

1911

Fairy Tales

Will Morrissey
Composer

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125 West 37th Street, New York.

Fairy Tales.

Words and Music by
WILL MORRISSEY

Waltz Moderato.

The piano introduction is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a waltz-like melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The music is marked with a forte 'f' dynamic.

The first system of the song includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics are: "Now ba - by dear, come right straight here, The clock is / Same ba - by dear, mar - ried one year, In co - sy". The piano part is marked with a piano 'p' dynamic.

The second system of the song includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "strik - ing eight. Get in to bed, and tuck your / home just built. Stays out all night. till near day." The piano accompaniment continues with a steady waltz rhythm.

The third system of the song includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: "head, it's ver - y, ver y late, But mo - ther you / light, and comes home with the milk. Ex - plains to his". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support throughout.

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told me to - night you would hold me and tell me a - bout the bear, — I
 dear - ie, why he looks so wear - y, and hopes that he does not of - fend, — Then

know the first line it's "Once 'pon a time," So you go right on from there. —
 tells his dear wife, of those hours of strife, He spent with his poor sick friend. —

ritard.

REFRAIN

Fair - y tales, fair - y tales, Dear old child - hood
 Fair - y tales, fair - y tales, sec - ond child - hoods

p. f

fair - y tales, Jack and the bean - stalk and Mo - ther Goose.
 fair - y tales, bus - y down town and can - not get home.

Fairy Tales 3

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Tales of the lion, — the mouse let loose. — Giants so
One of the fair - y tales on the phone. — Busi - ness

poco rit. *p. f.*

tall, feared by all, Jon - ah and his
bad. mark et mad, One that nev - er

whale. — I long for one look, in that lit - tle red book, Of
fails. — The best of them fall, for that turk - ish bath stall, In

Fair - y tales. tales.
Fair - y tales. tales.

Fairy Tales 3

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'Round My Heart.

Words by
FERD. MIERISCH

Music by
CHRIS. SMITH
and JAMES T. BRYMN

Sweetheart, I have written to you twice and no reply,
Now, Honey won't you answer, if it's just to say "Good-
Bye?"

When I was your only one, a note I'd get each night,
And here's the kind of lovin' words, you'd always write.

CHORUS

'Round my heart, make yourself at home,
Around my heart, 'cause it's all your own,
And my love for you, honey, means everything,
'Twill make you cling, just as a string, would bind you;
'Round my heart I will tie you, so that we will never part,
All the time I am tryin', like a vine to entwine you
Around my heart.

Second Verse

Guess you understand, Dear, what the dew means to the
rose,
And why the bee sips honey, from each tiny flow'r that
grows;
Tender ivy needs the oak; the birds the sunshine bright,
A heart to live, needs love, and that is why I write.

"THE SNAKE."

That Sneaky Snaky Rag.

Words and Music by
CHRIS SMITH and ELMER BOWMAN

Down in the swampest part of Tennessee
Ev'ry night all the snakes give a jambouree,
That is where all the twists and twirls are shown,
Ev'ry snake had a movement of it's own.
Talk about your monkey dances,
Talk about your baboon prances,
Rave about Salome all you please.
(All you please, you can rave all you please)
Talk about your turkey trottin', soon that dance will be
forgotten,
'Cause the snakes have one that they can do with ease.

CHORUS.

It's a dance that's full of ginger,
Beats the reel from old Virginia,
The Rattlesnake rattled and shook his hip
And cracked his tail like a buggy whip;
The garter snake wiggled and wobbled like a worm
While the big blacksnake did a twistin' squirm;
The boa constrictor got particular,
Did a motion perpendicular
To the sneaky, creepy, shaky, snaky Rag.
It's called the snake.

Second Verse

There was a dozen of snakes just twirlin' 'round.
There was all kinds of snakes on the muddy ground
When the copper-head snake who had posed as a cop,
Told the snake band to play and not to stop.
Let me try this snaky motion while I've got this shaky
notion, All I want's a girlie by my side; (by my side,
like a bride, by my side.)
Yonder comes Miss Lady Rattle, 'spects there's goin' to
be a battle 'Cause with her this night I'm goin' to glide
and slide.

A GIRLIE WAS JUST MADE TO LOVE

Words by
Joe Goodwin

Music by
Geo. W. Meyer

There's reason for all this world's goodness,
There's reason for ev'rything bad,
There's reason for us to know gladness,
And reason sometimes to feel sad,
The love that we bear has a meaning,
That loved ones can understand best,
Ev'ry thing in this life, ev'ry care, ev'ry strife,
Was meant to be put to the test.

CHORUS

A child was just made to grow older,
Troubles were made to be missed,
Arms were just made for caressing,
And lips were just made to be kissed,
A heart was just made to grow tender,
A rain drop to fall from above,
A boy was just made for a girlie,
And a girlie was just made to love.

Second Verse

To ev'ry heart bowed down with sadness,
To ev'ry heart pining each day,
Some times there will come bits of gladness,
To drive thoughts of sorrow away,
The sweetness that comes unexpected
Tastes sweeter than ever before,
And the troubles we bear, fade away into air,
And make life worth living the more.

Love Me Like You Used To Love A Sugar Lump.

Words by
NED MORAY

Music by
MALVIN M. FRANKLIN

I love a handsome fellow, who is fond of sweet things,
That's why he loves me;
He was raised upon the sugar from the sugar cane,
Which makes his kiss as sweet as honey from the honey-
bee;
He's my little cooling dove, he's my little baby love;
When he comes each night to spoon beneath the silv'ry
southern moon, I always sing 'neath stars above.

Second Verse

Love me like you used to love a sugar lump,
Cling like ivy clings around a cedar stump;
Save me all your kisses, smother me in blisses,
Play your hand, you know you've got a trump (Just call
me Lolly Pop, and)
Tease and squeeze and hug me tight and kiss me some,
Call me little sugar trust and sugar plum,
Make believe I'm Candy Andy, keep the candy always
handy,
Love me like you used to love a sugar lump.

Second Verse

It's great to be the sweetheart of the onliest man,
That knows how to love,
He's the one that's always loving just the best that he can,
He calls me "Honey Bunny," "Tootsey Wootsey," "Turtle
Dove"
He's my fascinating boy, fills my heart all full of joy;
In chains of love I've got him bound, he's crazy just to
stick around, I sing with manner coy.

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A Girlie Was Just Made To Love.

Words by
JOE GOODWIN.

Music by
GEO. W. MEYER.

CHORUS

A child was just made to grow old er, Troubles were made to be

missed, — Arms were just made for car-ess - ing, And lips were just

made to be kissed, — A heart was just made to grow ten - der, A

rain: drop to fall from a - bove; — A boy was just made for a girl.

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I'M GLAD YOU'RE GOIN'—GOOD-BYE.

Words and Music by CHRIS SMITH.

John, you needn't think I'll be grievin'
John, I'm mighty glad that you're leavin',
Listen here, John, believe me, it's true,
For the last week or two, I have been tired of you,
John, I guess you know I'm disgusted,
John, I'm kind of tickled we're busted,
Don't be so slow, please don't be so slow,
Just bid me farewell and go.

CHORUS.

I'm glad you're goin'; Lawdy knows it, I'm glad you're
goin';
Ev'rybody knows, it's understood, you are goin' for good,
'Cause a certain man from Alabama's comin' here to call
me mamma;
Here's the ring, it's a genuine diamond ring, 'gagement
ring, John! John!
You are out of my life John! I will not be your wife,
Good-bye, for ever; good-bye forever, I'm glad you're
goin';
I'm glad you're goin'; good-bye! That's all.

Second Verse

John, why are you lookin' so funny?
John, I bet you ain't got no money,
Look here, old man, you don't have to wait,
'Deed you don't have to wait, be game and hop on a
freight.
John, I know you're goin' that's certain,
John, My heart, you think you are hurtin',
Here is a fact; yes, here is a fact,
Shucks, I'll never coax you back.

My Rosary of Dreams.

Written by E. W. DUSENBERRY and C. M. DENISON.

For years and years I've longed to meet a face I've met
in dreams,
For years and years I've watched in vain have watched
in vain, 'twould seem
Where e'er the paths of men may turn, I've searched
the gay throng thro'
You are my Rosary of dreams, some day dear I'll find
you.

CHORUS

You are my Rosary of dreams, you're all the joy I know,
Tho' just a dream face you seem real as thro' the world
I go;
Those dreams of you from out the past each one a pearl
it gleams,
I take them all and weave them in my Rosary of dreams.

Second Verse

Somehow it seems it's not all dreams that I'll meet you
some day.
That I shall hold you in my arms that I shall hear you
say
I too have woven a Rosary of dreams I've had of you
Then we'll be happy evermore in days when dreams
come true.

Play Me A Good Old Fashioned Melody

Words by
WILL MORRISSEY

Music by
CHAS. N. GRANT

Little Willie White, called there ev'ry night.
He could play piano fine;
His sweet-heart May, would make him play
Pretty little tunes, 'bout pretty silv'ry moons,
He'd like to rag it, drag it, sit and play, sit and sway,
night and day.
He'd hear his little sweet-heart Mary say:
Never mind the Turkey Trot, the Bear-cat rag and all
that rot.

CHORUS

Play me a good old fashioned melody,
Just a simple song of love;
Songs of to-day have got a ragtime strain,
Are you listening? Are you listening? Drives me insane;
Don't try to win me with that "Oh you Anna Lise"
"Come and roll your eyes," there's just one song for me;
"Of all the girls that are so sweet,"
Just play a good old fashioned melody.

Second Verse

Willie liked to play, songs that had a sway,
He was just a ragtime man, He'd pound those keys,
make melodies,
Melodies that moved you, melodies that soothed;
One night, he heard his little dearie say, "Don't you
play, don't you stay,
Unless you try to win my heart away,
Win it with a pleasing prayer a dreamy song, a loving air.

LOVE IS SUCH A GRAND OLD THING

Words by ELMER BOWMAN and JACK DRIBLANE
Music by CHRIS SMITH.

Honey Dear, what's the use of you sighin'
Honey Dear, what's the use of you cryin'
Baby Doll, come tell me true
What's the matter, Hon, with you,
Honestly, its hurtin' me to see you look sad,
Is there something I can do to make you feel glad?
Honey Dear just sighs, and sighs, and sighs,
And pleadingly replies.

CHORUS

Just gimme little bit, a little bit of lovin',
Lovin' I need so bad.
Oh, gimme little bit, a little bit of huggin',
From lovin' you I'm almost mad;
So squeeze me little bit, just to please me little bit,
If you mean it, we will wed in the Spring.
Now gimme little bit, a little bit of lovin'
Love is so sweet Um! Um! Love I could eat Oh! Oh!
Love is such a grand old thing.

Second Verse

Honey Dear, what's the use of you pinin'
Honey Dear, see the sun am a shinin'
Angel Eyes, you're Daddy's pet,
Loved you ever since we met,
Throw your arms around me, Honey needn't be scared,
If you really love to be loved, you won't be 'fraid,
"Honey Dear," said Joe, "I love you so"
"Now listen here once more."

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THE LAND OF GOLDEN DREAMS.

C. M. Denison

E. F. DUSENBERRY

CHORUS. (*Slowly with expression*)

Back to the land of gold - en dreams, Back to the days of

old. dear, Back to the scenes of long a - go,

Where love's sweet sto - ry was told; Back to the hours I

spent with you, While love's star bright - ly gleamed,

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IN DIXIE LAND WITH DIXIE LOU.

Words by
JACK DRISLANE.
CHORUS.

Music by
GEO. W. MEYER

Dix - ie Lou, I'll come to you When the

p-f

South - err birds are sing - - ing.

Dix - ie Lou, I dream of you,.....

don't be sigh - ing, Dry your tears and stop your cry - ing.

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That Puzzlin' Rag

Words by
Elmer Bowman

Scipio Boon was a marvelous coon,
For playing ragged tunes was hard to beat;
He could whip a rag, beat a rag, chew a rag, eat a rag like a
piece of possum meat.
His Hannah Lady said: "Honey, you sure can play,
Tell me the name of that old tune."
Then Scipio Boon did say:

CHORUS

It's the puzzlin' rag, it's the puzzlin' rag,
'Cause the rag is a puzzle to me;
It runs all the way from clef to clef,
Like the melody Rubenstein wrote in F,
You can play it in C or in any old key,
'Cause the sharps are exactly where the flats ought to be;
It's easy for the singers but it's awful on the fingers,
So they call it the puzzlin' rag.

Second Verse

His Hannah Lize said to him, "You're a prize,
Your execution, man, is simply grand;
'Cause it makes me feel like to spiel, want to reel like a wheel,
wild about my music man."
So he kept playin' as he never played before.
What is that tune I told you once?
Don't have me to say no more.

Beans! Beans!! Beans!!!

Words by
Elmer Bowman

Music by
Chris. Smith

Good mornin' Judge, I'm here again before you and the jury
men,
Just give me chance and I'll explain why I deserted "Eva."
I work and give her ev'ry cent to buy the food and pay house
rent,
Her ways filled me with discontent, I thought 'twas best to
leave her.
'Course she's my lawful wedded wife that's true,
But how'd you like your wife to hand to you:

CHORUS

Beans for your breakfast, beans for your lunch,
Beans at supper time;
Boiled beans, soup beans, stewed beans,
Baked beans, beans rain or shine.
She never has ham, chicken or lamb, strange as it seems.
My home I admired, Judge, but I got tired
Of eatin' beans, beans, beans.

Second Verse

A nice pot roast is good and sweet, pork chops and steaks I
like to eat,
Just so it's meat, it is a treat, while sittin' at my table.
Calf's liver's cheap, and so is veal, disgusted is the way I feel,
I must have meat long with my meal, especially when I'm able.
Believe me, married life ain't always bliss,
Now Judge you'd quit if all you got was this:

In Dixie Land With Dixie Lou

Words by
Jack Drislane

Music by
Geo. W. Meyer

I am always longing for you, Dixie Lou,
I am always dreaming of those eyes of blue.
Fill your heart with cheer, for the time is drawing near,
When the wedding bells will ring for you. *

CHORUS

Dixie Lou, I'll come to you when the Southern birds are
singing,
Dixie Lou, I dream of you, don't be sighing,
Dry your tears and stop your crying,
I can hear the darkies calling, calling me to you;
I wish I was in Dixie, I do, with you,
In Dixie Land with Dixie Lou.

Second Verse

Dixie Lou, the train is starting on its way,
Dixie Lou, I'm coming back to you to stay.
Back to Dixie land just to claim your heart and hand,
Back to keep my promise made that day.

Dear Old Rose

Words by
Jack Drislane

Music by
Geo. W. Meyer

The bloom is not upon your cheek, just like it used to be,
And there's a wrinkle, where there was a smile;
Your eyes, your lips both seem to speak,
A message meant for me.
A message that makes all this life worth while.
Each autumn breeze that blows,
Tells me you love me Rose.

CHORUS

Dear old Rose, we've faced all kinds of weather,
Dear old Rose in sunshine and in rain.
No one knows the joys we've seen together,
When you're gone I know I'll miss you,
Dear old Rose.

Second Verse

The same sweet look is in your eyes, as in the days at school,
The time you heard the sweetest story told;
And though your hair is turning gray,
You've kept the golden rule.
I love each silver thread among the gold.
There'd never be, I knew, another girl like you.

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Dear Old Rose.

Words by
JACK DRISLANE.
REFRAIN. (*tenderly.*)

Music by
GEO. W. MEYER.

Dear old Rose, we've faced all kinds of

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are "Dear old Rose, we've faced all kinds of". The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a dynamic marking of *mp* (mezzo-piano). The music features a mix of eighth and quarter notes, with some longer notes in the vocal line.

weath - er, Dear old Rose in

The second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "weath - er, Dear old Rose in". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns and chordal structures.

sun-shine and in rain No one knows the

The third system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "sun-shine and in rain No one knows the". The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *mp* and features some longer notes in the vocal line.

joys we've seen to - geth - er, When you're gone I

The fourth system of musical notation. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "joys we've seen to - geth - er, When you're gone I". The piano accompaniment continues with the same style.

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Ragtime Violin

PARODY

Mike McGlynn, Mike McGlynn had a violin,
'Twas a sin, he'd begin with his violin,
Heavens, how he played, it made it sound like
Midnight tom-cats' calls.
Jimmy More, Jimmy More had a mother-in-law,
With a jaw, with a jaw like you never saw.
She took sick, the doctor said,
Make no noise or she will die,
Then wise old

CHORUS

Jimmy More, Jimmy More called on Mike McGlynn
Said, your playing starts the neighbors swaying,
Come with me and play in my yard,
Ten dollars I'll give if you play good and hard.
Then McGlynn started in on his violin,
More was crying, mother-in-law was dying,
Still he thanked wise Mr. McGlynn for his ragtime violin.

THERE'S A DIXIE GIRL WHO'S LONGING FOR A YANKEE DOODLE BOY

PARODY

A Southern girl was she, a Northern boy was he,
They met one summer at Atlantic City,
He told her he had coin, in fact, had it to burn,
And incidentally told her she was pretty,
He took her other fellow's diamond ring.
Down South this is the song they seem to sing:

CHORUS

There's a Dixie Girl who's longing for a Yankee Doodle boy,
There's a Dixie church that's waiting to ring out its bells of
joy,
On some Northern lake he's rowing, and has no idea of going
Where a Dixie girl is waiting for a Yankee Doodle boy.

A GIRLIE WAS JUST MADE TO LOVE

PARODY

There's a reason for me going to Coney,
There's a reason for me staying away,
Perhaps you may think I am looney,
But you may get wise some fine day.
When I married you we both promised
To love, honor, yes, and obey.
But our honeymoon night filled me with fear and fright,
And that's just the reason I say,

CHORUS

When I saw you take out your false teeth,
And take off the wig from your head,
And then lay both your eyes on the dresser,
I thought to myself, then I said,
She's false from her head to her feet, so,
While she is my turtle dove,
I'd better sleep up on the dresser
If a girlie was just made to love.

Yum Pum Pa

By James Brockman

Johnny went to see a show,
Saw a girl dance on her toe,
When she sang that "Yum Pum Pa,"
Johnny soon got busy, sent a note to Lizzie.
Next scene was a swell cafe,
He was feeling mighty gay,
"Won't you sing that song" said he,
"Just that little song for me."

CHORUS

All she sang was Yum Pum Pa,
Yum Pum Pum Pum Pa.
Then he took her out to dine,
And she ordered up some wine;
Then they both sang "Yum Pum Pa,
Yum Pum Pum Pum Pa."
He spent a lot and all he got
Was Yum Tid-dy Yum Pum Pa.

Second Verse

Johnny followed up the show,
Followed up the Burlesque Show,
He fell very deep in love,
Soon proposed a marriage,
In an auto carriage.
He was begging on his knees,
"Marry me, Oh Lizzie please,
Sing your answer love to me,
Oh how happy I will be."

Extra Verses and Choruses

By Jack Drislane

She shook Johnny, he was slow,
Fool to follow up the show,
Lots of things he didn't know,
Had her face all painted, then she got acquainted,
Johnny saw her on Broadway,
Didn't know just what to say,
Saw her clothes and diamond rings,
Said: "Where did you get those things?"

CHORUS

All she said was Yum Pum Pa,
Yum Pum Pum Pum Pa.
She had such a naughty wink,
It made Johnny stop and think,
She kept singing Yum Pum Pa,
Yum Pum Pum Pum Pa.
She rolled her eyes for she was wise,
With Yum Tid-dy Yum Pum Pa.

Second Verse

She had uncles by the score,
Ten or twelve and then some more,
No one knew just who they were,
She had swell vacations,
Charged them to relations,
She was quiet as a mouse,
Lived alone in some strange house,
Johnny asked for her address,
And her answer made him guess.

CHORUS

All she said was Yum Pum Pa,
Yum Pum Pum Pum Pa.
He said: "Can't I call around?"
She said: "Yes I Live Up Town,"
And kept singing Yum Pum Pa,
Yum Pum Pum Pum Pa.
She said: "Mons-eur, I'm over four,"
So Yum Tid-dy Yum Pum Pa.

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Play Me A Good Old Fashioned Melody.

Words by
WILL MORRISSEY
CHORUS. *a little slower.*

Music by
CHAS. N. GRANT.

Play me a good old fash-ioned mel-o-dy—

Just a sim-ple song of love;

Songs of to-day have got a rag-time strain.

Are you lis-ten-ing? Are you lis-ten-ing? drives me in-sane;

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The Land Of Golden Dreams.

Lyric by
C. W. DENISON

Music by
E. F. DUSENBERRY

Sometimes my heart grows weary, Sometimes I'm sad it seems,
Then patiently I wait, dear, for you my girl of dreams;
Then fear departs and sunshine comes with its golden glow,
My heart is light, the world is bright, I long once more to go.

CHORUS

Back to the land of golden dreams,
Back to the days of old, dear,
Back to the scenes of long ago,
Where love's sweet story was told;
Back to the hours I spent with you,
While love's star brightly gleamed,
Back to the dear old days of yore,
To the land of my golden dreams.

Second Verse

To-night I'm sad and lonely, With longing and with tears,
Your dream-face from the fire-light, smiles out across the years;
And then my heart grows lighter, because I love you so,
For naught is true but love and you, That's why I long to go

TELL ME SWEET ROSE.

Words by
JOS. McKEON

Music by
HENRY FRANTZEN

I strolled into love's garden, dear, Sweet fragrance reigned supreme,
The flowers drooped their pretty heads, In reverence 'twould seem.
You told me love's sweet story then I held you to my breast,
Sweet Rose could I but hear again the love that you confessed.

CHORUS

Tell me sweet Rose, tell me sweet Rose,
Tell me love's story once more.
Your voice so sweet makes love complete,
Your blushes I adore;
Tell me dear, with your eyes where my love lies,
Love that but one only knows.
For you I live, this wide world I'd give;
I love only you, sweet Rose.

Second Verse

The day it has no ending, dear, I've turned night into day,
I've prayed in vain that you were near, To kiss each blush away,
I've longed to look into those eyes I crave for that sweet kiss,
To tell love's story once again and fill my soul with bliss.

Please, Oh Please!

Words by
PERT HANLON

Music by
WILL MORRISSEY

Dearie, who's your darling baby girl?
Sweetie, who has your brain in a whirl?
Who's your beau? Don't you know?
Honest babe my heart is free and I will give my love to thee,
Now Honey, I want you to be my man,
Darling, just you ask me for my hand
Goodness me, Can't you see
I've a heart that's starving for some love from thee

CHORUS

Please say that you love me,
Please 'neath stars above me;
Hold me tight, love me right
Tell me that you're comin' 'round to-morrow night!
Oh, Honey, please, my poor heart's crying,
Just for you it's sighing,
When your day is done, hurry on the run,
Please, oh, please.

Second Verse

Really you don't act just like you should;
Honey, you could love me if you would,
Your'e so mild, Makes me wild,
If you knew the love I bear why then I know you'd surely care,
So Huddle, lay my head right on your breast,
Cuddle, Let me share your fam'ly nest
Gracious me, Can't you see
I am bubbling over just with love for thee.

THE SWANEE RIVER BEND.

Words by
FERD E. MIERISCH

Music by
JOHN B. LOWITZ

Just hear dem darkies shout—what makes 'em holler out.
Why it's a steamboat down the stream; Across the cotton fields.
You hear the paddle wheels, and me, oh my but don't dem whistles scream;
There's some one playin' low And it's a tune I know;
My dear old Mammy loved to croon,
Those darkies go crazy when they start to dance, that wonderful Swanee River tune.

CHORUS

When all dem coons start dancin' way down South in the land of cotton,
Swain' to that lovin' tune of Swanee River;
They float like a boat on a silvery stream,
Each little pick with his ebony queen.
They swing, swing, watch 'em cut the pigeon wing,
And do the double shuffle, Oh, you colored Fluffy Ruffle.
Just hear dem banjos hummin'
That's one melody that keeps 'em trottin' up to the v-ry end.
Oh you "honey" don't it beat the "funny bunny"
You forget about your Ole Kentucky Home
When you're doin' that Swanee River Bend, in Georgia,
When you do, when you do, that Swanee River Bend.

Second Verse

It's mighty hard to learn, but when you get that turn,
You have a dance that sure am rare, If you could only see that colored Jubilee.
You're done forever with the Grizzly Bear;
For when they start to sway, and do the Bomashay,
You think you're ten miles out at sea;
Oh, watch Ebenezer with his Liza Jane, She's keepin' him busy as a bee.

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Love Me Like You Used To Love A Sugar Lump.

Words by
NED MORAY
CHORUS

Music by
MALVIN M. FRANKLIN

Love me like you used to love a sug - ar lump;

Cling like iv - y clings a - round a ce - dar stump;

Save me all your kiss - es, — Smoth - er me in bliss - es, —

Play your hand, you know you've got a trump (Just call me Loi - ly Pop, and)

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Every Time You'd do it In a Country Town.

Words by
NED MORAY

Music by
MALVIN M. FRANKLIN

When you lived in the country and went for a walk,
The neighbors around you would all start to talk,
They'd say "Mister Brown is a walking around,
I wonder where he goes;
I wonder if he's got a girl up this way?
It's funny he's having a shave ev'ry day"
And then they would cry, Oh my! where did he buy,
That stylish suit of clothes?

CHORUS.

Ev'ry time you'd do it, ev'rybody knew it,
Living in a little country town.
If you talked to Carrie, Carrie thought she'd marry,
And the news could travel all around.
People called you flirty, cause you winked at Gertie,
Ev'rybody gave you such a frown,
For ev'rybody knew it, ev'ry time you'd do it,
Living in a little country town.

Second Verse

If you live in the City you walk when you please,
Your friends and your neighbors are not busy bees,
They never butt in, and they don't even grin,
They let you live your life;
You can stay out 'till morning and come home at three,
If you don't wake the janitor nobody 'll see,
You can flirt seven years with a hundred sweet Dears,
And no one tells your wife.

The Twilight Express.

Words by
C. M. DENISON

Music by
FRED W. HAGER

You've all heard, I guess, of the twilight express, that
runs to the land of dreams,
Mamma is the crew and the engineer, too, and it starts
when the candle-light gleams;
Mother's arms the car, in which he rides so far, far away
from the world and his toys;
Engineer sings a song as the train jogs along, till he's
fast asleep, mamma's boy.

CHORUS.

All aboard for the land of dreams,
All aboard as the candle gleams,
Kisses for daddy and mother, too,
Climb aboard there's a place for you,
Little boy dreams, train rocks away,
Dream sweet dreams of another day;
Oh! it's a wonderful train, I confess,
All aboard for the twilight express.

Second Verse

One day that express did not run, I confess, for there was
no engineer,
Mamma was so ill, and the house was so still, little pas-
senger's eyes were all tears;
But there's one above who now watches with love o'er
the twilight express, so it seems,
And their prayers were not vain, engineer's well again,
sings all aboard for land of dreams.

After All That I've Been To You

Words by
JACK DRISLANE

Music by
CHRIS SMITH

You say 'tis the end of love's story,
You say it's our last good bye,
Love dies in the youth of its glory,
To bear it all, now I must try.
Our dream of love is now shattered
How strange the story all seems,
Vows to the winds have been scattered
And nothing is left of my dreams.

CHORUS.

After all that I've been to you,
After all of these many years,
After everything I've been through,
After all of our joys and our tears,
It's the same story told again, of a love that could
never be true,
Now we're drifting apart, and you're breaking my heart,
After all that I've been to you.

Second Verse

'Tis better we never had met, Dear,
Far better for both, I guess,
Now why did you ask me to promise,
And why did I answer you "Yes"?
You do not know how you'll miss me,
You cannot know how I feel,
I never thought you would leave me,
And somehow it doesn't seem real.

BANJO TUNES.

By LEONARD NELSON and KATHRYN RAYMORE

Away down South where the cotton grows,
There lives a coon by the name of Mose;
If down there you should ever go,
You'd know this coon by his old banjo.
All he does the live long day,
Is just sit there and plunk away;
Man, he sho' plays some more tunes,
He makes those coons act like a lot of loons.

CHORUS.

For when he plays, why they just sways,
Those good old days, they're goin'!
Down a stream of gin they float, on a watermelon boat,
Coons, like lazy loons, just dance and croon,
To his banjo tunes.

Second Verse

Now Mose went out with a minstrel show,
The show bust up and he had no dough;
Said to himself as he walk'd the track,
"Man, oh! man, if I ever get back,
Never more will I start to roam,
From my good old Dixie home."
He's back now, and there's joy in the land,
They miss'd him more than Mister Sousa's band.

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ROARING JOKES

Jocular Jock—Loidy, kin yer gimme some cold wittals?

Mrs. Jay—Yes my poor man! Go over to the wood-house and you'll find lots of chops.

Mrs. Hardcash—Why don't you work for a living?

Walker—I made a solemn vow, ma'am, fifteen long years ago, dat I'd never do anoder stroke er work till wimen wuz paid de same wages as men.

Tattered Tinkham—Do you agree wid Edison, dat hard work never hurt anybody?

Floating Flanders—Well, speakin' fer meself, it never did me no harm.

"Do you except to go to heaven, Willie?"

"Cert. I ain't never done nothin', hev I?"

Tramp—I lost everything in last Sunday's storm.

Lady—Is that so?

Tramp—Yes'm. I was dreamin' dat I had money to burn, an' de wind waked me.

Policeman (to tramp asleep on a bench in the park)—Come, wake up there!

Tramp—Isn't this forest park?

Policeman—Yes, this is forest park.

Tramp (with a sudden assumption of dignity)—Well, I'm Mr. Forest.

Rusty—Ah, miss, I feel one o' me fits coming on.

Dolly—Goodness, I hope you're not going to have it here?

Rusty—That's just wot I wants to see you about. For the small sum of tuppence I'll go somewhere else and have it.

Barkeeper—Come, now; settle for this beer.

Tramp—How would it do to let the beer settle itself?

Weary Raggles—How's dat town down de railroad? Enny chance ter beg me dinner dere?

Hobo Tim (disgusted)—Naw! I struck nine houses fer me breakfast, an' all de women sed dey didn't have nothin' 'cause it wus Lent.

Weary Raggles (disconsolately)—Why, dat's wot dey told me in de udder town! I wonder who borrsers all dat grub?

Hungry Higgins—How would you like to be one of them swell dudes an' have your alcohol bath every day?

Weary Watkins—Inside, er outside?

"Wot's de matter, Weary—yer goin' round all doubled up like that?"

"Oh, I jest eat a square meal, an' de corners hurt me!"

"You say you was once an actor? What might your favorite roll be?"

"Dat wid a hot sausage in de center.

Tramp—Dear lady, I don't know how to express myself.

Lady—No, I reckon when you don't walk you most generally go by freight.

Tramp—Please, sir, give me a quarter.

Lawyer Howe—A quarter? Why do you ask me for a quarter?

Tramp—Because I didn't like to ask you for half a dollar for fear you wouldn't give it to me.

Waggles—Why is a dentist like a tramp?

Leary—A dentist always lives from hand to mouth.

Jack Feedem—Would you really 'hustle' if a job should be offered you?

Tired Thomson—Would I! Why, I'd run a mile widout stopping!

Tramp—Dis yere pie is just like wot me mudder uster make.

Mrs. Homespun (cordially)—You don't say!

Tramp—Yes, ma'am. It wuz dat druv me from home.

Tired Thomas—I kin trace my ancestry back to Noah, mum.

Mrs. Handout—I don't doubt it—You look as if you were afraid of water.

Policeman—How does my club strike you?

Tramp—It's just stunning.

"So you're keepin' a sharp lookout for work?"

"Yes, indeed, boss. A feller can't be too careful dese days. Might run inter it any minnit!"

Tramp—Say, boy, your dog bit me on the ankle!

Boy—Well, dat's as high as he could reach. You wouldn't expect a little pup like him to bite yer neck, would yer?

Dusty—I can spell bum with two letters.

Rhodes—Let me hear you.

Dusty—B—m—bum.

Rhodes—That don't spell bum.

Dusty—Oh, Yes, I forgot, and left you out.

Weary Willie—I read an absorbing arricle in the *Herald* to-day.

Dusty Rhodes—What was it about?

Weary Willie—Why, a sponge.

Dusty Rhodes—Well, well! They've been writing up your brother again, have they?

Old Lady—I'm afraid your story of your sudden bereavement by your wife's death a fortnight ago and your children's illness is not quite the truth.

Tramp (hurt)—Not true! Look 'e 'ere lady, I've been in this unfortunate persition for more nor five year, and 'ave said the same thing 'undreds o' times, and you're the fust as ever doubted my word afore!

First Tramp—I wish my name was Asia.

Second Tramp—Why?

First Tramp—Have you never heard of the Turkey in Asia?

Weary Wraggles—Hey! you won't git nothin' decent in dere. Dem people is vegetarians.

Hungry Sam—Is dat right?

Weary Wraggles—Yeh, an' dey got a dog w'at ain't

First Tramp—We're in the fashion for once.

Second Tramp—How's dat?

First Tramp—The paper I'm readin' says th' new styles o' shoes has ventilated toes.

"Say, boss," says a husky tramp, "kin yer tell me where I can get fiteen cents for a bed?"

"Certainly!" answers the kind philanthropist, "bring the bed to me and if it's worth it I will buy it."

A tramp rang a doctor's door-bell, and asked the pretty woman who opened the door if she would be so kind as to ask the doctor if he had a pair of old trousers he would kindly give away. "I'm the doctor," said the smiling young woman, and the tramp nearly fainted.

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