

Ch. Brown



IT'S A LONG WAY FROM BERLIN TO BROADWAY



WORDS AND MUSIC

BY

HAROLD B. FREEMAN

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Introd.

Vamp

Kel - ly was a
Kel - ly lead his

lan - ky Yan - kee fight - ing in the fray, A thou - sand miles a - way from
reg - i - ment through fi - ery shot and shell, He did his du - ty well and

all the lights and sights of Broad - way, Nel - lie was his sweet - heart and one day she got a
just be - fore he fell in bat - tle, Tell the boys to keep on fight - ing, Peace is near, I

ritard

note, It was - n't ve - ry long for this is all he wrote.
know, Then as Peace came to him he mur - mured soft and low.

ritard

CHORUS

It's a long Way from Ber - lin to Broad - way, ——— But I'll soon be on my

way; ——— We've captured the Rhine, and it's called Bran - dy - wine, Ev - er since we

went a - way ——— We will hock Kai - ser Bill in the morn - ing ——— That's one

bill we'll nev - er pay; ——— We'll soon take a trip up - on a big bat - tle

ship and hit the trail for old Broad - way. ——— It's a way ———

HAROLD FREEMAN'S MASTERPIECE.
MY MOTHER'S LULLABY.

If you can pause for a moment, in this whirl of life, and lay aside the cares and the worries, and look back-across the bridge of life when you were a kid in your mother's arms, in your mind the sweetest picture in the world will be formed, when your mother was singing you to sleep with the beautiful strains of "Rock-a-bye, Baby."

Too young to have a care in the world, you were content in those strong arms, and Paradise could never be nearer to you than at that time.

That's what MY MOTHER'S LULLABY brings to you - the most beautiful memories, the thoughts of childhood, of mother, and of peace. It's a song of mother-love, and in the sublimity of the devotion of the mother for her child, MY MOTHER'S LULLABY excels the ordinary song; it is nothing pretentious, but a simple story, and a story that the whole world loves, told in a simple way. Can these words awaken in your heart a faint throb of responsiveness and bring you memories-wonderful memories.

CHORUS

In the days of long ago, Mother sang to me,
Just a song so soft and low, an old sweet melody;
It wasn't a classic of opera so grand,
A sweet simple tune you could all understand,
Rock-a-bye Baby on the tree-top, seemed to make me cry,
Still I hear it, soft and low, MY MOTHER'S LULLABY.

And then play this little bit of the music:-

CHORUS. Slowly and tenderly

In the days of long a - go, Moth-er sang to
me Just a song so soft and low, An old sweet mel-o

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This is HAROLD FREEMAN'S MASTERPIECE- the greatest song that he has ever written, and it will be the biggest hit of 1917-18. Get it while it's new, and join the thousands who are now singing it. **FOR SALE AT ALL WOOLWORTH, KRESGE, MCCRORY, or KRESS STORES** or sent direct from the publishers upon receipt of **30 Cents.**

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