

"Childhood."

Words by
ALFRED BRYAN.

Music by
KERRY MILLS.

Tempo di Valse.



O - ver the hill - side, down by the mill - side,
Let down your tress - es, those gold - en tress - es,



Come let us wan - der to - night; The old oak-en buck - et still
O - ver your shoul-ders of white, Just put on that old gyp - sy



hangs on the chain And swings in the moon's sil - ver light;
hat once a - gain And let us be chil - dren to - night;



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Sweet scenes of child-hood, deep dell and wild-wood, Beck-on to
Love then was pur-er, hearts then were tru-er When you wore a

you and to me; In fan-cy's do-main, let us
plain cal-i-co, Way down by the stream, let us

wan-der a-gain, As we did in the used-to-be.
sit, love, and dream, As we did in the long-a-go.

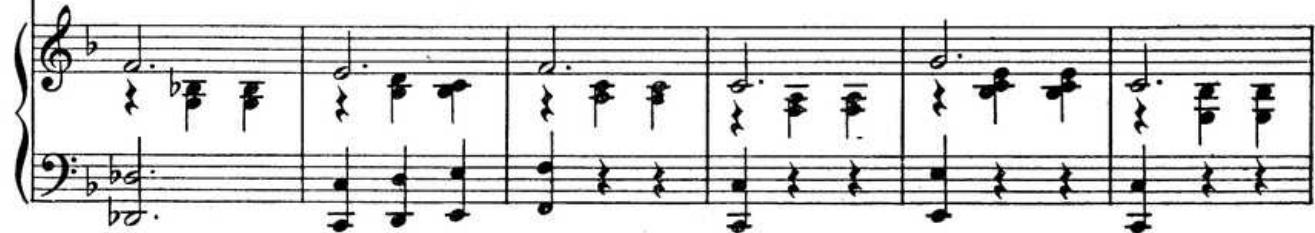
CHORUS.

Child-hood, child-hood, In-no-cent days of child-hood

Com - ing from school, wad - ing the pool, Roam - ing in the



wild - - wood; Child - hood, child - hood,



I'd give the world if I could kiss you, sweet Kate, As I



1 2
did thro' the gate, In those in - no-cent days of child - hood. - hood.



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KERRY MILLS SONGS

While not lessening the interest in the others we wish to call your attention to "ANY OLD PORT IN A STORM." Not since "ASLEEP IN THE DEEP" has a sea song come into popularity so rapidly.

"The Longest Way 'Round Is The Sweetest Way Home"

CHORUS.

The long-est way round is the sweet-est way home, The old road makes us part too
soon, The short way's the wrong way, the right way's the long way, All lov-ers go
that way to spoon; The long way you see, is a great chance for
me, To tell you my love is sin - cere, As the long-est way

"YES SHE DID."

CHORUS. Try And Get Out Of Here To-night.)
"You can stay out all night," she said, Yes she did, Oh! Yes she did
"Stay out and paint the old town red and don't mind me;
Take Miss-u Brown a - long in-stead! That's what she said, oh! yes she did! "But"
try and get out of here to-night If you don't take me;
try and get out of here to-night But don't ask me!"

"Any Old Port In A Storm."

Words by
ARTHUR J. LAMB.

Music by
KERRY MILLS.

REFRAIN.

An - y old port in a storm lads What-
ever that port may be, And thanks be giv-en our
Fa - ther in Heav'n Who watch-es o'er you and me, Tho; we're

"Under The Chicken Tree."

Music by
KERRY MILLS.

Words by
IRVING JONES.
CHORUS.

A little slower.
Un - der the chick - en tree, Un - der that big fric - as -
see, Hens were pop-pin' out of ev - ry blos - som;
Lost all my love for the bird they call the pos - sum;

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