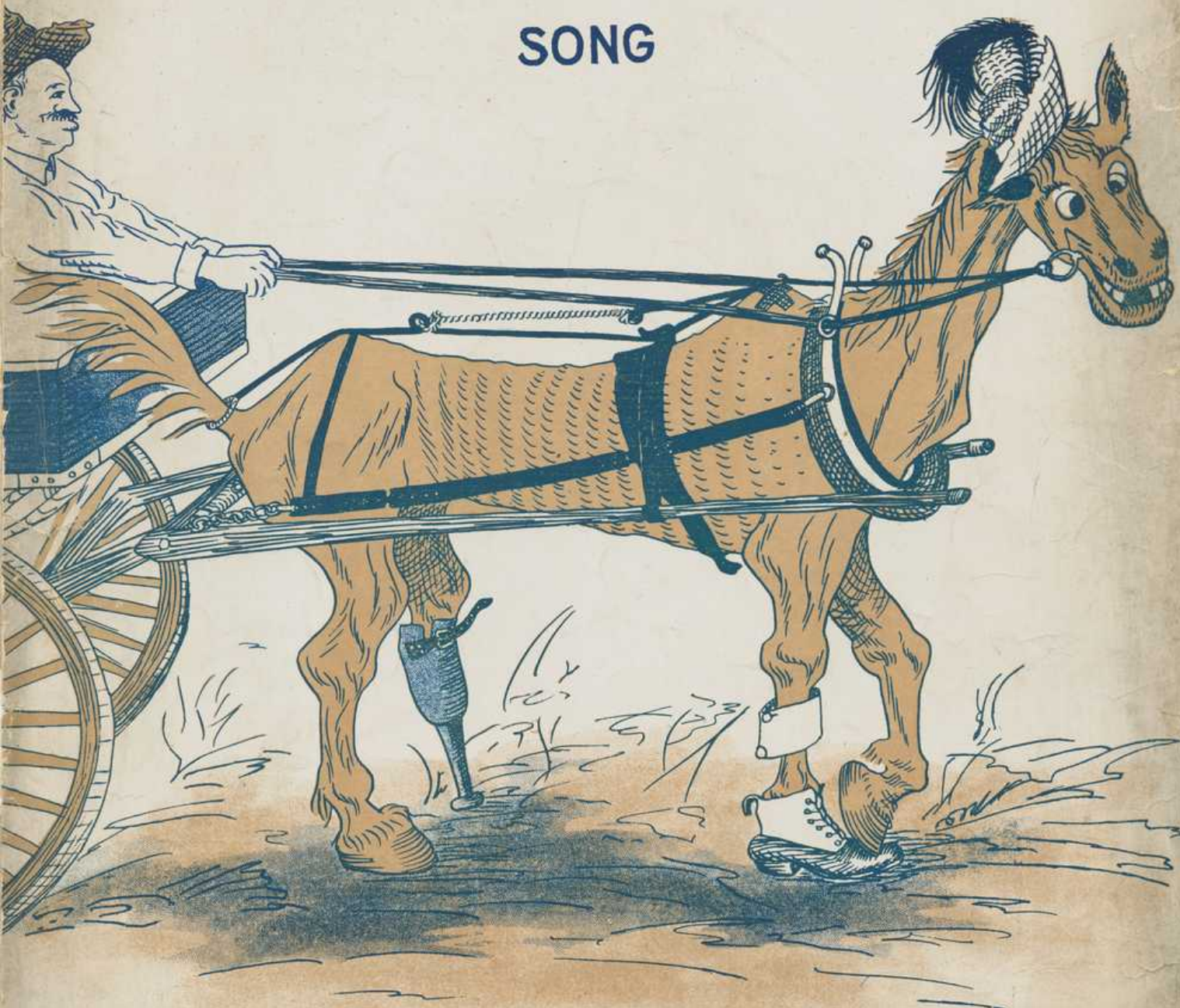


THE OLD GREY MARE

{THE WHIFFLE-TREE}

SONG



5

Jew

JOE MORRIS MUSIC CO.

145 WEST 45TH ST., NEW YORK

The Old Grey Mare

5th Verse

Oh! the Old Grey Mare was
 Burning up the track
 Burning up the track
 Burning up the track
 The Old Grey Mare was
 Burning up the track
 Many long years ago.

5th Chorus

Many long years ago,
 Many long years ago,
 Oh! the Old Grey Mare was
 Burning up the track
 Burning up the track
 Burning up the track
 The Old Grey Mare was
 Burning up the track
 Many long years ago.

6th Verse

Oh! the Old Grey Mare she
 Lost a tooth or two,
 Lost a tooth or two
 Lost a tooth or two
 The Old Grey Mare she
 Lost a tooth or two
 Many long years ago.

6th Chorus

Many long years ago,
 Many long years ago,
 Oh! the Old Grey Mare she
 Lost a tooth or two
 Lost a tooth or two
 Lost a tooth or two
 The Old Grey Mare she
 Lost a tooth or two
 Many long years ago.

7th Verse

Oh! the Old Grey Mare she
 Carried Uncle Sam
 Carried Uncle Sam
 Carried Uncle Sam
 The Old Grey Mare she
 Carried Uncle Sam
 Many long years ago.

7th Chorus

Many long years ago
 Many long years ago
 The Old Grey Mare she
 Carried Uncle Sam
 Carried Uncle Sam
 Carried Uncle Sam
 The Old Grey Mare she
 Carried Uncle Sam
 Many long years ago.

8th Verse

Oh! the Old Grey Mare she
 Liked her Apple Jack
 Liked her Apple Jack
 Liked her Apple Jack
 The Old Grey Mare she
 Liked her Apple Jack
 Many long years ago.

8th Chorus

Many long years ago
 Many long years ago
 Oh! the Old Grey Mare she
 Chewed Tobacco too
 Chewed Tobacco too
 Chewed Tobacco too
 The Old Grey Mare she
 Chewed Tobacco too
 Many long years ago.

The Old Grey Mare

5

By FRANK PANELLA

Piano

Oh! The Old Grey Mare was Fight - ing at the front, Fight - ing
 Oh! The Old Grey Mare ain't What she used to be, What she
 The Old Grey Mare she Kicked at the whif - fle tree. Kicked at the
 The Old Grey Mare stood Un - der the ap - ple tree, Un - der the

at the front, Fight - ing at the front, The Old Grey Mare was
 used to be, What she used to be, The Old Grey Mare ain't
 whif - fle tree, Kicked at the whif - fle tree, The Old Grey Mare she
 ap - ple tree, Un - der the ap - ple tree, The Old Grey Mare stood

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Fight - ing at the front, Ma - ny long years a - go. _____
 What — she used to be, Ma - ny long years a - go. _____
 Kicked at the whif - fle tree, Ma - ny long years a - go. _____
 Un - der the ap - ple tree, Ma - ny long years a - go. _____

Chorus.

Ma - ny long years a - go, _____ Ma - ny long
 Ma - ny long years a - go, _____ Ma - ny long
 Ma - ny long years a - go, _____ Ma - ny long
 Ma - ny long years a - go, _____ Ma - ny long

p-f

years a - go, Oh! the Old Grey Mare was Fight - ing
 years a - go, Oh! the Old Grey Mare ain't What she
 years a - go, The Old Grey Mare she Kicked at the
 years a - go, The Old Grey Mare stood Un - der the

at the front, Fight - ing at the front, Fight - ing
used to be, What she used to be, What she
whif - fle tree, Kicked at the whif - fle tree, Kicked at the
ap - ple tree, Un - der the ap - ple tree, Un - der the

at the front, The Old Grey Mare was Fight - ing at the front,
used to be, The Old Grey Mare ain't What she used to be,
whif - fle tree, The Old Grey Mare she Kicked at the whif - fle tree,
ap - ple tree, The Old Grey Mare stood Un - der the ap - ple tree,

Ma - ny long years a - go. go. Ma - ny long years a - go. go.
Ma - ny long years a - go. go. Ma - ny long years a - go. go.
Ma - ny long years a - go. go. Ma - ny long years a - go. go.
Ma - ny long years a - go. go. Ma - ny long years a - go. go.

Fine.
D.S.

TRY THIS OVER ON YOUR PIANO.

Just A Thought Of Yesterday.

By FRED W. PIKE and
FREDERICK SEYMOUR.

Valse lente.

Piano. *f*

Andante.

Till Ready. *p*

I sit and pon - der, And then grow fond - er,
Sweet-hearts were dear - er, Your friends were near - er,

Of days that now are gone; My heart was light - er,
The days of old were best; Then love was deep - er,

The world seemed bright - er, And life's a sweet love song;
The smiles were sweet - er, Those mem - o - ries are blest;

The nights were long - er, And love grew strong - er, It was a joy di - vine.
Time now goes fast - er, Still love's the mas - ter, We're reap - ing what we've sown.