

MY OLD DRESS SUIT.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY
CORNEY GRAIN.

Tempo di Valse.

Piano

I re - mem - ber, I re - mem - ber, When you first made your de -

KEY Ab | d :- :r | d :- :l, | d :- :l, | t, :- :s, | t, :- :d | t, :- :s, | l, :- :s, }

p a tempo

but. You so glos - sy, I so slen - der, I was young and

{ s, :- : | d :- :r | d :- :l, | d :- :l, | t, :- :t, | t, :- :t, | d :- :t, }

cresc.

you were new. I re - mem - ber, I re - mem - ber, How I

{ t, :- :l, | s, :- : | f, :- :l, | d :- :d | t, :- :s, | l, :- :l, | f, :- :l, }

p

danc'd till break of day, Fear - less - ly we faced the sun - light,

{ d :- :m | r :- :d | r :- :m :- :m | m :- :m | m :- :m | s :- :f }

cresc.

As we wend - ed home our way! Now, old friend, we're grow - ing
 { d : : l, | s : : m | r : : d | d : : Key Eb | m : : m | re : : re | m : : m }

p *p molto leggiero*

old - er, Tra - ces here and there of white, Grad - ual - ly are
 { f : - : m | r : - : d | de : - : de | r : - : r | s : - : | m : - : m | re : - : re }

steal - ing o'er us, Not for us the morn - ing light! O! the
 { m : - : m | fe : - : fe | s : - : l | t : - : r | l : - : s | s : - : | f : - : l }

piu vivo

pi - ty of the day - light, O! the day - light's cru - el glare!
 { d' : - : d' | t : - : s | l : - : l | f : - : l | d' : - : d' | t : - : l | s : - : - }

Yes, old friend, we're grow - ing old - er, And we both show signs of wear.
 { d' : - : d' | d' : - : t | t : - : l | s : - : m | d : - : d | f : - : m | r : - : d | d : - : }

p

Key: A^b I re - mem - ber, I re - mem - ber, When you

{ | : : : | : Key: A^b | f d :- : r | d :- : l, | d :- : l, | t, :- : s, | t, :- : d }

pp

first made your dé - bût, You so glos - sy, I so

{ | t, :- : s, | l, :- : s, | s, :- : | d :- : d | d :- : d | d :- : d | de :- : de }

slen - der, I was young and you were new!

{ | m :- : r | d :- : l, | s, :- : m | r :- : d | d :- : - | : : | : : || }

mf *pp* *leggiero* *dim.* *pp*

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Lately once or twice I've fancied
 Things between us have been strained,
 We have met— but not with comfort!
 I, for one, have been much pain'd!
 What is this that's come between us?
 I advance— and you recede—
 Make both ends meet; that's our duty,
 Friends in need are friends indeed!
 Think how many years I've nurs'd you,
 Tended you with anxious care,
 Folded you and smooth'd each wrinkle,
 Turpentin'd each sign of wear!
 Come, old friend, don't be ungrateful,
 Don't desert me at a pinch!
 We might end our lives together,
 If you'd yield say— but one inch!!
 I remember, etc.