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Don't Be Too Sure / music by Henry R. Cohen; words by Hal Billings

Henry R. Cohen

Hal Billings

Ell and Ell Publishing Co. (Los Angeles)

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Don't Be Too Sure

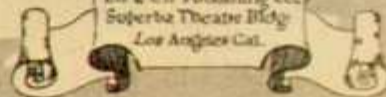
Lyric By
HAL BILLINGS
Music By
HENRY R. COHEN

By the writers of
"ARE YOU PLAYING FAIR"



P. M.
GRIFFITH

Elli & Eli Publishing Co.
Superba Theatre Bldg.
Los Angeles Cal.



BEN BOLT.

OR

"OH! DON'T YOU REMEMBER!"

WORDS BY
THOS. DUNN ENGLISH

MELODY BY
NELSON KNEASS

Semplice. 8va

PIANOFORTE.

8va

1. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber sweet Al - ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet
2. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber the wood, Ben Bolt, Near the
3. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber the school, Ben Bolt, And the

8va loco.

Al - ice with hair so brown; She wept with delight when you
 green sun - ny slope of the hill; Where oft we have sung 'neath its
 Mas - ter so kind and so true; And the lit - tle nook by the

gave her a smile And trembled with fear at your frown. In the
 wide-spread-ing shade, And kept time to the click of the mill. The
 clear run-ning brook, Where we gath - er'd the flow'rs as they grew. On the

old church - yard in the val - ley, Ben Bolt, In a cor - ner ob - scure and a -
 mill has gone to de - cay, Ben Bolt, And a qui - et now reigns all a -
 Mas - ter's grave grows the grass, Ben Bolt, And the run - ning lit - tle brook is now

lone,
round,
dry,

They have fit - ted a slab of gran - ite so gray, And sweet
See the old rus - tic porch, with its ro - ses so sweet, Lies
And of all the friends who were school - mates then, There re -

Al - ice lies un - der the stone. They have fit - ted a slab of
scattered and fal - len to the ground. See the old rus - tic porch, with its
mains, Ben, but you and I. And of all the friends who were

Ad libitum.

gran - ite so gray, And sweet Al - ice lies un - der the stone.
ro - ses so sweet, Lies scat - ter'd and fal - len to the ground.
school - mates then, There remains Ben, but you and I.

Ad libitum.