

1897

# Sunshine

W.R. Williams  
*Composer*

W.R. Williams  
*Lyricist*

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# "SUNSHINE."

Words and Music by **W. R. WILLIAMS,**

Arr. by **LEWIS REITERMAN.**

AUTHOR OF

"Sweet Tillie Taylor," "Sweet Nola Shannon,"  
"Sweet Nellie Bawn," "Little Dora Dell," Etc.

mf

f

1. There's a neat lit-tle, sweet lit-tle crea-ture;..... I met her a short time a-  
2. Now it goes with-out say-ing, she's I-rish;..... A heart that is in the right

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Send for "SWEET NOLA SHANNON", the waltz song hit.

Vp. 012612

1897

SUN

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go..... Per - fec - tion in form and in fea - ture..... I'm proud to say I am her  
place,..... So kind to the low and the low - ly,..... Her good-ness just beams in her

beau..... With blue eyes and curls that are gold - en,..... To love her I'm sure is no  
face..... And when we drive o - ver to mar - ket,..... It's then, that I wish she were

crime;.... She's all hearts de-light, so gay and so bright, That ev'-ry one calls her "Sun-shine.".....  
mine;.... Every one by the way, Seems anxious to say "Good morning, God bless you, Sunshine!".....

"Sunshine" 3-2

Send for "MY LOU," a beautiful home ballad.



## CHORUS.

Sun - shine, Sun - shine.... with your gol - - - den curls,.....

You're a rose a - mong the thorns, com - pared to oth - er girls;.....

You're bright eyes can pierce like Cu - pid's dart,..... Sun -

shine,.... Sun-shine:—You're my own sweet - - heart..... heart.....

D. S.

"Sunshine." 3-3.

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Send for "SOMEBODY'S SWEETHEART," the beautiful story song.

# "THAT NIGGER TREATED ME ALL RIGHT."

Arr. by LEWIS REITERMAN.

Words and Music by  
Walter Hawley.

Intro.

1. My ba-by gone and left me and my heart's done broke, He took all my mon-ey put my clothes in soak, He  
2. Last summer we was rid-ing on a pic - nic boat, Just to make it pleasant, why we took a float; But

e-ven stole my chickens and my sweet po-ta-to pie, And gived em to a - noth-er gal, now dat aint no lie, But I  
when we was re-turn-ing, dat's de time we had a row, Raz - ors, pistols and lead pipe was used, I'll al-low, And a

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certainly must remember how good he's been to me. Took me to the circus all the fun-ny things to see; And  
big Mis-ter nig-ger tried to walk all o-ver me. He grabbed him by the collar and chucked him in the sea; Just

says, "altho' youse shady, youse my on-ly colored lady," Den dat nigger went and shook me, but I know he loved his baby.  
den dey started bit-ing, and the worst kind of fighting, In less than half a min-ute we was found without a light, an'

Dat nigger treated me all right, Deed, he cert'nly treated me out o' sight. I  
Dat nigger treated me all right, Deed, he cert'nly treated me out o' sight. He

saw the ze-ber-ee and the monkeys drinking tea, And all the oth-er an-i-mals in that me-na-ge-rie; Yes, dat  
start-ed in to kiss dis here dainty lit-tle miss, Right then I was mighty sure I had him on my list, For dat



nigger treated me all right, If you dared to in-sult me he would fight. Of  
 nigger treated me all right, If you dared to in-sult me he would fight. 1

course he stole my cloes, and wreck'd dis darkie's heart, Still, dat nigger treated me all right. Dat  
 know he stole my cloes, and crush'd dis darkie's heart, Still, dat nigger treated me all right. D.C.

3. We went out one evening to a watermelon patch,  
 We came across a hen coop, so we lifted up the latch;  
 Inside was some chickens dar a roosting on a stick;  
 Goodness me! I can't see how dat nigger was so thick.  
 Here come the farmer, had a gun long as dat;  
 Done pulled the snapper and away went my hat.  
 Oh my! I wanted chickens, but dat farmer raised the dickens,  
 But I was glad to get away without those lovely pickens.

CHORUS. Dat nigger treated me all right, deed, he certainly treated me out o' sight.  
 When he come from that hen coop round his neck he had a hoop,  
 'Twas filled with hens and roosters, So we had some chicken soup.  
 Yes, dat nigger treated me all right, if you dared to insult me, he would fight.  
 He robbed me of my clothes and tampered with my heart,  
 But dat nigger treated me all right.

4. Now I want to tell you how we first fell in love,  
 He called to see me, his little turtle dove.  
 My mammy didn't like it, so we planned to elope;  
 Dat man got a plank and a long piece of rope;  
 Well, just at midnight, when everything was still,  
 Here come my baby a driving up der hill.  
 Of course we didn't tarry, so assisted by my Harry,  
 The plank was fixed for me to slide, then we was gwine to marry.


CHORUS. That nigger treated me all right, deed, he certainly treated me out o' sight.  
 I was quiet as a snail, I was scared and I was pale.  
 I slid down upon that plank, but in the middle was a nail;  
 Yes, dat nigger treated me all right, when I got off dat plank I was a sight;  
 I tore my bestest cloes, I was bleeding at der nose,  
 And dat nigger treated me all right.

# "SHE'S ONLY

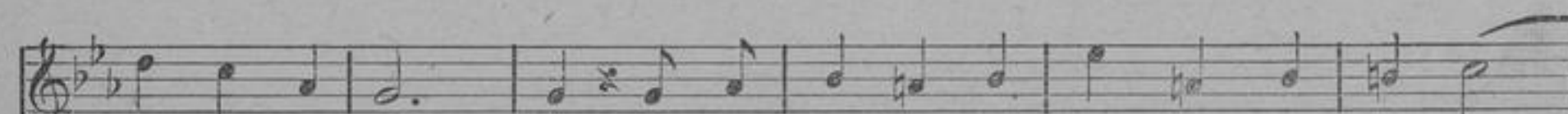

# SWEET SIXTEEN."

Words and Music by  
Harry M. Graves.

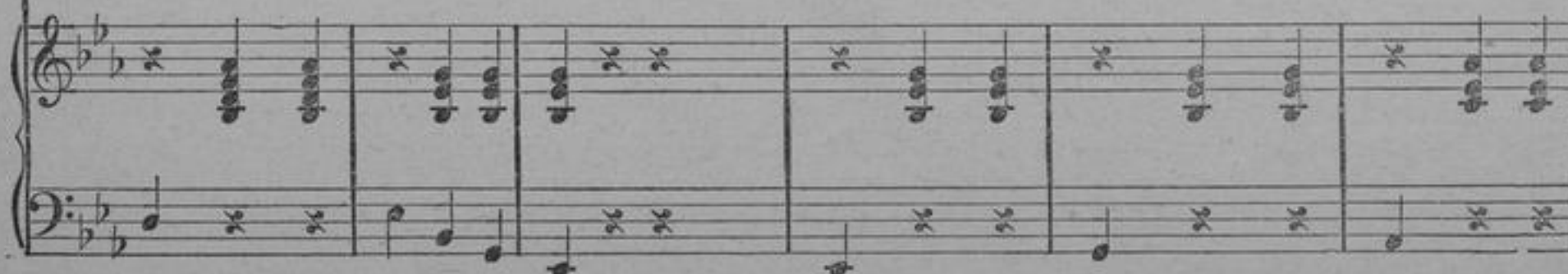
Intro.



1. There's a sweet, win - ning shy lit - tle fai - ry,..... Whom I met not a  
2. I am not quite as old as I might be,..... But I know how to



long time a - go,..... And her im - age is ev - er be - fore me,....  
love fond and true,..... So I've made up my mind soon to mar - ry....





..... No mat-ter wher-e'er I my go;..... She vis-its me oft in the  
 ..... This maid-en with bright eyes of blue;..... I don't think she knows how I

day-time..... And in dream-land..... she plays fai-ry queen, And she makes a  
 love her,..... But o'er my heart..... she now reigns su-preme, And some day I'll

cute lit-tle fai-ry,..... For she's on-ly sweet six-teen.....  
 ask her to wed me,..... When she's more than sweet six-teen.....

CHORUS.

5

She is young, she is fair, She has eyes of blue,.....

Dim - pled cheek, silk - en hair, Lips of cher-ry hue.....

Form so neat, and pe - tite, She is beau-ty' queen;.....

Cap - ti - vat - ing all the boys, and on - ly sweet six - teen.....



## I'LL BE BUSY ALL NEXT WEEK

Words by John Gilroy Music by Harry Linton  
Copyright MCMII by Sol Bloom Int. copyright secured

An ebony-tinted maid of affectation  
Is loved by a gent of tawny hue;  
She gave to him a standing invitation,  
Saying: "Call, and I'll be always in for you."  
After she had spent most all his money  
He said: "Don't leave me in this world alone;  
Could I call to see you once next week, my honey?"  
This excuse she offered in regretful tone:

### CHORUS.

Monday I'll be busy all the day,  
Tuesday I'm going far away,  
Wednesday is the day that I study French,  
Thursday is for music, then you would intrinche,  
Friday I must paint a little bit,  
Saturday in the dentist's chair I'll sit,  
Sunday is for church, salvation I must seek,  
I'm sorry, I'll be busy all next week.

He easily hid from her his occupation,  
Till into jail they threw this maiden dear,  
For counterfeiting coins of this great nation,  
As the money that she took from him was queer.  
She was tried in court by judge and jury,  
She thought the tawny gent would come to speak,  
But he sent this note that drove her in a fury:  
"Good-by, my gal, I'm busy all next week."

**NOTICE!** Will Rossiter wishes to call your attention to the fact that this great song,

### I'LL BE BUSY ALL NEXT WEEK

is the latest success, and is one of the most popular and greatest sellers in America today. We have made a special arrangement with the publisher of this song to furnish you complete copies at 25 cents each if you fill in and send this coupon.

### COUPON

THIS COUPON and 25 cents (in stamps) if sent to WILL ROSSITER, 56 FIFTH AVENUE, Chicago, Illinois, is good for one complete original copy of "I'll Be Busy All Next Week."

Your Name \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

## WHEN A COON OPENS A DEPARTMENT-STORE

Words by Ed. Gardenier Music by Jack L. Ottenheimer  
Copyright 1903 by Sol Bloom International copyright secured

What dis coon can do will prove to you  
Dat I've forgot more dan some wise folks know;  
I've hit upon a plan which will beat de baker man  
When it comes to making cakes or raising dough.  
Dis quiet little scheme ain't no pipe dream,  
No one's ever worked it out before;  
A sky-scraper I will buy over ninety stories high,  
Den I'll open up a coon department store.

### CHORUS.

When dis coon opens his department store,  
I'll be doing cakewalks 'long de polished floor,  
Sell ev'rything on earth for double what it's worth;  
Ragtime music furnished by a ragtime band;  
Dollar goods I'll mark a dollar ninety-four,  
I'll have salesladies colored black and tan,  
A-yelling "cash" all day, why, de coons can't keep away  
When dis coon opens his department store.

Downstairs sporty nigs can play dere gigs,  
And lubricate dere pipes with Old Tom gin;

Dream-books at half price, rabbits' feet and loaded dice,  
And poker decks all marked to let you in,  
Fine razors will be dere for ev'ning wear,  
Corset sale for sizes fifty-four;  
Don't care how much is spent for coons always have a  
(s)cent,  
When I open up a coon department store.

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
WILL ROSSITER, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

## RING THE BELL AND LET THE CAR GO ON

Words by S. B. Cassin Music by Al. Johns  
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Car is very crowded, hanging on the straps,  
Some are rather jaggy and some are not, perhaps;  
Fellow tells another how he made a pile,  
Twenty million dollars out of steel and ile,  
Opposite a couple, evidently new,  
Say when they are married what they're going to do;  
Then the tired conductor yells out at the door:  
"Last four seats for smokers, room here for lots more."

### CHORUS.

Ring the bell and let the car go on,  
Rather walk to Harlem than be sat upon,  
Some are all in earnest, some are on the "con,"  
Ring the bell and let the car go on.

Ladies come from shopping, bargain-counter day,  
Goods marked down from fifty, forty-nine, they say,  
Paid two fares to get there, just for that odd cent,  
Rain or shine they ramble, nothing can prevent.  
Party from the races said he'd won a bet,  
If his horse had come in—skate is running yet.  
Passengers are grinning, laughing all about,  
Till a sage old fellow rustles, then he'll shout:

Fat man in the corner says the story's thin,  
Colored chap a-doing, full of nigger gin,  
Baby squalling murder, wants to see its pop,  
Car stops at the next street, kid will never stop.  
Lady comes in smiling, doggie in her lap,  
"Kiss me, gently, Fido, pretty little chap."  
Then the way she pets it, jars a fellow's nerves,  
Till a man unmarried angrily observes:

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
WILL ROSSITER, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

## MOZART LINCOLN

Words by John Gilroy Music By Ben M. Jerome  
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Mozart Lincoln, a colored bard, to write a song hit he tried real hard,  
He wrote a ballad in cakewalk time, made ginger-bread and pork-chops rhyme,  
On a shelf his song was laid, with a bunch of junk it stayed,  
One night he heard an organ play, with reflection Mo' did say:

### CHORUS.

I've heard that melody, I know that tune,  
I've heard that strain before, whistled by some coon,  
Each vamp is familiar, I know ev'ry note—  
Where have I heard that thing before? Why, it am the one I wrote  
Classic concert at Steinway Hall, "A night with Wagner," it was called,  
The folks assembled in great crowds there, Mo' Lincoln showed them each their chair.  
As an usher he was fine till they played the strains divine,  
The masterpiece of Wagner's came, in excitement Mo' exclaimed:

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
WILL ROSSITER, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.



# HIAWATHA

Words by James O'Dea Music by Neil Moret  
Copyright MCMIII by the Whitney-Warner Pub. Co., Detroit

O, the moon is all a-gleam on the stream where I dream here of  
you, my pretty Indian maid;  
While the rustling leaves are singing high above us overhead.  
In the glory of the bright summer night, in the light and the  
shadows of the forest glade  
I am waiting here to kiss your lips so red.  
There's a flood of melodies on the breeze from the trees, and of  
you they breathe so tenderly,  
While the woodlands all around are resounding your name.  
O, my all in life is you, only you, fond and true, and your own  
forevermore I'll be.  
Hear, then, the song I sing with lips aflame.

## REFRAIN.

I am your own, your Hiawatha brave,  
My heart is yours, you know, dear one, I love you so;  
O, Minnehaha, gentle maid, decide,  
Decide and say you'll be my Indian bride.

In the tresses of your hair lies a snare, and it's there where my  
heart a willing captive is;  
O, my woodland queen I pray you'll hold it ever in your care.  
In my little birch canoe, love, with you, just we two, down the  
stream of life in wedded bliss  
I would drift, sweetheart, with you my lot to share.  
When the birds upon the wing in the spring gaily sing of the  
green and golden summer-time,  
When the snows of early winter robe the woodlands in white,  
Then your Hiawatha free I will be, and to thee ev'ry thought of  
mine will e'er incline,  
Heed, then, the vows I pledge to thee this night.

**NOTICE!** Will Rossiter wishes to call your attention to the  
fact that this great song,

## HIAWATHA

is the latest success, and is one of the most popular and greatest sell-  
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is good for one complete original copy of this  
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Town \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

# CONTRARY MARY

Words by M. E. Rourke Music by Ellis R. Ephraim  
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When first I saw my Mary dear my heart was captured, quite,  
By eyes that shamed the brightest stars of night,  
By pouting lips on which I thought, by accident, a pair  
Of roses' crimson buds had fallen there.  
So when I later learned that she had never had a beau,  
By ev'ry means my love I tried to show;  
I walked with her through shady lanes all through the month of  
June  
I sang this song beneath the silver moon:

## CHORUS.

Mary, now, please to sit on my knees, do,  
Nobody sees you only the moon above you;  
Don't be contrary, hear love's vocabulary,  
Mary, my Mary, how I love you!

But Mary was contrary and Miss Mary one fine day  
A bee-line made for somewhere called Broadway,  
Became an actor lady and was on the road to fame,

The daily papers helping on her game.  
There's nothing now that Mary wants that Mary hasn't got,  
Except my love, and Mary wants it—not!  
For there are many others now whom Mary would prefer  
To sing this little song of mine to her.

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
**WILL ROSSITER, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.**

# VACATION TIME WAS ONLY MEANT FOR COONS

Words and music by A. L. Robb and J. Fred Helf  
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Ben Hamilton was awful lazy, likewise awful black,  
And if his fire went out he'd sit and wait till it came back;  
If you said: "Go to work" to him, he'd take it on the run;  
He understood that phrase in ev'ry language 'neath the sun.  
He never read a want ad in the papers in his life,  
The only tools he handled were a fork, a spoon and knife;  
His life was one long dream of bliss and lasted many moons,  
His motto was, "Vacation time was only meant for coons."

## CHORUS.

And New Year's day's the first day of vacation,  
St. Patrick's Day I always climb a tree,  
Abe Lincoln's day I celebrate my freedom,  
And Labor Day is sleeping time for me,  
Thanksgiving Day I'm thankful I ain't working,  
Emancipation Day's for ragtime tunes,  
To my Hebrew friends I'm true, I keep Rosh Hashonah too,  
Vacation time was only meant for coons.

He soon got tired of all remarks about his laziness,  
And so he wrote a want ad and dispatched it to the press;  
He'd like a job at creasing pants and he'd make good all right,  
He'd put them in between the ticks and sleep on them all night.  
A job as janitor in some good chicken-coop would do,  
Night watchman in a watermelon patch would suit him, too,  
He'd work if he had recommends from his last boss, he said,  
That's why he's on vacation, his last boss is twelve years dead.

## CHORUS.

And New Year's day's the first day of vacation,  
St. Patrick's Day I always climb a tree,  
Abe Lincoln's Day I celebrate my freedom,  
And Labor Day is sleeping time for me,  
Thanksgiving Day I'm thankful I ain't working,  
Emancipation Day's for ragtime tunes,  
And my joy it knows no bounds when Yom Kippur comes  
around,  
Vacation time was only meant for coons.

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
**WILL ROSSITER, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.**

# ELLA

Words by Matt C. Woodward Music by Ben M. Jerome  
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The weather was wet, that's how I met my Ella, Ella,  
Thanks to the sky and the lending of my umbrella, umbrella;  
If the sun had been out, I do not doubt, she'd never have done  
the thing,  
But her hat had a feather that balked at bad weather, and so she  
came under my wing.

## CHORUS.

Ella! Ella! Now's the time to tell 'er;  
Wet or fine, she must be mine, and I must be her "feller";  
Ella! Ella! Be my darling, do;  
I'm right in tune for a honeymoon with just such a girl as you.

"The weather is fine, a ride for mine," says Ella, Ella,  
"Automobile is the right kind of wheel," I tell 'er, I tell 'er;  
As we haven't a horse, my arms, of course, 'round Ella are  
bound to glide;  
The words that I utter cause Ella to flutter and snuggle up close  
to my side.

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
**WILL ROSSITER, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.**



## BEDELIA

Parody by Edwards & Ronney

You have heard of all the star fakers that roam this mighty land,  
But the last one that has come to us you'll say he beats the band;  
He can make a thousand dollars where the others make a dime,  
He's the best that ever came across the line,  
And he sticks to it and gets it all the time.

### CHORUS

O, Dowie, you are a la-la, O, Dowie, you know your book.  
They laughed at you in New York, but six millions from them  
you took.

Rockefeller and J. P. Morgan—you've beat them both a mile;  
O, go back, back, back to Zion, and no one will be crying  
for you, Dowie, O, Dowie dear.

O, Bedelia worked at housework for a gentleman so grand;  
He once told her she was pretty as he took her by the hand.  
Then said he: "My sweet Bedelia, will you kiss me, little dear?"  
But he did not know his wife was standing near,  
So he kissed her once or twice, but had no fear.

### CHORUS

"O, Bedelia, I'd like to steal you," that was all the poor jay said;  
The next thing that he remembered was that he awoke in bed;  
There stood his little wife, a poker in her hand.  
"Say Bedelia-elia-elia, I would like, my dear, to steal you," said  
his wife, "and I will land."

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mail-order bargains. Will Rossiter, 56 5th Ave., Chicago, Ill.

## I'M GOIN' BACK TO OLD MISSOURI

Words and music by M. P. Gallagher  
Copyright 1903 by Geo. M. Krey

I have travelled far away from my old Missouri home,  
Where as a lad spent many happy hours.  
But my thoughts they wander back as thru other lands I roam,  
To the corn-fields, the humming-birds and flow'rs.  
My dear mother at the window would watch the children play;  
Her smiling face is ever with me still.  
And she said: "My boy, God bless you," as I wandered far away  
From the little cot that stood beside the hill.

### CHORUS

I'm going back to old Missouri, where the yellow corn does grow,  
To see my dear old mother, whom I left long years ago.  
For I know she will be waiting with a welcome at the door.  
The fields of corn and dear old home I long to see once more.

Many years have come and gone since I've seen that dear old  
place;

I've been in many lands and diff'rent climes;  
And I am ever longing to see my mother's face,  
And hear the songbirds warbling in the vines.  
For I am trav'ling homeward and hope ere long to see  
The loved ones that I left so long ago.  
I can almost scent the perfume of the fields so dear to me,  
In Missouri where the yellow corn does grow.

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
George M. Krey, 1364 Broadway, New York.

## THE SONG THAT I HEAR IN MY DREAMS

Words and music by Walter Rolfe  
Copyright 1902 by Walter Rolfe

A crowd of good fellows, on pleasure bent,  
Were seated together one night,  
When one of their number arose and sang  
The latest song for their delight.  
It started discussion on songs of all kinds;  
Each there had a style he liked best;  
Some liked the songs about home and love,  
And others the songs of jest.  
From his seat in a corner a youth arose;  
"You've chosen your fav'rites," said he,

"But where is the song that will live as long  
As this one that's so dear to me?"

### CHORUS

It's the song that I hear in my dreams,  
And the best that I ever heard;  
It will live in my mem'ry forever;  
I treasure it ev'ry word.  
It's "Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, mother is near;  
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, nothing to fear."  
It's the song that was sung by my mother dear;  
It's the song that I hear in my dreams.

The crowd stopped to listen and, as he sang,  
In many an eye there gleamed tears.  
The singer had touched them with that sweet song  
That many had not heard in years.  
And visions of childhood and mother, so dear,  
Came back with that old cradle song.  
One touch of nature had thrilled the hearts  
Of ev'ry one in that throng.  
"Sing it over again, Jack," they asked him, then,  
For though it was simple and plain,  
No song of the night gave them such delight  
As they joined in the sweet refrain.

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
George M. Krey, 1364 Broadway, New York.

## TWO EYES OF BROWN

Words by Edward Madden Music by Stephen Howard  
Copyright 1903 by Sol Bloom International copyright secured

Lovers have likened their sweethearts to ev'ry flow'r that grew;  
Some to the rose and the lily, and some to the violet blue;  
But I know a maiden that's sweeter than any flow'r e'er grown,  
With a look that is tender and loving in two little eyes of brown.

### CHORUS

Two eyes of brown that look so shyly down,  
Two lips as red and as sweet as a rose, full-blown,  
Two dimples fair, smiling 'neath auburn hair,  
And one little miss I'm longing to kiss,  
With her two eyes of brown.

Roses are emblems of passion, each breathes a fragrance rare;  
Modesty sweet has the violet, the lily means purity fair;  
But search o'er the hills and the valleys, there'll ne'er a flow'r be  
found  
To compare with the beauty that's hidden in two little eyes of  
brown.

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
WILL ROSSITER, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

## CLARINDA

Words and music by Leon Berg  
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In the moonlight's gleam, on the silv'ry stream,  
Drifting slowly in a shell,  
Sat a maiden fair in her lover's care,  
Who had stories sweet to tell.  
"Won't you kiss me, dear?" she could often hear,  
Till her ruby lips met his.  
On his mandolin he would play a strain,  
And sing to her like this:

### CHORUS

You are my sweet Clarinda, I love you dear and true;  
My childhood's dreams of fairies are realized in you.  
At morn, at noon, at nighttime your face I seem to see;  
You are my sweet Clarinda, and you belong to me.

And the maid so coy, filled with tears of joy,  
Gently whispered, "I'll be thine.  
In your eyes of blue I read you are true,  
And you always will be mine.  
All the stars above know of our sweet love,  
They have heard your wooing strain.  
Dearest, play again on your mandolin  
That most enchanting strain."

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
WILL ROSSITER, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.



## JUST BECAUSE I'M FROM MISSOURI

Words and music by Percy Wenrich  
Copyright MCMIII by Buck & Carney

Talk about your Jonahs and your hoodoo men,  
Or the coons who quarrel for love,  
I'm worse off than any crazy old has-been  
Down below or up above.  
If I had a pass to Peter's golden gate,  
Gabriel never'd blow his horn;  
Just because I came from old Missouri state,  
Where unlucky folks are born.

### CHORUS.

Just because I'm from Missouri, ev'rything goes wrong;  
Hard luck finds me in the morning, sticks the whole day long.  
Anything good couldn't find me ever,  
So good-by to me, amen, forever.  
Just because I'm from Missouri.

All the money that I get is just like brass,  
Even if it once was gold;  
If my luck don't change then I'll blow out the gas,  
If the weather ain't too cold.  
Ev'rybody seems to point at me and say:  
"There goes that Missouri coon."  
So I must go on until the Judgment Day,  
And it can't come none too soon.

**NOTICE!** Will Rossiter wishes to call your attention to the fact that this great song,

### JUST BECAUSE I'M FROM MISSOURI

is the latest success, and is one of the most popular and greatest sellers in America today. We have made a special arrangement with the publisher of this song to furnish you complete copies at 25 cents each if you fill in and send this coupon.

### COUPON

**THIS COUPON and 25 cents (in stamps) if sent BUCK & CARNEY, 59 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois, is good for one complete original copy of "Just Because I'm from Missouri."**

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## THE ARROW AND THE MAID

Words by Arthur A. Penn Music by Edw. Hutchison  
Copyright MCMIII by Frank H. Buck

Once it fell upon a day that little Cupid lay  
Fast asleep beneath the trees;  
And a maiden passing by decided she would try  
Just a peep, her mind to ease.

She had never been in love, you know, but often longed to be;  
So she picked up one of Cupid's darts and wondered whether she  
Would ever feel its little point within her beating heart,  
Or whether she and Love would walk forevermore apart.

### CHORUS.

Love, you're just the same to-day with your tricky little way.  
You can pierce a maiden's heart right through, your darts they  
fly so straight and true.

So, Cupid, bend your little bow, keep on shooting all you know,  
And for ev'ry arrow you let fly you'll find a maid.

While the maiden lingered still there came a little thrill  
In her heart, for Cupid 'woke.

Then she turned to run away and, much to her dismay,  
Threw the dart so far it broke.

But Cupid did not hesitate, he took another one,  
And quick as thought he pulled the string, and then the deed  
was done.

The maiden gave a little gasp, she knew that she'd been hit.  
And after that, why, troubles didn't worry her a bit.

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
Buck & Carney, 59 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

## MY LOVE OF BYGONE DAYS

Words and music by Richard Stahl  
Copyright MDCCCXCVII by Thiebes-Stierlin Music Co.

In a vine-clad cottage, near where breakers roar,  
Lived a pretty lassie in the days of yore,  
Watching for her loved one far across the sea;  
And fond recollections bring this melody:

### CHORUS.

Thou art mine forever, I'll forsake thee never,  
Years may come and go, love, both may seek diff'rent ways;  
But I will be steadfast, dark clouds can't fore'er last,  
And I'll claim my love of bygone days.

Many tried to win her, but her heart was true.  
Looking at a picture, whispers, "I love you."  
Patiently she waited many years in vain,  
And each night in silence sang this same refrain:

In a vine-clad cottage a lonely woman knits;  
Through the open doorway a shadow sudden flits.  
Kneeling down beside her she looks into his eyes,  
Waiting for his answer a trembling voice replies:

### CHORUS.

Thou art mine forever, I'll forsake thee never,  
Many years have passed since, both have gone diff'rent ways;  
But I have been steadfast, all dark clouds have gone past,  
And I claim my love of bygone days.

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
Thiebes-Stierlin Music Co., St. Louis, Mo.

## MY ROSE

Poem by Ruth McEnery Stuart Music by E. S. Kroeger  
Copyright MCMIII by Thiebes-Stierlin Music Co.

Oh, my rose ain't white, an' my rose ain't red,  
An' my rose don't grow on de vines on de shed;  
But she libs in de cabin where de roses twines,  
An' she wrings out de clo'es in de shade ob de vines.

An' de red rose falls an' de white rose sheds,  
Till dey kiver all de groun' where my brown rose treads;  
An' de butterfly comes, an' de bumblebee, too,  
An' de hummin'-bird hums all de long day troo.

An' dey sip at de white, an' dey tas'e at de red,  
An' dey fly in an' out ob de vines roun' de shed;  
While I comes erlong an' I gathers some buds,  
An' makes some remarks 'bout wrenchin' an' suds.  
But de birds an' de bees an' de rest ob us knows  
Dat we all hangin' roun' des ter look at my Rose.

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
Thiebes-Stierlin Music Co., St. Louis, Mo.

## WHEN SPRING COMES BY

By Alexander Henneman  
Copyright MCM by Thiebes-Stierlin Music Co.

Alas, for you, that dull care holds aloof from common joy.  
Begone! all woe, for Spring unfolds delights without alloy.  
Merry and gay, merry and gay, the springtime cometh nigh;  
Merry and gay, merry and gay, the springtime cometh nigh.

### CHORUS.

How sweet and clear the skylark trills,  
When Spring comes dancing o'er the hills.  
Comes gaily by. Sing nonny, lidey, hidey, oh!  
Comes gaily by. Sing high-oh lidey oh-high!

Of you, sweet friends, if one there be whose heart at joy is  
wring,

Oh, think what peace encircled thee when thou wert blithe and  
young.

Merry and gay, merry and gay, the springtime cometh nigh;  
Merry and gay, merry and gay, the springtime cometh nigh.

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
Thiebes-Stierlin Music Co., St. Louis, Mo.



# THE ORIGINAL SONG ON A MOONLIGHT WINTER'S NIGHT

Words by C. P. McDonald. Music by W. C. Powell.  
Copyright MCMII by Victor Kremer Co. Int. copyright.

There's a time of the year when the air's crisp and clear,  
When our hearts are light,  
When the nights they are long, and the world's filled with song,  
On a winter's night;  
When lovers are singing and sleighbells are ringing,  
And stars shine out from above,  
Then you hasten to Jessie, or Julie, or Bessie,  
And tell her of your love.

CHORUS.

On a moonlight winter's night, on a moonlight winter's night,  
Sleighbing with your little girl makes your heart beat light;  
When she tells you that to love but you is her heart's one sweet  
delight,  
And life is one enchanted dream on a moonlight winter's night.  
When the frost's on the pane and you meet her again,  
With a joy sublime,  
When the snow's on the ground and you hear the sweet sound  
"Sweetheart, I am thine."  
With a smile that's entrancing she sets your heart dancing  
And drives away all your blues,  
For she says, "Yes, you love me, you're my little dovey,  
And I is only 'oo's."

**NOTICE!** Will Rossiter wishes to call your attention to the fact that this great song,

## "ON A MOONLIGHT WINTER'S NIGHT"

is the latest success, and is one of the most popular and greatest sellers in America today. We have made a special arrangement with the publisher of this song to furnish you complete copies at 25 cents each if you fill in and send this coupon.

### COUPON

THIS COUPON and 25 cents (in stamps) if sent to WILL ROSSITER, 56 FIFTH AVENUE, Chicago, Illinois, is good for one complete original copy of "ON A MOONLIGHT WINTER'S NIGHT."

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## TRIXIE

Words and music by J. Fred Helf.  
Copyright MCMII by Sol Bloom. Int. copyright secured.

'Neath Dixie sun, where sweetest flowers grow,  
There isn't one as sweet as one I know,  
It's just begun to bloom and blossom, though,  
For she's just sweet sixteen.  
You'd love her, too, if you could see her eyes,  
A fairer blue than sunny summer skies,  
So kind and true where tender love lights rise,  
When I whisper to my queen:

CHORUS.

Oh, Trixie, Trixie, dearest little dusky maid in Dixie,  
You know I'm worried with your tricky ways.

Oh, Trixie, Trixie, can you see that I am in a fixie,  
Trixie, you're the one I picksey.  
Answer quicksey don't say nixie,  
Trixie, you have tricky ways.

When others seek and scheme with every art  
Of love to speak to her, my own sweetheart,  
Into her cheeks the crimson blushes start,  
But she just turns away,  
Then comes to me and in her sweetest tone,  
She vows to be just mine and mine alone,  
And tenderly her sweet lips meet my own  
As in coaxing tones I say:

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
WILL ROSSITER, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

## MARY, MY MARY

Words and music by Harry Lewis Rogers.  
Copyright MCMII by American Music Co.

The idol of my heart when but a simple country boy,  
Was pretty little Mary with her ways demure and coy.  
We would wander thru the meadows as the evening shadows fell;  
I would tell her of my love and hers to me she'd tell.  
Happy in our dreams were we, naught of sorrow could we see,  
Thinking of the days when she my little bride would be.

CHORUS.

Mary, my Mary, just to hear your voice again,  
Sounded to me like angels singing a grand Amen.  
Mary, my Mary, just to see your face once more,  
Darling, I love you so, my Mary dear.

I returned to our dear village after three long years had passed,  
Just to claim the dearest, sweetest girl to be my own at last.  
But the grief awaiting me seemed more than my poor heart could  
bear,  
For when I had reached her home I found them mourning there.  
She had waited long for me, waiting still she seemed to be,  
As I know she'd wait for me thru all eternity.

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
WILL ROSSITER, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

## MY HINDOO QUEEN

Words by James O'Dea. Music by Edw. Hutchison.  
Copyright MCMII by Sol Bloom. Int. copyright secured.

Where the temple bells are ringing, in old India far away,  
Where the birds are sweetly singing in the palm trees all the day,  
In a blue and white pagoda lives the lady I adore,  
She's a gem serene and a native queen with a thousand slaves or  
more.

CHORUS.

She is my bright-eyed Hindoo Queen,  
Star of that eastern land serene,  
Sweeter than any European and just eighteen;  
Soon I will cross the briny sea,  
Soon in the palm trees' shade I'll be,  
Just to roam again with thee, my Hindoo Queen.

When the southern stars would glisten in that love-inspiring  
clime,  
To her tales of love I'd listen 'neath the Indian morn ashine.  
Native princes come to woo her with their presents rich and rare,  
But true to me she will always be, for her heart is in my care.

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
WILL ROSSITER, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.



## I MUST HAVE BEEN A-DREAMING

Words and music by Cole & Johnson  
Copyright MCM by Morse Music Co.

Last night I took dinner with the king of Spain.  
Si, si Señor, si, si Señor, si, si Señor.  
I was right up with him on a social plane;  
Si, si Señor, si, si Señor, si, si Señor.  
And he presented me to the nobility,  
The King of Italy, the Duke of Kankakee;  
But when the king crowned me his favorite grandee,  
I heard somebody say: "Wake up, wake up."

### CHORUS.

I must have been a-dreaming while all this was a-seeming, [ing;  
Kase I woke up with a-screaming, and my eyes they was a-gleam-  
My forehead was a-steaming, perspiration was a-streaming,  
I must have been a-dreaming, dreaming all the time.

Last night to the great Waldorf hotel I went,  
Si, si Señor, si, si Señor, si, si Señor.  
There they all mistook me for a Spanish gent,  
Si, si Señor, si, si Señor, si, si Señor.  
The nice things there to eat I heard could not be beat,  
So I took a seat to give myself a treat.  
I called for chicken meat; they threw me in the street.  
When someone said: "Why, that's a coon," I 'woke.

Last night I was rated as a millionaire,  
Si, si Señor, si, si Señor, si, si Señor.  
Money was as common to me as the air,  
Si, si Señor, si, si Señor, si, si Señor.  
I bought the Paris fair and moved it over here,  
Because I didn't care to travel over there,  
To save the wear and tear I thought I'd have it near.  
Just then my landlord said: "Get up, get up."

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
WILL ROSSITER, 56 FIFTH AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

## WON'T YOU COME HOME BILL BAILEY?

Parody by Chris Lane

I had a girl named May, one day she went away  
With a circus troupe, left me in the soup,  
'Twas a case of loop the loop.  
This little beauty chewed tutti-frutti,  
No more she'd split the wood, she split with me for good.  
On the road with a show she said she'd go  
And do the split. Oh! Oh!  
There's no mistaking, she was awful taking.

### CHORUS.

She went with Barnum and Bailey, she wore pink tights.  
The boys said she was a peacherino.  
She did her bareback acting in a low-neck dress.  
They billed her as Madame Pork-and-Beaneo.  
She loved the living skeleton; married him one day;  
She went upstairs and then he called her down.  
Now she's in the side-show and posing as Sapho,  
When Barnum and Bailey come to town.

One night in a rube town she threw the skeleton down,  
He had her pinched; she had him cinched  
And they both were nearly lynched  
For peace disturbing out on the curbing.  
They locked her up in jail; no one to go her bail.  
She dropped me a line saying Baby Mine  
Would I please pay her fine,  
And not forget her, she said in her letter.

### CHORUS.

Oh, Bill, come bail me out. Oh, Bill, come bail me out.  
Remember that I'm my mother's daughter.  
We'll live on bread and water, you get the bread,  
She said: "I'll supply all the water."  
Now that they've got me in this Irish clubhouse  
I know that they'll put me up the spout.  
But when no one's about I'll get the measles and break out,  
Oh, Billy, won't you bail me out.

## TIM TOOLAN

Words and Music by J. W. Kelly  
Copyright 1893-4 by Will Rossiter, Chicago, Ill.

### 1ST VERSE.

When the police force paraded for their semi-annual drill,  
Tim Toolan was the straightest man in line,  
And the Germans were compelled to say, though much against  
their will,  
That Toolan was a hundred carats fine.  
His form compact, his step exact,  
'Twas plain to see he had no equal there,  
His noble stride, which others tried,  
Would stamp him as a model anywhere;  
At the judge's command he was brought to the stand;  
The sergeant for him led the way;  
And the first prize was won when the judge said: "Well done;  
Mister Toolan's a hero to-day."

### CHORUS.

Then we cheered long and loud for Tim Toolan,  
'Twas a tiger and three times three.  
Ev'ry cheer from the crowd was for Toolan,  
The stout man that came from Tipperary.

### 2D VERSE.

When Tim Toolan tired of the force he started a cafe,  
His op'ning was a "recherche" affair,  
But he waited till the men down at the gas-works got their pay,  
And subpoenaed ev'ryone to bring them there.  
They drank all night until daylight,  
And then they started in to dance and sing;  
Their songs were long, their voices strong,  
'Twas easy work to make welkin ring.  
"Well, then," Toolan said, "boys, in the midst of our joys,  
There is one thing I cannot pass by,  
That's a welcome," says he, "to come in and see me,  
If you haven't a cent when you're dry."

### 3D VERSE.

The liquor business suited him and in a year or two  
He had money he could either sell or lend;  
And no candidate for office could successfully pull through  
Unless he had Tim Toolan for a friend.  
At last he ran for alderman,  
The best man in the ward he had to "bate";  
Both man and child went fairly wild,  
And worked like beavers for their candidate.  
When the votes were all cast and election had passed,  
Not a vote in the ward went astray;  
The majority was more than 'twas ever before,  
And our hero had carried the day.

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
WILL ROSSITER, 56 5TH AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

## ONE WORD FROM YOU

Words and music by C. M. Williams Copyright MCM by Will Rossiter

We meet again, dear heart, we meet again,  
But not as we were wont in days gone by,  
I gaze into your eyes and breathe your name,  
But all in vain, your lips make no reply;  
I can't believe that you are false to me,  
That you have cast aside a love so true,  
Oh, tell me 'tis not so, that I but dream,  
One word is all I ask of you.

### CHORUS.

One word from you would end my heart's repining,  
One word from you would all my fears dispel,  
One word from you would drive away the shadows,  
And cheer my heart far more than tongue can tell;  
One word from you would be as balm from heaven  
Sent from above to heal my heart anew,  
One word from you would make my life worth living—  
One word is all I ask of you.

One year ago to-night we said "Good-Bye,"  
With plighted vows that we would constant be,  
Your image in my heart since that sad day  
Has been my guiding star on land and sea;  
'Tis often said that "Absence conquers love,"  
But I return with heart still fond and true,  
Oh, tell me that your love is still the same,  
One word is all I ask of you.

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to  
WILL ROSSITER, 56 5TH AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.



# EV'RY MORN I BRING HER CHICKEN

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

A coon who was a waiter in a swell hotel uptown,  
Got a job one night at a banquet for to pass the things around.  
Some high-class artists were engaged to help the thing along,  
And this coon paid strict attention when he heard a certain song.  
Some fellow sung of violets he brought his girl each night,  
This coon kept on a-humming it till he thought he had it right.  
He said: "The music's pretty, but the words will never do,"  
So he wrote these lines to himself, and he sang when he got through:

## CHORUS.

Ev'ry morn I bring her chicken that at daybreak I have stole,  
Then at eve I bring her parsley, and at night they're cooked and cold.

On the table we have violets just to make things sweet.  
O, O, those flowers! they are so fragrant; but the chicken's there to eat.

This coon said: "That's the kind of words just suited to this song,

For when you go to see your gal, bring something good along.  
There's no use to look for violets before the break of day,  
Especially if there's chicken in a hen-coop on the way.  
If you must gather flowers, why gather some green peas,  
Or bring some sweet potatoes—it will make her feel at ease.  
You needn't roam at daylight for your violets pure and sweet,  
If you've got a dime, just buy them from a peddler on the street.

**NOTICE!** Will Rossiter wishes to call your attention to the fact that this great song,

## EV'RY MORN I BRING HER CHICKEN

is the latest success, and is one of the most popular and greatest sellers in America today. We have made a special arrangement with the publisher of this song to furnish you complete copies at 25 cents each if you fill in and send this coupon.

### COUPON

THIS COUPON and 25 cents (in stamps) if sent to WILL ROSSITER, 56 FIFTH AVENUE, Chicago, Illinois, is good for one complete original copy of "Ev'ry Morn I Bring Her Chicken."

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## FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH

By Harry L. Hamilton  
Copyright MCMIII by Harry L. Hamilton

I was in an humble cottage, not so very long ago,  
Where an old gray-haired man was passing away;  
And the friends that gathered near him, their kind sympathy to show,  
All knew that the end was to come that day.  
An old emblem hung o'er his bed, while three links were plainly shown,  
And I noticed, too, the letters F L T.  
To me they were fascinating, but their meanings were unknown,  
Till a stranger very kindly said to me:

## CHORUS.

The letter F stands for a Friendship  
That has been tried and found true;  
The L is for Love everlasting;  
It's strength has been proven, too;  
The letter T stands for Truth always,  
A truth that is always bright;  
Now Friendship, Love and Truth rule the world,  
When or where'er right is might.

'Twas just as the sun was setting, in a country far away,  
That a bloody battle raged so fierce and strong;  
And two brave young captains, meeting in the thickest of the fray,  
Fought with hatred, for each thought the other wrong.  
"Here's my hand; I can't kill you, sir," one then excitedly said,  
"For you wear an emblem that is dear to me."  
And that night their comrades wondered, when they carried in the dead,  
Why each captain wore the emblem "F L T."

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to Harry L. Hamilton, Rock Island, Illinois.

## TURN OUT THE GAS

Words and music by Ernest B. Lydick  
Copyright 1903 by E. B. Lydick All rights reserved

When I was just a little boy my heart was full of love,  
I went to see a maiden sweet, a perfect little dove;  
And when beside the girl I sat my knees they shook with fear,  
I felt still more embarrassed when she whispered in my ear:

## CHORUS.

Turn out the gas, no need of it burning,  
Turn out the gas, for caresses you're yearning,  
Turn out the gas, it's the right way to spark,  
For the flower of love blooms the best in the dark.

I tried to talk but couldn't think of anything to say,  
And then she placed her hand in mine in such a tender way,  
My brain began to whirl around like wheels were in my head,  
Her brother peeped in at the door, and this is what he said:

My heart had leaped into my throat, and beat with wildest bounds,  
I couldn't touch that little jet for half a thousand pounds.  
And when she saw I heeded not advice of little elf,  
She rose with just the sweetest blush and turned it out herself.

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to Lydick, Turner & Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

## SOMEWHERE IN THIS WORLD TO-NIGHT

Words by Jeff. T. Branen Music by Andrew Raymond  
Copyright MCMIII by R. P. Guptill English copyright secured

Down the tide of time my bark is slowly drifting  
To the harbor of content not far below,  
Where two lovers, side by side, will go drifting with the tide,  
For another bark is waiting there, I know.  
All the shadows of a blighted past are shifting,  
And the heavens once again are all aglow;  
Yet the luster of the skies can't outshine two loving eyes  
That are haunting me where'er I go.

## CHORUS.

Somewhere in this world she's waiting,  
Somewhere waiting still for me.  
Her sweet face, forever smiling,  
Nightly in my dreams I see.  
Fate alone in time will lead me  
Down life's winding path aright,  
To the one who still awaits me  
Somewhere in this world to-night.

Many faces I have seen with smiles alluring;  
Many maidens I have known both kind and true;  
I have looked with steadfast gaze into eyes that fairly blazed  
With the light of love imbedded in their blue.  
But the faces I have known are not enduring;  
For in fancy I can see but one, it seems;  
And no maiden I could meet ever won a heart complete  
Like the face that haunts me in my dreams.

For the complete sheet music of this song send 25 cents to WILL ROSSITER, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.