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Little Boats Should Keep Close To The Shore

Lew Dockstader

Artist

Jos. W Stern

Composer

Marks

Lyricist

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THE COLOSSAL MINSTREL ORGANIZATION OF THE WORLD

February 16, 1901

POPULAR SONG ALBUM

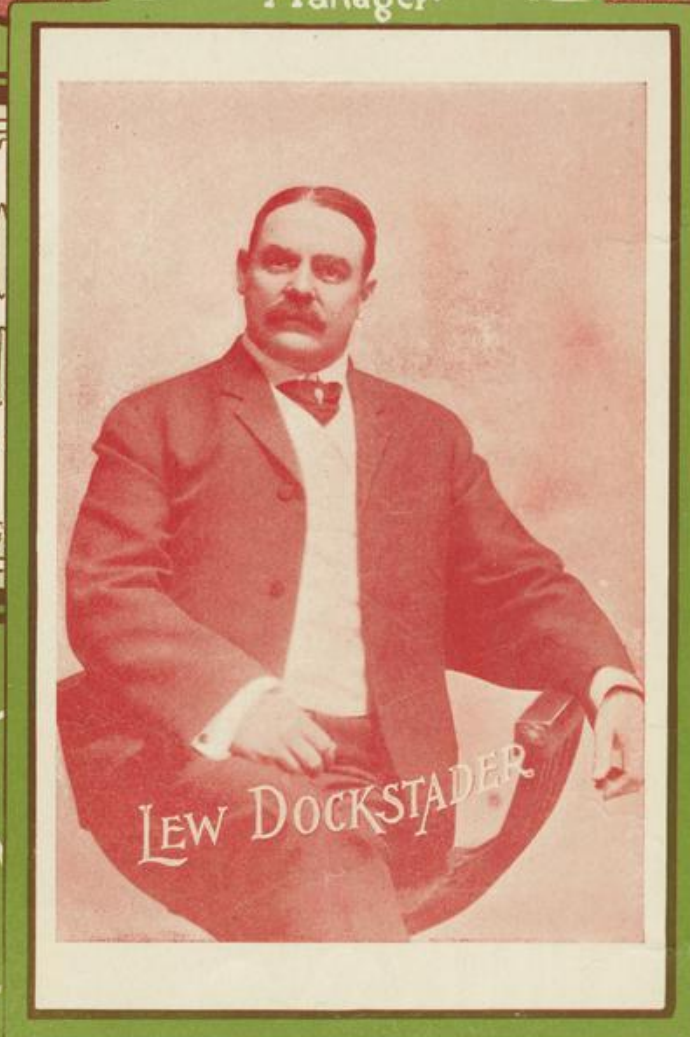
OF

LEW DOCKSTADER

AND HIS GREAT

MINSTREL COMPANY

*JAS *H*DECKER
Manager



PRICE 25 CENTS

Vp. 003209
1901
Hille

Published by **JOS. W. STERN & CO.**
 NEW YORK CHICAGO
 LONDON
 1000 10th Street

Sentimental Ballad

You're As Welcome As the Flowers in May



WORDS & MUSIC BY

DAN J. SULLIVAN



Published by

JOS. W. STERN & CO.

345 Broadway, N.Y.



LONDON JOS. W. STERN & CO.

LITTLE BOATS SHOULD KEEP CLOSE TO THE SHORE

Words by Edw. B. Marks
Tempo di Valse

Music by Jos. W. Stern

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats. The piece begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and features a waltz-like melody.

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef). It includes a section marked *rit.* (ritardando) and concludes with a repeat sign.

Musical notation for the vocal line, consisting of a single treble clef staff. It contains two lines of lyrics.

1. Lit-tle Ben was the son of a whal-er..... Who lived in a
2. Lit-tle Ben is long since a grand-fa-ther,..... His grand-child now

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef). It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and provides accompaniment for the first line of the vocal melody.

Musical notation for the vocal line, consisting of a single treble clef staff. It continues the melody from the previous section.

house by the sea,..... Just ten, still he was a born sail-or,..... As
sits on his knee..... "I won't go to school," says the youngster, "I'll

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef). It provides accompaniment for the second line of the vocal melody.

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LITTLE BOATS

fear-less and brave as could be..... One day, lit-tle dreaming of
run off if mamma whips me,..... And I'll nev-er come back,"then he

dan-ger,..... He ventured too far from the land,..... Was up-set, and brought
add-ed,..... With a toss of his fair curly head..... Then the old sailor

in by a stranger,..... While his moth-er cried, tak-ing his hand:.....
gently re-proachd him,..... With these words his own mother once said:.....

CHORUS Valse Moderato

Little boats should keep close to the shore,..... That's a lesson you'll learn some

DON'T BE ANGRY WITH THEM, DEAR!

By Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

Moderato.

The musical score is written in a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature. It consists of a piano introduction and two systems of vocal melody with piano accompaniment. The piano introduction is marked 'Moderato' and includes dynamics of *mf*, *f*, and *rall.*. The first system of vocal melody has two verses. The piano accompaniment for the first system is marked *p*. The second system of vocal melody includes the instruction *rit.* (ritardando) and concludes with a final piano accompaniment also marked *rit.*

mf *f* *rall.*

1. A - gainst her fa - ther's will, a girl, from home had run a - way To
 2. "I don't think you've for - got - ten, John, tho' twen - ty years have fled, How

p

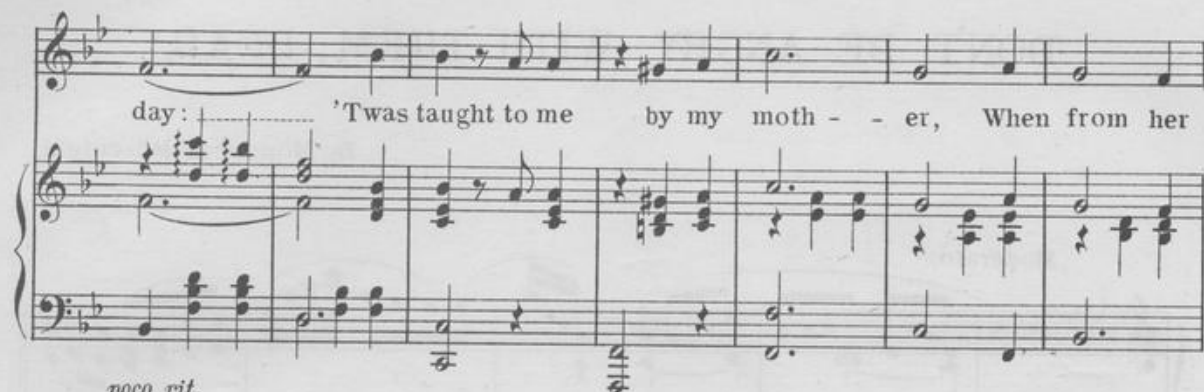
wed the man she loved, and they had just come back, that day, To
 you and I ran off, one night," the moth - er gen - tly said, "And

rit.

rit.


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day: 'Twas taught to me by my moth - - er, When from her

poco rit.



side I would stray. There are dangers wherev-er you roam, That have

poco rit. *a tempo*

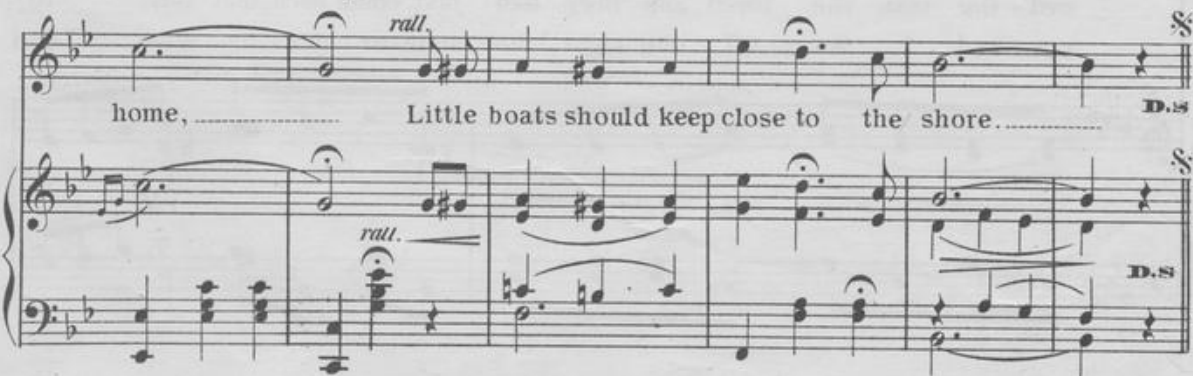
a tempo

Red. * 2.



wreck'd lit-tle craft be-fore; So, when not safe-ly anchored at

rall.



home, Little boats should keep close to the shore. **D.S.**

rall. **D.S.**

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CARROLL JOHNSON'S Beautiful Darkey Serenade

Ma Princess Lize

Words by Wm. A. Ryan Music by Alfred G. Robyn

Composer of "I'm Waiting and Longing for You Still"

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Don't talk about yo' gals yo' niggah, Lize has 'em skinned a mile,
Ma gal has got de Princess figgah, she's got de Princess styly,
Dat gal is like a racin' filly, she's got a pedigree,
She has dis sportin' darky silly, Lize is de gal for me.

CHORUS.

For she's ma honey so sweet, sweet; she's got 'em beat, beat; she is
ma high-toned prize;
She is ma love, love, ma turtle dove, dove; true am her ebony eyes,
I loves her true, true, 'deed coon I do, do; loves her 'neath moonlit
slies,
She's out of sight, sight, and day and night, night, she is my Princess
Lize.

I says I's jes' about to cop her, Um, Um, say she's a prize,
Dere ain't an earthly thing can stop her, is dere, ma Princess Lize?
I goes an' blows in all ma money (won it de night befo')
Buys her a diamond ring, oh, honey, made all dem coons feel sore.

JAMES BRADLEY'S Beautiful Ballad Success

In the Valley Where the Bluebirds Sing

Words by Monroe H. Rosenfeld Music by Alfred Solman

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There's a picture in my heart that lives forever
'Tis a home with honeysuckles 'round the door—
By a brook that always murmured Love's sweet story
In those happy days gone by forever more—
At the window I can see my sweetheart waiting,
She is list'n'ing as the evening church bells ring—
I can see her in the valley where we parted,
In the valley where the bluebirds sing.

REFRAIN.

In the valley where the bluebirds sing—
In the valley where the church bells ring—
I can hear her voice it seems,
In my roaming, in my dreams,
Down in the valley, the valley, the valley;
Down in the valley where the bluebirds sing!

I can see the moonlight gleaming on the river,
I can hear the whip-poor-will so far away—
In the verdant meadow I can see her strolling
Where the fields are fragrant with the golden hay—
'Tis a picture that will never fade in beauty,
For its recollections fondest mem'ries bring—
How I long to see my sweetheart who is waiting
In the valley where the bluebirds sing.

When the Fields Are White with Cotton

Words by Robert F. Roden Music by Max S. Witt

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In a city far away paintings grand were shown one day,
I was standing with the crowd that came to see,
And among the pictures there, I saw one whose scenes so fair,
Brought the old days in Georgia back to me;
'Twas a field of snowy white that I stood and watched that night,
As the painter's art my fond thoughts backward led,
For the scene he'd drawn so well, took me back to sweetheart Nell,
To the night I parted from her as I said:—

CHORUS.

"When the fields again are white, 'neath the fair moon's silvery light,
And the birds are softly singing love's refrain,
By the dear old rippling river I'll be standing at your side,
When the fields are white with cotton once again."

From the picture then I turn'd, as my sad heart fondly yearn'd,
For the other picture far, so far away,
And I longed once more to be, with the lassie o'er the sea,
Who was waiting for her lost love day by day;
Once again across the foam, I stood near my Georgia home,
Saw the old plantation 'neath the moon's fair light;
All the past seemed like a dream, as I met Nell by the stream,
Where we parted, 'mid the fields of snowy white.

Sung by WALLACE, Australian Tenor

When the Cows Are Coming Home

Words by Robt. F. Roden Music by Max S. Witt

Authors of "While the Convent Bells Were Ringing," "My Little Georgia Rose," "Off the Massachusetts Coast," etc.

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'Neath the golden splendor of a summer sunset, we were driving home
the cows, sweet Nell and I;
And we slowly followed them 'mid scented clover, as we'd done so
often in the days gone by.
We reached her father's farm, 'twas time for parting, my heart was
fill'd with words I could not say;
As the sunbeams kiss'd her hair "Good-night," I told her, while the
cows were coming home that summer day.

CHORUS.

Now the golden sunshine lingers on the meadows as of old,
When we stood there 'mid the clover and life's sweetest tale I told,
In my heart there's one fair picture, as alone to-night I roam,
And I long to be with Nellie, when the cows are coming home.
Through the same fair meadows yesterday I wandered, it was twi-
light and all Nature seem'd to dream;
Just a boy again, I linger'd where we parted, where the willows
gently bend above the stream.
Tho' through the lane close by stroll'd other sweethearts, in fancy
still 'twas darling Nell and I;
Just a girl in gingham gown, a lad in homespun, driving home the
cows in happy days gone by.

HARRY ELLIS' Famous Patriotic Song

The Man We Always Love

Words by Chas. Horwitz Music by Fred V. Bowers

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Let us sing of men of old, of heroes great and bold,
Of names enroll'd upon the page of fame,
Of figures great and grand, the mighty of the land,
Of men who from a foreign nation came
To help our country's cause, of men who made our laws,
Of orators, who spoke for freedom's right;
They live in hist'ry's page, the greatest of their age;
Their names shall live thro' every day and night.

CHORUS.

They are the men we will always love,
Who lived for the land of the free;
Who fought, and bled, for all mankind
And the spirit of liberty.

Let us sing of hero's praise—let us think of other days.
When dawn of freedom on our country shone.
They all have passed away—the heroes of their day—
But one remains, who will always stand alone.
In men'ry he will live, our hearts to him we give,
The greatest one of all in hall of fame—
George Washington so true, he fought for me and you,
And bless'd for all eternity his name.

"THE NEW PLINY," sung by EDDIE LEONARD

Mandy, Won't You Let Me Be Your Beau

Words by Bob Cole Music by Rosamond Johnson

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Underneath the shady cedars,
Down behind the sun,
Where the roses bloom,
Breathing out perfume;
Lives a little dusky maiden
She's my "onliest" one;
Ev'ry evening 'neath her window,
You can hear me sing:—

CHORUS.

Mandy, Mandy,
I could change your name mighty handy,
I'll buy you fine clothes,
And diamonds by the score (ma baby!)
Mandy, Mandy,
Sweeter than a carload of candy,
Mandy, Mandy,
Won't you let me be your beau?

When the winter days are over,
And the robins mate,
When the rose is red,
She and I will wed;
Don't you want to compliment me
On my lucky fate?
When we're married we'll be happy,
Then no more I'll sing:—

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EDDIE LEONARD'S Song

Dem Chalky White Eyes

Words by Eddie Leonard

Music by Jas. Burris.

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When the day is fading and the sun has set
I goes a-calling on mah little lady;
She has 'von my heart from other girls, you bet,
When the Springtime comes she says she'll wed me, maybe.
The other night while holding hands I gazed into her eyes,
The look she gave made me feel rather blue;
Told her that I loved her, but she doubted me,
In accents sweet and low I whispered true:

CHORUS.

When I gaze into dem chalky white eyes, Oh! mah lovely lady!
You'se de onliest one I idolize, Oh! believe me, baby!
I will be yo' cupid if you'll be mah Venus,
Den dey'll be no other who can come between us,
When I gaze into dem chalky white eyes.

Since I've told mah lady that I loved her true
I've fixed the date and time for our wedding;
She said "Keep it secret," that I said I'd do
But I find that the news is widely spreading,
I'm making preparations for to have a grand affair,
The time is drawing nigh for us to wed;
Often asks me 'bout the time when we first met
And then I has to tell her what I said:

FRED V. BOWERS' Great Success

Everyday Is Sunshine When the Heart Beats True

By Horwitz and Bowers

Authors of "No One But You," "Down Where the Coconut Grows"

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Forty years ago—that's the time I know
Kate and I were married in the month of May.
Times were hard, you see—hard for Kate and me—
Still our hearts were cheerful all the livelong day;
Tried to do our best, and our home was blest
With our merry children, little Nell and Sue.
Kate, my wife, would say—tho' clouds are in the way
Ev'ry day is sunshine when the heart beats true.

CHORUS.

Kate was fair to see—all the world to me,
Just the sweetest lass I ever knew;
How I miss her here—and her simple words to cheer:
Ev'ry day is sunshine when the heart beats true.

Saved up ev'ry cent—just to pay the rent
And to clothe the children when to school they'd go,
Till one summer day—Kate was laid away
Down there near the hillside where the flow'rs grow.
Now I'm getting old—life seems drear and cold—
Cold without her sunny smile and eyes so blue;
I hear a sweet voice say, while dreaming by the way,
Ev'ry day is sunshine when the heart beats true.

JOHN EARLY'S Beautiful Sentimental March Song

When Her Hero Marched Away

By Hogan, Steeley and Coe

Authors of "He May Get Over It, but He'll Never Look the Same"

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A little country village heard the first alarm of war, the bugle blast
and martial drums' harsh rattle,
A country lass said farewell to one loved more than life, who would
fight his country's battle.
She pressed him closely to her heart and whispered soft and low,
"Dear heart, I will be true and wait for you"—
Standing by the garden gate, feeling hard the hand of fate, wav'ing
him a fond adieu.

CHORUS.

When her hero marched away, on a balmy summer's day,
He looked so brave and handsome in his uniform of gray;
She was smiling through her tears, fighting back her sobs and fears,
She watched with aching heart the day, when her hero marched away.

She is sitting by the fireside in the autumn time of life, the snow of
time is slow but surely falling.
She is thinking of her sweetheart, who fell in battle's strife, who had
heard his country's calling.
With a thrill of joy and pride she looks upon his picture fair, where
his sword and canteen hang upon the wall;
She is thinking of the day when with his troop he marched away, and
the last sharp bugle call.

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LEW DOCKSTADER'S Latest Hit

The Automobile Honeymoon

Words and Music by Harry B. Norris

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There has been a splendid wedding in the town, and Miranda is the
bride of Mister Brown.
If you had an invitation, 'twas a certain indication that they reckoned
you a person of renown,
When the decorated motor car arrived, and the happy pair got in and
said good-bye;
Then Miranda in a fever said: "Oh, don't you pull the lever, or this
honeymoon will finish in the sky."

CHORUS.

Wedding bells with their ding, dong, ringing; little birds with their
sing, song, singing;
Tell you 'tis the wedding day of Miranda and her fiancée.
The wedding trip they will not take by boat or, train they mean to
try a tour by motor;
They left this afternoon for an automobile honeymoon.

Mister Brown remarked: "We'll make a flying start, if you close
your eyes, Miranda, we'll depart".
Then he pulled a handle quickly, poor Miranda looking sickly, with
a mighty palpitation of the heart.
The machinery at once began to fizz, and a condescending wheel com-
menced to whizz;
Then Miranda said: "Don't worry, 'tho we may be in a hurry, well,
this motor car is staying where it is."

GRA WELLER'S Famous Bass Song

Courage

By H. W. Petrie

Author of Davy Jones' Locker "Thousand Leagues Under the Sea"

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Art thou weary, toiling wand'r'er? Close the shadows round thy way?
Loth the dreary night oppress? Distant seems the long'd-for day?
Art thou worn, O shipwreck'd sailor? Waif before the tempest borne,
Watching thro' the hours of darkness, waiting for the pray'd-for morn?

CHORUS.

Courage, O weary ones, courage 'till night is o'er,
Until the sunrise lights the sea and shore.
Courage, O weary ones, courage till night is o'er,
Until the sunrise lights the sea and shore.

O, my soul, art thou so weary? Flows too fast the stream of life?
Dost thou fear the fires of trial? Dread to meet the toil and strife?
Wilt thou faint, thy footsteps falter, ere the pilgrimage is done?
Shall a night of shadows stay thee, when the crown is all but won?

MANUEL ROJAIN'S Beautiful, Sentimental Narrative

Ballad

You're As Welcome as the Flowers in May

Words and Music by Dan J. Sullivan

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Last night I dreamed a sweet, sweet dream; I thought I saw my
home, sweet home,
And, Oh, how grand it all did seem, I made a vow no more to roam.
By the dear old village church I stroll'd, while the bell in the steeple
sadly toll'd;
I saw my daddy old and gray, I heard my dear old mother say:

CHORUS.

You're as welcome as the flow'rs in May,
And we love you in the same old way;
We've been waiting for you day by day;
You're as welcome as the flow'rs in May.

I dream'd I saw my sweetheart Bess, and once again we pledg'd our
love;
I listen'd to her low sweet "yes," the moon was shining from above;
Then we talked of happy days of yore, and the day that I left my
home, heart-sore;
My thoughts are many miles away, I long to hear my sweetheart say: