



Hello All night Good-bye

SUNG WITH GREAT
SUCCESS BY
FLORENCE BINDLEY
in "The Street Singer" Co.

WORDS BY
**ROBT B.
MORRIS**



MUSIC BY
**ELLIS R.
EPHRAIM**

M. WITMARK & SONS

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Dup

Female Version of "Hello, All Right, Good-bye."

Words by ROBERT B. MORRIS.

Music by ELLIS R. EPHRAIM.

My soul has been enraptured, my heart it has been captured,
By a lovely boy, the best you ever knew.
Some day we will be married, but he keeps me awfully worried,
Thinking of what next he's going to do.
At the office, while he's working, his thoughts are never shirking,
They dwell upon his Lou and (Pointing to herself) her alone,
And when it's least expected, the wires are connected,
And this is what I hear come o'er the 'phone.

REFRAIN.

Hello, hello there central, please give me 6-0-2,
Hello is that you Harry? Yes this is honey Lou,
I am so lonely darling, oh! come up please do try,
Now don't you disappoint me (Pause)
Hello! all right, goodbye.

He's not a man of riches, his smile always bewitches,
I think of him at night and all the day.
No matter where I'm going, or how the wind is blowing,
The sweet voice whispers low, and seems to say:
The boy you are to marry, is your only sweetheart Harry,
He loves you for yourself, and you alone.
Then I hear the bell aringing, and a sweet voice softly singing,
This love song to me o'er the telephone.

Hello! All right, Good-bye!

Words by
ROBERT B. MORRIS.

Music by
ELLIS R. EPHRAIM.

Allegretto.

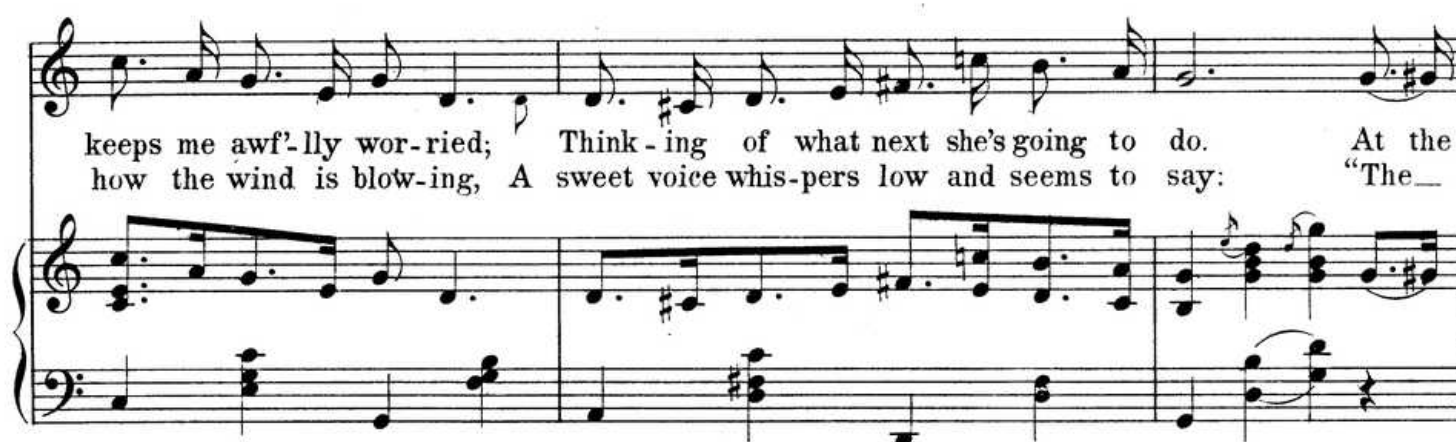
The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked *Allegretto*. The piano part features a melody in the right hand with triplets and a bass line in the left hand. The introduction ends with a *f* (forte) dynamic. The vocal melody enters with the lyrics "My soul has been en-rap-tured, my heart it has been cap-tured By a". The piano accompaniment continues with a *mp* (mezzo-piano) dynamic. The lyrics continue: "She's not a girl of rich-es, her smile al-ways be-witch-es, I—". The piano part has a *p* (piano) dynamic. The lyrics continue: "lit - tle girl whose christ-ian name is Lou. Some day we will be mar-ried, But she think of her at night and all the day. No mat-ter where I'm go-ing, or—". The piano part continues with a *p* dynamic.

Not too fast.

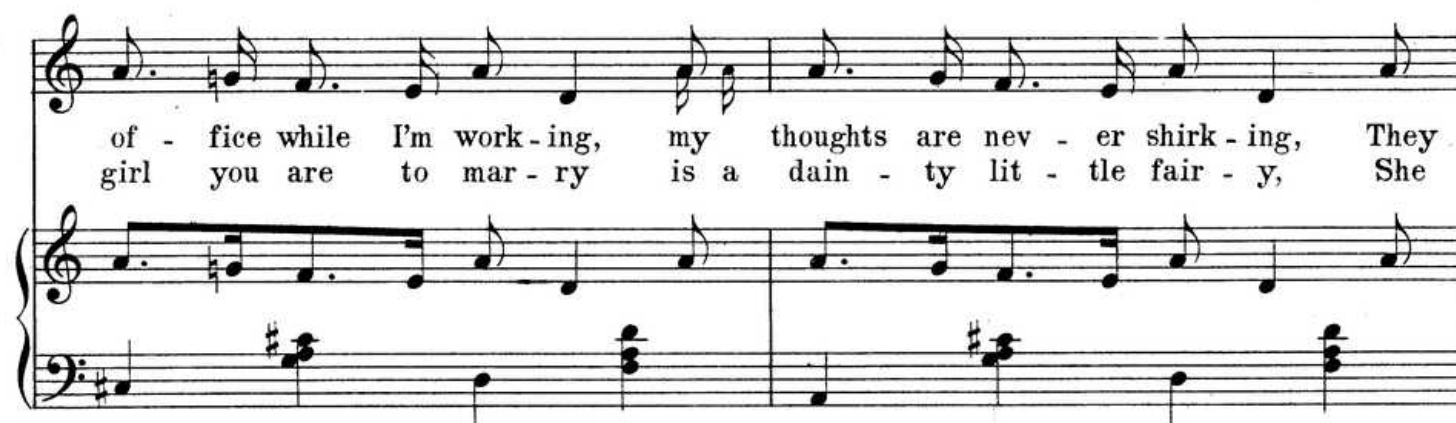
My soul has been en-rap-tured, my heart it has been cap-tured By a
She's not a girl of rich-es, her smile al-ways be-witch-es, I—

till ready.

lit - tle girl whose christ-ian name is Lou. Some day we will be mar-ried, But she
think of her at night and all the day. No mat-ter where I'm go-ing, or—



keeps me awf'-lly wor-ried; Think-ing of what next she's going to do. At the
how the wind is blow-ing, A sweet voice whis-pers low and seems to say: "The—



of - fice while I'm work-ing, my thoughts are nev - er shirk-ing, They
girl you are to mar-ry is a dain - ty lit - tle fair - y, She



dwell up-on my Lou and her a-lone; And when it's least ex-pect-ed, the
loves you for your-self and you a-lone;" Then I hear the bell a-ring-ing, And a



wir - es are con-nect-ed, And this is what I hear come o'er the 'phone.
sweet voice soft - ly sing-ing This love song to me o'er the tel - e - phone.

CHORUS. *A little slower than the verse.*

"Hel - lo, hel-lo there cen - tral, Please give me 6 - 0 - 2. Hel-

lo, is that you Char - lie?" Yes, this is Hon - ey Lou. I

am so lone - ly dar - ling Oh! come up do please try, Now

don't you dis - ap - point me, — Hel - lo, All-right, Good-bye." Hel- bye.

SIX BIG HITS By ERNEST R. BALL

 Try Them on Your Piano 

Get In Line For A Good Old Time.

Words by
B. C. CONTELLI

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL

REFRAIN

line for a good old time. Get in line for a
line for a good old time. Get in line for a
line for a good old time. Get in line for a
line for a good old time. Get in line for a

good old time. Take the frown off your face, go to
good old time. Take the frown off your face, go to
good old time. It is as well to creep for shall
good old time. Might as well go out west where the

some pl - ty place And stick if it costs your last dime. The the
some pl - ty place And stick if it costs your last dime. The the
not be a - sleep. On that you can bet your last dime. And the
near-month drive best Take a trip to U - tah's fair dime. That's

weath - er is cloud - y or fine. Get the right girl and up to her
weath - er is cloud - y or fine. Get the right girl and up to her
lan - guage she'll use will be sweet. Just the kind you don't like to re -
place they don't stand for old maids. And as soon as your wish beauty

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Guess Little Girlie, Who Loves You.

Words by MAURICE J. STONEHILL

Music by ERNEST R. BALL

CHORUS

Guess it - the girl - ie who loves you. Guess it - the one who it
is. Whose heart be - longs to you dear, Who prays that your
heart is his. Guess who it is wants to claim you

And to his fond ho - som press. To his - ge near for - we - us.

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Mah Pretty Chloe From Tennessee.

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Words by
FRANK CRAVEN

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL

CHORUS

Chlo - Chlo - Here I stand re - post - ing
Long - ing for the next - ing Chlo - Chlo - Ma love is like the riv - er,
Flow - ing on for - ev - er And I will say un - til the day when
I am laid a - way I love mah Chlo - e From Ten - nes - see.

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The Girl I Left in Boston Town.

Words by
CHAS. NOEL DOUGLAS
and JOHN W. BRATTON

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL

REFRAIN

Far off in Hong Kong, I love sweet Song - Song, King - ish girls with
no - my cheeks - I - a - dice. Col - lems with blur - ny

from old Kai lei say Bales of Him - o - la - la's shore.

Co - quettes of Cai - so, my heart's on fire, sh.

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In The Shadow Of The Pyramid.

Words by
R. C. Mc PHERSON

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL

CHORUS

Till the shad - ows of the py - ra - mid Shall fade
way Till some shall claim the des - ert place.

In my heart for you a love has bud - Come when you
may And I'll be wait - ing in the shad - low of the Py - ra -

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The Prettiest Gal In Borneo.

Words by
R. C. Mc PHERSON

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL

CHORUS

think you're just the pret - ti - est gal in Bor - ne - o. I've
see - at soon a gal like you kept in a show

When you smile at me so sweet ly Then I lose my head com - plete - ly.

you're the pret - ti - est gal in Bor - ne - o.

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