

The Greatest of All Community Song Books!

# FIFTY FAMOUS FAVORITES

*A Collection of Famous Popular, Copyrighted Songs, Including Many Old Favorites*



*Edited and Revised by  
Nicholas DeVore*

*"Songs That Daddy Used to Sing"*

Music  
Publishers

ROBBINS-ENGEL INC.

New York

PRICE  
**50¢**

*Made in U.S.A.*



## *Explanatory Comment*

The songs contained in Fifty Famous Favorites represent the popular verdict of the passing generation. They are songs our fathers sang—and loved. Many of them are destined to become popular classics—the true American folk-songs. As such they will endure as a vital chapter in our National musical history.

The present versions aim to translate these songs somewhat out of the idiom of the latest jingle of the moment into the more universal and enduring style of the ballad, the “home-song” of the family circle. The arrangements are for the most part for unison singing, or for a solo voice. The piano part follows and supports the voice, and the words are inserted in the piano score, eliminating the need for a separate staff for the voice, thus making it easier for the one who would both play and sing. While it is understood that the vocal part is written as it is to be sung, the pianist need not necessarily hold down the key for the time indicated, when the playing is simplified by releasing it, or by striking it more than once.

To compress the greatest number of favorites within a limited space, some of the songs are represented by their choruses only, since often the popularity of the verse has waned almost to the point of oblivion. The original editions of all of the copyright numbers are still in print, and this collection should serve to recall their enduring merit, and bring about a revival in some measure of their former extreme popularity.

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*rall.* *a tempo*

out her face it seems so in-com-plete: I long to see my moth-er in the  
sleep-ing there my an-gel Ma-ry dear: I loved her but she thought I did-n't

*rall.* *p*

door-way As she stood there years a-go, her boy to greet.  
mean it- Still I'd give my fu-ture were she on-ly here.

## CHORUS

*mp espressivo*

Oh the moon-light's fair to-night a-long the Wa-bash, From the

fields there comes the breath of new-mown hey; Thro' the syc-a-mores the can-dle lights are

*pp rall.*

gleam-ing, On the banks of the Wa-bash far a-way.



## Just Tell Them That You Saw Me

PAUL DRESSER

Moderato

While stroll-ing down the street one eve up - on mere pleasure bent, 'Twas  
Your cheeks are pale, your face is thin, come tell me were you ill, When  
af-ter business wor-ries of the day, I saw a girl who shrank from me in  
last we met your eye shone clear and bright, Come home with me when I go, Madge, the  
whom I re-cog-nized, My school mate in a vil - lage far a - way. "Is  
change will do you good, Your moth - er wonders where you are to - night! "I  
that you Madge," I said to her, she quick - ly turned a - way, "Don't  
long to see them all a - gain, but not just yet," she said, 'Tis  
turn a - way, Madge; I am still your friend. Next  
pride a - lone that's keep - ing me a way. Just



week I'm go - ing back to see the old folks and I thought Per -  
tell them not to wor - ry, for I'm al - right don't you know, Tell

haps some mes - sage you would like to send?"  
moth - er I am com - ing home some day."

## CHORUS

"Just tell them that you saw me," She said "they'll know the rest; Just

tell them I was look - ing well you know. Just whisper if you get a chance to

moth - er dear, and say, I love her as I did long, long a - go?"



## Give My Regards To Broadway

GEO. M. COHAN

Tempo di Marcia

At a port in France one morn-ing wait - ing for my  
Say hel - lo to dear old Con-ey Isle, if there you

ship to sail, — Yan-kee sol-diers on a fur-lough came to  
chance to be, — When you're at the Wal - dorf have a smile and

get the lat - est mail; — I told them I was on my  
charge it up to me; — Men-tion my name ev - 'ry place you

way to old Man - hat - tan Isle; — They all gath-ered a -  
go, as 'round the town you roam; — Wish you'd call on my

bout, As the ves-sel pulled out and said with a smile. —  
gal, Now re-mem-ber, old pal, when you get back home. —

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# CHORUS

13

Yan-kee that is phon - ey, I'm a Yan-kee Doo-dle Dan - dy, A  
ped - i - gree that's phon - ey,

Yan - kee Doo-dle do, or die; A real live nephew of my Un-cle Sams,

Born on the Fourth of Ju - ly. I've got a Yan-kee Doo-dle sweet - heart

She's my Yan-kee Doo-dle joy. Yan-kee Doo-dle came to Lon-don,

Just to ride the pon - ies; I am the Yan-kee Doo-dle Boy.



## Mandy Lee

THURLAND CHATTAWAY

Moderato

Man-y years a - go to - day Wed-ding bells were ring-ing gay, Seemed as  
 Tho' the years since that glad day Have gone by the same old way, Still your

if they sang a song of love to me; At the meet-ing house in town All the  
 hand in mine is rest-ing, just as true; While the children round us play, The

folks were gather'd round; Down the aisle I proud-ly walk'd with Man-dy Lee. — As we  
 songs they sing so gay Make me think of those I used to sing to you. — When the

stood to - geth - er there, A lit - tle sun - beam touched her hair Just as  
 time comes, we must part! Oh, what sad - ness fills my heart, Just to

if it loved her too, the same as I, — Then the Par-son bow'd his head, Placed her  
 think I can't go with you, Man-dy Lee; — So I prays the Lord a - bove To watch

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hand in mine and said: "Love and hon - or one an-oth-er till you die."  
o - ver you, my love, And to leave you here and in your place take me.

## CHORUS

Man - dy Lee I loves you, 'deed I do, my Man - dy Lee; Your

eyes they shine like dia-monds, love, to me;

Seems as though my heart would break with-out you, Man - dy Lee, 'Cause I

loves you, Man - dy, 'deed I do, my Man - dy Lee.

## So Long Mary

GEO. M. COHAN

Moderato

1. "It's awf-'ly nice of all you girls to see me to the train." "So long,  
 2. "It's awf-'ly kind of all you boys to see me off to-day." "So long,

Ma-ry." "I did-n't think you'd care if you should ne'er see me a-gain."  
 Ma-ry." "I did-n't think you'd care if I should eith-er go or stay."

"You're wrong, Ma-ry." "This re-minds me of my fam-i-ly,  
 "You're wrong, Ma-ry." "Yes, I'm going to oth-er lands to dwell,

On the day I left Sche-nec-ta-dy, To the de-pot  
 Awf-'ly nice of you to wish me well; Hard-ly thought a

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then they came with me I seem to hear them say: say:  
soul in New Ro-chelle would ev - en come to say: say:

## CHORUS

"So Long, Ma - ry; Ma-ry, we will miss you so.

So Long Ma - ry, How we hate to see you go; And we'll

all be long-ing for you, Ma - ry, While you roam;

So Long Ma - ry, don't for-get to come back home.

## I'll Be With You When The Roses Bloom Again

COBB &amp; EDWARDS

*Allegretto moderato*

They are roam - ing in the gloam - ing, where the  
Mid the rat - tle of the bat - tle comes a

ros-es are in bloom, Just a sold-ier and his sweet-heart, staunch and true, But her  
whis-per soft and low, For a sold-ier boy has fal - len in the fray, "I am

heart is filled with sor-row, and her thoughts are of the mor-row, As she  
dy - ing, cap - tain, dy - ing and I know that I must go, — But I

pins a rose up - on his coat of blue. — "Do not  
want your prom - ise ere I pass a way. — There's a

ask me, love, to lin - ger, for you know not what you say, When my  
far and dis - tant riv - er, where the ros - es bloom so fair, There's a

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du - ty calls, my sweet-heart's voice is vain, - But your heart need not be sigh-ing, If I'm  
maid-en who is wait - ing all in vain, - It is there I'd have you take me, I've been

not a - mong the dy - ing, I'll be with you when the ros-es bloom a - gain?  
faith-ful, don't for-sake me, I must be there when the ros-es bloom a - gain?"

CHORUS *Slow*

When the ros - es bloom a - gain be - side the riv - er, And the

rob-in red-breast sings his sweet re - frain, As in days of Auld Lang Syne, I'll be

with you, sweet-heart, mine, I'll be with you when the ros-es bloom a - gain.

## Good-Bye Dolly Gray.

WILL D. COBB

PAUL BARNES

## March Time

I have come to say good-bye, Dol - ly Gray, It's no<sup>o</sup>  
Hear the roll-ing of the drums, Dol - ly Gray, Back from

use to ask me why, Dol - ly Gray, There's a  
war the reg'ment comes, Dol - ly Gray, On your

mur-mur in the air, You can hear it ev - 'ry where, It is  
love - ly face so fair, I can see a look of care, For your

time to do, and dare, Dol - ly Gray.  
sol-dier boy's not there, Dol - ly Gray.

## CHORUS

Good - bye, Dol - ly I must leave you,

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CHORUS *Slowly*

For it is Ma - ry, Ma - ry, plain as a - ny name can

be; But with pro - pri - e - ty, so - ci - e - ty will

say Ma - rie; But it was Ma - ry, Ma - ry,

long be-fore the fash-ions came, And there is some-thing there that

sounds so square, It's a grand old name.

## The Blue And The Gray

PAUL DRESSER

In March Time

A moth-er's gift to her coun-try's cause is a sto - ry yet un-  
A - lone to-night while the stars are bright, she is suff'-ring in des-

told, She had three sons, three on - ly ones, each  
pair, The last great day, I hear her say, "My

worth his weight in gold, She gave them up for the  
three boys will be there?" Per - haps they'll watch at the

sake of war, while her heart was filled with pain, As each  
heav - 'nly gates as on guard be-side their guns, And the

went a-way, she was heard to say, he will nev-er come a - gain. —  
moth-er, true to the gray and blue, then may en-ter with her sons.

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## CHORUS

27

One lies down near Ap - po - mat - tox, Man - y

miles a way, An - oth - er sleeps at Chick - a -

mau - ga, And they both wore suits of gray,

'Mid the strains of "Down in Dix - ie," The third was

laid a way, In a trench at San - ti -

a - go, The Blue and the Gray.

# You're A Grand Old Flag

GEO. M. COHAN

There's a feel - ing come a steal - ing and it sets my brain a  
 Im a crank - y hank - y pank - y Im a dead square hon - est

reel - ing, When Im list - 'ning to the mus - ic of a mil - i - ta - ry  
 Yan - kee, And Im might - y proud of that old flag that flies for Un - cle

band. An - y tune like "Yan - kee Dco - dle" sim - ply sets me off my  
 Sam. Though I don't be - lieve in rav - ing ev - 'ry time I see it

noo - dle, It's that pa - tri - ot - ic some - thing that no one can un - der  
 wav - ing, There's a chill runs up my back that make me glad Im what I

stand. am. "Way down South in the land of cot - ton," mel -  
 am. Here's a land with a mil - lion sol - diers that's -

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- o - dy un - tir - ing, Aint that in - spir - ing!  
if we should need - 'em, Well fight for free - dom!

Hur - rah! Hur - rah! We'll join the ju - bi -  
Hur - rah! Hur - rah! For ev - 'ry Yan - kee

-lee, And that's go - ing some for the Yan - kees, by  
Tar And old G. A. R. ev - 'ry stripe, ev - 'ry

gum! Red, White and Blue, I am for  
star, Red, White and Blue, Hats off to

you, Hon - est you're a grand old flag.  
you, Hon - est you're a grand old flag.

## CHORUS

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "You're a grand old flag, you're a high fly - ing flag, And for - ev - er in peace may you wave. You're the em - blem of the land I love, The home of the free and the brave. Ev - ry heart beats true un - der Red, White and Blue, Where there's nev - er a boast or brag; But should auld ac - quain - tance be for - got, Keep you're eye on the grand old flag." The piano accompaniment features various musical notations including eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and chords. There are also some performance markings like 'p' for piano and a triplet of eighth notes in the final system.

You're a grand old flag, you're a high fly - ing flag, And for - ev - er in  
peace may you wave. You're the em - blem of the land I  
love, The home of the free and the brave. Ev - ry heart beats  
true un - der Red, White and Blue, Where there's nev - er a boast or brag;  
But should auld ac - quain - tance be for - got, Keep you're  
eye on the grand old flag.



# Sweet Genevieve

31

HENRY TUCKER

O, Gen-e-vieve Id give the world To live a-gain the love-ly past! The  
Fair Gen-e-vieve my ear-ly love, The years but make thee dear-er far! My

rose of youth was dew-im-pearled; But now it with-ers in the blast. I  
heart shall nev-er, nev-er rove: Thou art my on-ly guid-ing star, For

see thy face in ev-'ry dream, My wak-ing thoughts are full of thee; Thy  
me the past has no re-gret, What - e'er the years may bring to me; I

glance is in the star-ry beam That falls a-long the Sum-mer sea.  
bless the hour when first we met, The hour that gave me love and thee!

## CHORUS

O Gen-e-vieve, Sweet Gen-e-vieve, The days may come, the days may go,

But still the hands of mem'-ry weave The bliss-ful dreams of long a-go.

## Take Me To That Swanee Shore

L. WOLFE GILBERT

LEWIS F. MUIR

*Allegro moderato*

See those mokes, real col - ored folks, Sing - ing, danc - ing,  
See that fool, old hap - py fool, Watch him laugh - in'

laugh - ing, tell - ing old min - strel jokes; - See the picks,  
cause hes tick - lin' Eph' John - son's mule; - See that pair,

do - ing tricks, Led by Dea - con John - son who just  
o - ver there, Lov - in' hug - gin' peo - ple watch - in',

turned nine - ty - six, Oh! Mo - na now that you're free,  
but they don't care, Oh! Mo - na now that they're free,

Can't you see the lov - in' place I want to be. Oh,  
Hap - py they'll be, in the land of mirth and glee.

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## CHORUS

won't you take me to that Swa - nee shore,

so I can see old Mam-my dance once more, Old Black Joe,

Han-nah Snow, There's Dad-dy and Mam - my, there's

Eph'-ram and Sam - my Ev'-ry one's there to have a ju - bi - lee, The

boys just ar rived up - on the Nan-cy Lee, Down wherethat Riv - er flows,

Back there my heart sure goes, Take me to that Swa - nee shore.

## Say "Au Revoir," but not "Good-Bye"

HARRY KENNEDY

Moderato espressivo

*p*

Say "Au re - voir," but not "good - bye," For part-ing  
 The call has come, I'm off to war, 'Midst crash of

brings a bit-ter sigh; My coun-try needs me in this  
 shell and cannon's roar; The past is gone, tho' mem-ry

fight For free-dom, lib - er - ty and right; Our du - ty  
 gives One cling-ing thought, the fu - ture lives; This one good

first, love must not lead, What might have  
 bye may be our last, The word is

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been — had fate de — creed; — I'll ne'er for — get — the day we  
spoke, — the die is cast; — But still my heart — beats wild with

*cresc.*

met — I loved you then, — I love you yet.  
pain — And tho' we may — not meet a — gain:

*rit.*

CHORUS  
*mf\*) a tempo*

Say "Au re - voir," — but not "good - bye," — Tho' we must

*R.H.*

part, — love can-not die; — I'll ne'er for — get — the day we

*cresc.*

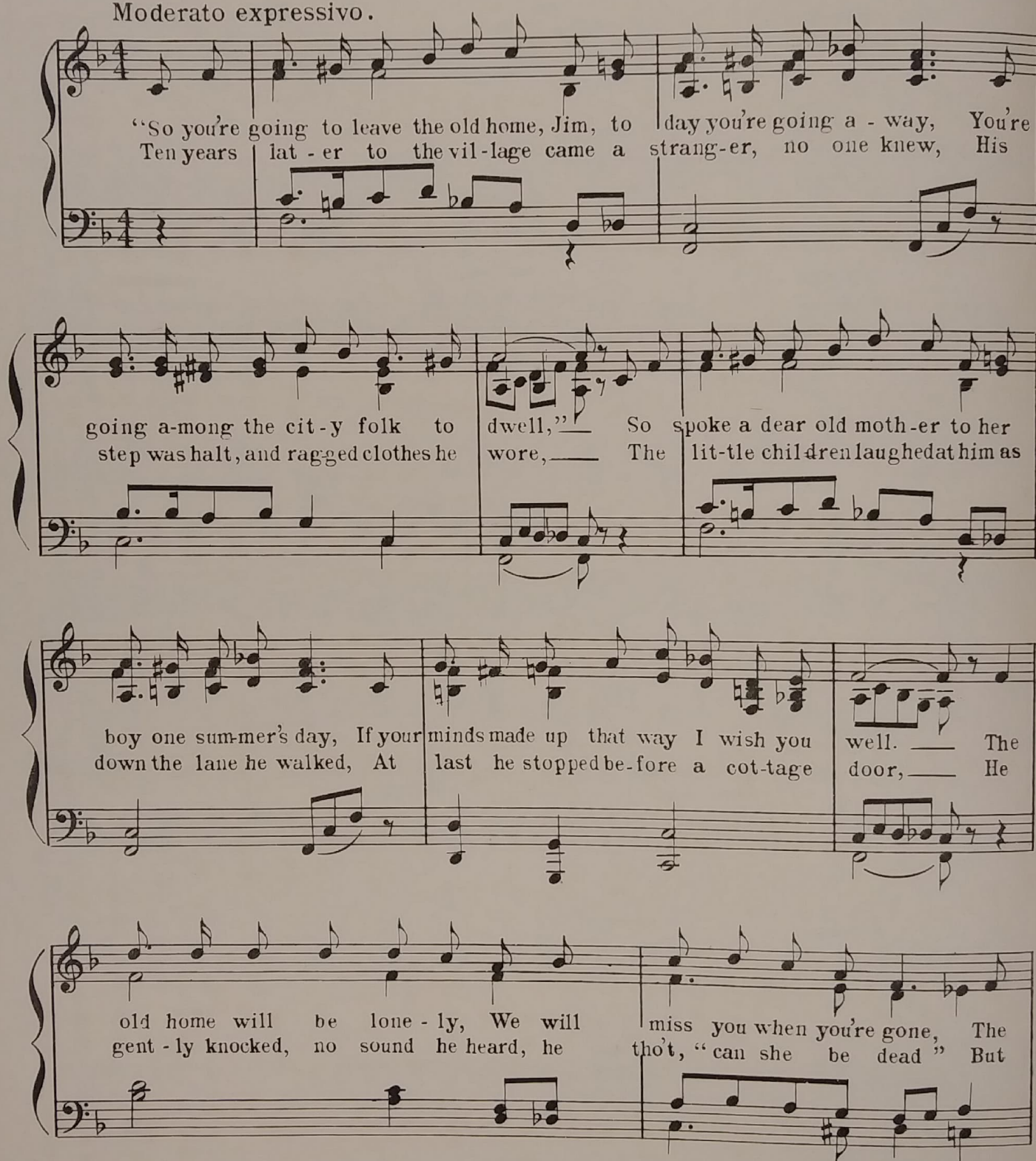
met, — I loved you then, I love you yet.

*rit. f p mf*

\*) Small notes for voice only

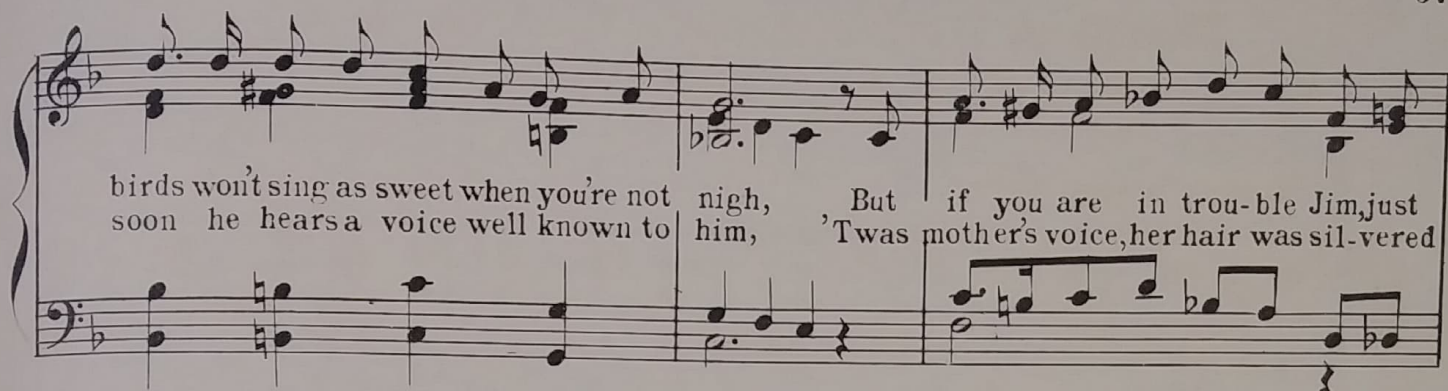
# There's A Mother Always Waiting You At Home, Sweet Home.

JAMES THORNTON.

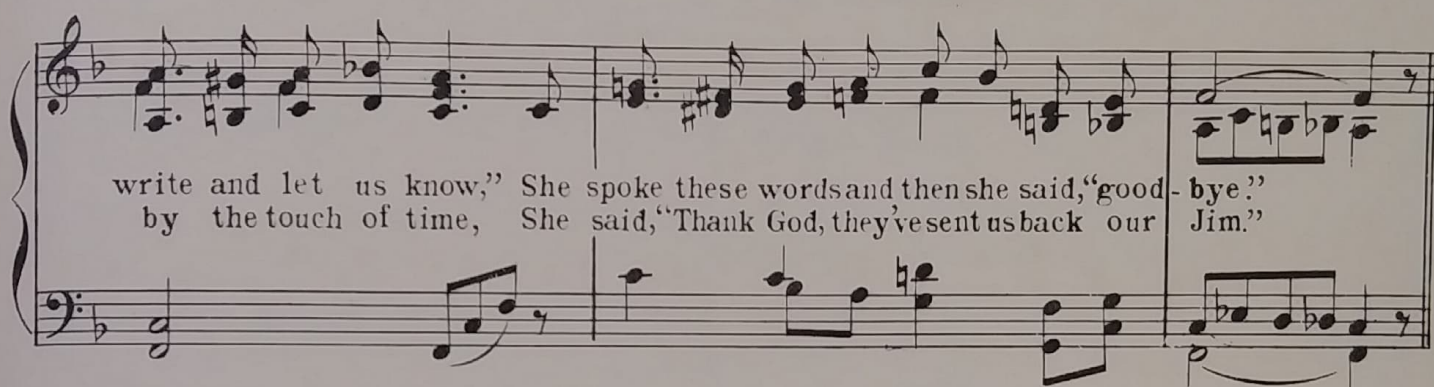
*Moderato espressivo.*


"So you're going to leave the old home, Jim, to day you're going a - way, You're  
 Ten years lat - er to the vil-lage came a strang-er, no one knew, His  
 going a-mong the cit-y folk to dwell," So spoke a dear old moth-er to her  
 step was halt, and ragged clothes he wore, — The lit-tle children laughed at him as  
 boy one sum-mer's day, If your minds made up that way I wish you well. — The  
 down the lane he walked, At last he stopped be-fore a cot-tage door, — He  
 old home will be lone - ly, We will miss you when you're gone, The  
 gent - ly knocked, no sound he heard, he tho't, "can she be dead" But



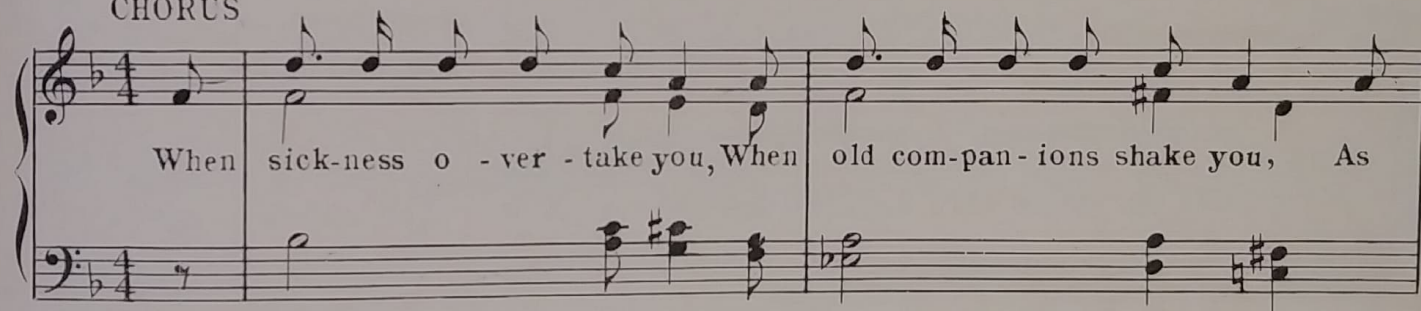


birds won't sing as sweet when you're not nigh, But if you are in trou-ble Jim, just  
soon he hears a voice well known to him, 'Twas mother's voice, her hair was sil-vered

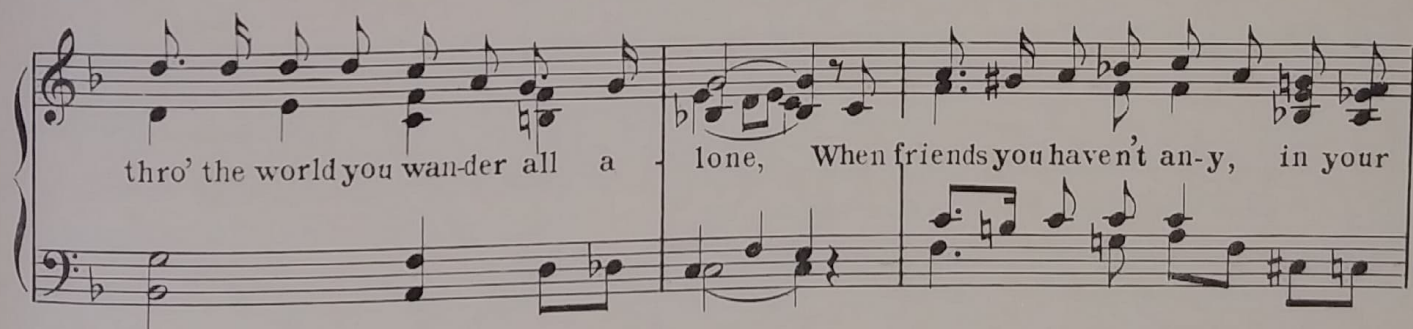


write and let us know," She spoke these words and then she said, "good-bye."  
by the touch of time, She said, "Thank God, they've sent us back our Jim."

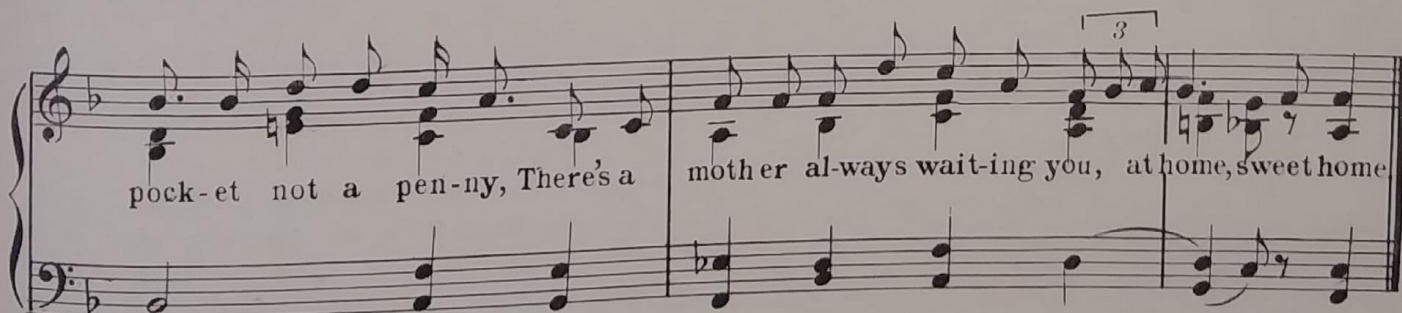
## CHORUS



When sick-ness o-ver-take you, When old com-pan-ions shake you, As



thro' the world you wan-der all a-lone, When friends you haven't an-y, in your



pock-et not a pen-ny, There's a mother al-ways wait-ing you, at home, sweet home

## I've Grown So Used To You

THURLAND CHATTAWAY

In an old old fash - ioned home - stead sat a  
 "Do you still re - call the days when we went

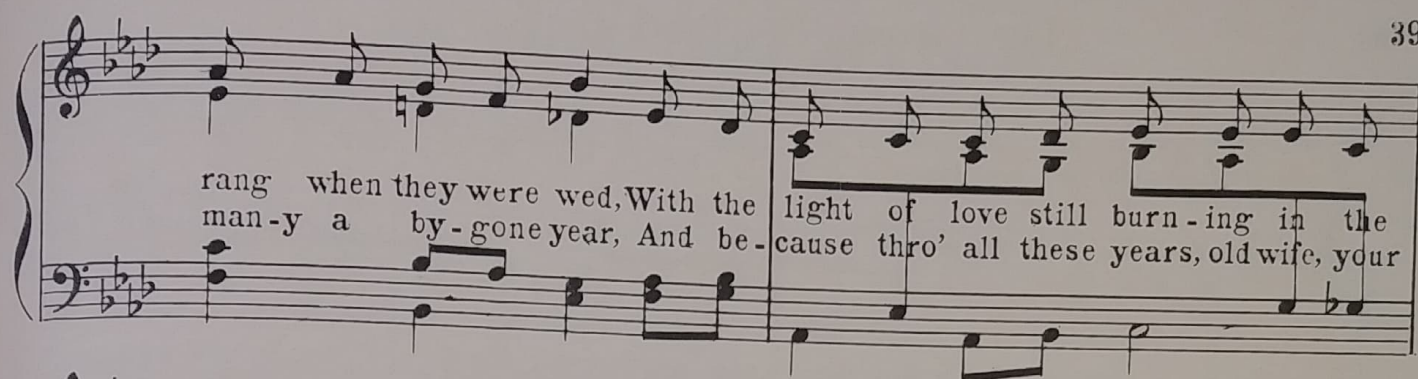
cou-ple old and gray, They were on the way to threescore years and ten; With the  
 to the vil-lage school Boy and girl to-gether play ing on the way, Then a -

tide of life for man - y years they'd drift - ed side by side, The  
 gain as youth and maid we strolled up - on the vil - lage green, I

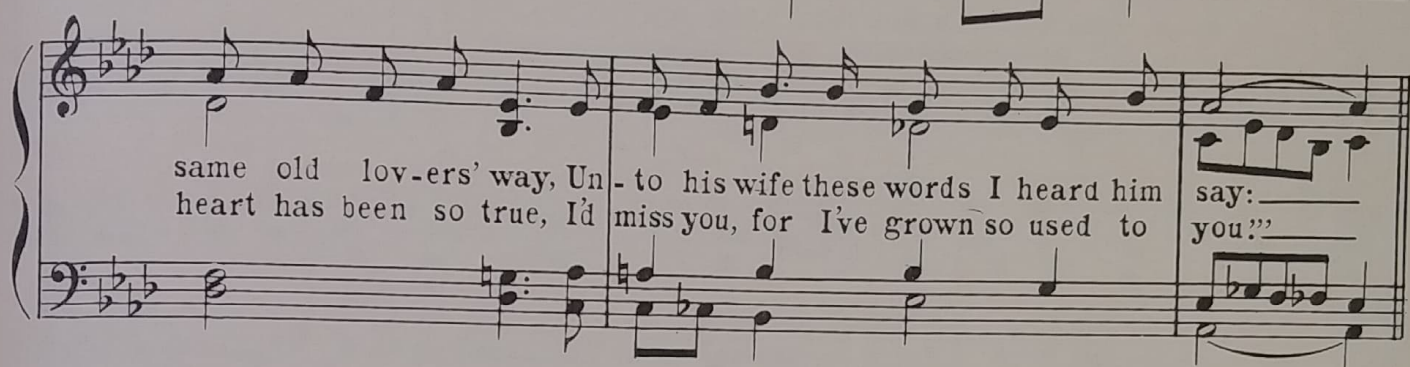
dawn of youth they'll nev - er see a gain — The old man's thoughts were turning to a  
 loved you then, I love you more to - day — To see your chair, at ev'ning prayer, with

day that's long been dead, He was dream - ing of the wed - ding bells that  
 you no long - er here, Would bring to me a mem - o - ry of



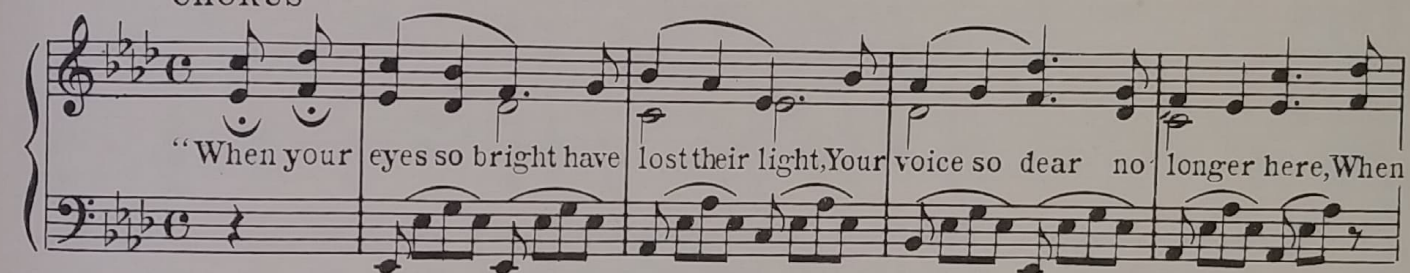


rang when they were wed, With the light of love still burn-ing in the  
man-y a by-gone year, And be-cause thro' all these years, old wife, your

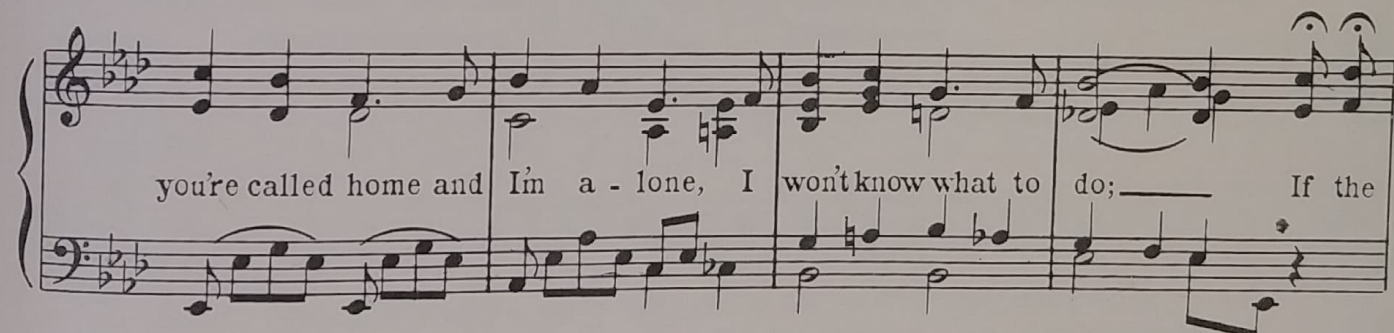


same old lov-ers' way, Un-to his wife these words I heard him say:  
heart has been so true, I'd miss you, for I've grown so used to you?"

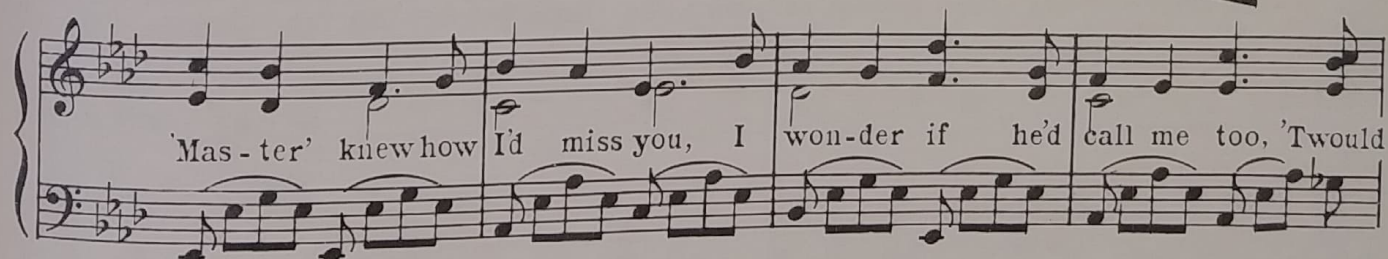
## CHORUS



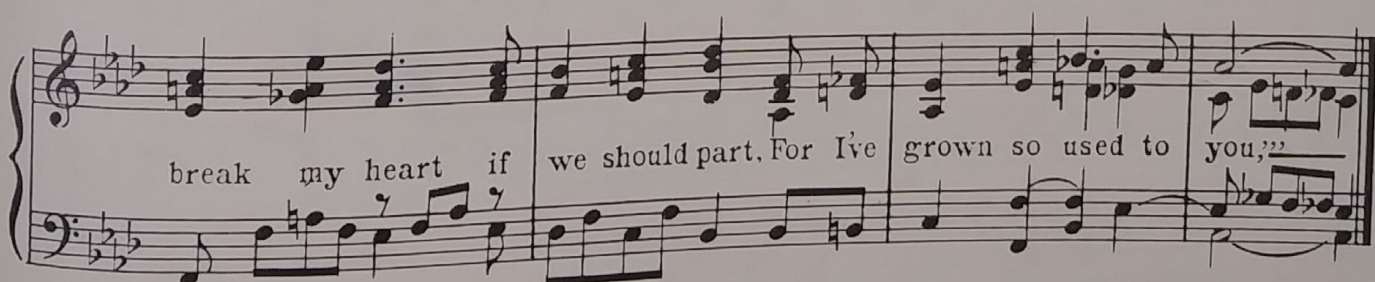
"When your eyes so bright have lost their light, Your voice so dear no longer here, When



you're called home and I'm a-lone, I won't know what to do; If the



'Mas-ter' knew how I'd miss you, I won-der if he'd call me too, 'Twould



break my heart if we should part, For I've grown so used to you?"

## Shew! Fly, Don't Bother Me

BILLY REEVES

FRANK CAMPBELL

*Allegretto con spirito*

I think I hear the an-gels sing, I think I hear the  
If I sleep in the sun this nig-ger knows, If I sleep in the sun this

an-gels sing, I think I hear the an-gels sing, The an-gels now are  
nig-ger knows, If I sleep in the sun this nig-ger knows, A fly comes sting him

on the wing, I feel, I feel, I feel, That's what my moth - er said, The  
on the nose, I feel, I feel, I feel, That's what my moth - er said, When

an - gels pour-ing 'las-ses down, Up - on this nig-ger's head.  
ev - er this nig-ger goes to sleep, He must cov-er up his head.

**CHORUS**  
Shew! fly, don't both - er me, Shew! fly, don't both er me.



Shew! fly, don't both - er me, I be-long to comp'-ny G

I feel, I feel, I feel, I feel like a morn-ing star,

feel, I feel, I feel, I feel like a morn-ing star.

## The Spanish Cavalier

WILLIAM D. HENDRICKSON

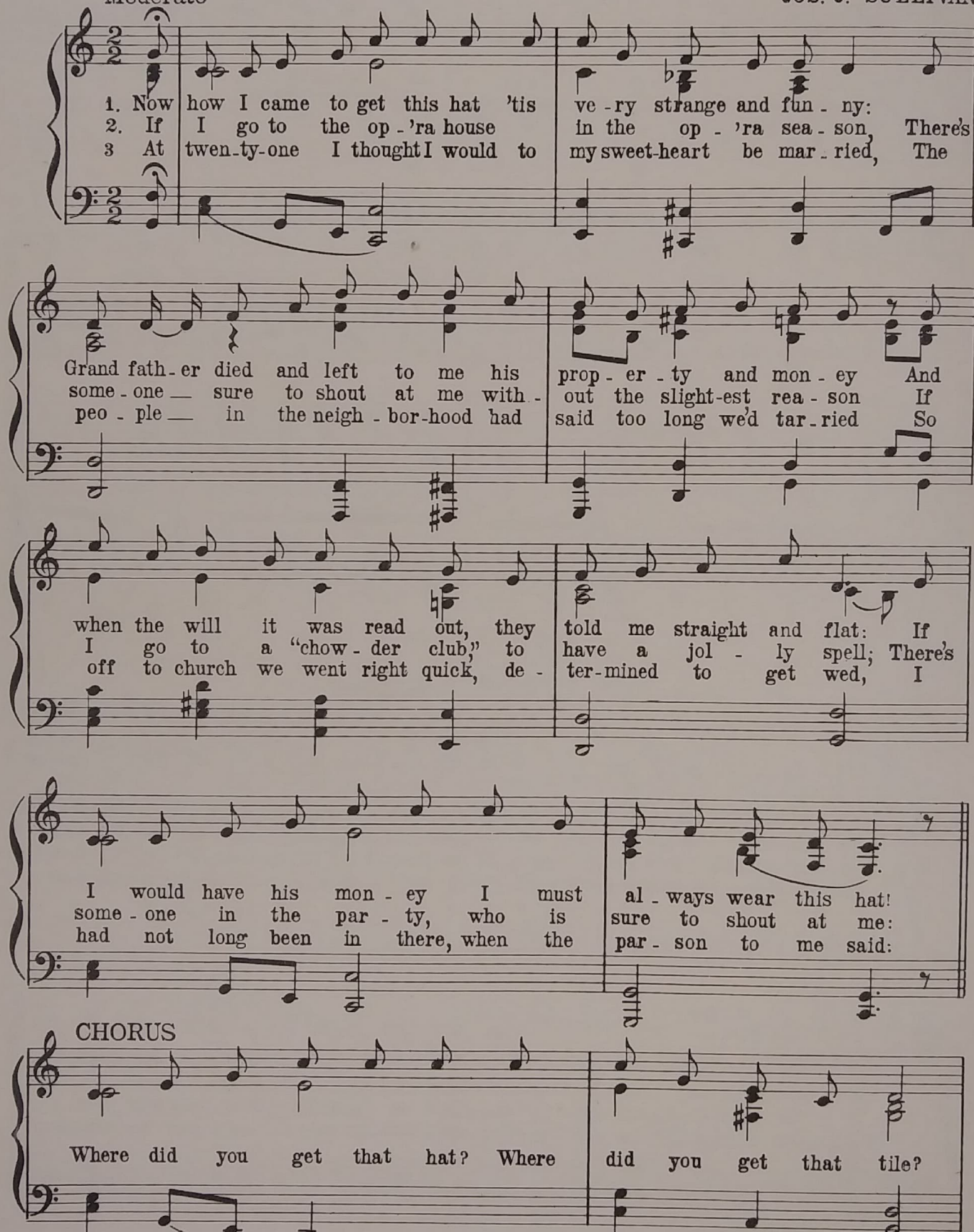
1. A Span-ish cav-a-lier once in his re-treat, On his gui-tar play'd a tune, dear; The  
 2. I'm off to the war to war I must go Fight-ing for coun-try and you, dear; But  
 3. And when the war is o'er, to you I'll re-turn, Back to my coun-try and you, dear; But  
 Ch. Say dar-ling say, when I'm far a-way, Some-times you may think of me, dear, -

mu-sic so sweet, they'd oft-times re-peat: The bless-ing of my coun-try and you, dear!  
 if I should fall in vain I would call: The bless-ing of my coun-try and you, dear!  
 if I be slain, you'd seek me in vain, Up - on the bat-tle field - you will find me.  
 Brigh sun-ny days will soon fade a-way, Re-mem-ber what I say - and be true, dear.

## Where Did You Get That Hat?

JOS. J. SULLIVAN

Moderato



1. Now how I came to get this hat 'tis ve-ry strange and fun-ny:  
 2. If I go to the op-'ra house in the op-'ra sea-son, There's  
 3. At twen-ty-one I thought I would to my sweet-heart be mar-ried, The

Grand fath-er died and left to me his prop-er-ty and mon-ey And  
 some-one sure to shout at me with- out the slight-est rea-son If  
 peo-ple in the neigh-bor-hood had said too long we'd tar-ried So

when the will it was read out, they told me straight and flat: If  
 I go to a "chow-der club," to have a jol-ly spell; There's  
 off to church we went right quick, de-ter-mined to get wed, I

I would have his mon-ey I must al-ways wear this hat!  
 some-one in the par-ty, who is sure to shout at me:  
 had not long been in there, when the par-son to me said:

CHORUS  
 Where did you get that hat? Where did you get that tile?

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Is-nt it a nob-by one, and just the prop-er style? I should like to have one  
just the same as that! Wher-e'er I go they shout! "Hel-lo! Where did you get that hat?"

## How Can I Leave Thee

Moderato

1. How can I leave thee; How can I from thee part; Thou on-ly  
2. Blue is a flow-'ret Called the "For-get-me-not," Wear it up-  
3. Would I a bird were; Soon at thy side I'd be, Fal-con nor

hast my heart, Dear-est, be-lieve. Thou hast this soul of mine, So close-ly  
- on thy heart, And think of me; Flow-ret and hope may die, Yet love with  
hawk would fear, Speed-ing to thee. And if by fow-ler slain, I at thy

bound to thine, No oth-er can I love Save thee a-lone.  
us shall stay, That can-not pass a-way, Dear-est, be-lieve.  
feet should lie, Didst thou but once com-plain, Joy-ful I'd die.

## My Old Kentucky Home

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Andante con tenuto

1. The sun shines bright in my old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis  
 The young folks roll on the lit-tle ca-bin floor, All  
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the  
 The days go by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With

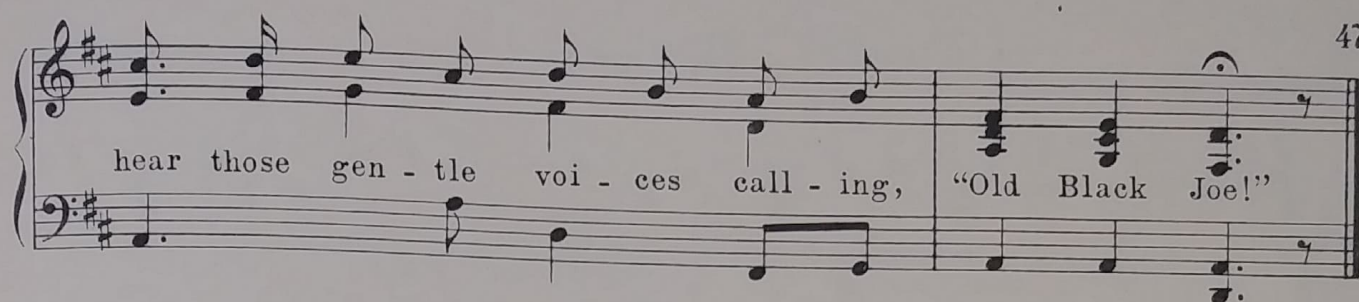
sum-mer the dark-ies are gay; The corn-top's ripe and the  
 mer-ry, all hap-py and bright; Byn by hard times comes a -  
 mea-dow, the hill and the shore; They sing no more by the  
 sor-row where all was de-light; The time has come when the

mead-ows in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day;  
 knock-ing at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good night!  
 glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door;  
 dark-ies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good night!

Weep no more, my la-dy, O weep no more to-day! We will sing one song for the

old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home, far a-way.



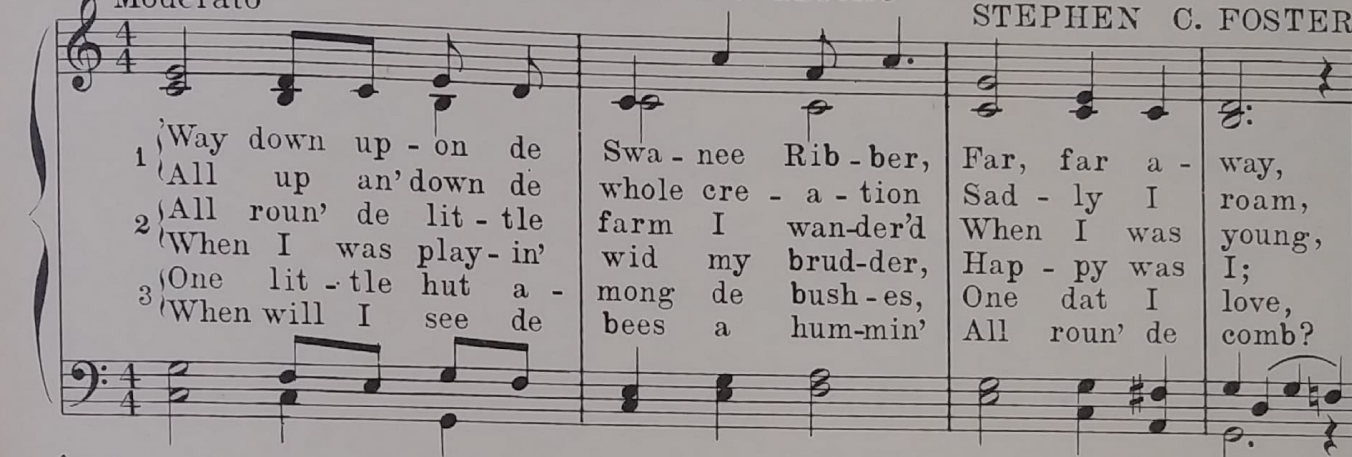


hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

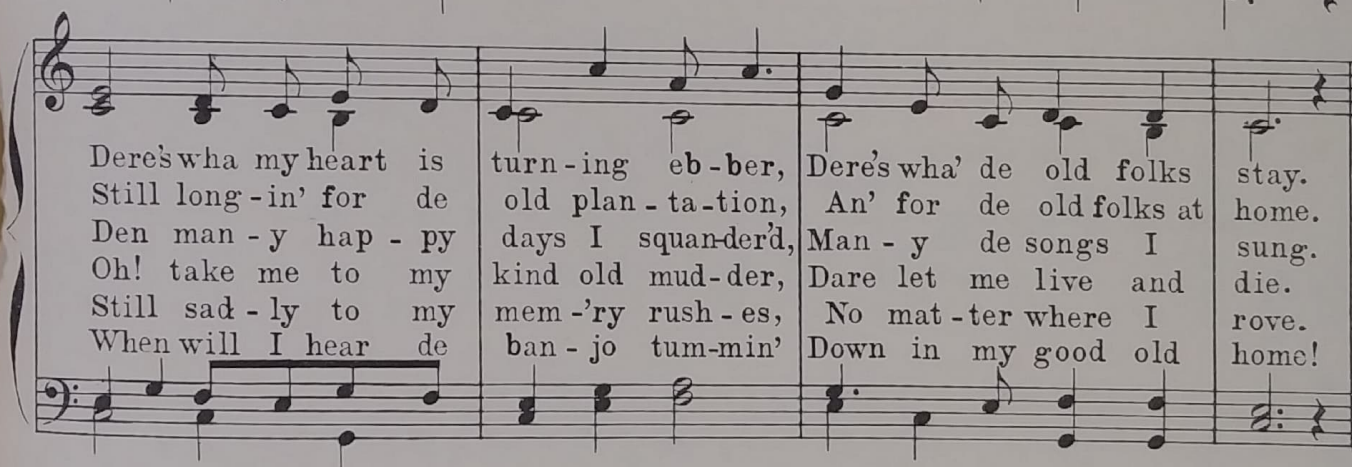
## Old Folks At Home

Moderato

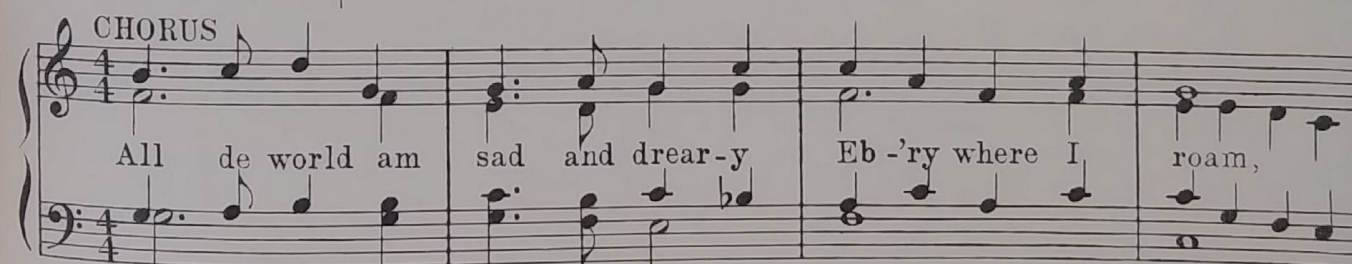
STEPHEN C. FOSTER



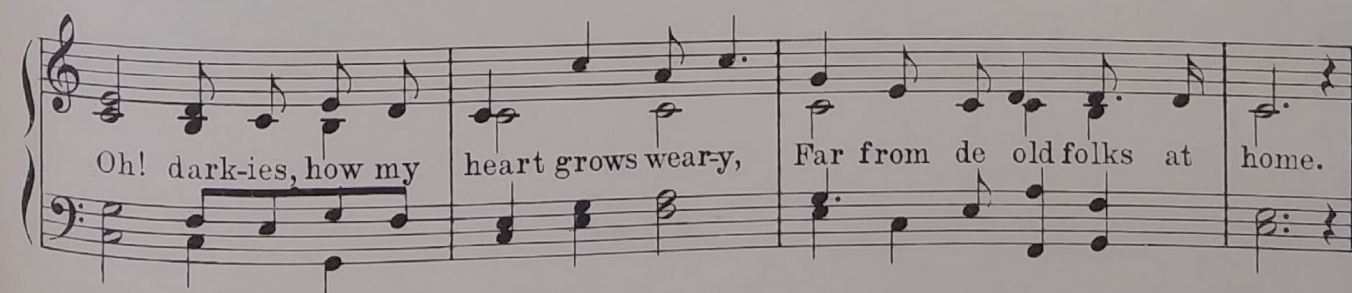
1 'Way down up - on de Swa - nee Rib - ber, Far, far a - way,  
2 'All up an' down de whole cre - a - tion Sad - ly I roam,  
3 'All roun' de lit - tle farm I wan - der'd When I was young,  
'When I was play - in' wid my brud - der, Hap - py was I;  
'One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I love,  
'When will I see de bees a hum - min' All roun' de comb?



Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing eb - ber, Dere's wha' de old folks stay.  
Still long - in' for de old plan - ta - tion, An' for de old folks at home.  
Den man - y hap - py days I squan - der'd, Man - y de songs I sung.  
Oh! take me to my kind old mud - der, Dare let me live and die.  
Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove.  
When will I hear de ban - jo tum - min' Down in my good old home!



CHORUS  
All de world am sad and drear - y Eb - 'ry where I roam,



Oh! dark - ies, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home.

## Ben Bolt

NELSON KNEASS

1 Oh! don't you re-mem-ber sweet Al-ice Ben Bolt, Sweet Al-ice, whose hair was so brown, Who  
 2 Un-der the hick-o - ry tree Ben Bolt, Which stood at the foot of the hill, To-  
 3 And don't you re-mem-ber the school Ben Bolt, With the mas-ter so kind and so true, And the

wept with de-light when you gave her a smile, And — trembled with fear at your frown? In the  
 geth - er we've lain in the noon-day shade, And — lis-tened to Ap - ple-ton's mill. The  
 sha - ded nook by the run - ning brook, Where the fair - est wild - flow - ers grew? Grass

old church - yard, in the val - ley, Ben Bolt, In a cor - ner ob - scure and a - lone, — They have  
 mill-wheel has fall - en to piec - es, Ben Bolt, The raft - ers have tum - bled — in, — And a  
 grows on the mas-ter's grave, Ben Bolt, The spring of the brook is — dry, — And of

fit - ted a slab of the gran - ite so gray, And sweet Al - ice lies un - der the stone, They have  
 qui - et that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has fol - lowed the old - en din, — And a  
 all the boys who were school - mates then, There are on - ly you and I, — And of

*ritard.* *molto rall.*

fit - ted a slab of the gran - ite so gray And sweet Al - ice lies un - der the stone.  
 qui - et that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has — fol - lowed the old - en din.  
 all — the boys who were school - mates then, There are on - ly you — and I.



## The Old Oaken Bucket

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

1 { How dear to my heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When  
The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep tan-gled wild-wood, And

fond rec - ol - lect - tion pre - sents them to view! } The wide-spread-ing  
ev - 'ry loved spot which my in - fan - cy knew;

pond, and the mill that stood by it, The bridge and the rock where the

cat - a - ract fell; 2 { The cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry - house  
The old oak - en buck - et, the i - ron - bound

nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well. }  
buck - et, The moss - cov - ered buck - et that hung in the well. }

## Auld Lang Syne

*Moderato*

*mf*

1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance  
 2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine, We've wander'd mony a  
 3. We twa ha'e sported i the burn, Frae mornin' sun till dine. But seas be-tween us  
 4. And here's a hand, my trusty frien', And gie's a hand o' thine, We'll tak' a cup o'

be for - got, And days of auld lang syne?  
 wea - ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.  
 braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne. For auld lang syne, my dear, For  
 kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.

auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

## Down in Mobile

*Fine*

Down in Mo-bile Down in Mo-bile How I love that pret-ty yar-ler girl down in Mo-bile.

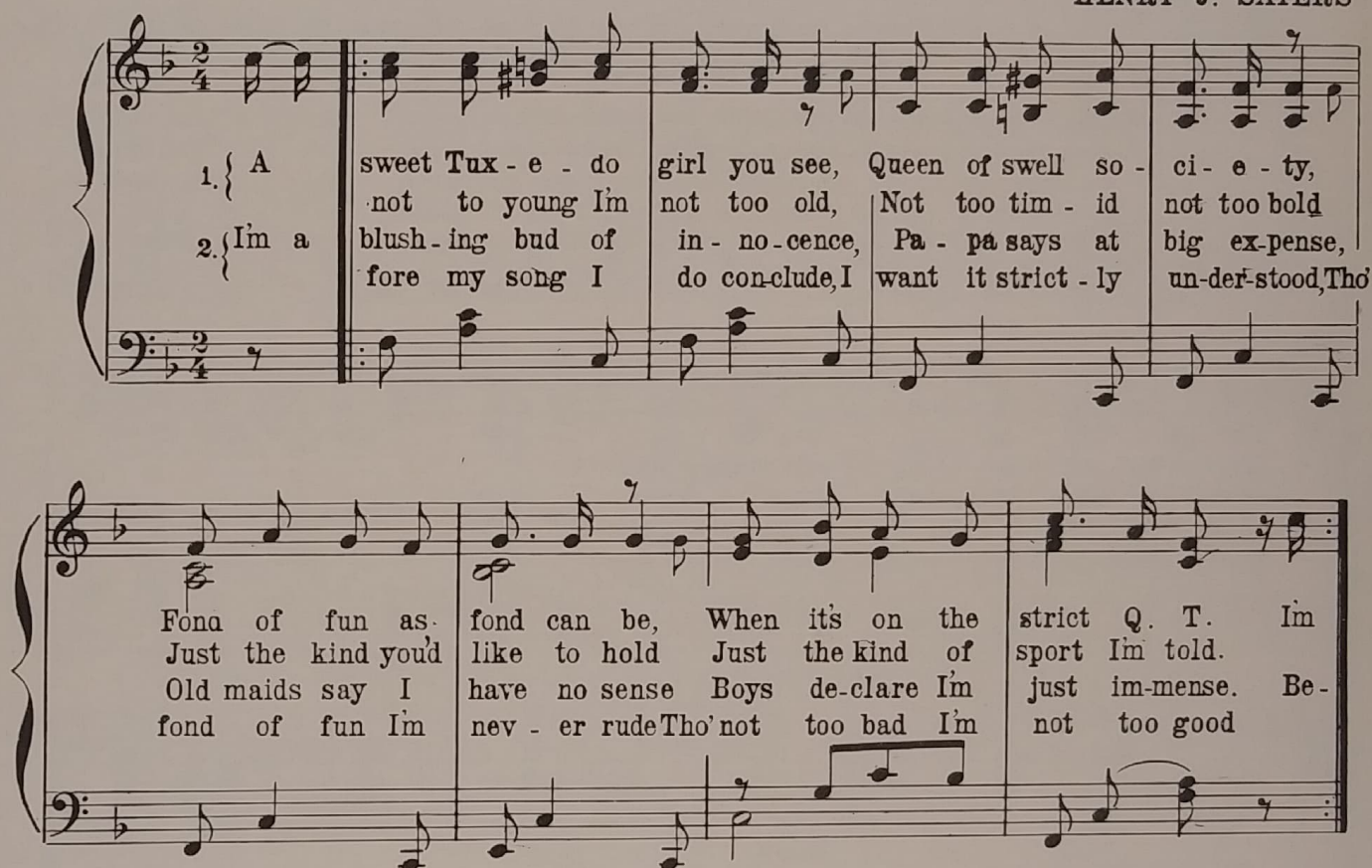
*D.C. al Fine*

1. Some folks say that a \*nig-ger wont steal way down, yon-der in the corn - fiel? But  
 I caught one in my corn-fiel' way down, yon-der in the corn - fiel?  
 2. Set a trap for a big blue-jay, way down, yon-der in the corn - fiel? He  
 took my trap an' flew a - way, way down, yon-der in the corn - fiel?



## Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-Der-é

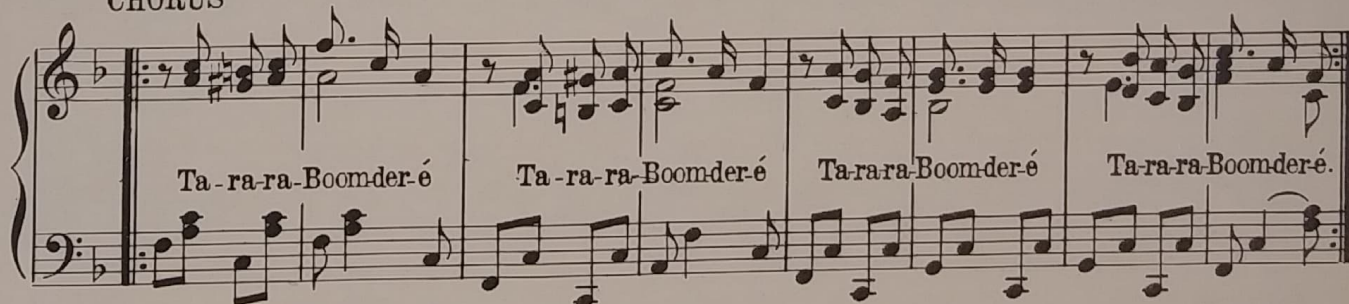
HENRY J. SAYERS



1. { A sweet Tux - e - do girl you see, Queen of swell so - ci - e - ty,  
not too young I'm not too old, Not too tim - id not too bold  
2. { I'm a blush - ing bud of in - no - cence, Pa - pa says at big ex - pense,  
fore my song I do con - clude, I want it strict - ly un - der - stood, Tho'

Fona of fun as fond can be, When it's on the strict Q. T. I'm  
Just the kind you'd like to hold Just the kind of sport I'm told.  
Old maids say I have no sense Boys de - clare I'm just im - mense. Be -  
fond of fun I'm nev - er rude Tho' not too bad I'm not too good

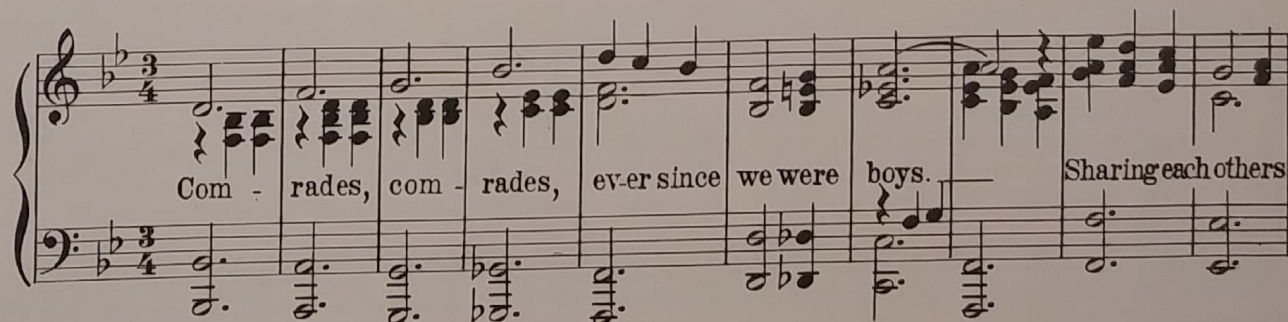
## CHORUS



Ta-ra-ra-Boomder-é Ta-ra-ra-Boomder-é Tarara-Boomder-é Ta-ra-ra-Boomder-é.

## Comrades

FELIX MCGLENNON



Com - rades, com - rades, ev - er since we were boys. Sharing each others

## The Mermaid

1. 'Twas — Fri - day morn when we — set — sail, And we  
 When the cap - tain spied a love - ly mer - maid, With a  
 2. Then out spake the cap - tain of our gal - lant ship, And a  
 "I have mar - ried a wife in Sa - lem town, And to -

CHORUS

were not — far from the land,  
 comb and a glass in her hand,  
 well spok - en man was he;  
 night she a wid - der will be!"

Oh! the o - cean waves may

roll, And then storm - y winds may blow, While we poor sail - ors go

skip - ping to the tops, And the land lub - bers lie down be -

low, be - low, be - low, And the land lub - bers lie down be - low.

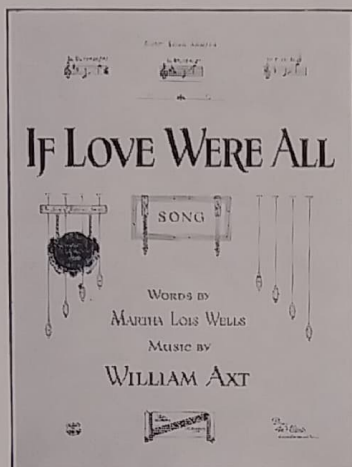
3. Then out spake the cook of our gallant ship,  
 And a fat old cookie was he:  
 "I care much more for my pottles and my kets,  
 Than I do for the depths of the sea."— Cho.

4. Then three times around went our gallant ship,  
 And three times around went she;  
 Then three times around went our gallant ship,  
 And she sank to the depths of the sea.— Cho.



# Try this Melody Over

G Gold Seal Series



## IF LOVE WERE ALL

Words by  
Martha Lois Wells

Music by  
William Axt

Major Edward Bowes, Managing Director Capitol Theatre, says:  
"If Love Were All" is the greatest American Song.

Valse Lento

Refrain

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Valse Lento'. The score consists of three systems of music. The first system is the refrain, with the lyrics 'If Love Were All, oh, If Love Were'. The second system continues the refrain with 'All, I'd be for - ev - er by your side. I would'. The third system continues the refrain with 'kiss a - way your tears when you cried: When the sun shines bright,'. The piano accompaniment features a right hand (R.H.) and a left hand (L.H.). The right hand is marked 'p' (piano) and 'R.H. il marcato basso dolce'. The left hand is marked 'p' and 'R.H.'. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

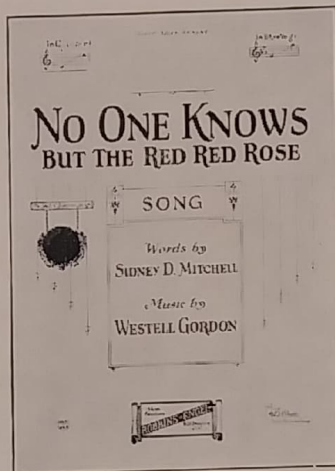
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# Try this Melody Over

Gold Seal Series



## NO ONE KNOWS BUT THE RED ROSE

Words by  
Sidney D. Mitchell

Music by  
Westell Gordon

A love song that will live forever. Once heard never forgotten.  
A haunting melody blended with a Beautiful Lyric.

*Moderato*  
Refrain  
*p rall.* *a tempo*

Tho' my heart sings a song Of a love that is strong, No One

*p rall.* *a tempo*

Knows But The Red Red Rose. Tho' with

*cresc. molto*

*cresc. molto*

long ing I sigh, When my love pass - es by, No One

SH, 116-4

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