

THE AUTHOR { OF
THE COMPOSER { THIS
SONG } WROTE

ON A GOOD OLD TROLLEY RIDE
MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS, LOUIS

THAT IS SAYING ENOUGH, IS IT NOT?



THIS IS MAUD

WORDS BY
JOSEPH C. FARRELL

MUSIC BY
KERRY MILLS

**LET'S
ALL
GO UP
TO
MAUD'S**



F. A. MILLS
48 WEST 29TH ST
NEW YORK

"Just for the Sake of Society."

Words by
ALFRED BRYAN.

Music by
KERRY MILLS.

Chorus. Slowly.

Just for the sake of So - ci - e - ty, ba - by is
sad and a - lone, Just for a thing called Pro - pri - e - ty,
Mother's heart's turning to stone; Just for a word harshly spo
ken, ba - by no more she will see. One lit - tle etc.

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"Don't Cry Katie Dear."

Words by JACK TARR.

Music by KERRY MILLS.

Tempo di Marcia. not fast.

Ka - tie dear, don't you - cry. wipe the tear from your eye. Your
Jack is ev - ry inch a sail - or, He's the cap - tain on a whal - er;
Far o'er the blue he is sail - ing to you, He's etc.

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"JUST FOR THE SAKE OF SOCIETY"

is probably the most instantaneously successful song in years.

MR. MILLS, the composer, is the writer of the famous "FARE THEE WELL, MOLLY DARLING," "THE CITY OF SIGHS AND TEARS," "GEORGIA CAMP MEETING," and the greatest hit of the hour—

"MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS, LOUIS"

Still another is "WHEN THE BEES ARE IN THE HIVE," a rustic ballad of great attractiveness, by the composer of scores of successes.

"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: White the old mill wheel turns 'round I'll love you
Ma - ry, When the bees are in the hive I'll come to you.

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"DON'T CRY, KATIE DEAR"

is another great one, and entirely away from any song, it not being in the old hackneyed soldier style. We recommend that you run these compositions over carefully.

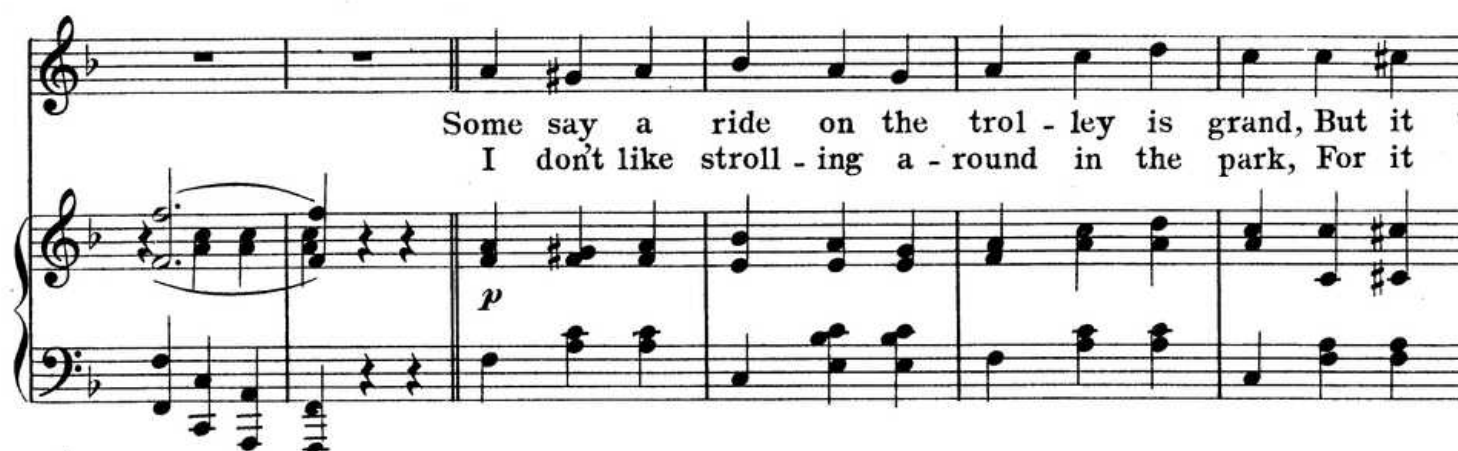
"Let's All Go Up To Maud's."

3

Words by JOSEPH C. FARRELL.

Music by KERRY MILLS.

Tempo di Valse.



place that is all to the mer - ry, ——— A fam' - ly of
just like that lit - tle Jack Hor - ner, ——— Pie was his

no - thing but girls; ——— It looks like a small sem - in -
fa - vor - ite dish; ——— So just give me Maud and a

a - ry, ——— Come up and look o - ver the pearls. ———
cor - ner, ——— And that's all the pie that I wish. ———

CHORUS.

Let's all go up to Maud's, ——— We'll have a ju - bi -

p *f*

Let's all go up to Maud's.

lee; ——— Make love to all her sis - ters, boys, But please leave

Maud for me; ——— Her Ma don't mind the noise, ——— Her

Dad's one of the boys, ——— If you're a bit hand-y, You'll be all the

can-dy, Let's all go up to Maud's. ——— Let's Maud's. ———

Let's all go up to Maud's.

STANDARD SONGS BY STANDARD COMPOSERS.

The Toreador Am I. . . . Words by Arthur Trevelyan. Music by L'Espoir.

High and Low keys
each 60 cts.

Tempo di Bolero. *Vive.*
The Tor - e-a-dor am I, Who waits to do or

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Tempo di Bolero. The Arab's Love Song. . . . Poem by W.C. Kreusch. Music by H. Sylvester Krouse.

High and Low keys
each 50 cts.

Con energico.
A - cross the desert's ar - id waste, Im - pelled by Love's mad

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Annabel Lee. . . . Poem by Edgar Allan Poe. Music by Sigfrid Stenhammar.

High and Low keys
each 1.00.

Allegretto.
It was man - y and man - y a year a - go, In a king - dom by the sea, That a

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Here's To The Rose. *Con espressivo.* . . . Poem by Wm. Richard Goodall. Music by H. Sylvester Krouse.

High and Low keys
each 50 cts.

Andante con moto.
Here's to the rose in the earth - en - cup, Here's to the fad - ed

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Con Spirito. An Arabian Romance. (Bolero). Words by Wm. Richard Goodall. Music by G. J. Couchois.

Price 1.25

rit. a tempo.
No - ble steed, on - ward speed, A cross the burn - ing plain. "Sa - bi" on, thou gal - lant son, Bear
Ve - lo - ce va, no - bil de - strier, Tra - ver - sa lar - den - te pian; Vo - la "Sa - bi" ga - gliar - do cor - sier Mi

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Dost Thou Remember? . . . Words & Music by Theo. H. Northrup.

Price 50 cts.

cantabile.
Moderato.
Thou wert born for love I of - f'rd love to thee, Hum - bly did I bow to
Can re - morse e'er touch that cru - el heart of thine? Wilt thou ev - er in thy

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The Stars All Shine To Night. Words & Music by H. Y. Leavitt.

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Andante espressivo.
The stars all shine to - night, Just as they used to do,

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F. A. MILLS.

Boston: Boylston B'd'g.

48 West 29th Street. New York.

Chicago: Central Music Hall B'd'g.

Under A Blanket In A Folding Bed.

CHORUS.

GEO. M. COHAN.

You can have your bam-boo shelt-'ring leaves of
red, You can have your co-coa-nut trees,
Af-ri-can breeze, all that you please; Just be-lieve me,
I would rath-er be in stead, Un-der a

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"Possum Pie," or "The Stuttering Coon"

Words by
JOS. C. FARRELL.

Music by
HUGHIE CANNON.

Chorus. Slowly.

"Um-pa-puh-puh-puh-P - O, De-de-de-de-de-dou-ble
S, U - u - u - u - u - u - u - M, Of
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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My Sweet Little Eskimo.

Words by
C. L. HERTZMAN.

Music by
HARRY COOPER

CHORUS.

(HUM) My lit-tle, sweet lit-tle
Es-ki-mo, Queen of the land of the ice and snow, Won't you be mine for I
love you so. Please ba-by, don't say no. Your chub-by arms a-
round me throw, Kiss me sweet and whis-per low, Say you'll be mine, let me

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"Here's My Friend."

Words by ED. ROSE.

Music by TED SNYDER

Put your hand on your poc-ket-book and loud-ly cry, "Here's my
friend." You meet your en-emies, 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 poc-ket-book and

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"For A Little While."

Words by JACK TARR.

Music by MAXWELL SILVER
Composer of "Mississippi Mamie"

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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"My Prairie Queen."

Words by ED. ROSE.

Music by TED SNYDER

CHORUS.

Queen of the west - ern prai - rie land, I've come to
ask you for your hand, You'll have blan - kets new, wear red paint and
feathers too, You'll reign so - preme, of you I will dream, Love you are my
ar - row I'm your beau. To ev - ry pow wow, we will
etc.

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"VALSE PRIMROSE"

(LES PRIMEVERES.)

KERRY MILLS.

Andante moderato.

mf *dim.*

Valse Lente.

rit. *mf*

rit. *allegro.*

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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 sleighbells ringing babe When I comes 'round this
way, If you think I'm a hu - man Christ - mas tree, You have
cer - tain - ly made a frost; Be - cause I give you pres - ents, hon - ey,
etc.

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