant,  
 She walks like a giraffe,  
 Her eyes are of a gimlet twist,  
 And her lips are cherry red :  
 And when she goes to promenade,  
 She makes all de niggers laugh ;  
 And when she dance de juba,  
 She kills de niggers dead ;  
 Oh, yes, she does !  
 She kills de niggers dead.  
 Den it's walk along, &c.

3. Her head am like a cocoa nut,  
 Her mouth is like a whale,  
 Her appetite's none of de best,  
 But her board is always due.  
 Her feet are small—she's twenty-ones—  
 And she's lively as a snail ;  
 She only eats ten meals a day,  
 And her favourite dish is glue ;  
 Oh, yes, she does !  
 Her favourite dish is glue.  
 Den it's walk along, &c.

4. SHINING CURLS OF GOLD.

Words and Music by CLARA TOMPRINS.

Arranged by CHARLES E. PRATT.

VOICER.

1. This lit - tle gol - den curl I've

BANJO.

trea - sured many years ; The sight will check my gay - est mood, And fill my eyes with tears. Full oft its shining

fold's I've brush'd in ringlets bright ; No won - der that its ten - drils Twine round my heart to - night ! I ne'er shall cease to

sor - row, Till my heart is still and cold, For my dar - ling up in Hea - ven, With her shi - ning curls of gold !

2. This little half-worn shoe  
 Her baby feet kept warm,  
 And still it bears the impress  
 Of their sunlit, white, dimpled form.  
 You smile to see me kiss it,  
 To hile the tears that start,  
 But cannot hear the echoes  
 It wakens in my heart !

I ne'er shall cease to love it,  
 Or to hear for evermore  
 The faltering little patter  
 Of her feet upon the floor.

3. This broken toy she loved,  
 And to her breast at night  
 'T was clasped with fond affection  
 In her arms so soft and white.

These are a mother's treasures,  
 The gem indeed were rare  
 Could buy the broken toy,  
 Or curl of golden hair !  
 I'll leave my precious treasures  
 When my heart is still and cold,  
 For then I'll find my darling  
 With her shining curls of gold !

## 5.

## BRING BACK THE OLD FOLKS.

MAGY.

VOICER.

BANJO.

*Slow.*

1. Bring back the old folks, Wil-lie, dar-ling,

Tell them I've wait-ed, till my heart can wait no more; On - ly this fa - vor, Wil - lie, dar - ling,

When at last you reach the far - off shore. 'Tis years since I left my dear old mo - ther, Since she

gave me her bles-sing with a tear. Bring back the old folks, Wil - lie, dar - ling,

## CHORUS.

Tell them I long to meet them here. Bring back the old folks, Wil-lie, Tell them I long to meet them

here; Pro - mise you'll not for-get it, dar - ling, When you're far a - way, O Wil-lie, dear.

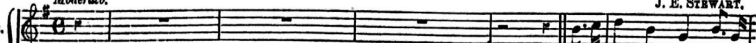
2. Say you'll remember, Willie, darling,  
Give them this letter when you're far across the sea;  
Warm hearts will greet you, Willie, darling,  
For you've always been a friend to me.  
There's one who can tell you how I love her,  
And soon she will meet me here, I know;  
But bring back the old folks, Willie, darling,  
God bless you, wherever you may go.  
Bring back the old folks, &c.

3. Write me a letter, Willie, darling,  
When you are happy in the dear old home once more;  
I shall be dreaming of you, darling,  
Sitting at our little cottage door.  
And then, oh, how gladly will I greet you!  
For the old folks are coming back to me;  
Give me your hand, O Willie, darling,  
I love you, wherever you may go.  
Bring back the old folks, &c.


## 6. THE OLD INN SIGN.

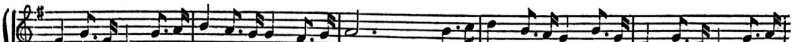
J. E. STEWART.

*Moderato.*


VOICER. 


1. Oh, the old Inn sign, I re -

BANJO. 




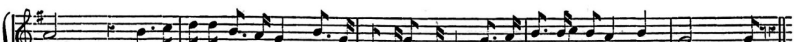
- mem - ber it well, Where it hung on the old house at home, With its old rust - y hin - ges that creak'd night and day, I can





hear it wher - er I roam. 'Twas there that my child - hood's days were pass'd away, And I see now that little room of







mine, Where I of - ten laid at night and I list - en'd to the wind, And the creak - ing of the old Inn sign. . .

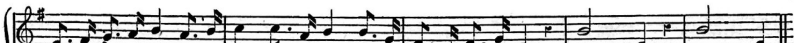


## Chorus.




Creak, creak, creak - ing night and day, On its old rus - ty hin - ges that are al - most worn a - way; Creak, creak,





creak - ing all day long, It has hung there for years, and it's sung the same old song, Creak, creak, creak, creak.



2. Oh, the old Inn sign, it has hung on the house,  
Yes, it's hung there for many a year;  
It has sung its old song there without any rest,  
In its tones that were mournful and clear.  
The old folks are dead, they've long since passed away,  
And the friends of my youth they are all gone,  
And the old house now is covered with moss and creeping vines,  
But the old Inn sign keeps creaking on.  
Creak, creak, &c.

3. Oh, the old Inn sign, it was once bright and new,  
But it's hung there fifty years or more;  
And its letters once bright are now worn away,  
And the name can't be seen any more.  
Oh, bright were the days I passed beneath the roof,  
In that dear old childhood's home of mine;  
And wherever I do roam, my fond memory will recall,  
Yes, the creaking of the old Inn sign.  
Creak, creak, &c.

## 7. THE OLD HOME AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE.

C. A. WATTS.

VOICE

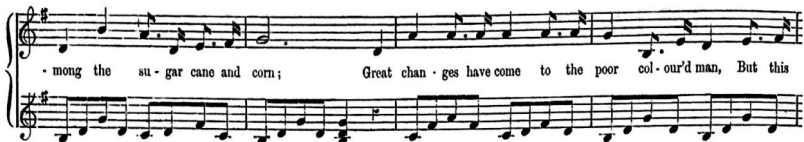


1. Oh, the old home ain't what it

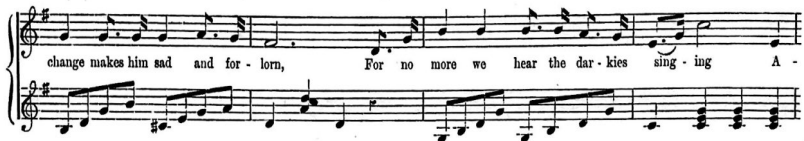
BANJO.



used to be, The ban - jo and fid - dle has gone, And no more you hear the dar - kies sing - ing A -

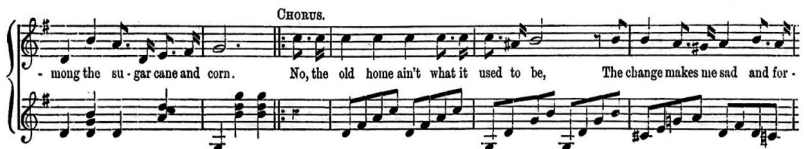


- mong the su - gar cane and corn; Great chan - ges have come to the poor col - our'd man, But this



change makes him sad and for - lorn, For no more we hear the dar - kies sing - ing A -

CHORUS.



- mong the su - gar cane and corn. No, the old home ain't what it used to be, The change makes me sad and for -



- lorn, For no more we hear the dar - kies sing - ing A - mong the su - gar cane and corn.

2. In the fields I've worked when I thought 't was hard,  
But night brought its pleasures and rest,  
In the old house down by the river side,  
The place of all the world the best.  
Oh, where are the children that once used to play  
In the lane by the old cabin door?  
They are scattered now, and o'er the world they roam,  
The old man ne'er will see them more.  
No, the old home, &c.

3 Now the old man would rather lived and died  
In the home where his children were born,  
But when freedom came to the coloured man  
He left the cotton field and corn.  
This old man has lived out his three score and ten,  
And he'll soon have to lay down and die;  
Yet he hopes to go unto a better land,  
So now, old cabin home, good bye.  
No, the old home, &c.

## 8.

## THE OLD GIRL AND I.

VOICE. JOHN READ.

1. Some young men they get mar - ried, Do - ing

HARMO.

tirel of sin - gle life, And when they do there are but few Know how to treat a

wife; They smo - ther them with kiss - es While the ho - ney - moon is on, And

af - ter then nine out of ten Of these young men go wrong. The old girl and I were

ne - ver known to sigh, No cou - ple could be hap - pi - er, I'm sure, For

since she's been my wife we've led a hap - py life, And King and Queen could not do a - ny more.

2. The first day we got married  
I to my wife did say,  
"It's just as well to tell you, Nell,  
We both must pull one way;  
Then if we do, then I and you  
Will lead a happy life;"  
And I've had no cause to complain  
Since I've made her my wife.  
The old girl, &c.

3. They woke me up one morning  
As the clock was striking one;  
The old nurse she then told me I  
Was father of a son.  
That clock's been striking ever since,  
And kept the best of time;  
And though the face is now defaced,  
I like to hear it chime.  
The old girl, &c.

4. We can't expect all sunshine  
As through this world we go,  
For, were the sun to always shine,  
No difference we should know;  
Each couple has its troubles,  
And we have had our share,  
But as we share and share alike,  
We never once despair.  
The old girl, &c.



## 9.

## COME ALONG, SINNERS.


M. H. ROSENFIELD.

VOICE.    
 BANJO. 

1. Oh what will you do when de great day's a-com-in ?

   
 How am you gwine fer to speck - er - late ! When we's a found all you dark - ies a look - in, To



   
 lift de latch ob de gold - en gate. Dat am de time you'll get left out, sin - ner, Dat am de time you'll get



   
 left out late, Dat am de time you will get no din - ner, And be lock'd from de gold - en gate.



CHORUS.    
 Come a - long, sin - ners, Come a - long, sin - ners, Come a - long, sin - ners, a hoop - in,



   
 Come a - long, sin - ners, Come, a - long sin - ners, Come a - long, sin - ners, to Glo - - ry.



2. Oh what will you do when de bells am a-ringin ?  
 What will you do while de angels wait ?  
 When you's a called fer to pass in yo' rators,  
 And stand stiff-kneed fo' de golden gate.  
 Dat am de time you'll get left out, sinner,  
 Dat am de time you'll get left out late ;  
 Hurry along, or you'll get no dinner,  
 And be locked from de golden gate.  
 Come along, sinners, &c.

3. Oh what will you do when ole Satan's a-comin ?  
 What will you do when he hunts his match ?  
 When you's a-bearin de fire a sizzin,  
 And can't get nigh to de golden latch.  
 Dat am de time you'll get took in, sinner,  
 Dat am de time you'll get left out late,  
 Dat am de time you will get yo' dinner,  
 Underneath ob de golden gate.  
 Come along, sinners, &c.

## 10.

## SEND MY FATHER HOME.

P. J. DOWNEY.

VOICER. 

1. Where is my fa-ther,

PIANO. 

 nis-ter, please tell; Ba-by is dy-ing, mam-ma's not well;



 Wea-ry with watch-ing, left all a-lone, An-gels of mer-cy, send my fa-ther home,




 An-gels of mer-cy, send my fa-ther home. Home is so dreary, no one to cheer,



 We were so hap-py when he was near, . . . For his ca-ress-es sad-ly we yearn,



 Mam-ma is cry-ing for fa-ther's re-turn, Mam-ma is cry-ing for fa-ther's re-turn.



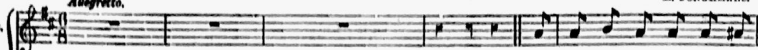
2. Where can I find him, where shall I seek?  
 Maybe his body lies in the deep;  
 List to the tempest, how the winds moan;  
 Angels of mercy, send my father home.  
 Home is so dreary, &c.


3. Since he departed time slowly fled;  
 Please do not tell me father is dead;  
 Sunshine and gladness from us have flown,  
 Angels of mercy, send my father home.  
 Home is so dreary, &c.


## UP THEY GO.


E. JONGHMANN.

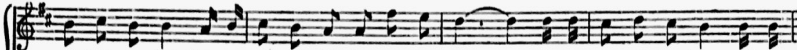
*Allegretto.*

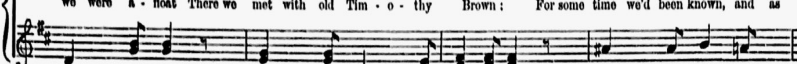
VOICER.  1. Now I, and Bob Clark felt in -


PIANO. 

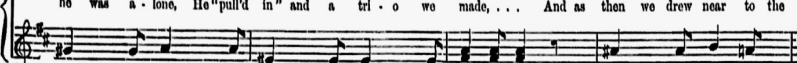
 - clined for a lark, So to Green-wich we took a run down, . . . And we start-ed per boat, and when



 we were a - float There we met with old Tim - o - thy Brown; For some time we'd been known, and as




 he was a - lone, He "pull'd in" and a tri - o we made, . . . And as then we drew near to the

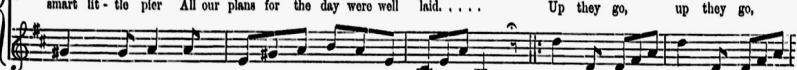


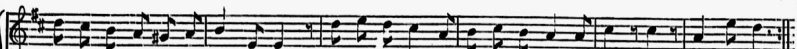
think we had six of those plans right off the reel! Then we caught sight of the donkeys—oh, the glorious gee-rooseums—there they went with the little darlings on their backs; and as they passed the drivers were shouting, Hullo! hullo! hi—

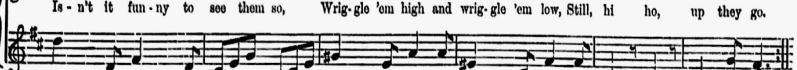
*Spoken*—Our first plan was a drink—in fact I

Ononus.

 smart lit - tle pier All our plans for the day were well laid. . . . Up they go, up they go,



 Is - n't it fun - ny to see them so, Wrig - gle 'om high and wrig - gle 'em low, Still, hi ho, up they go.



2. There were three bits of jam stepping out of the train,  
So we tipped them a wink in a trice,  
And when close to their side we suggested a ride,  
And the ginger one simpered, "That's nice."  
As the donkeys came back we got on in a crack,  
But their seats they'd a trouble to keep;  
My girl clasped the mokes' neck, as did Brown's girl in check,  
While the ginger one sat in a heap.

3. We so frightened the mokes with our imbecile jokes,  
That they ran, and not one could we stop;  
You'd have thought each a horse as we tore past New Cross,  
Where old Brown left his seat with a flop.  
People came out to stare at our legs in the air,  
Such a sight was ne'er seen in their lives;  
Bob and I gave a roar as next moment we saw  
On the pavement our two blessed wives.

*Spoken*—I believe those blessed mokes did it on purpose, for they stopped short, right in front of them. Such a scene—my girl fainted, Brown's girl bolted, and the ginger one shouted, Police! hi!—  
Up they go, &c.

4. As we both were so "caught" two new bonnets we bought,  
And with sorrow expressed in each face,  
We forgiveness obtained, and indoors then remained,  
Being told it was our proper place.  
As the night it wore on our estrangement wore off,  
And quite light of the episode spoke;  
And before the Clarks went to our feelings gave vent,  
And declared it a capital joke.

*Spoken*—And we started our next door neighbours by shouting, Hullo! hullo! hi! he!—  
Up they go, &c.

*Spoken*—And the more they shrieked the more we shouted, Hullo! hullo! hi—

Up they go, &c.

## 12. THE MIRROR'S THE CAUSE OF IT ALL.

D. BRAHAM.

VOICER.

1. I part-ed with my Su-san Jane, I gave her substantial ad-

BANJO.

vice; . . She said, "Don't you think I am love - ly!" I answer'd, "I thought she was nice." Just standing in front of the mir-ror, She

said, "I'm a sweet look-ing lass; . . . If you wish to see what a beau-ty I be, Oh, please, come look in the glass." . .

CHORUS.

The mir-ror's the cause of it all, . . . It hung in a frame on the wall, . . . She'd stand up be-fore it, and

real-ly a-dore it, Say-ing, "Char-ley, now turn up the gas;" 'Twas aw-ful-ly awk-ward for me . . . To

court in the light, don't you see! . . . She said, "Ain't I tall, don't sit near the wall, Eut come o-ver and look in the glass."

2. Whenever I call upon Jane,  
Quite full of ambition and hope,  
I seat myself down by her side, and  
At once she'll suddenly slope,  
To fix up her bangs by the mirror;  
She'll sigh and she'll say, "Oh, alas!  
If you wish to see the nice dimple in me,  
Oh please come look in the glass.  
The mirror's the cause, &c.

3. I took her one night to the play,  
She had on a beautiful hat;  
The curtain went up, and she went out,  
It caused me to look very flat.  
Escorting her out through the audience,  
To the usher she said, "Let me pass;"  
"Sit down," they hollered, but Susan I fol-  
To find a large looking-glass. [lowed,  
The mirror's the cause, &c.

4. Superstition it crept upon me,  
I heard of an accident rare,  
It happened when my Susan Jane was  
A fuzzing and curling her hair;  
The mirror fell down, to my horror,  
It lay in a terrible mass;  
So now I see 't was a warning to me—  
I shook my Sue and the glass.  
The mirror's the cause, &c.

## 13.

## YOUR LASSIE WILL BE TRUE.

GEORGE COOPER.

H. P. DANKS.

VOICE *Andante.* 1. Though seas now divide, and the mountains so wide, I'll

BANJO.

no - ver onces for - get you far a - way; But I trea - sure still the flow'r that you gave me onesweet hour, When we

watch'd the lads and las - ses dancing gay. You've long'd for my coming, and I've wept bit - ter tears, Your Scotch las - sie still is your own! She

## REFRAIN.

ne - ver will be false, for her heart she left with you, No! your las - sie, blue - eyed lassie, will be true! Oh, lad - die, my lad - die far a - way!

Still would your darling die for you, She ne - ver will be false, ah, no! No matter what they say, No, your las - sie, blue - eyed lassie will be true.

2. Then, love, don't forget that I think of you yet,  
'Mid Scotland's bonnie hills across the sea;  
And though far away I roam, ah! I know there is a home  
That is waiting there, my own, for you and me.

I'll come to you, laddie, like the bird to its nest,  
For still I am praying for you;  
Of all this world so fair I am loving you the best,  
And your lassie, blue-eyed lassie, will be true.  
Oh, laddie, my laddie far away! &c.

## 14.

## SCOTCH LASSIE JEAN.

*Moderato.*

J. H. PEABODY.

VOICE 1. On Scot - land's fair hills, o'er the mountains and rills, I've  
2. She said she soon would meet me, but I've wait - ed long in vain, In

BANJO.

wander'd ma - ny a happy day; In looking at the lads and the lasses on the green, 'Neath the fine old hills of Scotland, far a - way.  
lands far a - way she doth roam; Her promise she will keep, oh, break it not, my Jean, We'll be hap - py in our bon - nie lit - tie home.



I've look'd for her com-ing, but she's not come as yet, The truth seems to dawn on me plain; . . . They say she is false, but I'll  
Then let me not long wait, let me meet you soon, my Jean, And heav'n will then smile on our love; . . . And when life is end-ed, we'll

still believe her mine; She's my darling blue-eyed Scotch lassie Jean. } O Jean, my dear-est Jean! Come to your lad-die once a -  
leave this earthly scene, When our hearts will dwell in joy and bliss a-bove.

- gain; They say you are false, but I'll still be-lieve you mine, You're my dar-ling blue-eyed Scotch las-sie Jean.

## 15.

## TALK ABOUT YOUR MOSES.

(JUBILEE CAMP MEETING HYMN.)

SAM LUCAS.

*Maestoso.* VOICER. 1. If you was me and I was you, Sing  
BANJO.

glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah, I won - der what dis - ciple would do, Sing glo - ry in my soul; I'd sing dat song in de

morning 'bout eight, Sing glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah, Now join in de chorus and don't be late, Sing glo - ry in my soul.

*Chorus.* (Mutiny sound, with lips closed.)  
Um, what, talk about your Mo-ses, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! Sing glo - ry in my soul.

2. Didn't Moses smote de big red sea,  
Sing glory, Hallelujah;  
For to make some room for you and me,  
Sing glory in my soul;  
Oh, de sea got rough, and de host got lost,  
Sing glory, Hallelujah;

And we're all left to pay de cost,  
Sing glory in my soul.  
Um, what, talk about, &c.  
3. Now all my friends dat's here to-night,  
Sing glory, Hallelujah;  
Just learn to shout and try to do right,

Sing glory in my soul;  
Dat you may reach dat happy land,  
Sing glory, Hallelujah;  
And dere you'll be a happy band,  
Sing glory in my soul.  
Um, what, talk about, &c.

## 16. KEEP DEM GOLDEN GATES WIDE OPEN.

J. A. BLAND.

VOICE. 

1. Hitch dem hor-ses to de cha-riot, Drive right

BANJO. 




thro' de gold-en gate, Tell de chil-dren to be ra-dy, For de time am grow-ing late; Mo-ses will be dar to



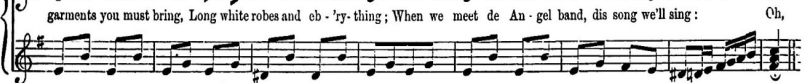


meet you, With his sword right in his hand; And he will command de ar-my, Marching to de promised land. All your





garments you must bring, Long white robes and eb-'ry-thing; When we meet de An-gel band, dis song we'll sing: Oh,



## CHORUS.



Keep dem golden gates wide open, Keep dem golden gates wide open, Keep dem golden gates wide o-pen, So de children can come in.



2. When you climb de golden ladders,  
You must keep a sharp look out,  
For de devil and his children  
Might be hid somewhere about;  
Take your opera glasses with you,  
And your razor, sword, and shield,

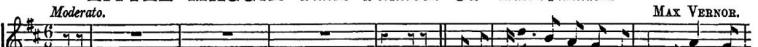
So you can see all de children  
As dey're marching through the field.  
All your garments, &c.

3. Sing de news around de country,  
Tell de children near and far  
Dat dey'd better be dar early,

While de gates dey am ajar;  
For old Moses am conductor  
On de train dat's on dis route;  
So just hab your tickets ready,  
If you don't dey'll put you out.  
All your garments, &c.

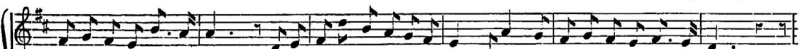
## 17. LITTLE MAGGIE THE PRIDE OF KILVANE.

MAX VERNOR.

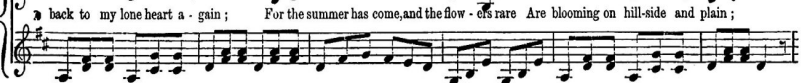
VOICE. 

1. Lit-tle Maggie, so win-some, so bright and fair, Come

BANJO. 



back to my lone heart a-gain; For the summer has come, and the flow-ers rare Are blooming on hill-side and plain;



## CHORUS.

Heather and blue-bells seen watching for you, Down where the wild-wood is shining with dew. Oh, Maggie, sweet Maggie, Lov-ing and hap-py,

Come to your old home a - gain ; Why did you leave us to wan-der a - far ! Dearest Maggie, the pride of Kil - vane !

2. Little Maggie, we miss you each day and hour,  
 And never a word can we hear ;  
 'T was a sad time when love claimed our own sweet flower,  
 And Larry first called you his dear !  
 Do you remember the old folks to-day,  
 In the strange country so far, far away !  
 Oh, Maggie, sweet Maggie, &c.

## 18.

## MULLIGAN'S FUNERAL.

J. P. SKELLY.

VOICE. 1. Oh, there's grief a-bout the ci - ty, The peo-ple sob wid pi - ty, And

BANJO.

sing a mournful dit - ty, At Mul-li-gan's fu - ne - ral ! Flags are all half mast, And dole-ful sighs are cast, Ev-'ry - bo-dy's

## CHORUS.

sighing, That Danny should be dy-ing ! Mis-sis Murphy hallow'd, And Biddy Doo-ly squall'd, Dan Mc Car - ty bellow'd, And Pat - sey Regan

haw'd ! Drums and fifes were playin, You'd hear a needle fall, When all the crowd were thronging, At Mul-li-gan's fu - ne - ral !

2. Now the Aldermen attended,  
 The carriages were splendid,  
 The music sweetly blended,  
 At Mulligan's funeral !  
 Oh, the wake was grand,  
 Wid whiskey at command ;

Everyone acquainted,  
 And Miss McGuffey fainted !  
 Mrs. Murphy hallowed, &c.

3. Oh, 't was babies on our block there,  
 That made the people flock there,  
 Played solid as a rock there,

At Mulligan's funeral !  
 Everybody said  
 'T was sad that he was dead ;  
 So wid music chanted,  
 Dan Mulligan was planted !  
 Mrs. Murphy hallowed, &c.

## 19.

## MARY'S GONE WITH A COON.

J. E. STEWART.

VOICE. 1. Dar's heaps of trou-ble on de old man's mind, Come darkies weep wid me! My

BANJO.

Ma - ry Ann's run a - way wid a coon, And he's black, he's black as he can be; But I would-n't care if  
 he was on - ly yel - low, But he's black all o'er, He's por - ter in a store, And my heart it is tore, When I think the mat - ter o'er, That the

CHORUS.  
 child that I bore Should think of me no more, Than to run a - way wid a great black coon. Ma - ry's gone wid a  
 coon, Ma - ry's gone wid a coon, Heaps of trouble on the old man's mind Since Mary's gone wid a coon.

2. Oh, I never thought when I raised that child  
 Of the trouble she would be to me;  
 She had everything that her heart could wish,  
 She was raised in the lap of luxury;  
 And I never once for a moment suspected,  
 But that she'd reflected,  
 Before she selected,  
 A man more respected,  
 More highly connected,  
 Less darkly complexioned,  
 And not have dejected  
 This old man's mind wid trouble like this.  
 Mary's gone wid a coon, &c.

3. Now all you people who have children to raise,  
 Take warning at my fate;  
 Watch over them carefully, or else you'll find,  
 Like me, that you have been too late;  
 For girls are wild when they're in their teens,  
 They're always after beaux,  
 And wearing good clothes,  
 And going to shows,  
 And no one knows  
 All the troubles and woes  
 From a parent's heart flows  
 It's enough to break this old man's heart.  
 Mary's gone with a coon, &c.

## 20.

## WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES EIGHT.

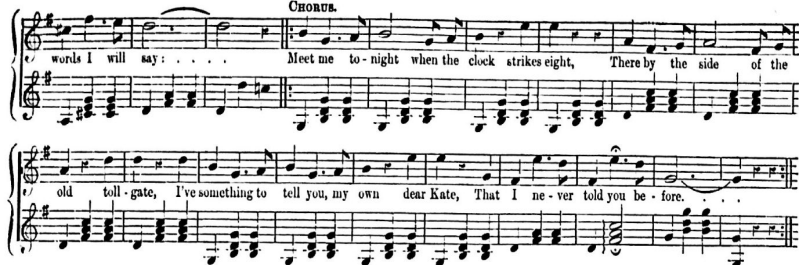
JOHN READ.

VOICE. 1. I'll write Kate a let - ter, just to let her know I re -

BANJO.

- turned to the old house to - day; . . . Per - haps it will be as well to do so, And these are the

## CHORUS.

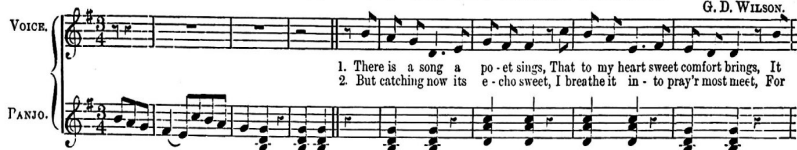


words I will say: . . . Meet me to-night when the clock strikes eight, There by the side of the  
old toll-gate, I've something to tell you, my own dear Kate, That I ne-ver told you be-fore.

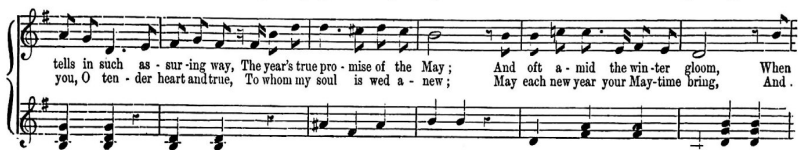
2. The old house that stands at the foot of the hill, By the side of the old willow tree;  
The farm, yes, along with the old water mill, All has been left unto me.  
Meet me to-night, &c.
3. And those who lived there for many a year Have from this world passed away; [walls,  
The ivy now climbs round the old crumbled To guard them, I'm told, night and day.  
Meet me to-night, &c.
4. I've now nearly all that a man can desire To make himself happy for life;  
There's only one more little prize I require, And that is yourself as my wife.  
Meet me to-night, &c.

## 21. THE SPRING WILL SOON BE HERE AGAIN.

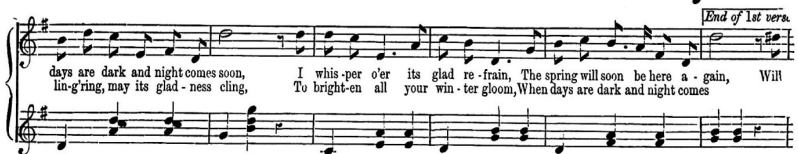
G. D. WILSON.



1. There is a song a po-et sings, That to my heart sweet comfort brings, It  
2. But catching now its e-cho sweet, I breathe it in - to pray'r most meet, For



tells in such as - sur-ing way, The year's true pro - mise of the May; And oit a - mid the win-ter gloom, When  
you, O ten - der heart and true, To whom my soul is wed a - new; May each new year your May-time bring, And.



days are dark and night comes soon, I whis-per o'er its glad re - frain, The spring will soon be here a - gain, Will  
lin-g'ring, may its glad - ness cling, To bright-en all your win - ter gloom, When days are dark and night comes



soon be here, The spring will soon be here a - gain. soon, And bid you sing the glad r



frain, The spring will soon be here a - gain, Will soon be here, The spring will soon be here a - gain.



22.

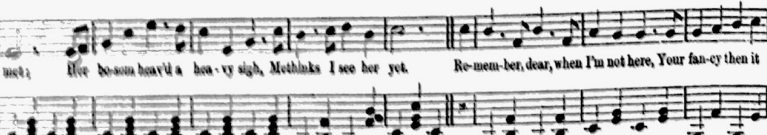
## DOES YOUR HEART BEAT TRUE TO ME?

T. MAXWELL.

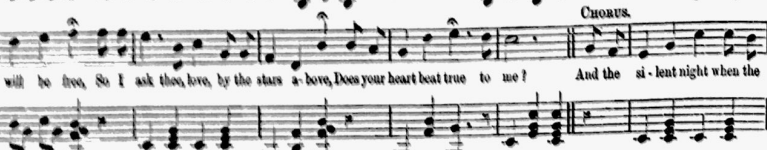
Voice.  1. Does your heart beat true to me, my love? I ask'd when last we

Piano. 

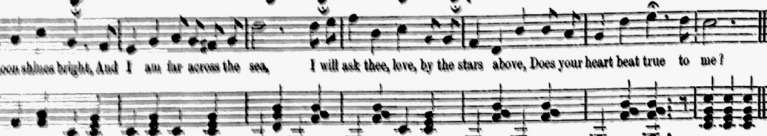
met; Her bos-om heav'd a hea-vy sigh, Methinks I see her yet. Re-mem-ber, dear, when I'm not here, Your fan-cy then it



will be free, So I ask thee, love, by the stars a-bove, Does your heart beat true to me? And the si-lent night when the

*CHORUS.* 

moon shines bright, And I am far across the sea, I will ask thee, love, by the stars above, Does your heart beat true to me!



2. Does your heart beat true to me, my love?  
For now we're going to part:  
Nor while the ocean wide I roam,  
I'll hold a loving heart.  
And when alone on the good ship's deck,  
And the stars shine bright above the sea,

I will ask thee, love, by the stars above,  
Does your heart beat true to me?  
And the silent night, &c.  
3. Does your heart beat true to me, my love?  
Soon we'll be growing old;  
But whilst there's life in me, my dear,

And ages are foretold;  
When hair is white, and eyes less bright,  
And things all round are changed we see,  
I hope, my love, by the stars above,  
That your heart beats true to me.  
And the silent night, &c.

23.

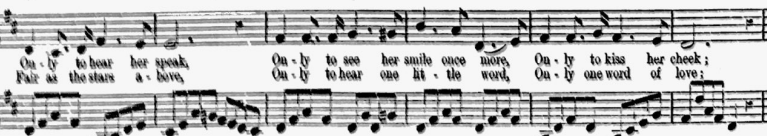
## ONLY TO SEE HER FACE AGAIN.

J. E. STEWART.

Voice. *Moderato.*  1. On-ly to see her face a-gain,  
2. On-ly to see her face a-gain,

Piano. 

On-ly to hear her speak, On-ly to see her smile once more, On-ly to kiss her cheek;  
Fair as the stars a-bove, On-ly to hear one lit-tle word, On-ly one word of love;



She was as fair as a - ny flow'r, Full of beau-ty and of grace, . . . One lit-tle wish is  
Sad was thought when we part-ed, Down by the old try-sing place, . . . Where last we kiss'd our



CHORUS.

all I ask, . . . On - ly to see her face. } On - ly to see her face a - gain,  
sad fare - well, . . . On - ly to see her face.

Full of beau - ty and of grace; One lit - tle wish is all I ask, On - ly to see her face.

## 24. LOST IN THE WIDE WORLD.

J. R. THOMAS.

VOICES.

1. Lost in the wide world, hope - less and wea - ry, Gone is the  
2. Lost in the wide world, wan - d'ring in sad - ness, Dream - ing of

BASSO.

glad - nessthatmade life so dear! . . . Dark is my path - way, lone - someandrea - ry, No . . . smileto cheer me is  
dear ones who left me in tears! . . . Stars of the mid - night whis - per with glad - ness, "Loved ones are wait - ing, then

lin - ger - ing near! Once bloom'da - round me life's fair - est ro - ses; Loved onesandfond ones nowcheerme  
hush all thy fears!" Oh! how I miss them, life's love - ly ro - ses, Sweet voi - ces call me to yonfurther

more; } Lost in the wide world, while calm - ly re - po - ses Each heart that blest me insweetdays of yore.  
shore;

CHORUS.

Lost . . . in the wide world, while calm - ly re - po - ses Each heart that blest me insweetdays of yore! . .

25.

## ONLY A TRESS OF GOLDEN HAIR.

C. KINKEL.

*Moderato.*

VOICE. 1. On-ly a tress of gul-den hair, All that re-mains of one so fair; On-ly a

BANJO.

lit - tle shin-ing curl Cut from the brow of a fair young girl, Ere au-gels took . . her a -

- way . . Leav-ing a form of life-less clay: Ne-ver a-gain to smile on me, Gone like the

sun-set from the sea, Ne-ver a-gain to smile on me, Gone like the sun-set from the sea.

2. Back through the thronging tide of years,  
Back through the sunshine and the tears,  
Back to the time when life seemed fair,  
Memory turns with this lock of hair.  
Gone are the hopes of years gone by;  
Hopes that were cherished only to die;  
Gone are the day-dreams, vanished in air,  
Nothing remains but this lock of hair.

3. Many the years that have flown apace,  
Since last I gazed on that fair young face;  
Many the sorrows, doubts, and fears,  
Many the yearnings, bitter the tears.  
But upward I gaze with eager eyes,  
Into the land of cloudless skies,  
And see among the angels there  
One with tresses of golden hair.

4. And I know on that other shore  
That I shall clasp her hand once more;  
I shall part from that snow-white brow  
Those golden locks, an angel's now.  
Then with rapture I'll join the throng,  
Harp in hand with music and song,  
For ever free from stain of earth,  
Entered at last on heavenly birth.

26.

## CRADLE ISN'T EMPTY, BABY SMILED.

*Moderato.*

VOICE. 1. Ly-ing there so qui-et, Baby's fast a sleep,

BANJO.

With his ti-ny hands a-cross his breast; Whisper lest we wake him While we at him peep, Sleep'ng there so co-sy in his nest.

On his lit-tle face no sor-row can be seen, And his lit-tle cheeks are red as rose; Slum-ber-ing so calm-ly,

## CHORUS.

qui - et and se-re-ne. Lin - ger-ing in dreamy sweet re - pose. Lit - tle tootsey woot - sey, lio-ther's au - garplum,

Papa's lit - tle dar-ling on - ly child; We were on-ly dream-ing, Chubby's snow awake; Cra - dle is - n't empty, ba-by smiled.

2. When the darling wakens then you'll hear his voice,  
For the little fellow's full of glee;  
Seeing him so happy makes us all rejoice,  
While he sings his songs so joyously.

Then he claps his hands and tries to say "Papa"—  
Yes, he is the household's only joy;  
Cunningly he says to me, "Dood night, mamma;"  
Then I kiss my witching beauty boy.  
Little tootsey wootsey, &c.

## 27.

## DIP ME IN DE GOLDEN SEA.

DAVE BRAHAM.

*Moderato.*

VOICER.

BANJO.

1. Oh, I long for to reach dat heb-en-ly shore, To

dip in de Gold-en Sea; To meet old Pe-ter a stand-ing in de door, To dip in de Gold-en

Sea; He'd say to me, "Oh, how do you do! Come sit right yon-der in de ive - ry pew; Oh,

CHORUS.

good colour'd people, go clar clean through To dip in de Gold-en Sea." Den dip me, bathe me,

Sis - ters, you au' me, Come get in de boat, For we all gvine float, For to dip in de Gold-en Sea.

2. Oh, we'll all ride behind a silver-white steed  
To dip in de Golden Sea;  
And every one a Baptist, an' no other creed,  
To dip in de Golden Sea;  
Den I look down on de world below,  
And watch you niggers a show'ing an'c  
While angel fishes dey nip my toe,  
To dip in de Golden Sea.  
Den dip me, &c.

3. In de moonlight, oh, dar I'll lay on my back,  
To dip in de Golden Sea;  
As happy as a clam when de tide am slack,  
To dip in de Golden Sea;  
When I get dar I'll wear white wings;  
Have a crown on head with lots of other things;  
And shout hallelujahs and de big choir sing,  
To dip in de Golden sea.  
Den dip me, &c.

28.

## THE OLD LOG CABIN IN THE DELL.

Published, with Words and Pianoforte Accompt., full Music size, in No. 6720 of the MUSICAL BOUQUET. Price 3d.

G. A. WHITE.

*Andante.*

VOICE. 1. I am drifting down de hill of life, I never can work a ny  
 more; But de home of childhood still I love, Thes same as in bright days of yore: I've laid down de spade and de hoe, With  
 sorrow de heart ne'er can tell, And now I'se gwine to lib and die In de old Log Cabin in de Dell. I'se going, going,  
 back to de home I love so well, And now I'se gwine to lib and die In de old Log Cabin in de Dell.

BANJO.

2. When they speak of how I'se gwine to live,  
 I don't 'xactly know how 'twill be,  
 But I don't 'spect want will eber come,  
 While massa libs who set me free;  
 He always did like all de hands,  
 He was sad when he bid dem farewell;  
 I don't think he would see dem starve  
 In de old Log Cabin in de Dell.  
 I'se going, &c.

3. Many changes I have passed in life,  
 Some hard ones I don't like to tell;  
 But dere soon must be anoder change  
 In de old Log Cabin in de Dell.  
 De angel of peace will be dere  
 Wid de keys of de home where he dwell;  
 And den I'll bid a long farewell  
 To de old Log Cabin in de Dell.  
 I'se going, &c.

29.

## CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY.

Published, with Words and Pianoforte Accompt., full Music size, in No. 6678 of the MUSICAL BOUQUET. Price 3d.

J. BLAND.

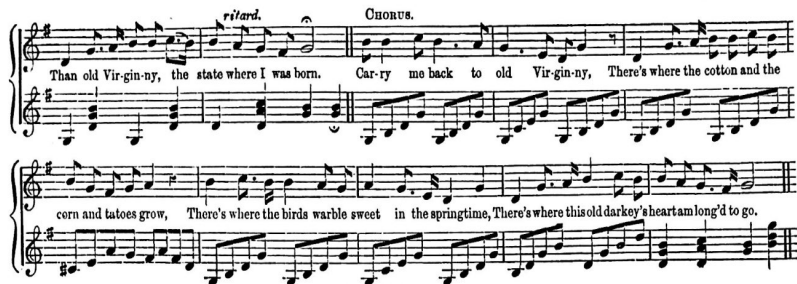
*Moderato.*

VOICE. 1. Car-ry me back to old Vir-ginny, There's wher the cotton and the  
 corn and tatoos grow, There's wher the birds warble sweet in the springtime, There's wher this old dar-key's heart am long'd to go. There's wher I labor'd so  
 hard for old mas-sa, Day af-ter day in the field of yel-low corn. No place on earth do I love more sincere-ly

BANJO.



*ritard.* CHORUS.



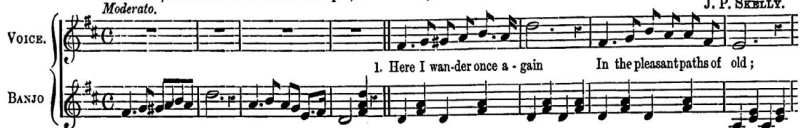
Than old Vir-gin-ny, the state where I was born. Car-ry me back to old Vir-gin-ny, There's where the cotton and the  
corn and tatoes grow, There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime, There's where this old darkey's heart am long'd to go.

2. Carry me back to old Virginny,  
There let me live till I wither and decay;  
Long by the old Dismal Swamp have I wandered,  
There's where this old darkey's life will pass away.  
Massa and missis have long gone before me,  
Soon we will meet on that bright and golden shore;  
There we'll be happy and free from all sorrow,  
There's where we'll meet and we'll never part no more.  
Carry me back, &c.

### 30. THAT DEAR OLD BELL I

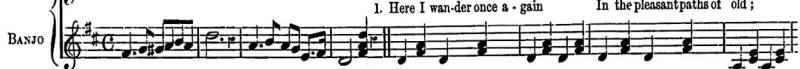
Published, with Words and Pianoforte Accompts., full Music size, in No. 6822 of the MUSICAL BOUQUET. Price 8d.  
*Moderato.* J. P. SKELLY.

VOICE.



1. Here I wan-der once - gain In the pleasant paths of old;

BANJO

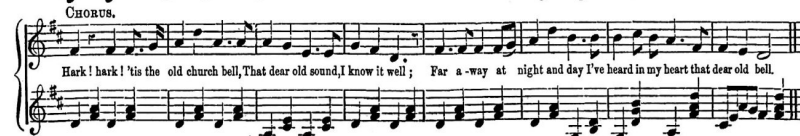



I have roam'd the world in vain, Dear-er pla-ces to be - hold; The morning sun is shin - ing, The birds their chorus swell, And



lond - ly breaks on the summer air The sound of the old church bell, And lond - ly breaks on the summer air The sound of that dear old bell.

CHORUS.



Hark! hark! 'tis the old church bell, That dear old sound, I know it well; Far a - way at night and day I've heard in my heart that dear old bell.

2. Now sweet mem'ries fill my mind  
Of my childhood's happy days,  
From the loved ones far apart,  
On this scene I've longed to gaze.  
In dreams I've heard repeated  
My sweetheart's last farewell,  
While through the air came the call for prayer,  
The peal of the old church bell.  
Hark! &c.

3. I will roam the world no more—  
Every distant shore, good-bye!  
Peace and rest I see in store,  
Here I linger till I die.  
With loving hearts to cheer me,  
I'll feel life's sweetest spell,  
While clear and blent comes the tone of rest—  
The peal of the old church bell.  
Hark! &c.

## 31.

## MOLLIE MAVOURNEEN.

Published, with Words and Pianoforte Accompaniments, full Music size, in No. 6677 of the MUSICAL BOUQUET. Price 3d.

J. P. SKRELLY.

*Andante.*

VOICE. ————

1. Mol - lie Mavourneen, where are you to - night?

BANJO.

Sigh - ing for love, in my heart there's a blight, Come back to me from that far fo - reign shore,

Now that we're par - ted I'm hap - py no more. Thoughts of my dar - ling are e - ver with me,

Fond - ly my spi - rit flies o - ver the sea; . . . . Dream - ing, I lin - ger once more by your side;

*rall.*

Mol - lie Mavourneen, my beauty, my pride! Mol - lie Mavour - neen, Mol - lie Mavour - neen, True to you, dar - ling, for

e - ver I'll be, . . . While I am lone - ly, I think of you on - ly, Mol - lie Ma - vour - neen, a - far o'er thesea.

2. Mollie Mavourneen, I will not repine,  
 Soon I'll be with you, your heart will be mine;  
 Peaceful and bright as a long summer's day  
 Then will our future glide smoothly away.  
 Do not forget me though far we're apart,  
 Keep me for ever enshrined in your heart;  
 Free from all sorrow I pray you may be,  
 Mollie Mavourneen, afar o'er the sea.

*Chorus*—Mollie Mavourneen, &c.

## 32.


## SO DID UNCLE CHARLEY.

COMIC SONG.

Published, with Words and Pianoforte Accompts., full Music etc., in Nos. 6675-6 of the MUSICAL BOUTIQUE. Price 6d.

J. READ.

*Allegro.*

VOICED. 

BANJO. 

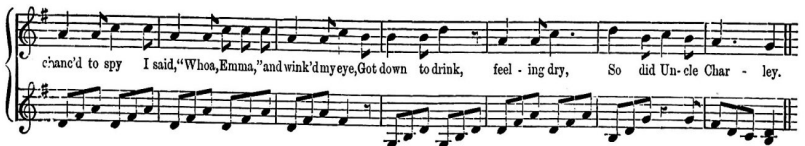
I. Forthreemonths I've been on the Q. T., So has Un-cle Char - ley; But



last week I went out on the spree, So did Un-cle Char - ley. I jump'd on a tram and went for a ride,



So did Un-cle Char - ley; The tram was full, I rode out-side, So did Un-cle Char - ley. At ev - 'ry girl I



chanc'd to spy I said, "Whoa, Emma," and wink'd my eye, Got down to drink, feel - ing dry, So did Un-cle Char - ley.

2. I walked as far as Regent Street,  
So did Uncle Charley;  
Spoke to a girl I chanced to meet,  
So did Uncle Charley.  
I asked her to have a glass of wine,  
So did Uncle Charley;  
I said, "It's a favourite drink of mine,"  
So did Uncle Charley.  
I must have drank a bottle or more—  
The girl she drank as much, I'm sure,  
When all at once I fell on the floor,  
So did Uncle Charley.

3. I got on my legs as quiet as a lamb,  
So did Uncle Charley;  
Called for another bottle of cham,  
So did Uncle Charley.  
I looked at the girl so mild and meek,  
So did Uncle Charley;  
I kissed her nose instead of her cheek,  
So did Uncle Charley.  
She said, "Ta ta, I'll see you again;"  
I tried to detain her, but all in vain,  
Then I found I'd lost my watch and chain,  
And so had Uncle Charley.

4. I opened the door and called the police,  
So did Uncle Charley;  
In doing so I received a blow,  
So did Uncle Charley.  
I challenged the fellow out to fight,  
So did Uncle Charley;

Keeping my eye fixed on his right,  
So did Uncle Charley.  
While watching his right, to my surprise,  
With his left he struck me between the eyes,  
And down I fell with a horrible yell,  
So did Uncle Charley.

5. The p'lice they took me to Clerkenwell,  
Along with Uncle Charley;  
When there they threw me into a cell,  
Along with Uncle Charley.  
Next morn before the magistrate  
I went with Uncle Charley;  
There my history to relate,  
Along with Uncle Charley.  
He said, "Ten shillings you'll have to pay,"  
When I to the magistrate did say,  
"No money I've got—I've lost the lot  
Along with Uncle Charley."

6. A friend of mine who stood close by  
Whispered to Uncle Charley,  
"Cheer up, old boy, don't pipe your eye;"  
"All right," said Uncle Charley.  
He paid the fine, I left the Court  
Along with Uncle Charley,  
Paying dearly for the sport  
I had with Uncle Charley.  
I hired a cab for him and me,  
We rode home on the strict Q. T.,  
And never shall I forget the spree  
I had with Uncle Charley.

## 33. SHE MAY HAVE GONE TO GERMANY.

Published, with Words and Pianoforte Accompts., full Music size, in Nos. 6678-4 of the MISICAT. BOUQUET. Price 6d.

J. READ.

VOI.CE.

1. Oh, fra - il - ty, thy name is woman, Shakspeare used to

PIANO.

say, . . . And I believe that he was right, Since Ma - ry's gone a - way. . . . My love was strong, she

led me on To mar - ry her, then she . . . Ran a - way the o - ther day With a fel - low who lodg'd with me. . .

CHORUS.

She may have gone to Ger - ma - ny, She may have gone to France, She may have join'd the Sha - kers, For she

lov'd to see them dance; . . . She may have gone as far as Boulogne, To hide a - way from

me, . . . She may be up in the mon - u - ment, Or fif - ty miles un - der the sea. . . .

2. This young man used to lodge with me,  
And very strange to say,  
While I was out walking about  
He at home would stay;  
And practice, I own, on an old trombone,  
While she on the grand piano  
Would accompany him, and they both would sing  
In a very peculiar manner.  
She may have gone, &c.

3. One day they gammoned me to go  
To Margate by the boat;  
While I was there the faithless pair  
Sent to me a note.

When this I read I knew she'd fled  
With him and proved untrue:  
Left me here to mourn her loss—  
Whatever shall I do?

She may have gone, &c.

4. Now some tell me there are fish in the sea  
As good as ever were caught;  
This may be true, but between me and you  
I prefer the one that I bought.  
If she would come back to her own dear Jack,  
And with me once more stay,  
I should be then a happy man,  
But now I can only say—  
She may have gone, &c.

## 34.

## GIVE MY LOVE TO NANCY.

Published, with Words and Pianoforte Accompts., full Music size, in Nos. 6671-2 of the MUSICAL BOUQUET. Price 6d.

J. READ.

*Moderato.*

VOICE.

1. How I like to tell the sto-ry,

BANJO.

Though I've told it oft be-fore, The way we fought for death or glo-ry, At the bless-ed Zu-lar war.

Side by side we fought like de-mons, Kept the e-ne-my at bay, Un-till Jack re-ceived a bul-let wound, Which

CHORUS.

made the fel-low say: Give my love to Nan-cy, The girl that I a-dore,

Tell her she will ne-ver see Her sail-or a-n-y more; Say I fell in bat-tle, Whilst

fight-ing with a black, Ev-'ry inch a sail-or, Be-neath the U-ni-on Jack.

2. At first I thought that he was jesting,  
Knowing he liked a bit of fun,  
But when I saw the fellow resting  
On the barrel of his gun,  
I knew that he was badly wounded,  
Or he never would give way;  
And shaking hands he said, "Old comrade,  
The best of friends must part some day."  
Give my love, &c.

3. Take this ring from off my finger,  
And the locket from my neck,  
I've but little time to linger,  
So I hope you'll not forget:  
Should you ever reach old England,  
Which you may perhaps some day,  
Give these relics to my mother,  
And my orders please obey.  
Give my love, &c.

4. I said, "I'll not forget to tell her  
What you say, you may be sure;"  
It grieved me much to see the fellow  
Lie there waltering in his gore.  
The look he gave me when we parted  
I remember to this day,  
And when for camp that day I started  
I fancied I could hear him say:  
Give my love, &c.

35.

## A FLOWER FROM FATHER'S GRAVE.

Published, with Words and Pianoforte Accompts., full Music size, in No. 6556 of the MUSICA BOUQUET. Price 8d.

W. H. RIEGER.

VOICE

1. O touch it not, that wither'd flow'r Is all that's left to me! Af-

BANJO

-fectionings with wondrous pow'r To this frail thing you see. No trace is left of rich per-fume Which once it free-ly

gave; I found it in its ear-ly bloom Up - on my fa-ther's grave. I clasp'd it to my bo-som

there, And bore it o'er the sea; It brought to mind my father's pray'r, He of - fer'd last for me.

CHORUS.

Till death shall come this faded bloom Shall ne'er be cast a - way, This tal-is-man from father's tomb, To guide, if I would stray.

2. How well he loved his wayward lad,  
Who loved the boundless sea;  
On sailing morn, with knee so sad,  
I came to bow the knee,  
And claim memento of the dead,  
To bear to lands afar;  
And on the silent swarded bed  
The glimmering morning star  
Revealed the flower I've borne so long  
Through sad and happy days;  
It sung to me a memory song,  
And taught me hymns of praise.  
Till death shall come, &c.

3. And now that life is ebbing fast,  
The race is almost run,  
I pray you leave it to the last,  
This flower with age grown dun;  
Enfold it in the time-worn case,  
And lay it on my breast,  
It brings my father's saintly face  
A near me as I rest;  
And sounds come drifting down to me  
That must be heavenly chime;  
And those he loved again I see,  
As in my native chime.  
Till death shall come, &c.

36.

## MY BEST FRIEND WAS MOTHER.

Published, with Words and Pianoforte Accompts., full Music size, in No. 6823 of the MUSICAL BOUQUET. Price 8d. W. C. WOODWARD.

VOICE

1. I have roam'd a - far the wide world o - ver, Friends

BANJO

I have met on ev'ry side, Friends whose lov-ing hearts would round me ho-ver, No mat-ter what to me be - tide; Tho' they loved me dear-ly as a

CHORUS.

2. I have roamed in lighted halls of splendour,  
While friends would meet me with a smile;  
Though their loving hearts were warm and tender,  
Ne'er knew a passing thought of guile,  
Yet I'll never, never find another  
Whose love for me could be so true;  
Ah! no, time but teaches dear old mother  
Was the best friend that I ever knew.  
No, I'll never, &c.

3. But we ne'er can know a mother's worth,  
Or the love she gladly gave,  
Until she beneath the lonely earth  
Is sleeping in the silent grave.  
It is then we find there is no other  
To love us half so fond and true;  
It is then we find that dear old mother  
Was the best friend that we ever knew.  
No, I'll never, &c.

### 37. 'TIS FORTY YEARS AGO, JOHN.

Published, with Words and Pianoforte Accompts., full Music size, in Nos. 6740-41 of the MUSICAL BOUQUET. Price 6d.

W. G. EATON.

VOICE

Andantino.

1. When silver threads come creeping in Those locks you once would praise Of her you love, what thoughts it brings Of dear old by-gone days; How many tales of love you told, And now, as years roll on, When you and she are grey and old, She

BANJO

thoughts it brings Of dear old by-gone days; How many tales of love you told, And now, as years roll on, When you and she are grey and old, She

CHORUS.

still loves her dear John. . . 'Tis for - ty years a - go, John, since you and I were wed, . . 'Tis for - ty years a - go, John, since first to me you

said - "We'll sail a long to - geth - er Thro' life's rough stormy wea - ther," 'Tis for - ty years a - go, John, since you and I were wed.

2. Her smile is just as sweet and dear  
As when she took those strolls  
With you down those long shady lanes,  
Where youth his love unfolds;  
Her cheeks are blooming once again  
When she looks up to say  
She well remembers the first kiss  
Her John gave her one day.  
'Tis forty years, &c.

3. The dear old home looks just the same,  
The fire burns as bright,  
As when you took her to your heart,  
With thoughts so gay and light;  
Her voice has changed as years have flown,  
But it is music still,  
To you who love her as of yore,  
And to the last you will,  
'Tis forty years, &c.

## THE BILL OF FARE.

Published, with Words and Pianoforte Accompl., full Music size, in Nos. 6788-9 of the MUSICAL BOUQUET. Price 6d.

JOHN READ.

VOICER.

BANO.

1. I'm the son of old Jenkins the bar-ber, I was  
bred and brought up in the East, . . . And lots of young men there I harbour, On my con-ver-sation they fea-t. . . I  
have to work all day on Sun-day, The day that most o-ther folks rest, . . . And want-ing a change, I, last  
Monday, Thought I'd go to see life in the West. First she took the book to look what was the Bill of Fare, . . . Then  
or-der'd some lamb, a rash-er of ham, A - long with a leg of a hare; A cou-ple of rolls, a cou-ple of soles,  
Two or three cups of tea, . . . She then put a - way, which caused me to say, "I won-der how much it will be!"

2. I knew it was no use complaining,  
So, of course, took it all in good part,  
And when she had finished her supper  
I said, "Could you manage a tart?"  
"No thank you," she said, "I've sufficient;  
I never did care much for jam;  
But since you're so awfully pressing,  
I don't mind a bottle of Cham."

*Spoken*—I said, "Large or small, Miss?" "A small one will do to go on with, dear," she replied. I said, "Yes, and to go off with too, I should think," and, calling the waiter, I said, "What have I to pay?" "I hardly know, sir," said he; "what has the lady had?" I said, "What has she not had? Listen, and I'll tell you."  
*Chorus*—First she took, &c.

3. He said, "It will be a mere trifle,  
Ten shillings will cover the lot;"  
My pockets I then had to rifle,  
Gave him every penny I'd got;

Then walked home again near demented,  
Where I for some time mean to rest,  
At the East-end of London contented,  
No more you'll catch me at the West."

*Spoken*—I couldn't stand another night like that—it would break any man up. Just fancy, "one hundred and twenty shaves" gone, and a "hair cut" into the bargain, in one short evening! There's lots of difference in courting a girl at the East-end, and courting one at the West. I've got a girl at the East-end of London that costs me a mere nothing; I can take her all over the shop for sixpence, and this is how I do it. Twopen'orth of bread and cheese, a pint of four-half, a couple of pennyworth of wheiks and a little vinegar, and there you are, at home for the night! I was telling one or two of my pals about this little bit of sport I had with that girl up West, when they said, "What on earth did she have?" I said, "Only a snack, dear boys; listen, and I'll tell you."

*Chorus*—First she took, &c.



39.

## THE HALF-MOON UNION.

Published, with Words and Pianoforte Accompts., full Music size, in No. 6606 of the MUSICAL BOUQUET. Price 3d.

DAVE BRAHAM.

VOICER. 

BANJO. 

1. We're jol-ly sons of Bacchus, and We  
 num-ber quite a host, And when we drink him, Ga-ny-mede's In-cluded in the toast; We go to bed at  
 day-break, and We don't get up till noon; There ne-ver were such lads as we, The boys of the Half-moon. Then fill your glasses,  
 bend the knee, Sa-lu-ting Bac-chus' shrine, You give the grip and then you sip A cup of ro-sy wine. Come  
 fol-low me, and you shall be A fel-low member soon, For I'll in-i-ti-ate you in The or-der of Half-moon.  
 When the lit-tle stars are peep-ing, We all strike up a jol-ly tune, . . . And when all quiet folks are  
 sleep-ing We re-vel in our lodge at the Half-moon. moon.

1st time. 2nd time. §

D. C.

2. The right sort only we accept,  
 We don't believe in muffs,  
 We don't want any duffers, and  
 We won't have any roughs;  
 The chap who sings and cracks a joke,  
 And not a stuck up coon,  
 Is just the sort who ought to join  
 The order of Half-moon.  
 Then fill your glasses, &c.

3. If sometimes it may happen, when  
 Your festivals are o'er,  
 You have some difficulty with  
 Your keyhole and your door,  
 Reflect, that life is short, be gay  
 As any bird in June.  
 And think what honour tis to join  
 The order of Half-moon.  
 Then fill your glasses, &c.

## 40. NEVER TAKE THE HORSE-SHOE FROM THE DOOR.

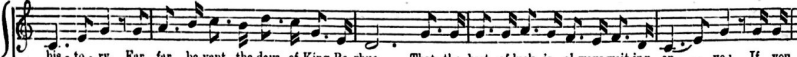
Published, with Words and Pianoforte Accompts., full Music size, in No. 6446 of the MUSICAL BOUQUET. Price 8d.

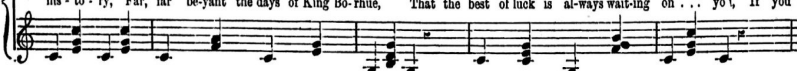
DAVE BRAHAM.

VOICE. 

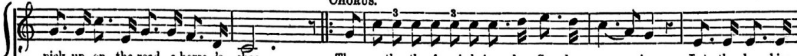
BANJO. 

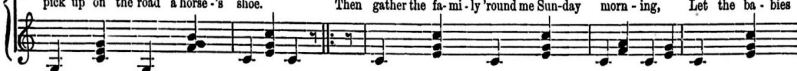
1. There's a sto - ry hand - ed down in I - rish


  
his - to - ry, Far, far be - yant the days of King Bo - rhué, That the best of luck is al - ways wait - ing on . . . yo, If you

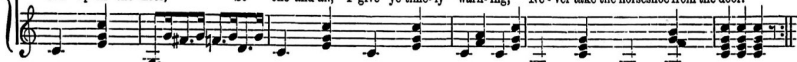


CHORUS.

  
pick up on the road a horse - 's shoe. Then gather the fa - mi - ly 'round me Sun - day morn - ing, Let the ba - bies



  
roll up - on the floor, So one and all, I give ye time - ly warn - ing, Ne - ver take the horseshoe from the door.



- When first I threw my eye upon Cerdelia,  
The many we're married seem a few;  
'Twas in my father's hut in Tipperary,  
I was nailing on the door the horse's shoe.  
Then gather the family, &c.
- The only time I had domestic trouble,  
'Twas with my little wife that I adore;  
She was bringing in a crowd of her relations,  
And I found the horse-shoe laying on the floor.  
Then gather the family, &c.


- I never give away to superstition,  
Her relations kept me in the Devil's stew,  
Until I gathered courage and I whaled them;  
It come from finding of the horse's shoe.  
Then gather the family, &c.
- I offer ye a bit of consolation,  
Ye husbands that are keeping up a crew  
Of a lazy set of vagabond relations,  
I offer ye this horse's iron shoe.  
Then gather the family, &c.


## 41.

## THE DAY I WAS SOT FREE.

Published, with Words and Pianoforte Accompts., full Music size, in No. 6840 of the MUSICAL BOUQUET. Price 8d.


SAM LUCAS.

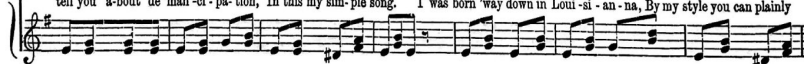
VOICE. 

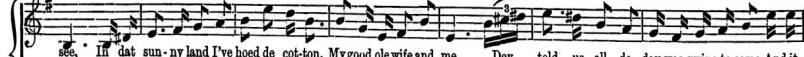
BANJO. 

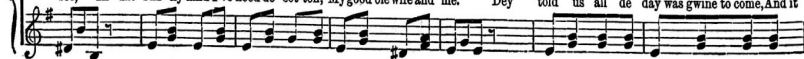
*Allegro Moderato.*

1. White folks all lend me your at - ten - tion, I won't de - tain you long, I'll

  
tell you a - bout de 'man - ci - pa - tion, In this my sim - ple song. I was born 'way down in Loui - si - an - na, By my style you can plainly



  
see, 'In dat sun - ny land I've hoed de cot - ton, My good ole wife and me. Dey told us all de day was gwine to come, And it



CHORUS.

filled my heart with glee, Now white folks all I still re-remember De day I was sot free. Oh! yes, I'm  
free, And I'm hap-py, you can see, neb-ber shall for-get, no, neb-ber, De day I was sot free.

2. I'se growing old and am quite feeble,  
And my hair am turning grey,  
But still I ever shall remember  
What I heard ole massa say;  
Dar's gwine to be a big commotion  
Down in dat sunny land,

And all de dark's on dis plantation  
Would soon be a happy band.  
De proclamation papers Massa Lincoln signed  
In de year of sixty-three;  
And I nebber shall forget, no nebber,  
De day I was sot free.  
Oh! yes, I'm free, &c.

## 42. OH! GOLDEN HOURS, TOO BRIGHT TO LAST.

Published, with Words and Pianoforte Accompts, full Music size, in No. 6728 of the MUSICAL BOUQUET. Price 8d.

W. H. MONTGOMERY.

VOICE.

1. Oh! golden hours of long a-go, When ev-rything seem'd true and fair, And

BANJO.

from gray dawn to sum-mer's glow Of joy each day would bring its share; When hap-py child-hood's ma-gic spell A-

-round our lit-tle world was cast; Ne'er sorrow's shadow on us fell. Oh! golden hours, too bright to last, Oh! golden hours, too

bright to last, Too bright, too bright to last. Oh! golden hours, too bright to last, Oh! golden hours too bright to last.

2. Oh! golden hours of youthful love,  
When truth and trust were sacred ties  
That life nor death should dare remove,  
And ours a lover's paradise.  
Thy guileless reign no warning gave  
That with man's growth such love dies fast,  
And broken vows life's pathway pave,  
Oh! golden hours, too bright to last.  
Oh! golden hours, &c.

3. Oh! golden hours, why mock us still  
With thoughts of springtime's happy dream;  
Why shed on love, now faint and chill,  
A fleeting ray of phantom gleam.  
'Twere better far that we enshrine  
Within the dead and silent past  
The memories that around thee twine  
Oh! golden hours, too bright to last.  
Oh! golden hours, &c.

## 43.

## DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN.

Published, with Words and Pianoforte Accompt., full Music size, in Nos. 6598-4 of the MUSICAL BOUQUET. Price 6d.

E. SYMONS.

VOICE.

BANJO.

*Moderato.*

1. I ne-ver give a pin-a-way, I ne-ver eat too much, I ne-ver waste

night or day, I don't a-gree with such; I ne-ver spend a farthing out un-less I have to buy, And that's the ve-ry

CHORUS.

rea-son, friends, you of-ten hear me cry— Dearly be-lov-ed breth-ren, is it not a sin, . . . When you peel po-ta-toes, to

throw away the skin! The skins feed the pigs, and the pigs feed you; . . . Dearly be-lov-ed brethren, is that not true? . . . true?

*1st.* *2nd.*

2. I wouldn't have a wife because I wouldn't buy her food,  
I wouldn't kiss a handsome girl, I couldn't be so rude;  
I'd ne'er have sugar in my tea, nor butter on my bread,  
I couldn't be so wasteful, no, that's why I've often said:  
Dearly beloved brethren, &c.

3. I once went to a tea fight where the children sat at tea,  
And, father-like, I spent the night, both jolly, gay, and free;  
The children ate the cake, of course, but threw away the bread,  
I then jumped on a form at once, and waved my hat and said:  
Dearly beloved brethren, &c.

4. I have a supper once a week, which costs me just twopence,  
I had it last on Sunday night, I haven't had it since;  
To make it last I have to smell the cheese and eat the bread,  
Then say again as I go to sleep, when I jump into bed:  
Dearly beloved brethren, &c.

## 44.

## I'VE GWINE IN DE VALLEY.

(JUBILEE SONG &amp; CHORUS.)

Published, with Words and Pianoforte Accompt., full Music size, in No. 6441 of the MUSICAL BOUQUET. Price 3d.

SAM LUCAS.

VOICE.

BANJO.

*Moderato.*

1. When I was down in E-gypt land, I've

gwine in de val-ley to meet my Lord, I heard some talk of the Prom-is'd Land, I've

CHORUS.



gwine in de val-ley to meet my Lord. Den oh, Lord, I'se gwine in de val-ley to  
meet my Lord, Den oh, Lord, I'se gwine in de val-ley for to pray.

2. My brudden took me by de hand,  
I'se gwine in de valley to meet my Lord;  
Dis is de way to de Promised Land,  
I'se gwine in de valley to meet my Lord.  
Den oh, Lord, &c.
3. De angels' wings was tipped with gol,  
I've gwine in de valley to meet my Lord;  
Dat brought glad tidings to my soul,  
I'se gwine in de valley to meet my Lord.  
Den oh, Lord, &c.
3. Den, brudder, be careful how you walk on de cross,  
I'se gwine in de valley to meet my Lord;  
Kase your foot might slip and your soul get lost,  
I'se gwine in de valley to meet my Lord.  
Den oh, Lord, &c.

## 45. WHERE ARE THE ANGELS, MOTHER?

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F. D. JEWETT.



1. Where are the an-gels, mo-ther, That thou say-est watch do keep? They  
ne-ver give me playthings, Or an an-swer when I speak; Where are the an-gels, mo-ther, That pro-  
tect me thro' the day? I can-not see them, mo-ther, Nor find them where I play! Where are the an-gels,  
mo-ther! For I thought they were like thee. But if they were, dear mo-ther, They'd not flee a-way from me.

2. Where are the angels, mother,  
That do guard me when I sleep?  
No song but thine, dear mother,  
Doth the stillness ever break.  
Where are the angels, mother?  
Have they not a voice like mine?  
Have they no eyes, dear mother,  
That can look on me like thine?  
Where are, &c.

46.

## YOU ARE A LUCKY FELLOW, JOHN.

Published, with Words and Pianoforte Accompts., full Music size, in Nos. 6802-3 of the MUSICAL BOUQUET. Price 6d.

*Tempo di Valse.*

JOHN READ.

VOICER.

1. You had bet-ter be born luck-y than rich, Is a  
say-ing you'll hear to this day, . . . . But if I had my choice of the two I know which I should  
have, for I real-ly must say . . . . I am not ve-ry luck-y, would like to be rich, But of course I know  
I ne-ver can. . . . Mis-for-tune, you see, has a strong hold on me, Though they call me a for-tu-nate man. . . .

PIANOFORTE.

*Spoken*—And whenever my friends meet me, they say—  
Chorus.

*Tempo di Polka.*

You are a luck-y fel-low, John, that you can't de-ny; I don't be-lieve you could go wrong if you were to try;  
For-tune seems to fa-vour you, go wrong you ne-ver can! While some go wrong you get on, you are a luck-y man.

2. I married a woman whom I thought was rich,  
And very soon after I found  
She had lost all her money investing in bonds,  
So my prospects all came to the ground.  
She had also six children whom I had to keep,  
And while taking them out 't'other day,  
Some fellow who knew me tapped me on the back,  
And these words unto me he did say:  
You are a lucky fellow, &c.
3. One evening last week I went home at ten,  
And as I'd forgotten the key,  
I gave a rat tat, my wife said "Who's that?"  
I answered, "My dear, only me."  
She opened the window, I took off my hat,  
Thought of catching the key, but instead

A flower-pot fell from the top window-sill,  
And smashed on the top of my head.

*Spoken*—And just at that moment, my neighbour looking out of his window, said— You are a lucky fellow, &c.

4. One night as I stood in the Old Robin Hood  
Public-house having some beer,  
Some fellow came in for two of cold gin,  
And with me he would interfere;  
He tried all his might to induce me to fight,  
I said, "Sir, to fight I'm not bound;"  
He called me a coward, I couldn't stand that,  
So I said, "Sir, I will have a round."

*Spoken*—And after being knocked all over the shop, they said—  
You are a lucky fellow, &c.

## 47. HULLO! WHERE ARE YOU COMING TO?

Published, with Words and Pianoforte Accompts., full Music size, in Nos. 6612-18 of the MUSICAL BOUQUET. Price 6d. W. G. EATON.

Moderato.

VOICER.

BANJO.

1. Some fel - lows can't en -

- joy them - selves With - out they go a - way For two months on the con - ti - nong To

par - lez - vous Fran - çais ; And o - thers like to tell their friends They've been down shooting grouse, It's all because they've

*Spoken*—I do like the "House," I do, and it doesn't want a Bradshaw to find it, either. I shan't forget the last time I went—this is how we did it. We went to the gentleman at the coal shed and says "Guv'nor, have you got a camel or two to lend us?" "Yes," says he, and out he trots a good old flannel-footed member. "How many's going?" says he, "Only fourteen," says I, "and what's more, we've all got whips," and if anything came within twelve yards of us, we all sang out—

## CHORUS.

ne - ver had A day down at "Rye House." Hul - lo! where are you com - ing to? Hul - lo!

out of the way, Hul - lo! where are you run - ning to? Can't you see we're out for the day?

2. Of course we saw the ladies had Refreshments on the way ; We hired a band from Saffron Hill, And didn't we make 'em play. The people all turned out to see The waggon load go by, And when they saw what toffs we was They all commenced to cry : Hul-lo! &c.
3. When we got to our journey's end We squatted on the ground ; We drank "good health" in half and half, And passed the wittles round. The funny tales we told the gals It made them crack their sides ; And then we all made up our minds To have some donkey rides.

*Spoken*—If there is a weaknes lurking in my British blood it is a donkey ride, and having your grub on the grass—*al fresco* they call it ; I suppose that was the name of the chap what started it ; anyhow, he knew something. Now, Mrs. Johnson, you sit there ; you, Miss

Bottomley, sit there ; now then, Bill, keep your daisy roots off the cloth ; where will you sit, dear ?—come here—no, don't sit there, the cows have been grazing there—that's it. Now, are you ready for the donkey ride ?—jump up, then. Now, when I say three, start. One, two—stop—Miss Bottomley's dress is too high. Allow me—that's it—now, then—off. Hul-lo! &c.

4. At night we got the osses out, For home again to drive ; We sung all sorts of comic songs To keep the game alive. We made a call at all the "pubs" There was along the way ; We all got tight, and got run in, To finish up the day.

*Spoken*—I forgot, not all tight ; there was two sober—only two, they were the osses, and one of them took a shop front home round his neck for a collar. We were taken before such a nice old man in the morning. "Forty shillings or a month," says he. "How much?" says I ; "forty shillings—cheap—but I ain't got my cheque book with me. Then we all had to get into the brougham ; there was all the lads of the village waiting to see us, and when they spotted me they all began singing out— Hul-lo! &c.

## 48.

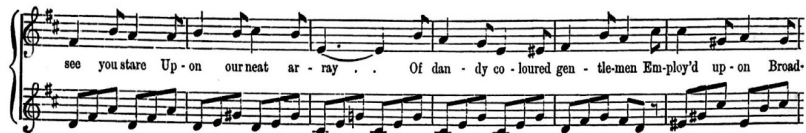
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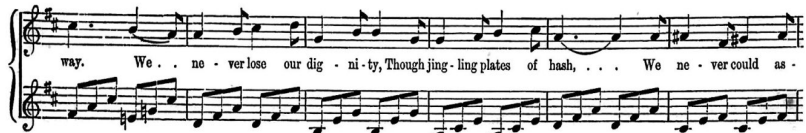
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W. S. MULLALLY.

VOICER. 

BANJO. 





CHORUS.







2. Polite attention to the man  
That puts beneath his plate  
A dollar bill to make us prompt,  
Such folks will never wait.  
We'll smother him in luxuries,  
And eagerly prepare  
To order every dainty dish  
Dat's on de bill of fare.  
We hear de gong, &c.

3. In summer time we wend our way  
To Saratoga springs,  
And answer every bell and call  
For money that it brings.  
But white folks have to wait on us  
In winter when we're grand,  
And travel like aristocrats  
With a coloured minstrel band.  
We hear de gong, &c.



## 49. OH WHAT A FORWARD YOUNG MAN YOU ARE.

Published, with Words and Pianoforte Accompt., full Music size, in Nos. 6480-81 of the MUSICAL BOUQUET. Price 6d.

*Allegro.*

J. READ.

VOICER.

1. Some young men when court-ing are aw - ful - ly shy, And

BANJO.

when you speak to them will scarce-ly re - ply, While some are so for-ward you can - not de - ny, They

make a girl look like a fool. . . . . And that's just the way with my cou - siu Joe, When - e - ver I

meet him I'd have you to know That he will in - sist up - on steal-ing a kiss, Then I un - to him have to

CHORUS.

say . . . . . Oh! Joe, do let me go, Let me a - lone or I'll tell mam -

ma, Oh! Joe, do let me go, Oh! what a for - ward young man you are.

2. I don't mind a kiss if it's done on the sly,  
But I really don't like it if anyone's nigh;  
It makes the third party look awfully shy,  
And Joseph he makes it a rule.  
Whenever we are in a room or a street,  
No matter who's looking, the moment we meet  
He will insist upon stealing a kiss,  
Which makes me feel cross, then I say:  
Oh, Joe, do let me go, &c.
3. One night at a party, just for a lark,  
He turned out the gas, left us all in the dark;  
The ladies they screamed, and each gent did remark,  
What a foolish young man, to be sure.

I was just about making my way from the place,  
When I felt Joseph's arms encircle my waist,  
And the warm pressure of his lips to my face,  
And once again I had to say:  
Oh, Joe, do let me go, &c.

4. When the gas it was lit all eyes were on me,  
The ladies they tittered, and each young man he  
Commenced then to laugh, so I said there must be  
With me something wrong, I am sure.  
I ran to the glass at a terrible pace,  
And saw the print of his moustache on my face,  
Which, of course, had been dyed—oh, what a disgrace!  
And enough to make any girl say:  
Oh, Joe, do let me go, &c.

50.

## PUT ON MY LONG WHITE ROBE.

(JUBILEE SONG.)

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SAM LUCAS.

VOICER.

BANJO. *Moderato.*

1. De gos - pel Trum - pet am sound - ing loud, Put on my long white robe; See all de children a

slip - ping proud, All up an' down de road; When dey get in de pear - ly gate, Put on my long white

robe; You can go in - side if you ain't too late, And den how hap - py you'll feel. Oh!

CHORUS.

wait till I put on my long white robe, My star - ry crown, and my gol - den shoes, I

pass thro' the gates of de gol - den ci - ty, Den I car - ry de news. Yes! news.

1st. 2nd.

2. When de last trumpet in de mornin' shall sound,  
Put on my long white robe;  
On de right hand I want to be found,  
Den how happy I'll feel.  
De goats on de left, an' de lambs on de right,  
Put on my long white robe;  
We'll hab mighty singin' and shoutin' dat night,  
And den how happy I'll feel.  
Oh! wait till I, &c.

3. We'll have a mighty dinner of milk and honey,  
Put on my long white robe;  
You can come up and eat if you ain't got any money,  
Den how happy you'll feel.  
I'se gwine to have a seat in de promised land,  
Put on my long white robe;  
So come along, brother, and join our band,  
And den how happy you'll feel.  
Oh! wait till I, &c.

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- 151 Album of Popular Dance Music (23rd Selection).
- 152 Album of Popular Dance Music (24th Selection).
- 153 Album of Popular Dance Music (25th Selection).
- 154 Album of Popular Dance Music (26th Selection).
- 155 Album of Popular Dance Music (27th Selection).
- 156 Album of Popular Dance Music (28th Selection).
- 157 Album of Popular Dance Music (29th Selection).
- 158 Album of Popular Dance Music (30th Selection).
- 159 Album of Popular Dance Music (31st Selection).
- 160 Album of Popular Dance Music (32nd Selection).
- 161 Album of Popular Dance Music (33rd Selection).
- 162 Album of Popular Dance Music (34th Selection).
- 163 Album of Popular Dance Music (35th Selection).
- 164 Album of Popular Dance Music (36th Selection).
- 165 Album of Popular Dance Music (37th Selection).
- 166 Album of Popular Dance Music (38th Selection).
- 167 Album of Popular Dance Music (39th Selection).
- 168 Album of Popular Dance Music (40th Selection).
- 169 Album of Popular Dance Music (41st Selection).
- 170 Album of Popular Dance Music (42nd Selection).
- 171 Album of Popular Dance Music (43rd Selection).
- 172 Album of Popular Dance Music (44th Selection).
- 173 Album of Popular Dance Music (45th Selection).
- 174 Album of Popular Dance Music (46th Selection).
- 175 Album of Popular Dance Music (47th Selection).
- 176 Album of Popular Dance Music (48th Selection).
- 177 Album of Popular Dance Music (49th Selection).
- 178 Album of Popular Dance Music (50th Selection).
- 179 Album of Popular Dance Music (51st Selection).
- 180 Album of Popular Dance Music (52nd Selection).
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- 182 Album of Popular Dance Music (54th Selection).
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- 186 Album of Popular Dance Music (58th Selection).
- 187 Album of Popular Dance Music (59th Selection).
- 188 Album of Popular Dance Music (60th Selection).
- 189 Album of Popular Dance Music (61st Selection).
- 190 Album of Popular Dance Music (62nd Selection).
- 191 Album of Popular Dance Music (63rd Selection).
- 192 Album of Popular Dance Music (64th Selection).
- 193 Album of Popular Dance Music (65th Selection).
- 194 Album of Popular Dance Music (66th Selection).
- 195 Album of Popular Dance Music (67th Selection).
- 196 Album of Popular Dance Music (68th Selection).
- 197 Album of Popular Dance Music (69th Selection).
- 198 Album of Popular Dance Music (70th Selection).
- 199 Album of Popular Dance Music (71st Selection).
- 200 Album of Popular Dance Music (72nd Selection).
- 201 Album of Popular Dance Music (73rd Selection).
- 202 Album of Popular Dance Music (74th Selection).
- 203 Album of Popular Dance Music (75th Selection).
- 204 Album of Popular Dance Music (76th Selection).
- 205 Album of Popular Dance Music (77th Selection).
- 206 Album of Popular Dance Music (78th Selection).
- 207 Album of Popular Dance Music (79th Selection).
- 208 Album of Popular Dance Music (80th Selection).
- 209 Album of Popular Dance Music (81st Selection).
- 210 Album of Popular Dance Music (82nd Selection).
- 211 Album of Popular Dance Music (83rd Selection).
- 212 Album of Popular Dance Music (84th Selection).
- 213 Album of Popular Dance Music (85th Selection).
- 214 Album of Popular Dance Music (86th Selection).
- 215 Album of Popular Dance Music (87th Selection).
- 216 Album of Popular Dance Music (88th Selection).
- 217 Album of Popular Dance Music (89th Selection).
- 218 Album of Popular Dance Music (90th Selection).
- 219 Album of Popular Dance Music (91st Selection).
- 220 Album of Popular Dance Music (92nd Selection).
- 221 Album of Popular Dance Music (93rd Selection).
- 222 Album of Popular Dance Music (94th Selection).
- 223 Album of Popular Dance Music (95th Selection).
- 224 Album of Popular Dance Music (96th Selection).
- 225 Album of Popular Dance Music (97th Selection).
- 226 Album of Popular Dance Music (98th Selection).
- 227 Album of Popular Dance Music (99th Selection).
- 228 Album of Popular Dance Music (100th Selection).

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- 152 Forty-nine Polkas, Galops, Mazurkas, &c., by Philipp Fahrbach, jun.
- 153 Twenty-one Celebrated Valzes, by Philipp Fahrbach, jun.
- 154 Twenty-five Popular Melodies, with Variations (2nd Selection).

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- 63 Twelve Popular Pieces (1st Selection).
- 64 Ditto (2nd Selection).
- 65 Ten Popular Pieces (3rd Sel.).
- 120 Famous Waltzes (1st Sel.).
- 121 Famous Waltzes (2nd Sel.).
- 154 The Eminent's Celebrated Violin Solos (Nos. 5, 6 and 7).
- 182 Leiba's Twelve Melodious and Entertaining Pieces.
- 187 Four Original Etampes—12 melodious, progressive, and original Studies by Leiba.
- 190 A Novel Series—melodious, progressive, and original Studies by Leiba.

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- 184 Sixty Solos—Marches, Quicksteps, Galops, Polkas, Gavottes, 30 Breakdowns, &c.
- 185 Thirty Nigger Songs and Minstrel's Ballads, with Banjo Accompaniment.

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Contents

POLKA, THE LOTTIE - FELIX THURDIS.  
 VALSE, "ON THE RIVIERA," - FELIX BURNS.  
 BARN DANCE, LEONA LACOSTE.  
 LEONA LACOSTE.  
 VALSE, "MARIETTA," - AIGRETTE.  
 HIGHLAND SCOTCH DANCE, "WIGGIE WIGGIE," - LEONA LACOSTE.  
 LANCERS, "THE PALACE," - JAS. W. GLOVER.  
 VALSE, "DUCHESS OF YORK," - E. ABRAHAM.  
 POLKA, "A JOLLY DANCE," - LEONA LACOSTE.  
 VALSE, "PLAISIR DANOUR," - A. CORI.  
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**CONTENTS.**

I could do with a Bit - Little Tich  
 Puzzles - Little Tich  
 Never introduce your Donah - Gus Elen  
 to a Pal - Gus Elen  
 I didn't Break the Bank at Monte Carlo - Harry Pina  
 The Waiter - Dan Leno  
 All thro' a little piece of Bacon - Dan Leno  
 I'm Another - Herbert Campbell  
 Wages - Herbert Campbell  
 Master and Man - Charles Godfrey  
 Nones - T. E. Davells  
 I'll give him Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay - George Beauchamp  
 Golden Kippers - George Beauchamp  
 We all went Home in a Cab - Charles Bignell  
 I persuaded Him - George Bignell  
 Secret Signs - Charles Coburn  
 Mischiefs (Song and Dance) - Marie Lloyd  
 Oh! Mr. Chevalier what have you done for me? - Clara Torr  
 The Little Widow - Little Collins  
 Such a Nice Girl too - Ada Lundberg

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# SHEARD'S VOCAL & INSTRUMENTAL SONG ANNUAL

CONTENTS of Book Two.

**VOCAL.**

THE LITTLE PIE. - L. E. ENYER.  
 CLIMB UP YE, CHILLUN, CLIMB. - R. A. KENT.  
 I'LL GIVE HIM TA-RA-BA BOOM DE AY. - GEO. BEAUCHAMP.

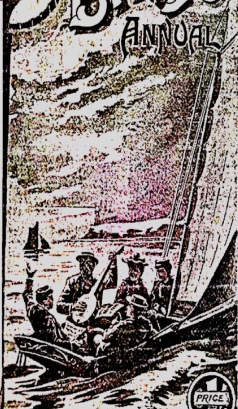
**PUZZLES.**

THE JAP. - DAN LENO.  
 CLOSE, VERY CLOSE INDEED. - LITTLE TICH.  
 PREW! THEN GOLDEN KIPPERS. - GEO. BEAUCHAMP.

I COULD DO WITH A BIT. - LITTLE TICH.  
 NEVER INTRODUCE YOUR DONAH TO A PAL. - GUS ELEN.  
 I PERSUADED HIM. - CHAR. BIGNELL.

**INSTRUMENTAL.**

THE DORKIES' DANCE. - HENRY BROWN.  
 THE COON DANCE. - ALBERT HENRY.  
 THE DORKIES' JUBILEE. - J. W. TURNER.  
 COON NUT DANCE. - HERMAN.  
 THE DORKIES' DREAM. - G. L. LAMOND.  
 JUBILEE MARCH. - BROWN.  
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1. WHERE THE RIPPLING WATERS FLOW. (Song & Dance)
2. THE NIGGER AND THE BEE. (Song & Dance)
3. MY DREAM OF LOVE IS OER. (Song)
4. GOOD BYE MY HONEY I'M GONE. (Song)
5. HUSH DON'T WAKE THE BABY. (Song with Chorus)
6. MY PRETTY RED ROSE. (Song)
7. DE DOUBLE WEDDING. (Song with Solo)
8. LESSONS LEARNED AT MOTHERS. (Song)
9. REGRET. (Song)
10. THE OLD TIN DIPPER ON THE MAIL. (Song with Chorus)
11. WHEN THE DEWDROPS KISS THE ROSES. (Song with Chorus)
12. TWELVE MONTHS AGO TO-NIGHT. (Song)
13. DARLING. (Song)
14. THE LONE GRAVE. (Patented Song)
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