

THERE'S A CHARM ABOUT THE OLD LOVE STILL



DRAWN BY
A. J. Dewey

COMPANION TO "BY THE RIPPLING SCHUYLKILL'S SHORE"

WORDS BY F. W. VANDERSLOOT

MUSIC BY A. L. FISCHER

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There's a Charm about the Old Love Still.

Words by F. W. VANDERSLOOT.

Music by A. L. FISCHER.

Composers of "By The Rippling Schuylkill's Shore."

Moderato.

Intro. *f* *poco rit.*

Voice.

1. Have you ev-er sat and dwelt up-on a dream of oth-er days, When the
2. Tho' the rose has long since fad-ed and its pet-als scattered lie, In the

heart was young and youth was bright and gay; — When your spir-it filled with rapture, high with
frost-ed gar-den where it once was queen; Tho' the winds of autumn toss them as they

joy-ous hope would raise, At the smile of one who drove your cares a - way. Now tho'
fit-ful-ly blow by. They remind us of a time that once has been. When the

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years have come a - pace, Drawn their lines up - on the face, And life's
twi - light hour draws nigh, And the stars peep from the sky, Let the

ev' - ning steals up - on you drear and chill; As the
fick - le fan - cy stray wher - e'er it will; There's a

mind goes slow - ly back - ward o'er the by - gone years you'll find, There's a
still small voice that whis - pers from the realms where shad - ows dwell, "There's a

poco rit.
charm that clings a - bout the old love still.
charm that clings a - bout the old love still!"

There's a charm etc - 4

CAST YOUR EYES CAREFULLY
OVER THE LIST OF INSTRU-
MENTAL HITS THAT MAKE UP
The Vandersloot
Mandolin & Guitar Folio.

Parade of the Humming Birds. March & Two Step.
Nuptial Waltzes.
Merry Moments Quadrille.
Sun Flower Three Step.
Jolly Sweethearts Intermezzo Two Step.
The 74th Regiment Band March.
Tri-State March & Two Step.

Whispering Waves Waltzes.
Mid-Summer Waltzes.
Salute to Williamsport. March.
Vallamont Reverie.
Under The Palms Waltzes.
March-"Ole Huskie" Reel Medley.
"Cuban Independence" March.

King Of Good Fellows. March & Two Step.
Charity Ball Waltzes.
On the Firing Line March.
"Salute to America" March & Two Step.
Constitution March & Two Step.
Grenadier Guards March.
"Japan Triumphant March" Two Step.
The Joker March.

CHORUS.

There's a charm a - bout the old love still, And it

mf

takes a place naught else can fill, There's a

mem-'ry of a face, that in fan-cy we can trace, And we

feel a - gain the old, old thrill, Oth - er

There's a charm etc - 4

CAST YOUR EYES CAREFULLY
OVER THE LIST OF INSTRU-
MENTAL HITS THAT MAKE UP
The Vandersloot
Mandolin & Guitar Folio.

"A Southern Dream" waltzes.
"Triumphant America" march.
"Peace Conference" march.
"Hearts Desire" novelette.
"Heaven's Artillery" march.
"Repasz Band" march.
"Innocence" waltzes.

"Katunka" Intermezzo march.
"Spirit of Freedom" march.
"The Gay Cavalier" march.
"The Rifle Range" march.
"The Buffalo Flyer" march.
"The Palm Limited" march.
"His Majesty & the Maid" march.

"Park" Schottische.
"Under Southern Skies" waltzes.
"Heather Bells" Three-step.
"Manisot" march.
"Sunbeams and Shadows."
"Just at the Break of Day" march.
"Chocolate Creams" march.
"A Stray Sunbeam" Novelette.

loves may come to us and will, And may

mf

hold us in their spell un - til With a

half re - gret - ful sigh, we dis - cov - er by and by, There's a

poco rit.

charm a - bout the old love still

poco rit.

Only a Bunch of Violets.

Words by ANDREW B. STERLING.
CHORUS.

Music by C. M. VANDERSLOOT.

On - ly a bunch of vi - o - lets With - er - ed and dy - ing a - lone, —

Cast by a maid on a ball - room floor, It spoke of a love that had flown, —

Trampled and crushed by the dance - ing throng, How quick - ly a maid - en for - gets, — It

told its sad tale of a brok - en heart, That bunch of sweet vi - o - lets. —

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES.

Words by AL TRAHARN.

A Song of the South.

Music by LEE OREAN SMITH.

You'll hear the dark - les sing - ing, The songs they love the best, You'll

hear the ban - jos ring - ing, While the old folks rest. The

pick - a - nin - ies dance - ing, To see who'll win the prize, In the

ev - ning by the moon - light, un - der south - ern skies. —

FOR YOU.

Words by G. W. KERR.

COMPANION TO AFTER ALL.

Music by HOWARD WEBSTER.

Al - though 'tis long since last we part - ed, Your

face still haunts me sleep - ing, wak - ing, Al -

though I'm lone - ly still I'm wait - ing, For

you, sweet - heart I wait for you. —

Sunny, Sunny June.

CHORUS.

Words & Music by W. F. MERRICK.

Sun - ny, Sun - ny June, — Try and get here soon, — The

lovers are wait - ing, while win - ter's a - bat - ing, for you sweet Sun - ny June, —

Sun - ny, Sun - ny June, — Come and let them spoon, — As the cold days go

by, Then for you how they sigh, Sweet Sunny, Sun - ny June, — June, —

My Pretty Mountain Queen.

CHORUS.

Tempo di Valse moderato.

Words and Music by W. F. MERRICK.

Now the birds are sing - ing, — In a moun - tain, far a - way, — And I

hear a sweet voice ring - ing — in my ears 'most ev - ry day, —

When the stars are, shin - ing, — and she speaks to me un - seen, — Then my

heart is ev - er pin - ing, For my pretty moun - tain queen. — queen. —

The Girl I Should Have Married Long Ago.

CHORUS.

Words and Music by WILL F. BURKE.

"She's the girl I should have mar - ried long a - go: —

wrong to have de - sert - ed her, I know, — We'd been hap - py all through life, had I

made poor Nell my wife; She's the girl I should have mar - ried long a - go. —

THE CURSE OF A PRETTY FACE.

CHORUS.

Words and Music by WILL F. BURKE.

"Beau - ty is not al - ways sent as a blessing from a love, —

Beau - ty lost for me the on - ly one I ev - er loved, —

She was on - ly one of man - y who can sad - ly trace, — Her

down - fall and ru - in - a - tion, — to the curse of a pret - ty face. —

SWEET CLOVER.

Words by AL TRAHARN. Founded on the play of "SWEET CLOVER."

REFRAIN. Andantino quasi All'ito

Music by LEE OREAN SMITH.

Clo - ver, — my sweet lit - tle Clo - ver, — You're all —

the world — to me. — Clo - ver — my sweet lit - tle

Clo - ver, — No fair - er flower could be, —

No where — in all the world o - ver. — No sweet —

I'm So Tired Of Livin' I Don't Care When I Die.

Chorus. Words by Andrew B. Sterling.

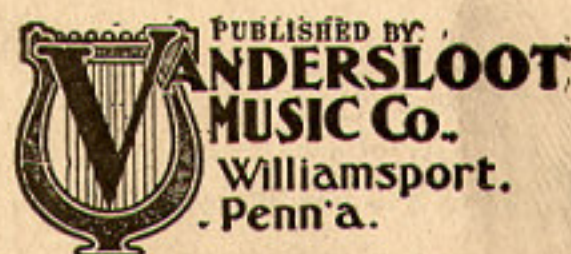
Music by Lee Orean Smith.

I'm so tired of liv - in', I don't care when I die, —

can't look at 'a pork chop', I can't eat chick - en pie, — I

nev - er sees so num - bers, in my dreams now when I slum - be, —

I'm tired of liv - in', I don't care when I die, — die, —



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