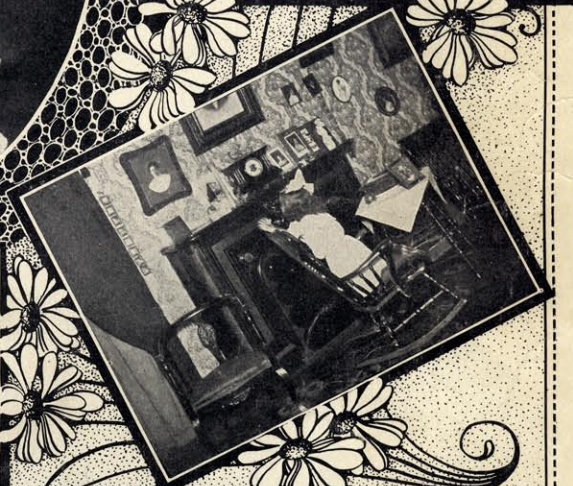
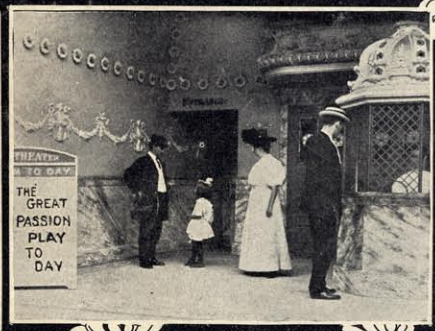
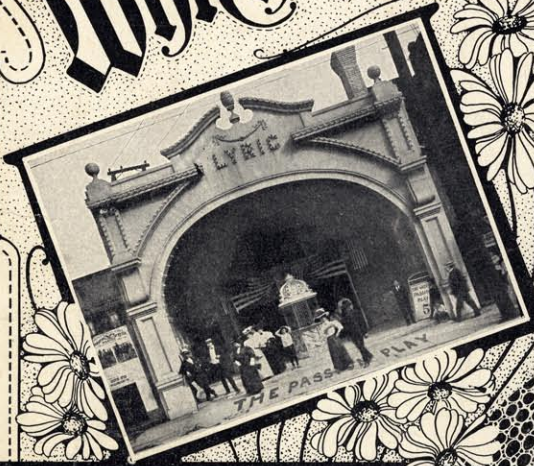


SCENES OF THIS BEAUTIFUL SONG "TAKEN FROM LIFE" BY THE COMPOSER
Elsie Wickert.

Which Way Did My Mamma Go



WORDS AND MUSIC
BY
HARRY J. LINCOLN

Irving Lichte
High Grade Pianos,
HORTONVILLE, WIS.

VANDERSLOOT MUSIC PUB. CO WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

To little "MARION EVA GARRISON" Williamsport., Pa.

Which Way Did My Mamma Go?

The story told in this song is not the imagination of the author; it is a true story of the life of a child and the characters photographed, on the title page, are the participants in the story.

The Publishers.

Words and Music by

HARRY J. LINCOLN.

Composer of { "Just At The Break Of Day"
"Heavens Artillery"
"A Southern Dream" etc.



Out -
The

The first line of the song features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics 'Out - The'. The piano accompaniment continues from the introduction.

side a pict - ure the - a - ter, with dec - o - ra - tions bright, The
man in si - lence bow'd his head, as if to hide a tear. He

The second line of the song features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'side a pict - ure the - a - ter, with dec - o - ra - tions bright, The man in si - lence bow'd his head, as if to hide a tear. He'. The piano accompaniment continues.

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Williamsport, Pa.

Chicago.

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New York.

bills an - nounced the "Pas - sion Play," the pro - gram for to night; A
thought of his own ba - by Pearle, whose gone a - bout a year; He

lit - tle or - phan wan - derd in, her clothes were torn and old, She
took her up in - to his arms and said in ten - der tone, "If

said "I have no tick - et Sir," and then her sto - ry told; She
you don't care ill take you home and raise you as my own?" The

said "I want to go in - side, may I just pass the door? I
lit - tle one is hap - py now, so full of child - ish grace, That

Which Way Did My Mamma Go?

want to see my mam - ma Sir, as in the days of yore; They
home to her seems heav - en - like, a smile beams on her face; Now

say she's with the an - gels, for they saw her fly a - way;" And
ev - ry night be - side her bed, as she kneels down to pray, We

as she stepped to - wards the door, they heard her soft - ly say:
seem to hear her call - ing to the an - gels far a - way:

Chorus.

"Which way did my mam - ma go Sir,? tell me I'll

find the way; ————— I want to see the an - -

gels, my mam - ma's there they say; ————— She will be glad to

see me, Oh! but I love her so, ————— And I want to

give her one good - night kiss which way did my mam - ma go?" —————

Which Way Did My Mamma Go?

Only a Bunch of Violets.

Words by ANDREW B. STERLING.
CHORUS.

Music by C. M. VANDERSLOOT.

Or - ly a bunch of vi - o - lets Win - red and dy - ing a - lone, —

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

Trampled and crush'd by the dance - ing, 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.

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, —

THE CURSE OF A PRETTY FACE.

CHORUS.

Words and Music by WILL F. BURKE.

Beau - ty is not all - ways such a bless - ing from a - born, —

Beau - ty lost for me the co - 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, —

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES.

words by AL TRAHERN.

A Song of the South. Music by LEE OREAN SMITH.

You'll hear the dark - ies 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 shall win the prize, In the

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

My Pretty Mountain Queen.

CHORUS.

Words and Music by W. F. MERRICK.

Now the larks 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.

SWEET CLOVER.

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

REFRAIN. Andantino quasi Allito 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 —

FOR YOU.

Words by G. H. VERR.

COMPANION TO "AFTER ALL."

Music by HOWARD WESTER.

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.

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, — 'Twas

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, —

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

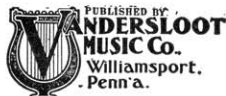
Chorus. Words by Andrew Sterling. Music by Lee Orian Smith.

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

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

nev - er sees no num - bers, in my dreams now when I slum - bers,

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



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