

"BLUE BELL"

*MARCH SONG
& CHORUS.*

BY
**MADDEN
AND
MORSE.**



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BLUE BELL.

March Song and Chorus.

Words by
EDWARD MADDEN.

Music by
THEODORE F. MORSE.

Tempo di Marcia.

f marcato. *8va*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of chords and eighth notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Tempo di Marcia' and the dynamics are 'f marcato'.

Blue Bell, the dawn is wak - ing Sweet-heart you must not sigh,—
Blue Bell, they are re - turn - ing, Each greets a sweet-heart true,

mf

This section contains the first two lines of the song. The vocal melody is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

Blue Bell my heart is break - ing I've come to say good - bye,—
Blue Bell, your heart is yearn - ing, Nev - er a one greets you,

This section contains the next two lines of the song. The vocal melody is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The piano part continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

Hear how the bu - gle's call - ing Call - ing to each brave heart, -
Sad - ly they tell the sto - ry, Tell how he fought and fell

Sweet-heart your tears are fall - ing Blue Bell, we two must part. —
No tho't of fame or glo - ry, On - ly of his Blue Bell.

Chorus.

Good - bye my Blue Bell, Fare -

well to you — One last fond look in -

to your eyes so blue

'Mid camp fires gleam - ing 'mid shot and

shell I will be dream-ing of my

own Blue Bell. 1. 2. Bell.

5

♩ Soprano. Good bye my Blue - Bell Fare - well To you One last fond

♩ Alto. Good bye my Blue - Bell Fare - well To you to you One last fond

♩ 1st Tenor. Good bye my Blue - Bell Fare - well To you to you One last fond

♩ 2nd Tenor. Good bye my Blue - Bell Fare - well To you One last fond

♩ Baritone. Good bye my Blue - Bell Fare - well To you to you One last fond

♩ Bass. Good bye my Blue - Bell Fare - well To you One last fond

look in - to your eyes so blue - Mid campfires gleam - ing Mid

look in - to your eyes your eyes so blue - Mid campfires gleam - ing Mid

look in - to your eyes your eyes so blue - Mid campfires gleam - ing Mid

look in - to your eyes so blue - Mid campfires gleam - ing Mid

look in - to your eyes your eyes so blue - Mid campfires gleam - ing Mid

in to your eyes so blue.

shot and shell I will be dream-ing of my Own Blue Bell.

shot and shell I will be dream-ing of my Own Blue Bell.

shot and shell I will be dream-ing of my Own Blue Bell.

shot and shell I will be dream-ing of my Own Blue Bell.

shot and shell I will be dream-ing of my Own Blue Bell.

shot and shell

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Never Bank On A Traveling Man.

CHORUS.

Words and Music by JEAN C. HAVÉZ.

p-*f* Nev-er bank on a trav-eling man, 'Cause if you do you're go'ng to go broke,.....
 He may say he loves you true, but that's an old Bull Dur-ham joke, Throw that con, that's his
 reg-u-lar text, Here one day and gone the next, He'll keep you guessin', but he'll
 teach you the les-son, Nev-er bank on a trav-eling man..... man....

1. 2.

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MY HONEY LOU.

THURLAND CHATTAWAY.

Writer of
"WHEN THE BLUE SKY TURNS TO GOLD" etc.

CHORUS.

I want to own you hon-ey, Al-though I has no mon-ey,
 My heart it feels so fun-ny des-ky maid di-vine, Oh, babe,
 I could-n't live with-out you, I'll nev-er, nev-er doubt you,
 When I look in-to your eyes Then I want my hon-ey Lou Lou...

D.S.

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I've got a feelin' for you.

Words by
EDWARD MADDEN.

Music by
THEODORE F. MORSE.

CHORUS. *Slower.*

Way down in my heart I've got a feel-in' for you,
 and if we should part I'd be a knee-lin' to you
 If you'd say the word I'd go a
 steal-in' for you, 'cause I've got a sneak-y feel-in' for

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"The Rose That Never Blossomed."

(STORY SONG.)

By RAYMOND A. BROWNE.
and ALFRED J. DOYLE.

Andte Modto

In the vil-lage of my boy-hood, nest-ling by a ti-nystream, There a
 Thro' the lanes and o'er the mead-ows we would wan-der, side by side; As the
 cot-tage that in mem-'ry I can see; For it
 days went by. It seemed so long to wait; And my
 shel-tered one I loved, and there I first knew love's young dream. When with
 heart longed for the mo-ment when I'd claim her as my bride, And I'd

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