

BY THE WRITERS OF "GOOD-BYE, BOYS"

# JUST ANOTHER POOR MAN GONE WRONG

A WEDDING RHAPSODY

WORDS BY  
ANDREW B. STERLING

MUSIC BY  
HARRY VON TILZER



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*E. Pfeiffer N.Y.*

# Just Another Poor Man Gone Wrong.

Words by  
ANDREW B. STERLING.

Music by  
HARRY VON TILZER.

Piano.

"Good-bye boys," Said Bill Jack-son to his Pals, "Good-bye  
"Good-bye boys, I must go and meet my fate, Good-bye

boys, Give my best to all the gals, I'm aw-fully sor-ry but I must leave you now,—  
boys, I gave hap-pi-ness the gate; Just say Bill Jack-son stuck it out 'till the last,—

I'm goin' to set-tle down and take the mar-riage vow, Just the sweet-est  
Just tell my friends I'm dead and bur-ied with my past," All the girls brought

girl in all this world I'm goin' to wed," Then his pals all said.—  
wreaths and an-chors when the knot was tied, While his pals all cried.—

Chorus.

Just an - o - ther poor man — gone wrong — Just an - o - ther who don't — be - long, —  
 Just an - o - ther poor man — gone wrong — As a sol - dier he looked — so strong, —

Just an - o - ther poor jay, — who'll have to o - bey, — The par - son sen - tenced  
 — When she met him you see, — a do - ing "K. P." — She said I need a

him to serve 'till judge - ment day — Just those two lit - tle words — "I do," — Don't you  
 maid, and he looks good to me — And he thought that the war — was won, — When the

know that they mean — "I'm through," Here comes the boob, Has to sleep out  
 fight - ing has just — be - gun, Here comes the boob, Now he suf - fers

in the shed, Here comes the boob, Fi - do sleeps in mam - ma's bed, Lis - ten to that  
 for his sins, Here comes the boob, She blames him be - cause they're twins, And he has to

Men - del - sohn song, Just an - o - ther poor man gone wrong. — Just an - wrong.  
 push them a - long, Just an - o - ther poor man gone wrong. — Just an - wrong.



# ASK FOR HARRY VON TILZER'S LATEST PUBLICATIONS



## Our Big Sellers

### BALLADS

**THE LITTLE GOOD FOR NOTHING IS GOOD FOR SOMETHING AFTER ALL**  
WHEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT ON BROADWAY  
IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO THE U. S. A.  
AND THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND  
BUY A LIBERTY BOND FOR THE BABY  
I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'M GOING, BUT I'M  
ON MY WAY  
JUST AS YOUR MOTHER WAS  
GIVE ME THE RIGHT TO LOVE YOU  
LOVE WILL FIND THE WAY  
SOMETIME  
YUKALOO  
THERE'S SOMEONE MORE LONESOME THAN  
YOU  
ON THE SOUTH SEA ISLE  
YOU'LL ALWAYS BE THE SAME SWEET GIRL  
THOUGH I HAD A BIT O' THE DIVIL IN ME  
(SHE HAD THE WAYS OF AN ANGEL)  
DEAR OLD FASHIONED IRISH SONGS  
IN DREAMY SPAIN  
MY BEAUTIFUL CHATEAU OF LOVE  
LAST NIGHT WAS THE END OF THE WORLD  
YO SAN

### NOVELTY SONGS

**IN THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE  
BRING BACK, BRING BACK, BRING BACK THE  
KAISER TO ME  
AND THEN SHE'D KNIT, KNIT, KNIT  
HE'S DOING HIS BIT FOR THE GIRLS  
SOME LITTLE SQUIRREL IS GOING TO GET  
SOME LITTLE NUT  
LISTEN TO THE KNOCKING AT THE KNIT-  
TING CLUB  
CLOSE YOUR EYES NOW, SLEEPY MOON  
IF SAMMY SIMPSON SHOOTS THE CHUTES,  
WHY SHOULDN'T HE SHOOT THE SHOTS  
WONDERFUL GIRL, GOOD NIGHT  
HELP! I'M SINKING IN A BEAUTIFUL  
OCEAN OF LOVE  
STRIKE UP THE BAND, HERE COMES A  
SAILOR  
THERE'S A MILLION REASONS WHY I  
SHOULDN'T KISS YOU  
SAYS I TO MYSELF, SAYS I  
JUST THE KIND OF A GIRL YOU'D LOVE TO  
MAKE YOUR WIFE  
SOMEWHERE IN DIXIE  
I'M A TWELVE O'CLOCK FELLOW IN A NINE  
O'CLOCK TOWN  
THERE'S A LITTLE BIT OF SCOTCH IN MARY  
DON'T SLAM THAT DOOR  
ON THE HOKO MOKO ISLE  
WITH HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS AND HIS  
POCKETS IN HIS PANTS  
SOMETIMES YOU GET A GOOD ONE AND  
SOMETIMES YOU DON'T  
WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN  
CLOSE TO MY HEART  
THEY ALL HAD A FINGER IN THE PIE  
ROW, ROW, ROW  
ALL ALONE  
BATTER UP (UNCLE SAM IS AT THE PLATE)**

### NOVELTY KID SONGS

**CROSS MY HEART AND HOPE TO DIE  
CONSTANTINOPLE  
ALL ABOARD FOR BLANKET BAY  
THEY ALWAYS PICK ON ME**

### INSTRUMENTAL NUMBERS

**THE OLD TOWN PUMP  
STOLEN SWEETS**

### The Little Good For Nothing's Good For Something After All

Words by  
LOU KLEIN

Musical by  
HARRY VON TILZER

Chorus.

They always called her lit-tle good-for-noth-ing Just be-cause like oth-er chil-dren she was  
wild Tho' she was -n't all to blame Still she could -n't bear the name that  
pleas to her since she was but a child — But now she's a - vor there, she joined the

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### When I Send You A Picture Of Berlin. (You'll Know Its Over, Over There' Im Coming Home)

Words and Music by  
FRANK FAY  
BEN HYAN and  
DAVE BRITEL

Chorus.

When I send you a pic-ture of Ber-lin — Then you'll know I've had - it  
safe - ly "O - ver There" — When I send you a map - shot of Par - is — You'll know I'm  
and - y to do and dare (I'll do my share) You'll know I'm think - ing a best you

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