

IT'S UP TO YOU TO MOVE

Eat, Drink
and
Be Merry

Turkey for Mine!!!

WHAT'S A HOME
WITHOUT
A CHICKEN

FOWL IS NOT FOUL



Words & Music by
ED. ROGERS

Author of

"Daisy Dooley" "Daughter of Vanity Fair"

"Honey won't you love me like you used to" "I never had a friend like Mike"

DE TAKES

ED. ROGERS MUSIC PUB. CO.

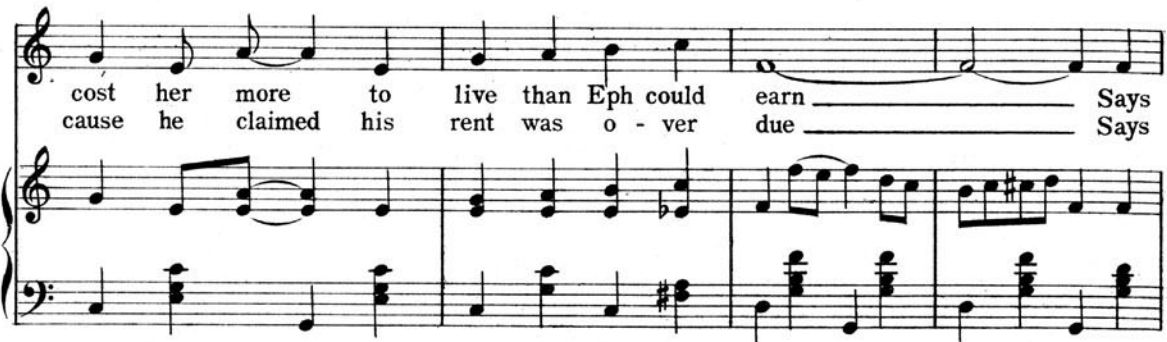
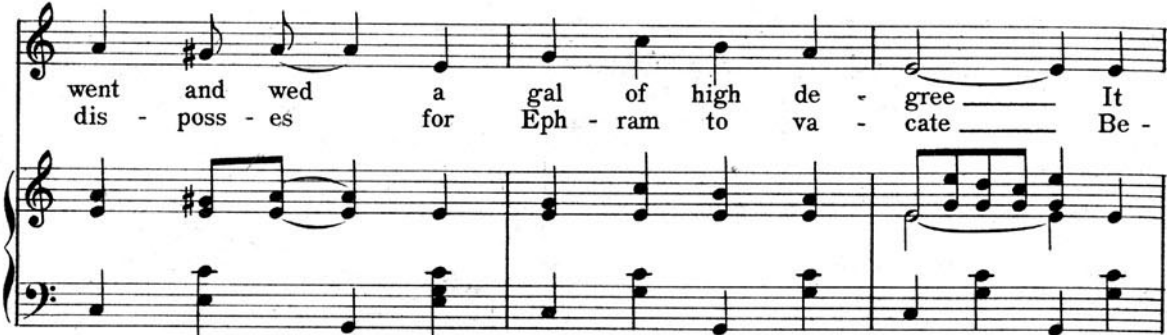
53 West 28th Street New York
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It's Up To You To Move.

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ED. ROGERS.

Moderato.



he "Now gal you know quite well that grub looks swell to me But
Eph "Now look here Mis - ter man to you I will re - late My

good-ness how my bank roll soon you'll burn" Says
wife eat up de rent I saved for you I

she "I've had cash all my life and things must come ma way" Says
have to wear pa - jam - as 'cause ma clothes am in de pawn To -

Eph "I hope they do but not with mine" She
mor - row on the side-walk 'spose we'll be It's

read off all that bill of fare that Eph-ram had to pay He
just as I ex-pect-ed now from night 'till near-ly morn Some

shook his head and said "Babe I de-cline."
one would say M - O - V - E to me.

rit.

Chorus.

Hon - ey does yer think my mon - ey grows on trees

p f

You can spend a bunch of it just as you please, Dere's

noth - ing seems to phase you when you're at your ease But ver - y soon the jan - i - tor will

want the keys If he finds I'm bust - ed why he'll turn us out

Don't you nev - er stop to think what you're a - bout Just list - en gal I think I hear de

land - lord shout "It's up to you to move." move." —

TRY THESE ON YOUR PIANO

There's No One Like the Old Folks After All.

CHORUS. Written and Composed by KURT F. HIRSEKORN & GABRIEL SELIG

There's no one like the old folks after all, The
best of friends will leave you when you fall, But your
Dad and Mother too, They will al-ways stand by you, There's
no one like the old folks af-ter all.

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In The Cold Gray Dawn.

Words by: Countess RITA DI MILO Music by: IRENE BENTLEY

REFRAIN.
Tempo di Valse. (Repeat ad lib.)

In the cold gray dawn, In the cold gray dawn,
Man-y a life has been cast a-side, Doomed to re-gret by a
wo-man's pride, Next two hearts that mourn, And two souls for-torn,
Are reaping the cost of the bliss that was lost in the cold gray dawn.

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DOLLY O'MALLY.

Words by ED. J. WALTERS. Music by W. J. VANDERVEER.

CHORUS. (Repeat ad lib.)

Dol - ly O' Mal - ly, has those teas-ing eyes —
Dol - ly O' Mal - ly, she's the girl I i - dol - ize; — As we
journey through life to - gether, — She will have no cause to sigh, —
Years will but add to the happiness of Dolly O' Mally and I. —

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Where The Suwanee River Winds Its Silv'ry Way.

Chorus. G. SELIG.

I am go - ing back to meet her in the
dear old home once more, For she's ev - er in my dreams by night and
day, — I am long - ing for my sweet-heart who is
wait-ing by the shore Where the Suwa-nee Riv-er winds its silv'ry way.

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