

THE BASEBALL GLIDE



WORDS BY
ANDREW B. STERLING

MUSIC BY
HARRY VON TILZER

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The Baseball Glide.

Words by
Andrew B. Sterling.

Music by
Harry Von Tilzer.

Moderato.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in G major, 2/4 time. The right hand plays a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The piece begins with a forte (f) dynamic.

Till Ready.

Hear that band,—
Hold me tight,—

p

The vocal entry begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody is simple and catchy, with the piano accompaniment providing a harmonic foundation. The dynamic is piano (p).

He - ze ki ah Pruyn In the stand— strik-ing up a tune,
Squeeze me like a ball 'Cause you might— let your hon-ey fall,

The vocal melody continues with the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes, and the piano part provides a consistent harmonic support.

Ain't it grand?— makes you want to spoon Fly up, high up,
You're in right,— love you best of all wheel me spiel me

The final line of the song features the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes, and the piano part continues to support the melody.

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way up to the moon That's the base - ball
up and down the hall Don't that base - ball

glide, it's a ri - ot I can't keep qui - et,
glide, set you craz - y My brain is haz - y

I want to try it That's my fan - cy I feel so dan - cy
Ain't it a dais - y It's so tun - ey "Fans" all go loon - ey

Hon - ey come on right now, ——— Let's go through it babe,
Good-ness just hear them rave, ——— Gee I love — a band,

Cant you do— it babe? Lis - ten and— I'll tell you how.—
hon - ey hold— my hand I can't make— my feet be - have.—

Chorus.

When you hear Em 'Call "Take your place," Then you hit the ball,

p-f

take your Base Down to "First" you glide, by your ba - by's side

Make a dash for "Sec-ond" hon - ey Slide! Slide! Slide! Slide! when you're stealing "Third"

steal a kiss Lord - y, oh Lord - y, I'm chock full of bliss, One

(* Kiss.) (* Kiss. * Kiss.)

strike — Two strikes — Oh! hon - ey, hon - ey hear me shout And

hold me tight I'm strik-ing out "Where's the ball_ hon? Made a "home_ run"

1 2

That's the lov - in' Base - ball Glide. Base - ball Glide.

All Aboard For Blanket Bay

A SONG THAT SHOULD BE IN EVERY AMERICAN HOME

BECAUSE

IT IS THE GREATEST CHILD SONG EVER WRITTEN.
IT IS FULL OF SENTIMENT THAT TOUCHES THE HEART.
IT IS A POEM WORTHY OF A LONGFELLOW.
IT IS A SONG THAT BRINGS FORTH TEARS OF JOY.
IT IS ANDREW B. STERLING'S MASTERPIECE.
IT IS HARRY VON TILZER'S BEST COMPOSITION.

Here Are the Words Complete of the First Verse of This Beautiful Ballad
and a Few Strains of the Chorus:

Words by Andrew B. Sterling

Music by Harry von Tilzer

"ALL ABOARD FOR BLANKET BAY"

There's a ship sails away at the close of each day, sails away to the land of dreams,
Mamma's little "Boy Blue" is the Captain and Crew, of this wonderful ship called "The White Pillow Slip"
When the day's play is o'er, and the toys on the floor, cast aside by a little brown hand,
Mamma hugs him up tight, Papa whispers "Goodnight, little sailor boy, sail into sweet slumberland."

Chorus.

All a-board for Blank-et Bay Wont come back'till the
break of day -Roll him round in his lit-tle white sheet'
Till you can't see his lit-tle bare feet. Then you tuck him up in his'

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