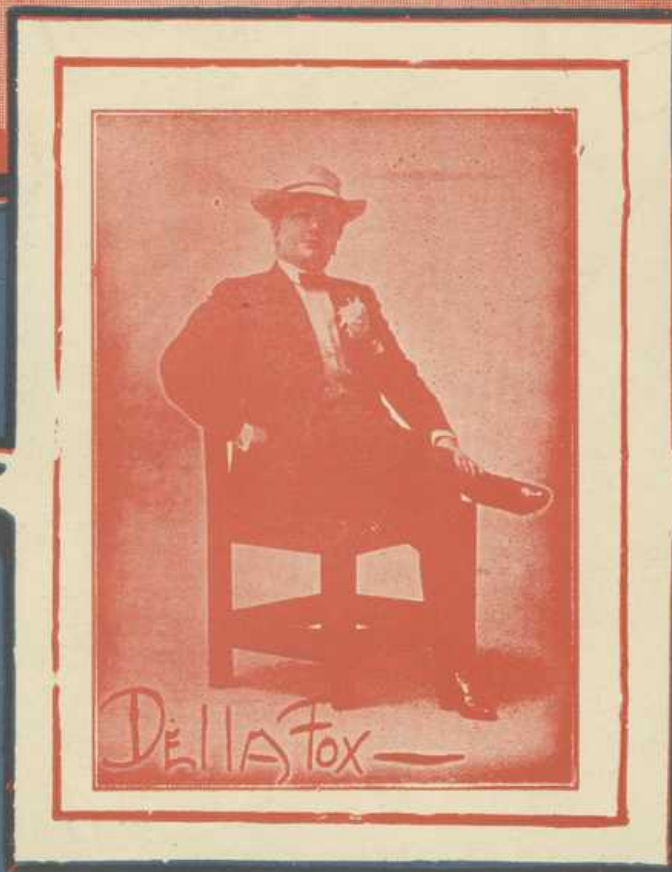


"I'LL BREAK THE FIGHTING LINE LIKE YOU BROKE THIS HEART OF MINE."



GOOD-BYE SWEET MARIE

MR COBB WROTE
"GOOD-BYE LITTLE GIRL
GOOD-BYE."



MR MILLS WROTE
"GEORGIA
CAMPMEETING"

WORDS BY
WILL D. COBB.
MUSIC BY
KERRY MILLS.

P. A. MILLS. 48 W 29 ST. NEW YORK.

"Here's My Friend."

Words by ED ROSE.

Music by TED SNYDER

Put your hand on your pec-ket-book and loud-ly cry, "Here's my friend" — You meet your en - em-ies, they're al-ways dry but nev-er spend, — When they try to in-tro-duce you to some friends near-by, — Just keep on a - drift-in' 'cause you know they lie. — Put your hand on your pec-ket-book and

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"When the Bees are in the Hive."

Words by ALFRED BRYAN.

Music by KERRY MILLS

CHORUS.

When the bees are in the hive and the ho-ney's in the comb, When the gold-en sun-beams bend to kiss the dew: — While the old mill wheel turns 'round I'll love you

ad lib.
Ma - ry, When the bees are in the hive I'll come to you.

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"Pretty Mary."

Words by ANDREW B. STERLING.

Music by KERRY MILLS

CHORUS.

Pret-ty Ma - ry, pret-ty Ma - ry, Must the brook wait all in vain, Must my heart grow cold with pain? Ros-es dy - ing I am sigh - ing, Be my own sweet pret - ty Ma - ry once a - gain.

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"A Selection By Andy."

The evening was not considered complete unless there was a selection by Andy, strumming the accompaniment on his old banjo and humming the melody something after this fashion:

By KERRY MILLS.

March Tempo but not fast.

Composer of "GORGIA CAMPMEETING" and "WHISTLING-REFUS"

mf

etc.

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"GOOD-BYE, SWEET MARIE." ("I'll break the fighting line like you broke this heart of mine!")

3

Words by
WILL D. COBB.

Music by
KERRY MILLS.

Moderato.
Bugle.

f

While the sol - diers in line are a - fall - ing, To the
 There's a sound as of sol - diers re turn - ing, There's a

tune of an old sol-dier song;— Hear a lad to a las - sie a -
 cheer borne a - long on the air;— How your heart, maid - en fair's fond - ly

call - ing, With his com - rades a - march - ing a long. — "Now you
 yearn-ing, For the boy that you fan - cy is there. — See, the

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tell me you love me, my dar - ling, When I'm march-ing a - way to the
col - umn of blue is ap-proach-ing, But the rose in your cheek blooms no

war; more; There's a tear in your eye, From your
For the lad you lov'd well, Mur - mured

heart comes a sigh, If you on - ly had told me be - fore.
low as he fell, "If she on - ly had told me be - fore."

CHORUS. Tempo di Marcia.

Good-bye, sweet Mar - ie, Throw a kiss, love, to

me; — And your boy in blue will sigh for you, Cry for

you, Die for you; I'll dream, love, of thee, — On-ly

say you'll dream of me, — And I'll break the fight-ing line like you

broke this heart of mine, Good-bye, sweet Mar-ie!" Good ie. —

Good bye etc. 3

Geo. M. Cohan's Greatest Musical Play

LITTLE JOHNNY JONES.

Chorus. Give My Regards To Broadway.

Give my re-gards to Broad - way, re mem-ber me to Her - ald Square, — Tell all the gang at For - ty Sec-ondstreet, that

p-f

Chorus. Nesting In A New York Tree.

To the English spar-row said the Yan-kee bird, "I lit up-on a ship that brought me here, my word, And I don't know just what to do, For I

p-f

Moderato. 'Op In Me 'Ansom.

Girls. "We'd like to take a drive a-round an hour or two or three." "The House of Par-liament we'd real-ly like to see of course."

till ready.

mf *p*

Chorus. They're All My Friends.

They're all my friends, on the Bowery, in So-ci-e-ty, They're all my friends, I can fool them all, I can rule them all, The

mf *f* *mf* *f*

Chorus. The Yankee Doodle Boy.

I'm a Yan-kee Doodle Dan - dy, A Yan - kee Doo-dle, do or die, — A real live neph-ew of my Un-cle Sam's,

p-f

Chorus. a tempo Good-Bye Flo.

Oh, kiss me good-bye, Flo, — don't you cry, love, no; Will you give your sail-or boy a thought so ti-ny, When you know I'm away out on the briny?

p-f

Chorus. If Mister Boston Lawson has his way.

There won't be an - y million-aires, or men of wealth untold; There won't be an - y buck-et-shops to grab the Reu-bens' gold; There won't be an - y stocks or bonds in
Well all be just like Washington, the truth will then be read; The life insurance business will be switched a-round 'tis said; They'll pay us while we're liv-ing and we'll

mf

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"Fare Thee Well, That Means Good-bye"

Words by
IRVING JONES.

Music by
MAXWELL SILVER

CHORUS.

Fare thee well, that means "good-bye."

Fare thee well, I'm goin' to fly, But

if per-chance I'd said "a-dieu" That meant I might re-turn to you, But

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"I've Got A Little Money And I Saved It All For You"

Words by EDWARD L. FARRELL

Music by MAXWELL SILVER

1. A cer-tain lit-tle belle in swell so.
2. The maid-en said: you're just the man I'm

ci-e-ty, Eve-ry eve-ning had a dif-frent beau, She
look-ing for, Night as well be mar-ried right a way, You

said, "Now all the boys look pret-ty good to me, The one I
should have told of your af-fec-tion long be-fore, So do not

like best, why, I don't know, One night a
tar-ry a sing-le day, This lov-ing

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"You Must Think I'm Santa Claus"

Words by
IRVING JONES

Music by
MAXWELL SILVER

CHORUS.

You must think I'm San-ta Claus, And Christmas comes ev-ry

day; I guess you hear sleigh-bells ring-ing babe When I comes round the

cer-tain-ly made a frost; Be-cause I give you pres-ents, hon-ey

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"My Little Java Lady."

By JOHN B. LOWYER

CHORUS.

My lit-tle Ja-va la-dy, Queen of the south-ern

seas, Oh, won't you come down here to-day,

Why stay up there and tease, I'll build a fin-er cast-le

Up in the tal-est trees, You'll be the high-est

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"Take A Car."

By ROSE & SNYDER

CHORUS.

Take a car, take a car, where-ev-er you go take a car, It beats all your han-some and au-to-mo-biles, If you're out for plea-sure that trav-els on wheels, Take a car, take a car, No mat-ter how near or how far; In day-light or twi-light, in star-light or

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"Possum Pie," or "The Stuttering Coon"

Music by
HUGHIE CANNON.

Words by
OS. C. FARRELL.

Chorus. Slowly.

Um-pa-puh-puh-puh-puh-P O, De-de-de-de-de-dou-ble S, U-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-M, Or all de eat-in' dat am de best, Um-pa, pa-pa, Pos-sum Pie, Ah could eat it till I die, P-O dou-ble S-ah-U-

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"Heinie"

Words by F. A. Mills.

Music by F. A. SNYDER.

CHORUS.

Hein-ie, oh Hein-ie, I' love but you, No one can cut my love half in two, Hein-ie, oh Hein-ie, if you will be min-ie, I'll proce-is to stick to you just like glue; Hein-ie I'm ti-ny 'long-side of you, But I've a heart that is big and true. Hein-ie, oh Hein-ie, if

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"For A Little While."

Words by JACK TARR

Music by MAXWELL SILVER
Composer of "Mississippi Mamma"

CHORUS

Won't you please just call me hon-ey, For a lit-tle while, for a lit-tle while, It would make me feel so fun-ny, For a lit-tle while, for a lit-tle while; If you don't be-lieve I love you true, I'll tell you babe what you must do, Let me take you

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