

# BREAK THE NEWS TO MOTHER

by Chas. K. Harris —

This song was originally published in 1897 during the Spanish American War, when it was virtually taken up and sung by the entire nation.

The Author and Composer Mr Chas. K. Harris who is also the Author of the world's famous song "After The Ball", since the outbreak of the present war, has been besieged by requests for copies of this one-time famous song, the human heart-appeal of which has kept it alive for these many years.

In response to this appeal he has issued this new edition.

The song remains unchanged with the exception of the title page and will undoubtedly take its place as an immortal classic with such songs as "Home Sweet Home" and "The Vacant Chair."



# Break The News To Mother.

Words and Music by  
CHAS. K. HARRIS.

Andante.

Piano. *mf*

*p*

While the shot and shell were scream - ing up - on the bat - tle field The  
From a - far a not - ed Gen - 'ral had wit - nessed this brave deed, "Who

boys in blue were fight - ing their no - ble flag to shield. Came a  
saved our flag? speak up lads, 'Twas no - ble, brave in - deed? "There he

cry from their brave Cap - tain "Look boys! our flag is down; Who'll vol - un - teer to save it from dis -  
lies, Sir" said the Cap - tain, "He's sink - ing ver - y fast;" Then slow - ly turned a - way to hide a

grace?" — "I will," a young voice shout - ed, "I'll bring it back or die," Then  
tear. — The Gen - ral in a mo - ment, Knelt down be - side the boy, Then

sprang in-to the thick - est of the fray; ——— Saved the flag but gave his young life All  
gave a cry that touched all hearts that day; ——— "It's my son, my brave young he - ro, I

for his coun - try's sake, They brought him back and soft - ly heard him say, ———  
thought you safe at home;" "For - give me, Fa - ther for I ran a - way?" ———

## Chorus.

"Just break the news to moth - er, She knows how dear I love her And

tell her not to wait for me For I'm not com-ing home; Just say there is no oth - er Can

take the place of moth-er, Then kiss her dear, sweet lips for me And break the news to her?"

Sweetness  
(Honey Suckle Of Mine)

By EDDIE LEONARD  
and JACK STERN.

Chorus.  
Sweet - ness, kiss and kiss your lip - pe. Sweet - ness, kiss you know that it is  
Leave some bliss - es where your kiss is. Bump - ing on my lips all the time.  
Was - it, my - one, was - it, ev - er sweet - er. Oh my, there's no - one, could beat her  
Of all the sweet - ness, there's none so sweet as, That has - ey - ou - kis - ses of

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You Kissed Me  
(And Said Good-Bye.)

CHAS. K. HARRIS and  
ELEANOR ALVERSON

Chorus, con espressione.  
When you kissed me and you said good - bye. These I know that I lost  
you. And my heart was long - ing for you, dear.  
Long - ing though you are - or know. Some - thing told me you would  
dear - er - love. I could see it in your eye. May - be your heart it was

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LOVE O' MINE,

Words and Music by  
CHAS. K. HARRIS.

Chorus, Waltz Moderato.  
Love O' Mine, Love O' Mine, I am wear - y for you, My heart cries and it sighs for  
you. Love O' Mine, Love O' Mine, By the bright stars that shine, Don't you see  
he all you ask of me, Love O' Mine, Love O' Mine, Do you care, do you dare to de -  
stroy all my faith in you. Can you bear up the thrill of the long lov - ing

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I Miss The Old Folks Now

By VAN A SCHENCK and  
Edmond J. Foray.

Chorus.  
I miss the old - en days. I miss the old - en days. Where they taught the golden rule. I  
set up the stool in that run - tic com - try school. I miss my old - ly Quat. There was the old man and  
coat. While I was dipping, when I was fly - ing. In that rooming school. I and my miss. my  
mother - old - ly. Kiss. How it makes her feel. How it makes her feel. How it makes her feel.

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I'll See You Later, Yankee Land.

Words and Music by  
CHAS. K. HARRIS

Chorus, Tempo di Marcia.  
I'll see you lat - er, Yan - kee Land. I am off to Pa - ran and the  
Strand. I'll see you lat - er, Yan - kee Land. And I'll march down Broadway  
way with the band. I'll see you lat - er, Yan - kee Land. I am  
no - ing where my pain ago fight - ing. No see a, sigh - ing. No see a,

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Break The News To Mother

Words and Music by  
CHAS. K. HARRIS

CHORUS Very Slow  
Just break the news to moth - er, She knows how dear I love her. And  
tell her not to wait for me, For I'm not com - ing home. Just say there is no oth - er. Can  
take the place of moth - er. Then kiss her dear, sweet lips for me, And break the news to her.

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Dry Your Tears.

by Chas. K. Harris.

Valse moderato.  
Valse.  
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"KATHLEEN."  
(My Rose.)

Words and Music by  
CHAS. K. HARRIS.

Chorus, Valse lento.  
Write me, you miss me Sweet Kath - leen, my Rose, Just say  
love you" will soothe me, God knows; Through burst - ing shells dear, your  
sweet face I see. By Kil - lar - noy's lake and  
falls. Where the an - gels will guard you, Sweet Kath - leen, My Rose

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"YANKEE"  
(He's There, All There.)

Words and Music by  
CHAS. K. HARRIS.

Chorus.  
Yan - kee he's a sol - dier, There's no lad - die hold er,  
Yan - kee he's a fight - er from his head down to his toes,  
He can dance the Pin - dang - o, Fly the, Walk or the Tan - go, But when there's  
fight - ing in the air he's there, all there, there.

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