

1905

Popular songster : containing all the popular song hits of the day.

Charles Kassell Harris

Composer

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CHAS. K. HARRIS
POPULAR SONGSTER
Containing all the Late
SONG HITS
OF THE SEASON



Price 25 cents.

Vp. 000816
1904
COM



PUBLISHED BY
CHAS. K. HARRIS
NEW YORK
- CHICAGO -
CANADIAN-AMERICAN MUSIC CO. TORONTO, CANADA.
AUSTRALIAN OFFICE, ALBERT & ST. GEORGE ST. SYDNEY.



Private Brand

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BY

CHAS. K. HARRIS

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The hit of the St. Louis Worlds Fair.

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CHAS. K. HARRIS

31 West 31st Street

New York

MEYER GOSSEN, Manager

"Come, take a trip in my Air-ship."

WORDS BY
REN SHIELDS.

MUSIC BY
GEORGE EVANS.

1 I love a sail - or, the sail - or loves me, And sails ev - 'ry
night to my home. _____ He's. not a sail - or that
sails o'er the sea, Or ov - er the wild brin - y foam; _____ For
he owns an air - ship and sails up on high, He's just like a
bird on the wing, _____ And when the shad - ows of
eve - ning draw nigh, He'll sail to - my win - dow and sing: _____

CHORUS.

Come, take a trip in my air - ship, Come, take a sail 'mong the
stars, _____ Come, have a ride a - round Ve - nus, Come, have a
spin a - round Mars. _____ No one to watch while we're kiss - ing,
No one to see while we spoon. _____ Come, take a trip in my air
ship, And we'll vis - it the man in the moon. _____ moon. _____

1. _____ 2. _____

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My Home Beside The River

Words by Irene Lennon. Music by Grace M. Kirk.

The moon upon the water a silver radiance cast,
One night as I sat dreaming all alone,
The present seemed to fade a way, I saw the happy past,
As fancy brought to mind my childhood's home
In winter near the fireside I would sit by mother's knee,
While with her loving hands she smoothed my hair,
And on a Summer's evening we would wander by the sea.
I never had a thought of sorrow there.

The scene is ever changing, now I see across the shore
The light house that has stood for many a year,
And once again the ships pass by, as in the days of yore,
I hear the sound of music ringing clear.
Since then I've won devotion from a heart that's fond and true
And life has been so happy since we met,
But I can still recall those days before that voice I knew,
And the dear old home I never can forget.

CHORUS

My home beside the river, I love its mem'ry so,
To me the air is sweeter there, and fairer flowers grow,
Then I knew no sweetheart's kiss, But a mother's love was
bliss.
In my home beside the river, long ago.

"I've Got My Fingers Crossed, You Can't Touch Me."

Words and Music by Joe Maxwell.

When your spirit you lose, when you're down with the blues,
And you feel that you can't endure them,
A prescription I've got, it's a ten-to-one shot, And it never
will fail to cure them;
Wander down some side street, take the first one you meet,
Where the working class lives day by day,
Your cares and your troubles will snap like soap bubbles,
While watching the children at play:

All the comrades you knew seem to come back to you,
From the old days the veil is lifted,
There's your pal, little "Jim," how's the world gone with
him? And you wonder where "Tom" has drifted;
Pretty "Kate," what of her, Ah, what sweethearts you were,
You recall all those sweet childhood names,
Your cares all unravel, your troubles soon travel, While
watching the little ones' games:

CHORUS

"London Bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down,"
"Water, water wild flower, growing up so high."
"I came to see Miss Jinny Ann Jones, and how is she to-day?"
"Ring a-ring-a-rosey, a bottle full of posey."
"Go back and face your lover, go back and face your lover."
"Lazy Mary, will you get up, will you get up today?"
Don't you wish you could join the fun, As you watch the
children play?
Don't you wish you could still be one of that jolly crowd today?
Take your cue from the youngsters, too, And at trouble shout
with glee,
"I've got my fingers crossed, you can't touch me!"

"I've Lost My Appetite For Chicken."

Words and Music by Irving Jones.

Sam Green is a coon who loved a chicken better than he did
his wife,
He'd take all chances for a chicken meal, Why he'd even
risk his life.
One day he went into a restaurant with an appetite like a
horse,
He said "I want a full course dinner, with chicken for ev'ry
course."
He ordered fried chicken, and roast stuffed chicken, and
chicken chop-suey, too,
He ordered chicken salad and chicken croquettes, Chicken pie
and chicken stew.
The waiter charged him fifteen dollars, And it took his breath
away,
He fainted when he went to pay the bill, When revived I
heard him say:

Sam said "The price they charge for chicken now certainly
is a fright,
I can't get chickens cheap in daytime, but I'll get 'em cheap
at night."
One night he went through a chicken farm and stole ev'ry
bird he found loose,
That darkey swiped them fowls so fast, by mistake he stole
a goose.
As he was passing the Station House, that goose began to
quack,
The sheriff caught him dead to rights, with the goose upon
his back.
Next day in court the Judge held Sam for one thousand
dollars bail,
Sam's face looked long and he sang this song, as they
carried him off to jail:

CHORUS

"I've lost my appetite for chicken,"
These words that coon began to howl,
No more you'll find this darkey pickin',
On the carcass of a nice fat fowl.
Pork chops here after is my diet,
Chicken isn't any more my friend,
Yes, I will loudly shout and cry it,
I've lost my appetite for Chicken.

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"In the Hills of Old Carolina."

BY THE

AUTHOR OF THE

WORLD-FAMOUS SONG

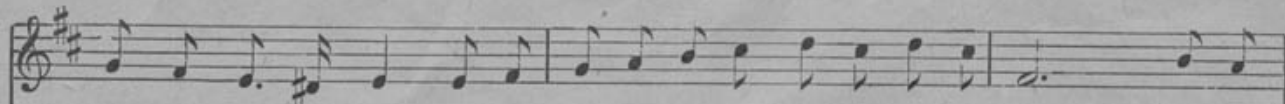
AFTER THE BAIL

Words and Music by CHAS. K. HARRIS.

Arranged by JOS. CLAUDER.

1. In the hills of old Car - o - lina, Where the ro - ses ev - er bloom, And the
 2. Ah, how well do I re - mem - ber, When we part - ed by the brook, Then the

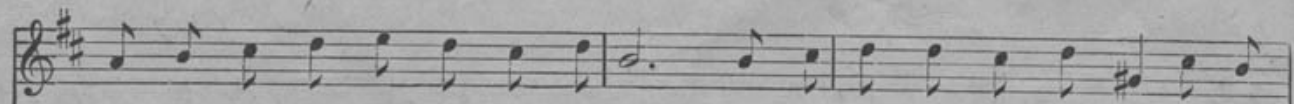
hon - ey - suck - le breathes its rare per - fume, Where all na - ture seems to play, While the
 moon shone on her pale and sad - dened look, When I said good - bye Elaine, I'll come



birds sing sweet their lay, 'Tis the home of one whom I do love so dear, And in
back to you a - gain, For with - out your love my life is naught but pain; Then the



fan - cy oft I see her Strol - ling through the vil - lage green, Hear her
cru - el war's com - mands Made the Blue and Gray join hands, We



laugh - ter rip - pling cheer - ful - ly and gay, Ah, how hap - py all did seem, When a -
fought like com - rades old in ev - 'ry fray; When I came to claim my bride, She was



lone we'd sit and dream, In the hills of old Car - o - lina far a - way.
 sleep - ing side by side, With the old folks, in the hills so far a - way.

CHORUS.

In the hills of old Car - o - lina, Stands a dear old south - ern home, Where

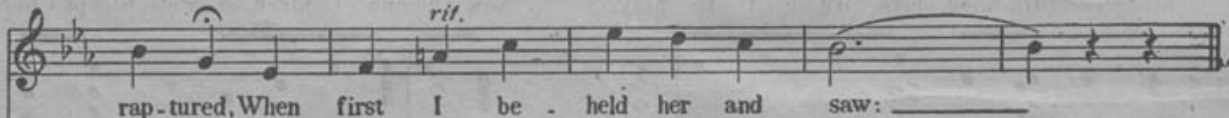
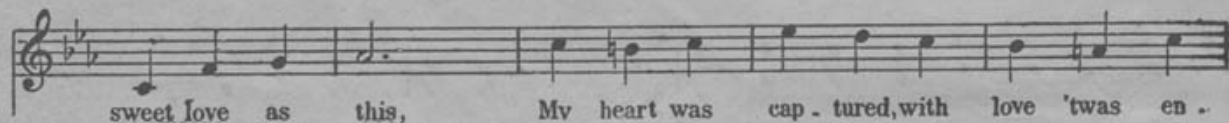
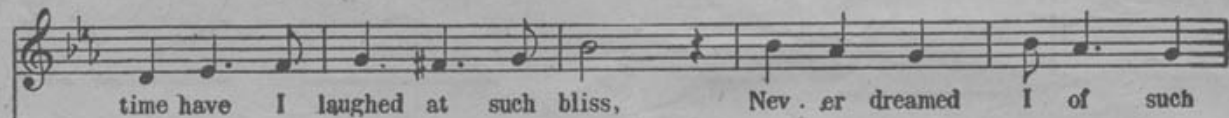
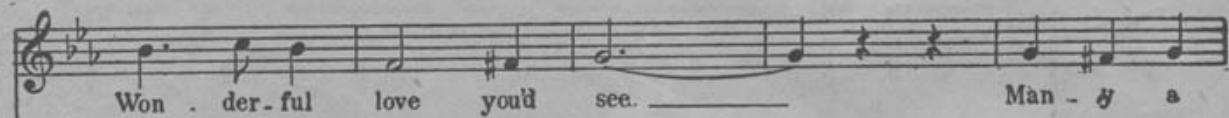
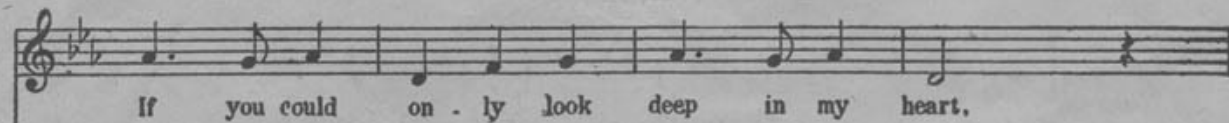
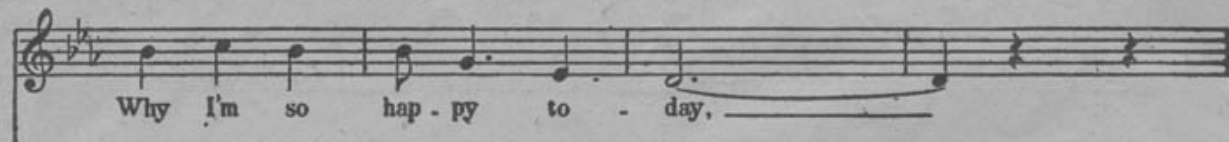
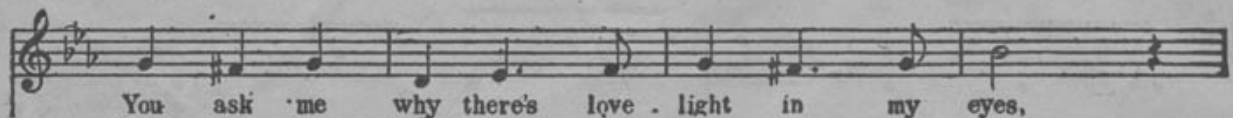
off' in child - hood days We used to play, Now the one I loved so well, Sleeps where

weep - ing wil - lows dwell, In the hills of old Car - o - lina, far a - way.

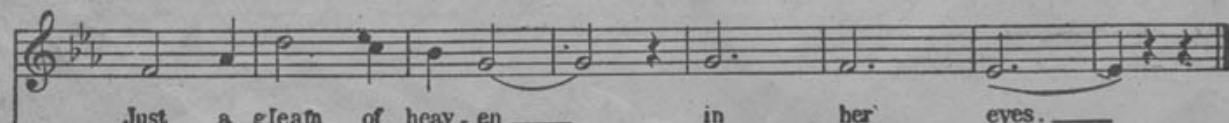
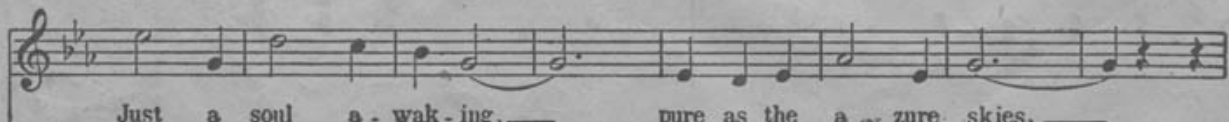
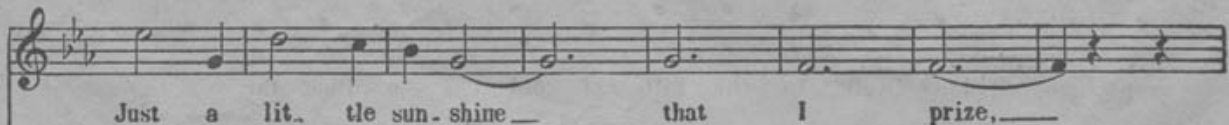
Just a Gleam of Heaven in Her Eyes.

Words and Music by

CHAS. K. HARRIS.



CHORUS.



"You never spoke to me like that before"

Words & Music
by CHAS. K. HARRIS

Why turn a - way when I draw near, what makes you sad to - night? You
do not seem just like your - self, your cheeks have grown so white, You
used to be so bright and gay, but now you seem so changed, You're
not so win - some as you used to be, Your
eyes have lost their lus - ter and your old time charm has gone, Your
smile has lost its sweet - ness and you're al - ways so for - lorn. She
looked at him with tear - ful eyes. he dared not meet her gaze, With
trem - bling lips he heard her soft - ly say:

CHORUS.

You nev - er spoke - to me like that be - fore, John, You
used to love and kiss me ten - der - ly, You
al - ways held me tight - ly in your arms, John, Some

Just A Gleam Of Heaven In Her Eyes.

By CHAS. K. HARRIS.

You ask me why there's lovelight in my eyes,
Why I'm so happy today,
If you could only look deep in my heart,
Wonderful love you'd see.
Many a time have I laughed at such bliss.
Never dreamed I of such sweet love as this,
My heart was captured, with love 'twas enraptured,
When first I beheld her and saw:

Of'times in fancy I've seen those dear eyes,
Piercing my heart through and through,
And in a dream I have heard the sweet words,
"Come to my arms, ah do."
Heaven has sent her to me pure as snow,
And for that blessing I shall love her so,
Love her forever, which nothing can sever,
Since first I beheld her and saw:

CHORUS

Just a gleam of heaven in her eyes,
Just a little sunshine that I prize,
Just a soul awaking, pure as the azure skies,
Just a gleam of heaven in her eyes.

Good Bye, My Lady Love.

Jos. E. HOWARD.

So you're going away because your heart has gone astray,
And you promised me that you would always faithful be,
Go to him you love, and be as true as stars above,
But your heart will yearn, and then some day you will return.

When the dewdrops fall, 'tis then your heart, I know, will call,
So beware, my dove don't trust your life to some false love,
But if you must go, remember, dear, I love you so,
Sure as stars do shine, you'll think of when I called you mine

CHORUS

Good bye, my lady love, farewell, my turtle dove,
You are the idol and darling of my heart,
But some day you will come back to me, and love me tenderly,
So good bye, my lady love, good bye.

For Sale A Baby.

WORDS & MUSIC BY CHAS. K. HARRIS

In a cheerless room there sits a sad young mother,
Holding in her arms a babe so fair and sweet,
In the pantry there's no food to give the baby,
There's no shoes to cover up its tiny feet;
As she gazes on her child the tears are falling,
And she sobs "my darling, I must part from you,
Then she paints a sign and hangs it in the window,
And it reads "A baby in this house for sale."

Days passed by, but no one came to buy the baby,
And it seem'd each day to slowly droop and pine,
No one cared that babe and mother both were starving,
And they only smiled as they gazed at the sign;
But one morning on the doorstep clasped together,
They had found the peace they could not find on earth,
For the angels up above had claimed the baby,
And had seen the sign and taken her above.

CHORUS

For sale, a baby, with golden hair,
For sale, a baby, so sweet and fair;
For sale, a baby, who'll smile and coo,
For sale, a baby, with eyes of blue.

"You never spoke to me like that before."

WORDS & MUSIC BY CHAS. K. HARRIS

Why turn away when I draw near, what makes you sad to night?
You do not seem just like yourself, your cheeks have grown so white,
You used to be so bright and gay, but now you seem so changed,
You're not so winsome as you used to be,
Your eyes have lost their luster and your old time charm has gone,
Your smile has lost its sweetness and you're always so forlorn,
She looked at him with tearful eyes, he dared not meet her gaze,
With trembling lips he heard her softly say:

You ask me why I do not smile, and why I am not glad,
Just read your heart, it will impart the reason why I'm sad,
How can I smile and happy be, when life has lost its charm,
When you must know we're drifting far apart,
There was a time the sun did shine and I could dance and sing,
When all the world seemed bright and fair as flowers in the Spring,
Those heartless words you spoke to night have caused me endless pain,
Goodbye, sweetheart, we'll never meet again.

CHORUS

You never spoke to me like that before, John,
You used to love and kiss me tenderly,
You always held me tightly in your arms, John
Some fairer face has won your love from me,
You always had a kind word and a smile, John,
The love light in your eyes I see no more,
My heart tells me at last, your love for me has passed,
For you never spoke to me like that before.

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"Would You Care?"

Words & Music by CHAS. K. HARRIS.

Lift your eyes _____ to mine my dar - ling, _____ Let me
see _____ the love-light there, _____ For you know _____ I love you
dear - ly, _____ And to me _____ there's none so fair. _____ Yet at
times _____ I of - ten won - der, _____ Would you
care, _____ if I'd dare, _____ Tell you that _____ my love had
van - ished Tell me sweet - heart would you care? _____

CHORUS.

Would you care _____ if I should leave you? _____ Would you
care _____ if we should part? _____ Would you care _____ if some one
told you _____ That an - oth - er won my heart? _____ Would you care, _____ if you had
found me _____ close - ly held _____ in some - ones arms? _____ Would your
heart _____ ache just a lit - tle, Tell me dar - ling, Would you care? _____

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The Belle of the Ball.

Words and Music by
Chas. K. Harris

You ask me why I'm sad at heart,
You never hear me laugh,
You ask me why my tears do fall
Upon her photograph.
She was the belle of every ball,
All beauty and all grace,
Would you believe she could deceive,
With such an angel face?

I'll never forget the ball that night,
My sweetheart was divine,
And as I kissed her dear sweet lips,
She promised to be mine
And then she danced with brother Ned,
Her eyes with love alight,
I heard her say "I love you best,"
Which broke my heart that night.

CHORUS.

Belle of the ball,
She was sweeter than all,
With a face so fair and nut-brown hair,
The Queen of them all.
Hearts they did ache,
All for her sake,
How I loved her, love her still,
The Belle of the Ball.

Waltzing With the Girl You Love.

By George Evans
and Ren Shields

Of course there are all sorts of pleasures
In this little world of ours,
Now, some love through the wildwood,
And scent the perfume of the flowers,
While others love strolling by moonlight,
About it there's some pleasing charm.
But I find my fun in a ballroom,
With a nice little girl on my arm.

Whenever a lad's a wallflower
He's sure to be found near the door,
The boy who can dance and enjoy it,
With his best girl is found on the floor;
He knows he can spoon there while dancing,
And that no one will interfere,
As long as the band keeps agoing
He can whisper sweet words in her ear.

CHORUS.

While the music's playing,
Isn't it divine?
Gliding round the ballroom,
With your baby mine?
I could die a-dancing
With my turtle dove,
There's nothing, boys, like waltzing
With the girl you love.

Central, Give Me Back My Dime.

By Jos. E. Howard

I want to use your telephone,
To see if Mamie's home connect, me do!
For she's expecting me to-night,
She's waiting in the bright moonlight.
She's true blue.
Her number is two-forty-nine,
Please put me on the line,
My sweet, so neat,
There is another man, I know,
Who loves her but he stands no show,
Let him weep, all right, Miss, now's the time,
I've just dropped in my dime.

Now, dear Miss Central, won't you please
Connect me right away, or I will die!
I'm in an awful hurry,
And my heart's in such a flurry,
Just hear me sigh.
I think I hear her crying,
And I fear my heart will break,
Oh me, oh my.
There's some one else will steal her.
And I'm sure they will conceal her,
So, please do try, all right, Miss, now's the time
I've just dropped in my dime.

CHORUS.

Busy, I'm awful dizzy, what's that buzzing along the line?
Now comes the answer, What, a man, Sir.
Say, old pal, get off the line, for her I'm waiting,
My heart is aching, now, I'm not faking, I'm not that kind;
Now, don't you tease me, but you can please me,
Say, Central, give me back my dime.

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I'm trying so hard to forget you.

Words & Music by CHAS. K. HARRIS.

I'm think - ing of you, dar - ling, and ' how I miss you so, My
thoughts they are al - ways of you, I hear the night-birds call - ing, their
tones they seem so sad, The winds are soft - ly sigh - ing "Love, be true." The
blos - soms that we loved so, dear, no long - er bloom for me, I
some - times won - der if you do re - gret, For they say you love an - oth - er, your
heart beats for no oth - er, Though I try so hard to for - get.

CHORUS.

I'm try - ing so hard to for get you, I try, but it seems all in
vain, Your dear face is ev - er be - fore me, And
thrills me with long - ing and pain. The days are so long and so
drea - ry, I sigh for one glance of your eye, Al -
though far a - way, still I love you, I'm try - ing so hard to for - get.

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It Makes Me Think of Home, Sweet Home

Arr. by Al La Rue. Words and Music by Frank D. Bryan.

Way down South in dear old Dixie Land, Marching thro'
Georgia, too,
Auld Lang Syne and dear old Uncle Sam, Three cheers for
the red, white and blue;
Wait for the wagon and we'll all take a ride, Ben Bolt and
Old Dog Tray;
But the song that stirs up my American blood, Ev'ry time
that I hear it played.

England dearly loves "God Save the King," Germany the
"Fatherland,"
Ireland always "The Wearing of the Green," "Annie Laurie"
for the scotch, to a man.
A coon stops work when he hears ragtime, Frenchman the
"Marseilles,"
But the song that stirs up my American blood, Ev'ry time
that I hear it played.

CHORUS

Oh, say, can't you hear something that's familiar,
Oh, say, there's a thrill, in ev'ry single tone.
Oh, say, it's so sweet, I always love to hear it,
For it makes me think of home, sweet home.

JIM BADGER

Arr. by Al La Rue. By Hughie Cannon.

Jimmie Badger is my honey's name,
Jimmie Badger I can never blame,
My Jim, dat's his first name,
I prowled around from noon-time till half after five.
I found my Jimmie, found him half alive,
My Jim, just half alive,
Close out from Pittsburgh, on the "B. and O."
I spied my Jamesie switchin' in the snow, My Jim, right in
the snow.

Next time I saw Jim in the sleet and rain,
He was a flagman on a "Big Four" train,
My Jim lost me again,
Something about him, here's the truth, I know,
Jimmie has joined dat P. T. Bayrum show,
Oh Jim left me, I know,
Some black gal's won you, certa'nly makes me sore,
Jamesie, you left me, left me once before, My Jim I'll see
no more.

CHORUS

What are you doing there, Jim? What are you doing there?
Are you gambling, Are you rambling? Tell me what you're
doing there.
You ain't no pal o' mine, Jim, You ain't no pal o' mine,
Oh, Jim, is no pal o' mine.
What have I done to you, Jim? What have I done to you?
I've been rambling, I've been scrambling, Trying for to get
to you.
You ain't no pal o' mine, Jim, You ain't no pal o' mine,
Oh, Jim, is no pal o' mine.

"THE LAST FAREWELL"

By Chas. K. Harris.

The birds still sing, the church bells ring, The roses rare
perfume the air,
The fireflies glow, the soft winds blow around the dear old
home sweet home.
In memory again I hear the voices sweet of parents dear,
As gently they would soothe my fears, and kiss away those
childish tears.

It seems so sweet once more to meet, to know and feel your
love is real,
And here to-night, with faces bright, your hearts have shown
I'm welcome home.
And yet it seems but yesterday I sang the same sweet
melodies,
Old happy days, you could not last, good-bye, dear friends,
the dream is past.

CHORUS

So fare thee well, old home, farewell forever, good-bye, old
friends, we'll never meet again,
Tho' sad my heart, yet sadder is the parting, but sadder still to
breathe the last good-bye.
And all the kindness that you've always shown me, each gentle
word is graven on my heart,
Although I smile, yet still my tears are flowing, and just because
it is the last farewell.

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"Why Don't They Play With Me?"

Words & Music by CHAS. K. HARRIS.

VOICE.

1 A sweet - faced lit - tle girl of eight Climbed to her
fa - ther's knee. And as her head lay on his
breast She sobbed so plain - tive - ly; "They
say my Mam - ma ran a - way from you, dear Pa -
pa, and me, And that she won't come
back a - gain, So they can't play with me."

REFRAIN.

"Why don't they play with me, Pa - pa, Why do they run a -
way? Why do they go a - cross the street, When
I ask them to play? I've tried to be so nice to
them, Just as good as can be; I gave them
all of my nice play - things, Now, why don't they play with me?"

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'ALBANY'

Words by May Irwin. Music by Hughie Cannon.
Arr. by Al La Rue.

I played a threenight stand once upon a time, In a town called Albany,
I met a sunburnt maiden and I gave her a ticket free.
Oh, well, she seen dat, show, I met her den, directly after matinee,
She caught my eye, now other towns ain't one, two, six wid me.
We correspond, I know she's fond of letters dat she gets from me,
And when dis season closes I'm a going back to Albany.

I'm gwine to tell you more, well, here I am out West, in a town called Kankakee,
Dese E flatburgs and water tanks, well, dey never made a hit wid me,
I never did fourflush, I'm in a rush, dat gal is waiting now for me,
She said she'd meet me at de train dat gets dere just afore three,
I'll feel just right if I land to-night in Rochester at half past three,
I'll catch dat empire express train a buzzin' back to Albany.

CHORUS

'Cause dat's de only town looks good to me,
It's on de Hudson Riber and de N. Y. C.,
I'd rather live in dat fine old place,
Where I know I can see ma baby's face,
I've been in ev'ry town from A to Z,
Studied all de maps like A, B, C,
But dat is de one and only town,
I'm gwine back to Albany.

NOBODY BUT YOU

Words and Music by Fay Templeton.


I'se jealous ob de birds 'cause dey sings about you,
I jes' hates de flowers 'cause dey blooms for you,
All day long I sits alone an' studies 'bout you,
An' when I sleeps I sleeps to dream 'bout you.
Hug me close, ma sweetness, let me nestle close to you,
Take me in yo' arms, 'cause I'se faithful to you,
Take all de rest away but leave me you,
Fo' dere's nuthin' in dis world fo' me but you, jes' you.

Don't throw me over 'cause I'se humble to you,
Let me come around 'cause I'se lonesome for you,
Dis coon's po' fool eyes can't see nowhere but you,
Down in my soul I'se got a longin' for you.
Don't know nuthin', Honey Gal, no nuthin' only you,
An' when I marries wants to marry you,
Fo' all time I lives I wants to live with you,
And when I dies I wants to die with you.

CHORUS

Oh come, ma love, Oh come, ma love, and see,
The home I'll build fo' you and me,
Jes' say de word an' love me, love me do,
Lord knows I wants nobody but you.

SWEET SANA=OO

Words by Vernon Roy. 
Music by W. T. Francis.

Fanned by the mild monsoon,
Under the yellow round moon, Far off in old Japan,
Sang a brave soldier man softly an old, old tune;
Sang like a silver bell,
There where the cherry blooms fell,
While each love laden word, Sadly a maiden heard,
This was his fond farewell.

Though seasons wax and wane,
Suns rise and vanish again, Still glow two sparkling eyes,
Under the darkling skies, watching the sea in vain;
There to the big sad moon,
A maid doth a little song croon,
Soft as the fairy breeze, Blows through the cherry trees,
This is the old, old tune.

CHORUS

Sweet Sana-oo farewell to you, yonder across the sea,
Far from my darling I must go, but fate will be kind to me;
Sweet Sana-oo, the long nights through, my dreams will be of you
Here by the sea be waiting for me, sweet little Sana-oo.

The Complete Sheet Music of any song in this book for sale at all Music Stores, or sent prepaid for 25 cents
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Farewell, Sweetheart May.

Words & Music by CHAS. K. HARRIS.

Your dear boy has gone and left you, sweet-heart May, And till
death he'll al-ways bless you, sweet-heart May: For he
loves his coun-try dear, But he'll come back, nev-er fear. His
dar-ling to be near, sweet-heart May. Don't you
fear for him or cry, — sweet-heart May, For the
boys must win or die, — sweet-heart May, If the
morn-ing dawns once more, When the cru-el war is o'er, You will
find him at your door, sweet-heart May.

CHORUS.

Fare-well, dar-ling, I must leave you, Fare-well,
lit-tle sweet-heart mine, — Don't for-get your prom-ise
to me. In that gold-en sum-mer-time.
When the stars a-bove are shin-ing, Then my thoughts to you will
stray, — And till death I'll al-ways love you,
1. Fare well, sweet-heart May. 2. May.

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"I'M GOING TO LEAVE YOU"

Words and Music by Joseph E. Howard.

Just one kiss before we part, just say you love but me,
There's some other love, I know, who has won your heart
from me,
But oh, I know a time will come when you will call me home,
For I have loved and been true to you, now o'er the world
I'll roam.

When the birds have gone to rest, then your dear heart will
yearn,
And you'll miss me love, I know, and you'll pray for my return
But I will be so far away you'll see my face no more,
If you do not care to have me go, just say the word, I'll stay.

CHORUS

I'm going to leave you at early dawn,
Then good-bye, darling, for I'll be gone,
Down the lane I will be creeping,
And know you will be weeping, going to leave you
before the morn. •

SWEET MAID DIVINE

By Chas. K. Harris.

Come out, my love, into the moonlight, and take a little stroll
with me,
There's something that I want to tell you, for I love you,
tenderly.
Just listen to my tale of love, dear, then your heart, I know,
will pine,
And I will buy you diamond rings, if you'll be mine.

Now, could you ever learn to love me? Now, do you think
you could be true?
There's nothing that I would not buy you, if you said "I love
just you."
Your sparkling eyes have surely won me, and I hope you will
say "yes,"
And let me press you to my heart, and steal one kiss.

CHORUS

If you will be mine, I'll be as true as stars that shine,
So don't say "Nay" just yet, I've caught you in my net,
Look in to my eyes, my love you then will not despise,
For no one else shall win, my heart, sweet maid divine.

DEAR

Words by A. J. Mac Mullin. Music by Audrey Kingsbury.
arr. by Theo. Bendix.

Of all the words that tongue can speak, of all the words that
charm the ear,
There's none can thrill a woman's soul, or touch her like that
one word "dear."
It strikes her heart strings and they sing in harmony supreme
divine,
It tells her that she is the queen who rules one heart with
love benign.

When first I spoke that word of love, one summer night with
trembling mien,
It sprang unbidden from my heart, and filled her with a
rapture keen.
And now, tho' twenty years have passed, its power seems to
grow with years,
For when I speak it soft and low, it moves my darling unto
tears.

CHORUS

"Dear" is the word a woman loves, when spoken from soul
to soul,
"Dear" is the word a woman loves, she craves no greater goal.
To her it has a meaning sweet, all other words above,
It means her sweetheart speaks to her, in ecstasy of love.

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME

Words and Music by
Pat Rooney.

In the Summer's the time, when the weather is fine, to the
beach all of us go,
But when winter comes round and there's frost on the ground,
there is little sport, you know;
Through the week you will go to a ball or a show, but when
Sunday eve draws near,
On a friend you will call, as you enter the hall, why, these
are the words you will hear:

Funny jokes you will tell, sing a song, too, as well, and all
kinds of games you'll play,
At your girl you will smile, hold her hand for a while, just to
pass the time away.
So there's nothing to do in the winter for you, with your
sweetheart on Sunday,
But to have a nice chat in a cozy warm flat, as you sit there
you'll hear some one say:

CHORUS

Make yourself at home, you will hear where e'er you roam,
"How's your Ma? How's your Pa?" You'll sit on the sofa and
there you are.
Then you'll find, to your surprise, you will start to scandalize,
As you sit there and think you'll partake of a drink while
you make yourself at home.

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