

GIVE US JUST ANOTHER LINCOLN



Words & Music by

PAUL DRESSER

Published by
Dresser, Dresser & Co.
Mason Temple, Chicago.
and elsewhere.

HOWLEY, HAVILAND & CO.
1250-1255 Broadway, New York
MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO. - CHAS. SHEPARD & CO. DETROIT.

COMPOSER OF
"The Bow and The Arrow"
"The Green Above The Red"
"On The Banks of the Hudson"
AND MANY OTHER SUCCESSSES

THE GREEN ABOVE THE RED

—BY—

PAUL DRESSER.

THE COMPANION SONG TO HIS IMMENSELY POPULAR
THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

This song bids fair to outrival any previous efforts of Paul Dresser.
Those who have heard it say it is a greater song than

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

What is your verdict? It has just been issued, and therefore is Paul Dresser's latest. Read the Chorus:

Fighting not for flag or country,
Fighting not because it's just,
Longing for old Ireland's freedom,
They fight because they must.
Bearing all the brunt of battle.
There they nobly fought and bled,
When they come back from the Transvaal
You'll see the Green above the Red.

The music written in stirring march tempo, a melody that is even more thrilling than

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY,

a counter melody running through the entire composition that is a positive novelty, introducing as it does some of the old favorite Irish airs. Don't fail to ask your dealer for this song. After you've played it and you think it isn't all that we've said of it, you may bring it back, but we know you won't do that. Price of

THE GREEN ABOVE THE RED

By **Paul Dresser,**

50 CENTS.

For Sale Wherever Music is Sold.

Give Us Just Another Lincoln.

By PAUL DRESSER.

Tempo di Marcia.

Piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked *Tempo di Marcia.* and *cresc.* The music features a series of chords and eighth-note patterns in both hands.

Martial.

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics, marked *Martial.* The piano part is marked *ff* and *p*. The lyrics are: "With war on ev - 'ry / The moth - er in her".

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. The lyrics are: "side of us our na - tion great and grand,..... To guide the Ship of State a - right, will / hum - ble home thinks of her boy in blue,..... Who fights in some far dis - tant land, to his".

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need a mas - ter hand,..... The cry goes up in this great land of free - dom "dear - ly
coun - try ev - er true, She loves the flag, al - so her boy, from whom she had to

won,"..... Bring forth some one to bear the flag, a man to lead us on!.....
part,..... But war broke up her lit - tie home, and al - so broke her heart!.....

REFRAIN. *Con spirito.*

Give us just an - oth - er Lin - com,..... or a Thom - as Jef - fer -

son,..... Give to us a Grant or Jack - son,..... whose

fame lives on and on..... One who's loy - al to his

coun - try..... One whose work when done..... Shall

be be - loved by all the na - tion..... As they loved George

1. Wash - ing - ton..... 2. ton.....

ff *fz fz fz*

Do you like "I CAN'T TELL WHY I LOVE YOU, BUT I DO?" Do you know the writers of this song have "topped" their success with just such another "winner?" Have you heard "THE SINGER AND THE SONG?" Read the story and imagine a melody of inexpressible sweetness and beauty, with a refrain that carries you with it till the last note dies away and you have a faint conception of

THE SINGER AND THE SONG

—BY—

WILL D. COBB & GUS EDWARDS.

I was sitting at a table in a concert hall one
night,
Where songs and music filled the air and lights
were burning bright,
When a shout of laughter sounded o'er the old
piano's ring,
As a woman staggered from her seat and vol-
unteered to sing.
I saw the woman standing there a picture of
disgrace,
I heard her voice ring loud and clear, I gazed
into her face,
Then I bowed my head in sorrow there amid that
motley throng,
For I recognized the singer and I recognized the
song.

'Twas the song we sang together in the days of
long ago,
As boy and girl we sat and watched the sunset's
crimson glow,
Far away beyond the city in that old Kentucky
town,
Where I loved the pretty singer with her hair and
eyes of brown.
Our wedding day was drawing nigh my bride she
was to be;
A hasty word, a quarrel, and her face no more I
see,
Till she stands that night before me; then my
heart is filled with shame.
For her face reveals her story and I know I am
to blame,

CHORUS.

"Weep no more, my lady," 'twas a song of a bygone day,
An old familiar melody that roll'd the years away,
And I saw another picture of the singer and the song,
In my old Kentucky home, far away.

If you want a good song you cannot afford to let this pass; ask for it wherever
music is sold. Our guarantee that it's a peer among songs goes with it.

THE PUBLISHERS,

HOWLEY, HAVILAND & CO.,

"The House on Broadway"

Masonic Temple,
CHICAGO.

1260-66 Broadway,
NEW YORK.

PURITY! PATHOS! BEAUTY! SENTIMENT!

Four attributes all combined in the greatest song of the century, by the greatest living writer of sentimental and home songs,

PAUL DRESSER

The masterpiece of this author's success as a song writer,

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

Or, A MOTHER'S GIFT TO HER COUNTRY.

(Not a Patriotic Song)

The "Wabash" was a song that went straight to the hearts of a million people.

"The Blue and the Gray" will touch the hearts of ten millions.

TRY THIS OVER.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY PAUL DRESSER

CHORUS.
Con spirito.

One lies down near Ap-po-mat-tox, Ma-ny miles a-way, An-oth-er sleeps at Chick-a-mau-ga, And they ooth wore suits of gray, Mid the strains of "Down in Dixie," The third was laid a-way, In a trench at San-ti-a-go, The Blue and the Gray.

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PRICE, 50 CENTS.

A song that will live forever, a song for the million, a song for the home, by the man whose words in song have gone into more homes than any writer living, Paul Dresser. Ask for "The Blue and the Gray." Hear it, you will want it. Copies from your dealers or from the publishers.

ALSO ARRANGED FOR

Four Hands, - - -	.60	Mixed Quartette, - - -	.25	2 Mandolins and Piano, -	.50
Two-Step for Piano Solo, -	.50	Male Quartette, - - -	.25	2 Mandolins, Guitar & Piano, -	.60
March for Band, - - -	.50	Mandolin and Piano, - - -	.40	Mandolin, Guitar and Piano, -	.50
Medley March for Orchestra, -	.75	Mandolin and Guitar, - - -	.40	2 Mandolins - - -	.40
10 Parts and Piano, - - -	.95	Mandolin Solo, - - -	.30	Vocal Duett, - - -	.60
14 Parts and Piano, - - -					

ASK YOUR DEALER TO SHOW YOU A COPY.

CALLING TO HER BOY JUST ONCE AGAIN

This is the name of

PAUL DRESSER'S

New Ballad, the phenomenal hit of W. H. WEST'S MINSTRELS, as sung by the great tenor, R. J. JOSE. Mr. Dresser's past successes have been eclipsed by this song, which for beauty of melody and peerless words will make it the greatest success this popular author has ever conceived. 'Tis a song similar to the famous "WABASH" in the style of its music, and the chorus given here will convey just an idea as to its beauty.

CHORUS.

I'd go back to the days of want and sorrow,
Contented now and then with just a smile,
I'd give up all that I could steal or borrow
To nestle at her knee a little while,
I'd give up all the future hope of Heaven,
Eternally to live in endless pain,
To see my mother at the east end window
Calling to her boy just once again.

Ask your dealer to obtain it for you. You will be more than charmed with it.
'Tis a typical Dresser home song, pure sweet and altogether beautiful.

CHARLES KENT, Leading Baritone of PRIMROSE & DOCKSTADER'S MINSTRELS has scored a pronounced and unprecedented success with

I'D STILL BELIEVE YOU TRUE

By PAUL DRESSER.

A song that echoes the words springing from the hearts of the millions, whose love for those dear to them is priceless, the words of him who holds in his keeping the love of a good and true woman are given below.

'Twas on a summer's evening, my sweetheart Kate and I
Were strolling down a shaded country lane,
In anger there I told her she was faithless and untrue,
We parted vowing ne'er to meet again.
In tears my sweetheart left me, I felt that I was wrong,
I knew that it meant misery to part,
I sought her out and begged her to forgive my cruel words,
And thus I spoke to her from out my heart:

The years are slowly drifting, my sweetheart Kate and I,
Are strolling down the narrow lane of life,
To me she's been an angel, a sort of guiding star,
Ever since the day I made her wife.
But bless her heart I love her when winter evenings come,
We sit down by the fire side by side,
I tell her of the quarrel that near made us strangers once,
And then these words I sing to her with pride:

CHORUS.

If the whole world came and said unkind things of you,
If they all deserted Kate and friends were mighty few,
If the very angels should turn away from you,
I'd take you in my arms and still believe you true.

The music is beautiful, simple and pathetic. Ask for Dresser's new one. Wherever music is sold. Our guarantee that it is one of Dresser's best songs goes with it.—THE PUBLISHER.

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