

1915

The Ladder Of Roses

Raymond Hubbell
Composer

R. H. Burnside
Lyricist

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THE LADDER OF ROSES
HIP-HIP HOORAY

AT THE
 New York
HIPPODROME

Management CHARLES DILLINGHAM

STAGED BY
 R.H.BURNSIDE

LYRICS BY
 R.H.BURNSIDE

MUSIC BY
 RAYMOND HUBBELL

Vocal	
My Cutie Doll.....	.60
The Good Ship Honeymoon.....	.60
My Land, My Flag.....	.60
<small>Words by Marcus C. Connelly Music by Zoel J. Parenteau</small>	
The Ladder Of Roses.....	.60
The Wedding Of Jack And Jill.....	.60
Instrumental	
Selection.....	1.00

Vp.003026
 1915
 LADDER

T. B. HARMS
 AND
 FRANCIS DAY & HUNTER
 NEW YORK

The Ladder Of Roses.

Words by
R. H. BURNSIDE.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.

Allegretto moderato.

Piano.

f L.H.

There's a land you know, — where all
In this joy - ous place by eve - ry

sweet-hearts go, — to spend a hap - py hour or
smil ing face — you soon can tell they're all care

so. And there's a gar - den fair
free. For no - one's lone - ly there

In the clouds — Up there, where flow-ers bloom be - yond com -
They are on - ly there, to see how hap - py they can

pare. — Be - neath the trees — In the
be. — So let's make haste — We've no

eve - ning breeze — when you have noth - ing else to
time to waste — If you would join this mer - ry

do — You can learn what bliss — is, Live on Love and kiss —
throng — For a - way up there — In this gar - den fair —

— es; It's called the land where Dreams come true. — So come a -
 — Where life is just one glad - some song. —

Refrain.

long it's not far a - way Let's spend a hap - py day

In that beau - ti - ful land. — and pass a - way the

hap - py hours — a - midst the sun - shine and the

Flowers ——— For it's a land where all — is new, Won - der-ful gar-

- dens too Joy waits for all — Far up a - bove ——— So let's

climb up the lad - der of Ros - - es and we'll soon reach the gar-

- den of Love. So come a - Love. ———

THE CHARMING BALLAD SUCCESS OF THE SEASON

THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE ME

Words by
HERBERT REYNOLDS

Music by
JEROME KERN.

Refrain. *Andante moderato.*

And when I told them — how beau-ti-ful you are
And when I told them — how won-der-ful you are

— They did-n't be-lieve me! — They did-n't be-lieve me —
— They did-n't be-lieve me! — They did-n't be-lieve me —

— Your lips, your eyes, your cheeks, your hair are in a
— Your lips, your eyes, your cur-ly hair are in a

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