

DEDICATED TO OUR FRIEND - BEN M. JEROME.

SUNG WITH GREAT SUCCESS
BY
**CLIFFORD
& HUTH.**



THE PACIFIC HYMN

WORDS BY
H. J. BREEN.

MUSIC BY
T. MAYO GEARY.



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WESTERN OFFICES, MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO, ILL.

FOUR SUCCESSFUL SONGS FOR THE PARLOR.

ALL BIG HITS

LUCILLE, MA LADY LOVE.

Words and Music by THEO F. MORSE.
By H. BOB COLE.

REFRAIN.
expressivo.

Lu-cille ma la-dy love Lu-cille ma tut-tle-dove

expressivo.

I love you, and I'll be true as the stars a-bove

Say you will be ma bride Would fill ma heart with pride Oh,

1. 2.

prom-ise me you'll al-ways be true la-dy love.

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SHE WAS A SOLDIER'S SWEETHEART.

Words and Music by FRANK CHURCH

There sits a dear old lady in a chair
Far far away a soldier's sweetheart

In a row - tie chair, month a star - lit sky,
Fill - ing on her snow white hair; hat - tie know that he must die;

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MISSING FROM THE RANKS.

Words by JAMES F. DEONAN. Music by CHARLES MILLER.

CHORUS.

The sad is rest - ing light - ly on a gal - lant sol - dier's grave; And

Angel's vig - il, night - ly, are keep - ing o'er the brave. Her no - ble boy is sleep - ing on E

Caney's sun - ny banks While the ones be loved are weep - ing for the missing from the ranks

D.C.

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THE WAY TO KISS A GIRL.

Words & Music by RAYMOND A. BEECHER.

CHORUS.

First you place your lov - ing arms a - round her and you hold her in a fond em -

brace Then you rest her head up - on your shoul - der and you

look down in her face Hug her just as tight as you can squeeze her

then while your hearts are beat - ing a - while let your lips to hers be pressed, and

FOR SALE HERE.

ASK TO HAVE THEM PLAYED OVER.

***** THE BEST BECAUSE THEY ARE *****

THE MATNUSNEK & SON PIANO

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NEW YORK.
1260 - 1266 Broadway.

HOWLEY, HAVILAND & CO

CHICAGO.
Masonic Temple, State St.

To our friend BEN. M. JEROME.

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THE RAG TIME HYMN.

Words by H. J. BREEN.

Music by T. MAYO GEARY.

Moderato



(EXTRA VERSE) To the old court-house in Dark - town, Went that

1. A lit - tle church in Dark - town, a

2. The par-son looked quite dig - ni - fied and a

ad lib. Till Voice.

p

preacher old and gray, For the trial of the rag time coon, was call'd up for that

preach-er old and gray, — Where the good folks used to con-gre - gate to wash their sins a -
frown was on his face, — And he said there's some one in this church tha

day. The Judge said to the par - son, what is the pris-ner's crime, The

way, — A rag time coon says "I'll go to church, those hymns I'll try to sing, — And
place. — I'll mention no one's name, kind friends, but I'm look-ing at him now — And

par-son said he broke up church by sing-ing rag - - time. The

when I play my "pol-i-cy" why good luck it may bring." The
if he don't sing that song right I'll go down and show him how." He

pris'-ner said one mo-ment Judge I've no-thing for to fear, I

par-son hand-ed round the hymn books and told them to join in And
then said "now dear breth-ren we'll sing the same re-frain" The

meant no wrong, and I'll sing the song for which they brought me here. He

help to swell the cho-rus, when the mu-sic did be-gin. He
mu-sic once more start-ed and the good folks sang a-gain But the

once more sang the chor-us, to show that he meant right Then

then said "now dear breth-ren, turn to page four-ty-four" The darkey
rag time voice was loud-er than an-y in the crowd He still

through that room, the same ol' tune He sang with all his might

had the words, but the tune he used They had nev - er heard be - fore

had the words, but the same old tune He sang out good and loud

CHORUS.

"Throw out the life line" he sang in rag time, All eyes were turned on

"Throw out the life line" he sang in rag time, All eyes were turned on

"Throw out the life line" he sang in rag time, All eyes were turned on

him The trial then was end - ed, and sen - tence sus - pen - ded, When

him The darkies got nerv - ous, and broke up the ser - vice, When

him The Par - son pro - test - ed, had the coon ar - res - ted, For

he sang the rag time 1 hymn. 2 hymn.

he sang his rag time hymn. hymn.

sing - ing his rag time hymn. hymn.

Paul Dresser's Latest Hit!

"I WONDER WHERE SHE IS TO-NIGHT,"

BY THE FAMED COMPOSER OF

"On the Banks of the Wabash, Far Away," and other beautiful compositions.

CHORUS:

Andante espressivo.

I won - der where she is to - night what can the mat - ter be, I

won - der guid - ing hand will bring her back to me, I

won - der if the an - gels guard her in the grey twi - light, I

won - der if she says her prayers where e'er she be to - night,

rall. e dim. *p* *pp* *pp*

DARKEY SONGS OF THE ERA. NEW, NOVEL and CATCHY.

THE WEDDING OF THE CHINEE AND THE COON.

Chorus. *not to fast.*

Cole & Johnson.

Song 504

This strange a - mal - ga - ma - tion twist these two fun - ny na - tions gwine to cause an aw - ful in - mable coon.

LADY AFRICA.

Chorus.

Have Reed, Jr.

Song 505

They shout hur - rah, for La - dy Af - ri - ca. She is de Queen of col - ored bath so - ci - e - ty.

A RED HOT COON.

Chorus.

Lu Senarens.

Song 506

For he spends all his mon - ey on me, — Dat's right! Use his la - dy, yo' see, He an ma honey, baby.

THE FAMOUS BLACK MOGUL'S.

Chorus.

Cole & Johnson.

Song 507

Dark - ies sing-ing, Mus - ic ring-ing, Each and ev - 'ry 'mem - ber step-ping so grace - ful,

I GUESS THAT WILL HOLD YOU FOR A WHILE.

Chorus.

Smart & Williams.

Song 508

"So I guess that will hold you for a while, I'm tired of all that 'con' that same old."

I DON'T NEED YOU NEVER, NO MORE!

Chorus.

Gussie L. Davis.

Song 509

I don't need you nev - er no more, I think I told you that once be - fore, Oh Mis - ter Coon you're a lit - tle too slow, I'm look - ing for a nut - ter than's.

YOU'LL HAVE TO CHOOSE ANOTHER BABY, NOW.

Chorus.

Cole & Johnson.

Song 510

You'll have to choose an - oth - er ba - by now, I'm tir - ed of all this fuss and row.

COOCHY, COOCHY, COOCHY, COO.

Chorus.

M. J. Fitzpatrick.

Song 511

Lu, la, lu, la, lu, la, lu, What yer gwine to do, to do? I tick - led Lize and Lize tick - led lu, lu, Coo - che, coo - che, coo - che.

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