

EXCUSE ME,

BUT ISN'T YOUR NAME JOHNSON?



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Sal New Orleans
At liberty I'm Johnson I'll
start for there, and I'm gwine to
wear a high hat and red tie
Yours, good-bye
Jim Johnson

PUBLISHED BY
VANDERSLOOT
Music Pub. Co.
SHEET BAND ORCHESTRA
MANDOLIN CLUB MUSIC
Williamsport, Pa.

Words by W. HAUSER · Music by HARRY J. LINCOLN,

Composer of

"HEAVEN'S ARTILLERY"

MARCH

"A SOUTHERN DREAM"

WALTZES

"JUST AT THE DREAM OF DAY" SONG

"MY SOUTHERN HOME"

SONG ETC. ETC.

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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, pict-ures 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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and

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Excuse Me, But Isn't Your Name Johnson?

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Words by
Wm HAUSER
Author of
"Baby's First Love Letter."
"When I Dream of Thee" etc. etc.

Music by
HARRY J. LINCOLN
Composer of "My Southern Home"
"Just at the break of Day"
"A Southern Dream"
"Heaven's Artillery" etc. etc.

Intro.

mf

till ready

A — col-ored gal, by the name of Sal, who lived in New Or-
They were wed that day, and a year, they say, they lived a hap-py

leans, Has of-ten said she'd like to wed, some coon a - bout her means. She
life; 'Til a show one day, came a - long that way, Jim lost his lov-ing wife. Out

then got wise, and ad-ver-tised, for a light brown color-ed man; When a
with the play she starts a-way as E - va in the show, But the

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coon light black, said "I'll cinch that," and sent her a tel - e - gram. The words you see, read "At troupe, one day, jump'd out they say, and skipp'd with all the dough She wir - ed Jim, "I am

lib - er - ty, I am John-son, Yours, good-bye, I will start for there, and I'm goin' to wear a broke here in Mil - wau-kee, this A. M., So her bet - ter half, by tel - e-graph, sent

high hat and red tie." When the train ar - rived, there a man she spied, who was dressed as he de - wife - y dear a ten. Then she took the train, for her home a - gain, and when her Jim she

scribed; So up she went to this color - ed gent, and loud - ly then she cried... spied, She grabb'd that coon, be - gan to spoon, and loud - ly then she cried...

CHORUS.

Ex - cuse me, — but is - n't your name John - son,

Who sent me — this yel - low tel - e - gram?

Fol - low me — I'm long - ing to know wheth - er, I'll

live a - lone, or we'll go home to - geth - er

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 - reed and dy - ing a - lone.

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

Trampled and crush'd by the danc - ing throng, How quick - ly a maid - en for - gets. It

told its tale of a break - en heart, That bunch of sweet vi - o - lets.

Sunny, Sunny June.

CHORUS.

Words & Music by W. F. MERRICK.

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

lovers are wait - ing, while winter's a - bat - ing for you sweet Sun - ny June.

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

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

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

She was on - ly one of man - y who can sad - ly trace. Her

down - fall and ru - in - a - tion. To the curse of a pret - ty face.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES.

Words by AL TRAHERN.

A Song of the South.

Music by LEE OREAN SMITH.

CHORUS.

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

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

pick - a - nia - les danc - ing, To see who'll win the prize, In the

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

My Pretty Mountain Queen.

CHORUS.

Tempo di Valse moderato.

Words and Music by W. F. MERRICK.

Now the larks are sing - ing, In a mount - ain, 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 pin - ing for my pretty mount - ain queen. queen.

SWEET CLOVER.

Words by AL TRAHERN.

Founded on the play of "SWEET CLOVER."

REFRAIN. Andantino quasi Allegro

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 a - ver. No sweet -

FOR YOU.

Words by G. H. KERR.

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. Texas

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

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

Im 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 pork chop, I can't eat chick - en pie, I

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

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



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