

JUST AT THE BREAK OF DAY

WORDS AND MUSIC
BY
HARRY J. LINCOLN

COMPOSER OF
HEAVEN'S ANTHEM MARCH
PRIZE LIMITED MARCH
SOUTHERN DREAM WALTZ
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CHORUS.

Words by F.W. Vandersloot. There's A Charm About The Old Love Still. Music by A.L. Fischer. 50¢

There's a charm a-bout the old love still, For it fills a place none else can fill, There's a mem'ry of a face, that in fan-cy we can trace, And we

Andante moderato.

Words by F.W. Vandersloot. By The Rippling Schuylkill's Shore. Music by A.L. Fischer. 50¢

Oft my mem'ry lin-gers o-ver, pic-tures of sweet fields of clo-ver, Filled with ten-der re-col-lections of a hap-py time that's flown. And a

Moderato.

Words by G.H. Kerr. After All. Music by Howard Webster. 50¢

I'm dream-ing to-night love, a-bout you far a-way I'm lone-ly my sweet-heart with-out you Day by

Tempo di Marcia.

Arranged by Lee Olean Smith. A Letter From The Front. Words & Music by George Strayer Maxwell. 50¢

A maid-en fair, with bright gol-den hair, By a win-dow sat si-lent one day, Watch-ing the throng as it passed a-long, While her

Andante moderato.

Arranged by Lee Olean Smith. Take Her Back, Dad. by Andrew B. Sterling & Bartley C. Costello. 50¢

In the door-way of a cot-tage, stands an old man, stern of face; On the steps a woman's plead-ing, soft and low; "Take me back, my dear old daddy, let me

Moderato.

Words by Ralph M. Skinner. All's Well That Ends Well. Music by Warner Crosby. 50¢

Long a-go in a small vil-lage dwelt two chil-dren, girl and boy, They were play-mates in sweet child-hood's hap-py hours, They would

Tempo di Valse.

Words by Rene. My Jane. Music by Lee Olean Smith. 50¢

Jane, Jane, my pret-ty Jane, come tell me now that you love me, Whis-per so soft-ly that none can hear, but the moon and

Words by George Strayer Maxwell. An Old Fashioned Girl. Music by Lee Olean Smith. 50¢

There's an old-fashioned girl, with an old-fashioned curl, In her hair that is sprinkled with gray; And her face, once so fair, Is now furrowed with care, That was

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Just At The Break Of Day.

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Words & Music by
HARRY J. LINCOLN.

Moderato.

f

On the bat - tle - field of Get - tys - burg one
His young head was bowed in sad de - spair, his

ear - ly sum - mer's morn', A sold - ier boy was captured there that day, And the
eyes were filled with tears, His prayers to God a - bove us, all could hear; When the

charge on which they tried him was, "Ar - rest - ed as a spy," A
cry, "to arms, to arms," was heard, Each sold - ier fell in line, He

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gal - lant he - ro of our U. S. A. The
soft - ly mur - mured "good-bye moth - er dear." His

court has passed his sen - tence "And at sun - rise you must die;" At
thoughts turned back to boy - hood days, A child at moth - ers knee, "May

break of day they marched him far a - way, To the ex - e - cution sta - tion, where no
God protect her where she is to - day", And while rays of sun - shine soft - ly fell and

one could ven - ture in, To meet his death just at the break of day.
played up - on his hair, He bade good - bye then quick - ly passed a - way.

Just at the Break of D.

CHORUS.

Just as the day-light was break - ing, Just as the sun-light shone, —

There in the still of the morn - ing Went to his God on the throne, —

Up to the fold of his Mak - er, Then you could hear them say —

He bade good bye with a tear, a sigh, Just at the break of day. —

Just at the Break of D.

Only a Bunch of Violets.

Words by ANDREW B. STERLING.

Music by C. M. VANDERSLOOT.

CHORUS.

On - ly a bunch of vi - o - lets With - er - ed and dy - ing a - lone.

Cast by a maid on a hall - room floor, It spoke of a love that had flown.

Trampled and crushed by the dance - ing through how quick - ly a maid - en for - gets.

told its sad tale of a broken heart, That bunch of sweet vi - o - lets.

Sunny, Sunny June.

Words & Music by W. P. MERRICK.

CHORUS.

Sun - ny, Sun - ny June. Try and get here soon. The

lowers are wait - ing, while win - ter's a - bat - ing for you sweet Sun - ny June.

Sun - ny, Sun - ny June. Come and let them spoon. As the odd days go

by, then for you how they sigh, Sweet Sunny, Sun - ny June.

THE CURSE OF A PRETTY FACE.

CHORUS.

Words and Music by WILL F. BURKE.

"Beau - ty is not al - ways sent as a bless - ing from a - lone.

Beau - ty just for me the on - ly one I ev - er loved.

She was on - ly one of man - y who can sed - uce and leave.

down - fall and tra - ge - dy to the curse of a pret - ty face.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES.

Words by AL TRAHARN.

A Song of the South.

Music by LEE OREAN SMITH.

CHORUS.

You'll hear the dark - les sing - ing, The songs they love the best, You'll

hear the ban - jo ring - ing, While the old folks rest. The

pick - a - nin - les dan - cing, To see who'll win the prize, In the

ev - ning by the moon - light, un - der south - ern skies.

My Pretty Mountain Queen.

CHORUS.

Tempo di Valse moderato.

Words and Music by W. P. MERRICK.

Now the larks are sing - ing, In a moun - tain far a - way, And I

hear a sweet voice ring - ing in my ears 'most ev - ry day.

When the stars are shin - ing, and she speaks to me un - seen, Then my

heart is ev - er glad - ing for my pretty moun - tain queen.

SWEET CLOVER.

Words by AL TRAHARN. Founded on the play of "SWEET CLOVER."

REFRAIN. Andantino quasi All^o

Music by LEE OREAN SMITH.

Clo - ver, my sweet lit - tle Clo - ver, You're all

the world to me. Clo - ver, my sweet lit - tle

Clo - ver, No fair - er flower could be.

No where in all the world is ev - er. No sweet -

FOR YOU.

COMPANION TO "AFTER ALL"

Music by HOWARD WEBSTER.

CHORUS.

Al - though 'tis long since last we part - ed, Your

face still haunts me sleep - ing, wak - ing, Al -

though I'm lone - ly still I'm wait - ing, For

you, sweet - heart I wait for you.

The Girl I Should Have Married Long Ago.

CHORUS.

Words and Music by WILL F. BURKE.

"She's the girl I should have mar - ried long a - go. Tears

wrong to have de - sert - ed her, I know. We'd been hap - py all through life, had I

made poor Nell my wife, that's the girl I should have mar - ried long a - go.

I'm So Tired Of Livin' I Don't Care When I Die.

Chorus, Words by Andrew B. Sterling.

Music by Lee Orian Smith.

I'm so tired of liv - in', I don't care when I die, I

can't look at a park chop, I can't estab - lish - en pie,

nev - er sees no num - bers, in my dreams now when I slum - bers,

I'm so tired of liv - in', I don't care when I die.



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