

LITTLE SALLY-SAN

(OF OLD JAPAN)



Words and Music
by

MARIE HALL BRIMACOMBE

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Little Sally San

Of Old Japan

Lyric and Music by
MARIE HALL-BRIMACOMBE

2. Now

mf

mf

Lit-tle Sal-ly San, Was a maid from old Ja-pan, As love-ly as the blos-soms which she
lit-tle Sal-ly San, Real-ly liked this I-rish-man, 'Though of suit-ors she had twen-ty a

wore,
plen-ty, Mike O' Don-a-hue was an I-rish-man 'tis true, In
She would smile and look so sweet they would all lay at her feet, Their

love with Sal-ly San on for-eign shore. He was a Cap-tain bold on a
treas-ures of love for her hand. 'Til at last O' Don-a-hue in his

ship that car-ried gold, In-to that love-ly coun-try of Ja-pan, Ev-'ry
love was ver-y blue, And he swore he'd steal this maid-en from Ja-pan, So he

day he looked and sighed For he longed to make a bride, Of love-ly Sal-ly San from old Ja-pan.
said now Sal-ly San, Ye must take this I-rish-man, Or be ja-bers' now me dear I will take you.

REFRAIN

Lit-tle Sal-ly San, won't you let me be your man? You are the on-ly girl that I a-

dore, I'll wash all the dish-es, and I'll sweep the floor, I'll

do an-y-thing you may ask me and more, I'll take you back to I-re-land, If

you will give to me your hand, My love-ly Sal-ly San, Let me be your I-rish-man.

SEE IT

TRY IT

SIX STIRRING SONG SUCCESSES

SELECTED FROM THE WIDELY KNOWN
LIST OF

THE BEST POPULAR SONG

WRITER AND COMPOSER

MARIE HALL BRIMACOMBE

LIKE IT

BUY IT

I'm A Liberty Bond

Lyric and Music by
MARIE HALL BRIMACOMBE

CHORUS

I'm a Lib-er-ty Bond, A bran new Lib-er-ty Bond, Now don't you wish you own'd me You'd help your Un-cle Sam, and then
He's a lad in kha-ki, A Yan-kee O-ver there, Now don't you want to help him To- geth-er we'll win the war, and then

When Love Comes Stealing

Lyric and Music by
MARIE HALL BRIMACOMBE

REFRAIN

As gent-ly as lil-ly buds op'-ning, Or ros-es drip-ping with dew, The sweet-ness of love, comes steal-ing In-to the

Hurrah for the U. S. A.

Lyric and Music by
MARIE HALL BRIMACOMBE

CHORUS

Hur-rah! Hoo-ray! Hur-rah for the U. S. A. The Yanks are

My Dear War Bride

Lyric and Music by
MARIE HALL BRIMACOMBE

REFRAIN

Let me look in-to your eyes, my dear war bride, Will your days be long and drear, when I'm not by your side? I'll fight for my country's hon-or,

Indiana I'm A Hoosier Too

Lyric and Music by
MARIE HALL BRIMACOMBE

REFRAIN

In-di-a-na, I'm a hooster too, Born with a love for you that's true, Fair are your fields, skies al-ways blue, My In-di-a-na,

Garden Sass Bill

Lyric and Music by
MARIE HALL BRIMACOMBE

CHORUS

Gar-den sass, O, Listen, Gar-den sass, I have pun'tins so nice and round, Here are car-rots and beans, Finest on-ions e'er seen, Best po-ta-toes grown

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