

THE FIRE MASTER

BY

HARRY J. LINCOLN

MARCH
TWO-STEP



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THE FIRE MASTER.

MARCH AND TWO STEP.

HARRY J. LINCOLN.

INTRO.



March.



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Intro.

TRIO.

ff *p dolce.*

cresc.

ff

f *ff* *f*



Only a Bunch of Violets.

Words by ANDREW B. STERLING.

Music by C. M. VANDERSLOOT.

CHORUS.

On - ly a bunch of vi - o - lets Wig - ged 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 dance-ing throng, How quick - ly a maid-en for - gets, — It

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

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES.

Words by AL TRAHERN.

A Song of the South.

Music by LEE OREAN SMITH.

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

FOR YOU.

Words by G. H. KERR.

COMFASION TO AFTER ALL.

Music by HOWARD WEBSTER.

CHORUS.

Al - though the 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. —

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 win - ter'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. —

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. —

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. —

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. —



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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 - bove. —

Beau - ty lost for me the on - ly one I ev - 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. —

SWEET CLOVER.

Words by AL TRAHERN.

Founded on the play of "SWEET CLOVER."

REFRAIN. Andantino quasi All'ito

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 e - ver. No sweet

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

Chorus, Words by Andrew B. Sterling.

Music by LEE OREAN SMITH.

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

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 - ber, —

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