HERITAGE OF HARMONY

SONGBOOK

A collection of favorite barbershop songs commemorating the Golden Anniversary of the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America, Inc.

Edited By

Burt Szabo

SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION AND ENCOURAGEMENT
OF BARBER SHOP QUARTET SINGING IN AMERICA

INCORPORATED

Heritage of Harmony Songbook

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PREFACE

This book is dedicated to all the singers who have helped preserve a native American musical ensemble, the barbershop quartet.

American popular musical history of the past century is seasoned with the music of the barbershop quartet . . . in early recordings, minstrel and vaudeville shows, movies, and on Broadway. A development of the 19th century vocal practice influenced by the rise of Tin Pan Alley music of the early 1900s, the barbershop quartet continues to flourish in 1988 because it provides a unique opportunity for four male voices to create unaccompanied music that is thrilling and soul-satisfying. Whether the quartet consists of four fellows who meet now and then to sing the old songs, or four men who strive to reach the highest levels of ensemble singing through hours of dedicated rehearsal, (or 20-100 singers who join their voices in a barbershop chorus), the primary joy is the same, creating a unique kind of vocal music. For this reason alone the barbershop quartet will continue to live on and provide countless hours of musical satisfaction for those fortunate enough to be a part of it.

No one knows for sure just when the first barbershop music was sung or who the singers were. The American popular music composers of the late 19th and early 20th centuries recognized the need for creating songs that could be harmonized easily by people without musical training but who possessed an intuitive ear for close harmony singing. The absence of radio, movies, television and many other forms of entertainment meant that, for most folks, entertainment was self-made and home-grown. Every parlor contained the home entertainment center, an upright piano, and evenings frequently found family and friends gathered around the keyboard learning, singing and enjoying the popular songs of the day. When four fellows found that they could create music without the assistance of the piano, the quartet moved to the street corner, barbershop or Town Hall and impromptu singing might break out wherever four men of similar persuasion gathered. If there were a lead singer who knew the song, a bass to provide a foundation for the harmony, a silvery voiced tenor who could provide a harmony above the melody, and a baritone who could weave his way amongst the other three voices, barbershop music might result.

It wasn't long before the male quartet became a standard act in vaudeville shows and other musical entertainments. The popularity of quartet singing is verified by the many recordings made in the years 1905 to 1930 by such well-known foursomes as the Avon Comedy Four, the American Quartette, the Lyric Quartette, the Hayden Quartette, and the Peerless Quartette. Their performances of music of the middle 1800s to the 1920s form the heart of barbershop music as we know it today.

This collection is designed for amateur singers although professionals may wish to blend their voices as well. The songs chosen effectively illustrate the barbershop style. There are songs about home, humorous songs, songs of pathos and longing, and patriotic songs. Some are almost classic in their use of lyrical and musical materials. Some achieved popularity among a small group of devotees; others became known world-wide. Some were written by famous song writers; some by virtual unknowns. Sing them and sing them often. They are part of the history of American popular music.

The Society is greatly indebted to a group of men who helped arrange and edit this collection. Without the help of Jack Baird, Dave Briner, Fraser Brown, Dennis Burnett, Rob Campbell, Paul Engel, Tom Gentry, Bob Graham, Don Gray, Val Hicks, John Hohl, Rob Hopkins, Steve Jamison, Joe Liles, Bob Margison, Earl Moon, Lou Perry, Kirk Roose, and Ed Waesche, this volume could not have come into being. A special "Thank You" goes to Rik Ogden, whose artwork graces the cover of this volume. Thank you all.

Burt Szabo
Editor

A REMINISCENCE

In the introduction to this collection of barbershop arrangements, Editor Burt Szabo states that these songs are "part of the history of American popular music". Certainly they are a part of my musical history. Indeed, in reviewing the titles, I discovered that I had sung the majority of these songs before I ever heard of the Barbershop Harmony Society in 1949. These songs were part of the experience of my growing up.

Most of my youth was spent in the small town of North Sydney, population 7,500, on the island of Cape Breton in the province of Nova Scotia, Canada, where the ethnic background was primarily Scottish and English with a liberal sprinkling of Irish and Welsh. A close knit community with relatives everywhere, it was reasonably remote geographically and hard hit by the Depression. Folks pretty well provided their own entertainment and most of the entertainment emanated from the family radio and the piano. My mother played quite well and many, many evenings were spent singing the songs which came from the seemingly limitless supply in the piano bench. These included the popular songs of the day and, of course, all the old favorites, many of which are featured in this collection.

Almost everyone sang the melody. There would be some harmonizing, usually tenor or alto, with an occasional tentative bass, usually the melody an octave lower, added. However, I must say that my early attempts at harmony happened away from the piano . . . at church camps, at picnics, or, in later years when two of my gang had access to family automobiles, on the way home from weekend dances or outings. The harmony was similar to what we sang around the piano . . . mostly three-part harmony consisting of lead, tenor, and bass.

There were many mixed quartets in my area, but the only male quartet I remember was a group from the United Church in Sydney Mines, about three miles away. They were very good but sang few of the popular songs of the day or yesteryear. Most of my quartet experience came through listening to the radio, to quartets like The King's Men, The Sportsmen, The Cities Service Quartet, and later, the great Mills Brothers.

Then came college, and my first genuine quartet singing experience, and it was there that I was introduced to the mysteries of the baritone part. I was fortunate to attend college immediately following the Second World War. There were many returning vets, men as much as 10 years older than I was. This meant that they were much closer than I to the pre-radio quartet era. They knew even more old songs than I did and they sang them "four-part". We had lots of quartets (not formally organized . . . but extemporaneously gathered together from whomever was available) and we sang mostly by ear. This kind of unrehearsed singing was, and still is, called woodshedding. Often some of the guys would help out by teaching someone else a part. We sang everywhere; we sang in homes, we entertained at dances and on campus shows, and, what was probably the most fun of all, we serenaded the girls' residences. We even had a 16-man chorus that performed frequently. And we sang the songs in this book, or at least many of them.

So I say "thank you" for this collection of songs. There may be 65 songs, but for me, they represent at least a thousand memories.

Hugh Ingraham
Executive Director 1977-1987
SPEBSQSA, Inc.

ABOUT THE BARBERSHOP STYLE

These comments are directed to academically trained musicians who may wonder at some of the peculiarities of the barbershop style. They may note that the music contains occasional examples of parallel 5ths and parallel octaves, frequent unresolved chord 7ths, and numerous violations of academic principles of voice leading.

Since the first barbershop singers produced their music by ear, did not write down their arrangements, and were more concerned with the completeness of each chord and the avoidance of doubles (except in triads), the violations, from an academic point of view, cannot be due to a lack of musical training on the part of these early practitioners of the art. It is simply not possible to have every 7th chord complete and to resolve every 7th "correctly" without an occasional unusual move in one of the harmony parts, or an instance of parallel 5ths or octaves. The primary objective of close harmony singers is to achieve the fullest sounding, most spine-tingling voicing of each chord, and to create the most soul-satisfying and pleasurable four part sounds possible as the three harmonizing voices manuever adroitly and skillfully dodge one another as they proceed to the cadences. In addition, barbershop music is filled with examples of substitute chords and chord progressions never mentioned in theory books. There is no doubt that this harmonic innocence is part of the charm of the music. It may be that there are harmonic relationships in barbershop music found no where else in the musical world. We'll leave that to the theoreticians to discover. The editor hopes your text book training will not inhibit your enjoyment of the music, but will, instead, help you to delight in the skill with which performers bring this music to life.

SOME PERFORMANCE NOTES

Since barbershop music is sung unaccompanied, its performers have traditionally taken considerable liberties with tempo and rhythm, especially in the performance of ballads and those songs which do not demand a strong rhythmic or metric pulsation.

The interpretation (tempo and dynamics) is usually dictated by the lead (melody) singer, who is free to present the melody as he feels fit according to his emotional perceptions and musical instincts. Altering written rhythms to better express the text, using fermatas and tenutos to stress important words, using ritardando, accelerando, and rubato to help express the message of the lyric, varying the dynamic inflections (loud, soft) to create excitement, suspense or other effects . . . all these techniques, and more, are available to the singers to use as they feel appropriate to the music and lyric. You will note very few interpretive markings in the music. Performers are encouraged to provide their own individual interpretations.

During performances the melody must always be clearly heard. This almost dictates a softer, non-soloistic tenor voice, often falsetto, to provide the upper harmony. Basses need to sing with a fairly robust quality, but please, no heavy-footed semi-operatic style, and the baritone voice must be of a quality to blend smoothly with the others, filling out the harmonies without drawing undue attention to himself. At times the melody may be given briefly to the tenor or bass voice. These occasions are always indicated in the music. At such points the tenor or bass assumes the leading role and the lead singer becomes a harmonizing voice, changing his voice quality and volume level to blend with the other three. Some feel it is best to have the baritone and tenor stand at the ends of the quartet and the lead singer between the tenor and the bass. You may wish to experiment to find the performing position which best suits your quartet. One of the advantages of singing unaccompanied music is that the performers are not restricted to the key in which the music is written. Performers are encouraged to sing the music one half step lower, or higher, if it will be more comfortable for them and if the music will fit their vocal ranges better.

Whether you sing for the P.T.A., a church dinner, a retirement center, on a barbershop show, or simply for your own enjoyment, always sing with a true and understanding heart. The warmth and tenderness expressed in these songs written so long ago are just as genuine and valid and appreciated in the present day as they were then. Good harmony to you.

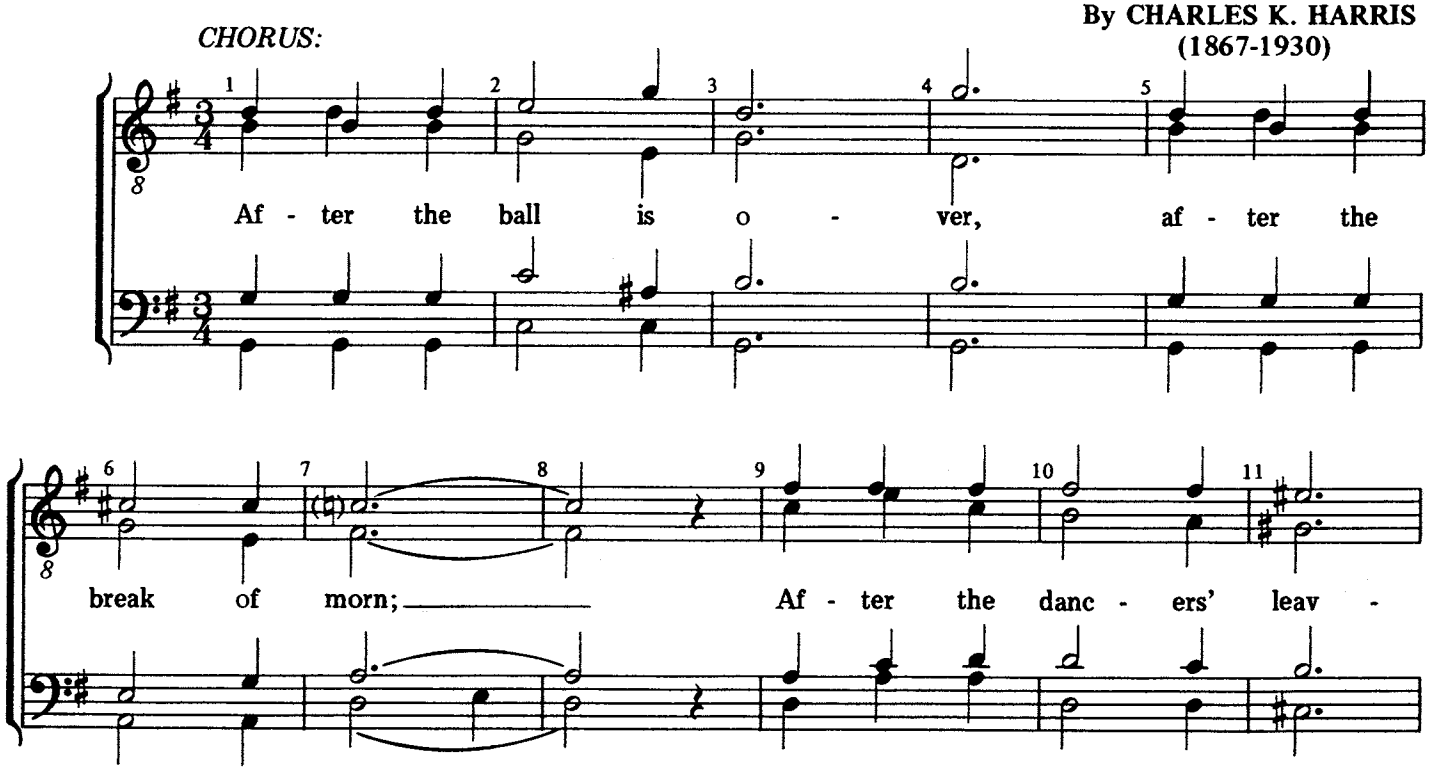
1938
50
S.P.E.B.S.Q.S.A.
1988
Heritage of Harmony

AFTER THE BALL

1892

Charles K. Harris, the composer of "After The Ball," was born in Poughkeepsie, New York and died in New York City. At various times in his life he was a banjo player, pawnbroker, vaudeville performer, and publisher of music, but he is best known as the composer of some of the Victorian era's most sentimental songs. If there was a tear to be found in a lyric, Charles Harris could find it. "After The Ball" was written for an amateur minstrel group in Milwaukee while he was a music publisher in Chicago. The audience loved it immediately, and it was further popularized by Sousa's Band at the Chicago World's Fair the next year.

Other songs by Harris include "Break The News To Mother," "Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven" and "In The City Where Nobody Cares." The very titles give us a good idea of the kinds of songs our grandparents enjoyed singing. Perhaps there's a ring of truth in those old lyrics yet.



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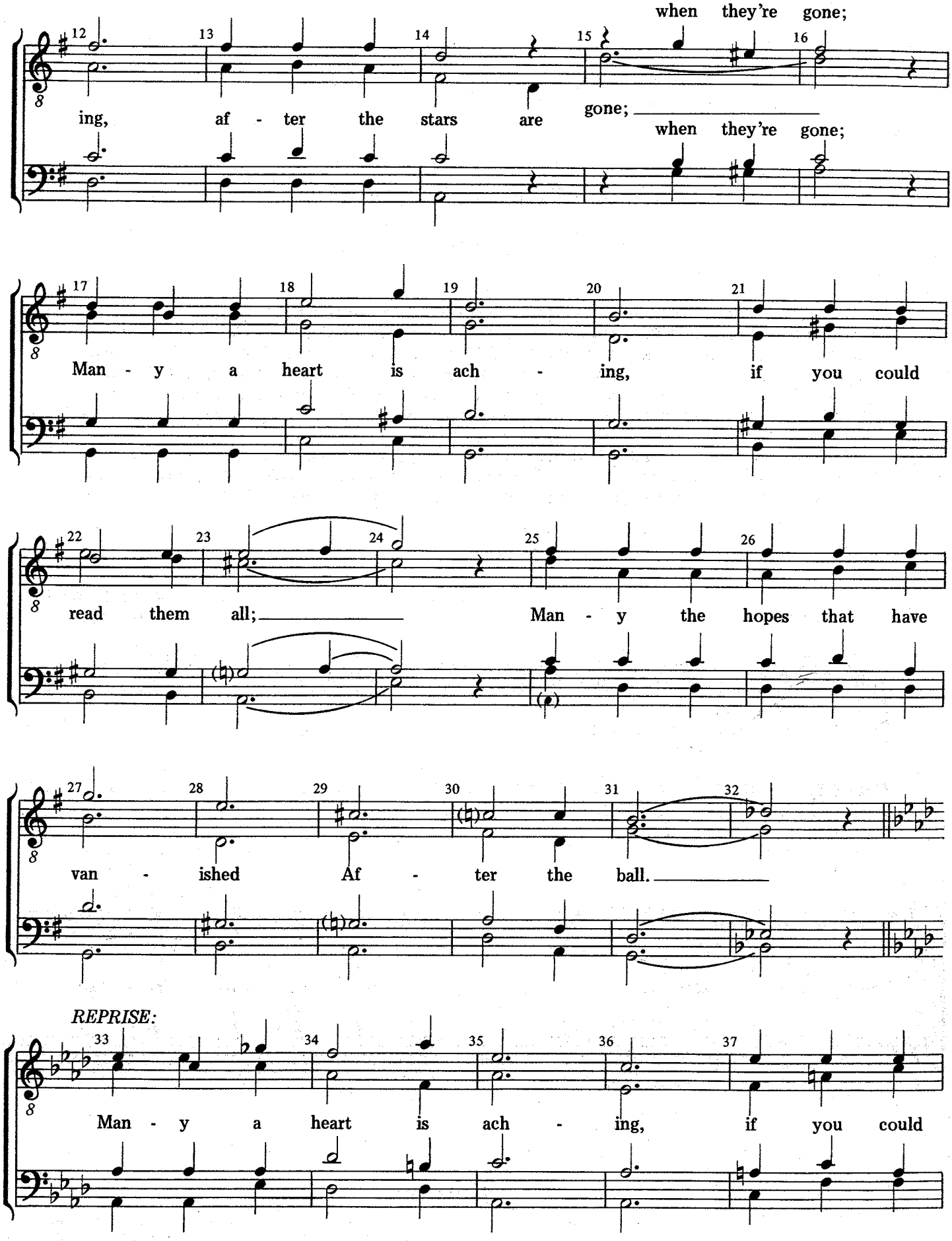
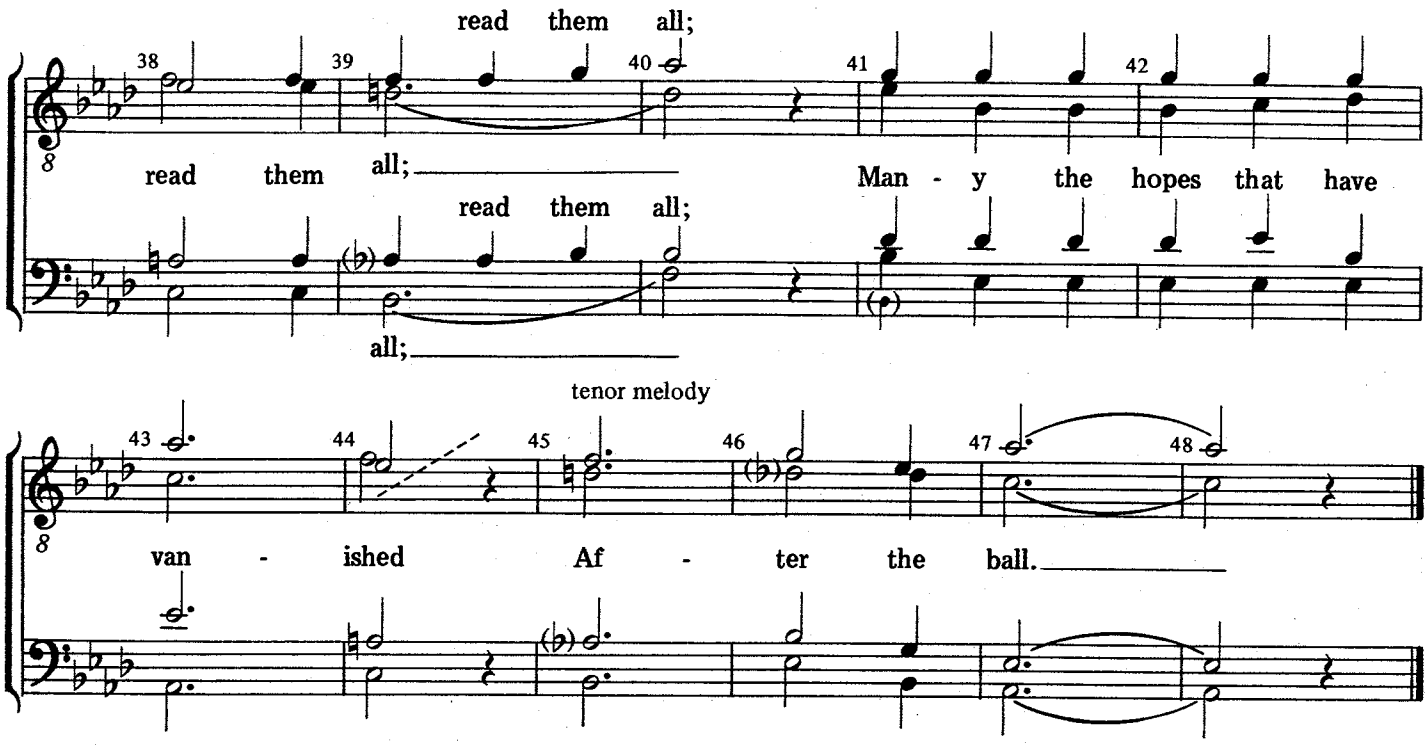

when they're gone;
ing, af - ter the stars are gone;
when they're gone;
Man - y a heart is ach - ing, if you could
read them all;
Man - y the hopes that have
van - ished Af - ter the ball.
REPRISE:
Man - y a heart is ach - ing, if you could



Verses:

A little maiden climbed an old man's knee, begged for a story, "Do, Uncle, please.
Why are you single, why live alone? Have you no babies; Have you no home?"
"I had a sweetheart, years, years ago; where she is now, pet, you will soon know.
List to the story, I'll tell it all; I believed her faithless, after the ball.

"Bright lights were flashing in the grand ballroom; softly the music, playing sweet tunes.
There came my sweetheart, my love, my own, 'I wish some water; leave me alone.'
When I returned, dear, there stood a man kissing my sweetheart as lovers can.
Down fell the glass, pet, broken, that's all, just as my heart was, after the ball."

"Long years have passed, child, I've never wed; true to my lost love, though she is dead.
She tried to tell me, tried to explain; I would not listen, pleadings were vain.
One day a letter came from that man. He was her brother, the letter ran.
That's why I'm lonely, no home at all; I broke her heart, pet, after the ball."

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND

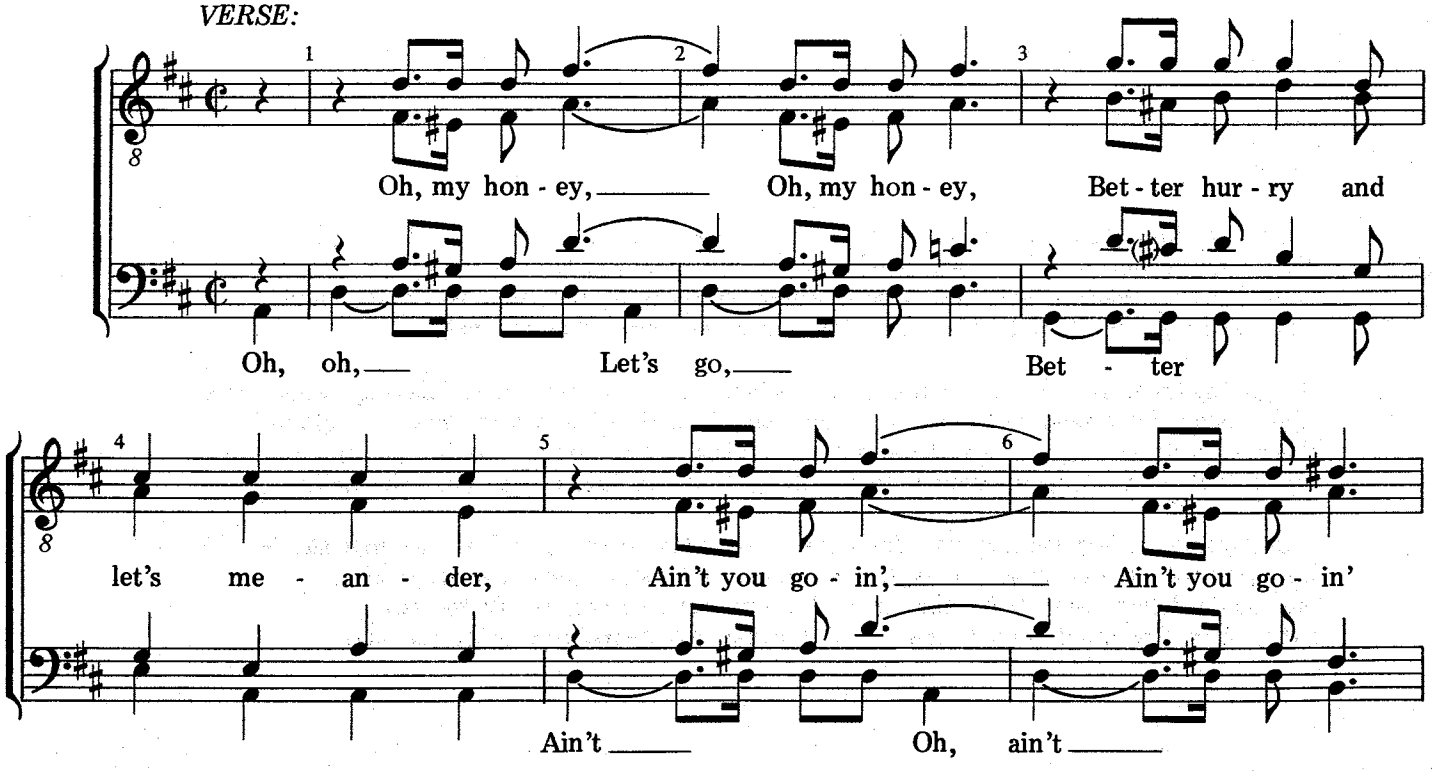
1912

Irving Berlin came to New York from his native Russia when he was five years old. It wasn't long before this cantor's son was in business as a newsboy, then a singing waiter, and later a song plugger for the great writer and publisher, Harry Von Tilzer. Soon he became a successful composer and publisher himself. His first hit was in 1907, "Marie From Sunny Italy." Berlin's early songs were light, often comedic and saturated with the ethnic character of New York City. Ragtime music was in vogue, and Berlin capitalized on its popularity by writing "Alexander's Ragtime Band," not ragtime music itself, but a rather slow march which was perfect for those new popular dances, the Turkey Trot and the Grizzly Bear. It was a sensational hit.

Perhaps America's greatest songwriter, he found song material in a simple thought, a humorous incident, a catchy phrase. It might be all of these things, plus a clever quote from "Old Folks At Home" and a bit of bugle call, that makes "Alexander's Ragtime Band" such an enduring classic of popular music.

By IRVING BERLIN
(1888-1989)

VERSE:



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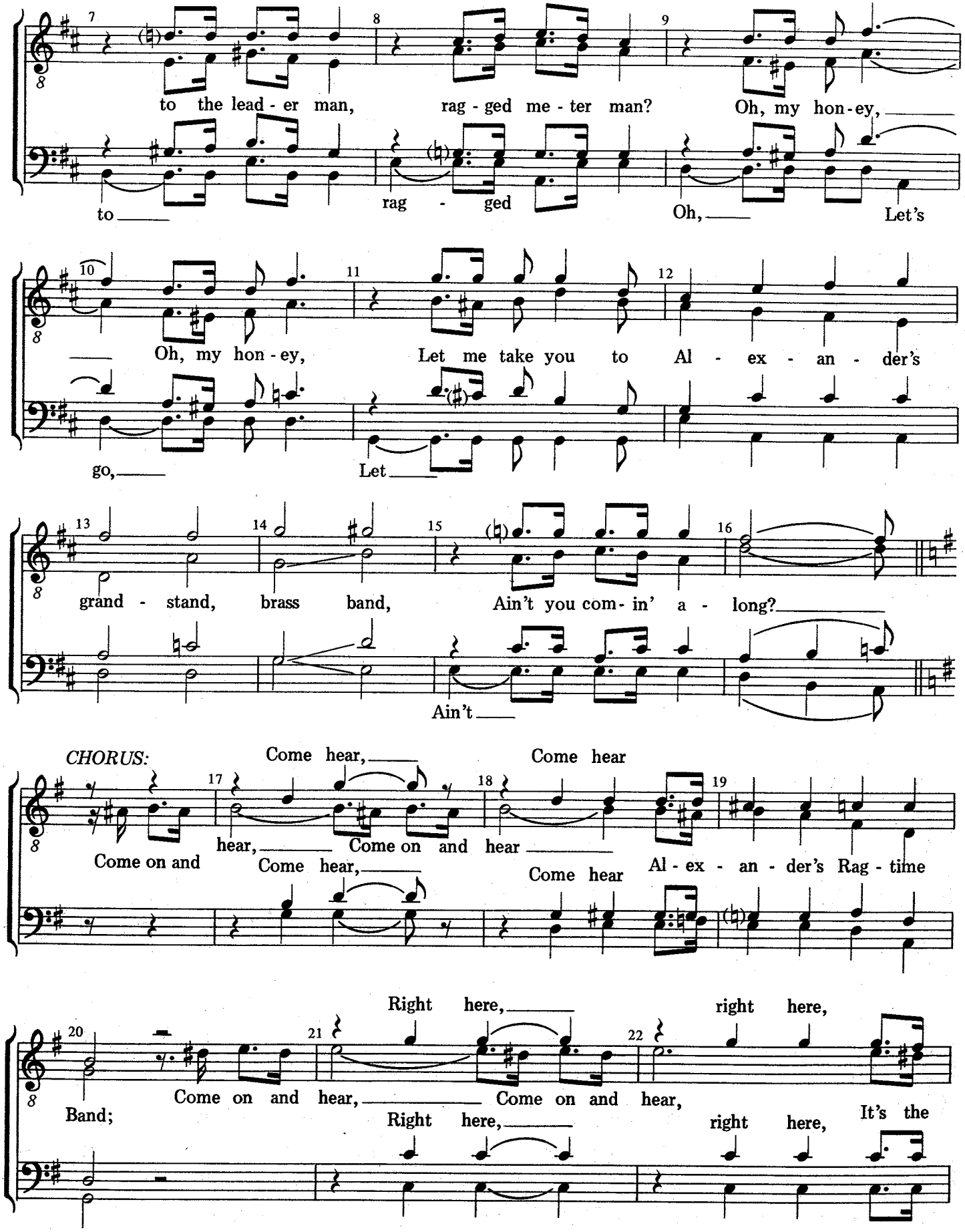
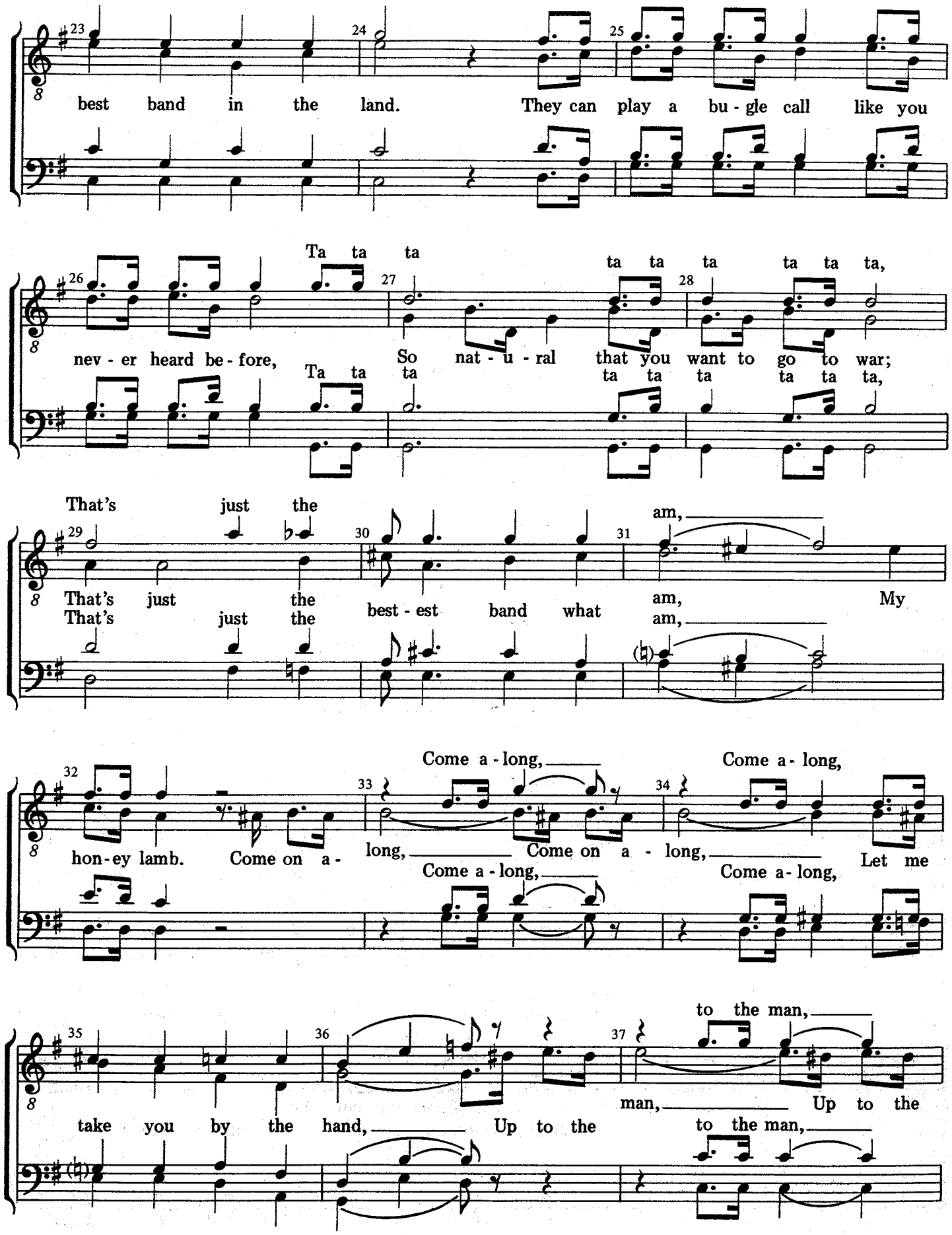
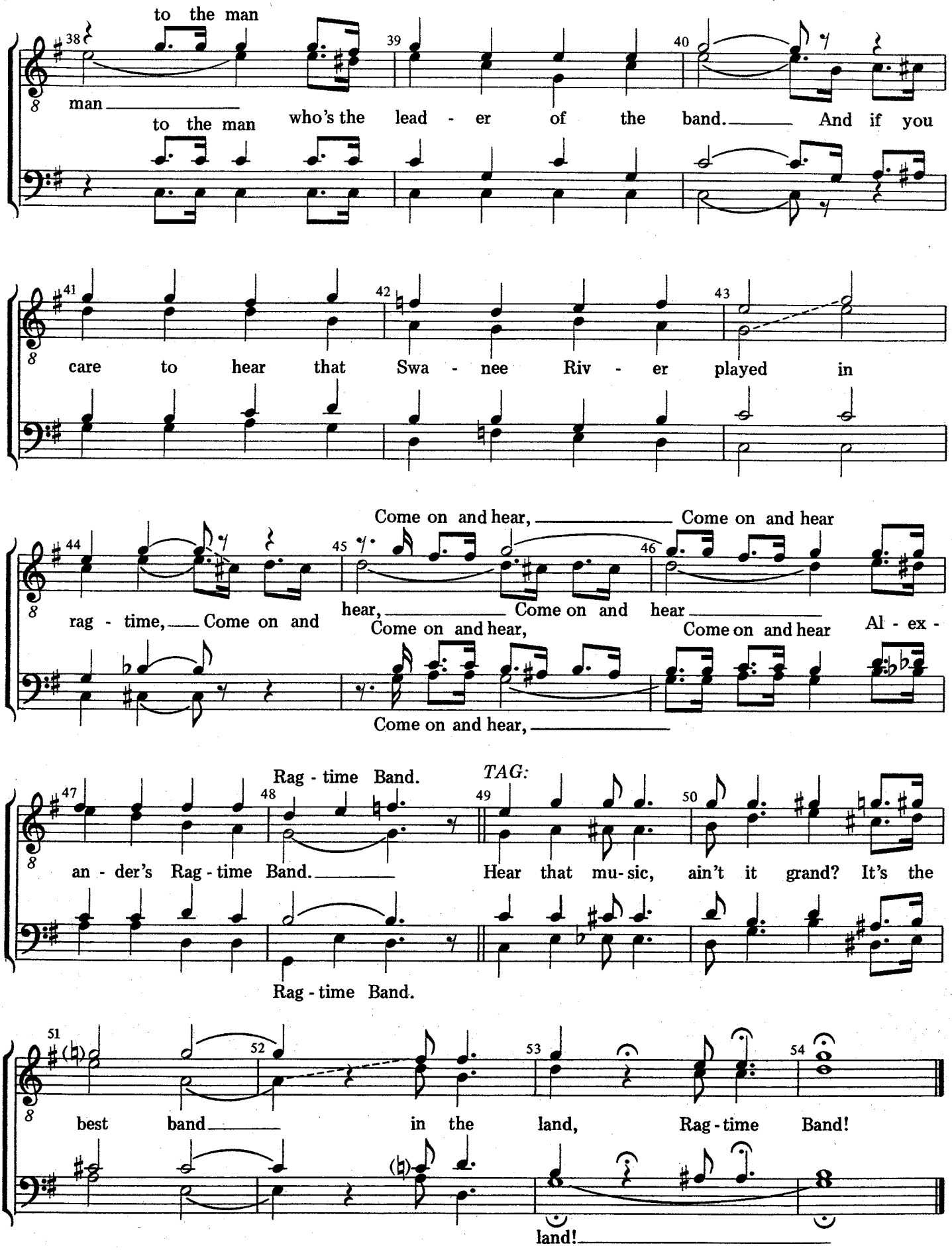

7 8 9
to the lead - er man, rag - ged me - ter man? Oh, my hon - ey,
to rag - ged Oh, Let's
10 11 12
Oh, my hon - ey, Let me take you to Al - ex - an - der's
go, Let
13 14 15 16
grand - stand, brass band, Ain't you com - in' a - long?
Ain't
CHORUS:
Come hear, Come hear
17 18 19
Come on and hear, Come on and hear
Come on and Come hear, Come hear Al - ex - an - der's Rag - time
Right here, right here,
20 21 22
Band; Come on and hear, Come on and hear,
Right here, right here, It's the


23 24 25
best band in the land. They can play a bu - gle call like you
26 27 28
Ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta,
nev - er heard be - fore, So nat - u - ral that you want to go to war;
Ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta,
29 30 31
That's just the am,
That's just the best - est band what am, My
That's just the am,
32 33 34
Come a - long, Come a - long,
hon - ey lamb. Come on a - long, Come on a - long, Let me
Come a - long, Come a - long,
35 36 37
to the man,
take you by the hand, Up to the man, Up to the
Up to the to the man,


to the man
man
to the man who's the lead - er of the band. And if you
care to hear that Swa - nee Riv - er played in
Come on and hear,
Come on and hear
rag - time, Come on and
hear,
Come on and hear
Come on and hear,
Come on and hear
Al - ex -
Come on and hear,
Rag - time Band.
TAG:
an - der's Rag - time Band.
Hear that mu - sic, ain't it grand? It's the
Rag - time Band.
best band
in the land, Rag - time Band!
land!

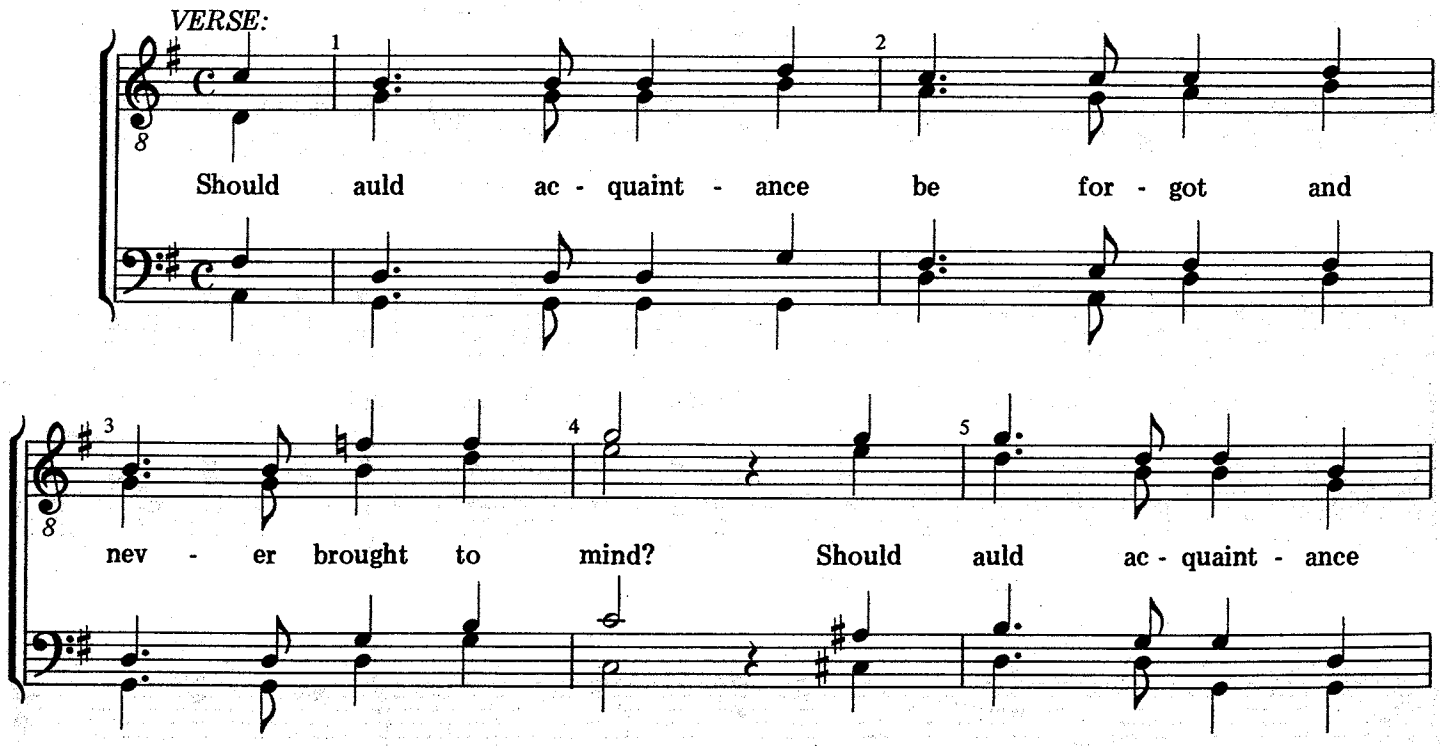
AULD LANG SYNE

There is a long and complicated history behind this perennial New Year's Eve favorite. The words as we know them today were first printed about 1796 although the music can be traced back more than 100 years before that date. The melody has probably undergone enough transformations and evolved long enough to qualify as a genuine folk melody, although a number of composers seem to have been loosely associated with it. The words that we enjoy singing today may have been written by the famous Scottish poet, Robert Burns.

Whatever the origin and evolution of the song, it's one that's sung by everyone at least once a year, and it offers enough opportunity for close harmony to warrant inclusion in this collection, if only for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne."

Words attributed to ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

Traditional Scotch Air (Popular Version)



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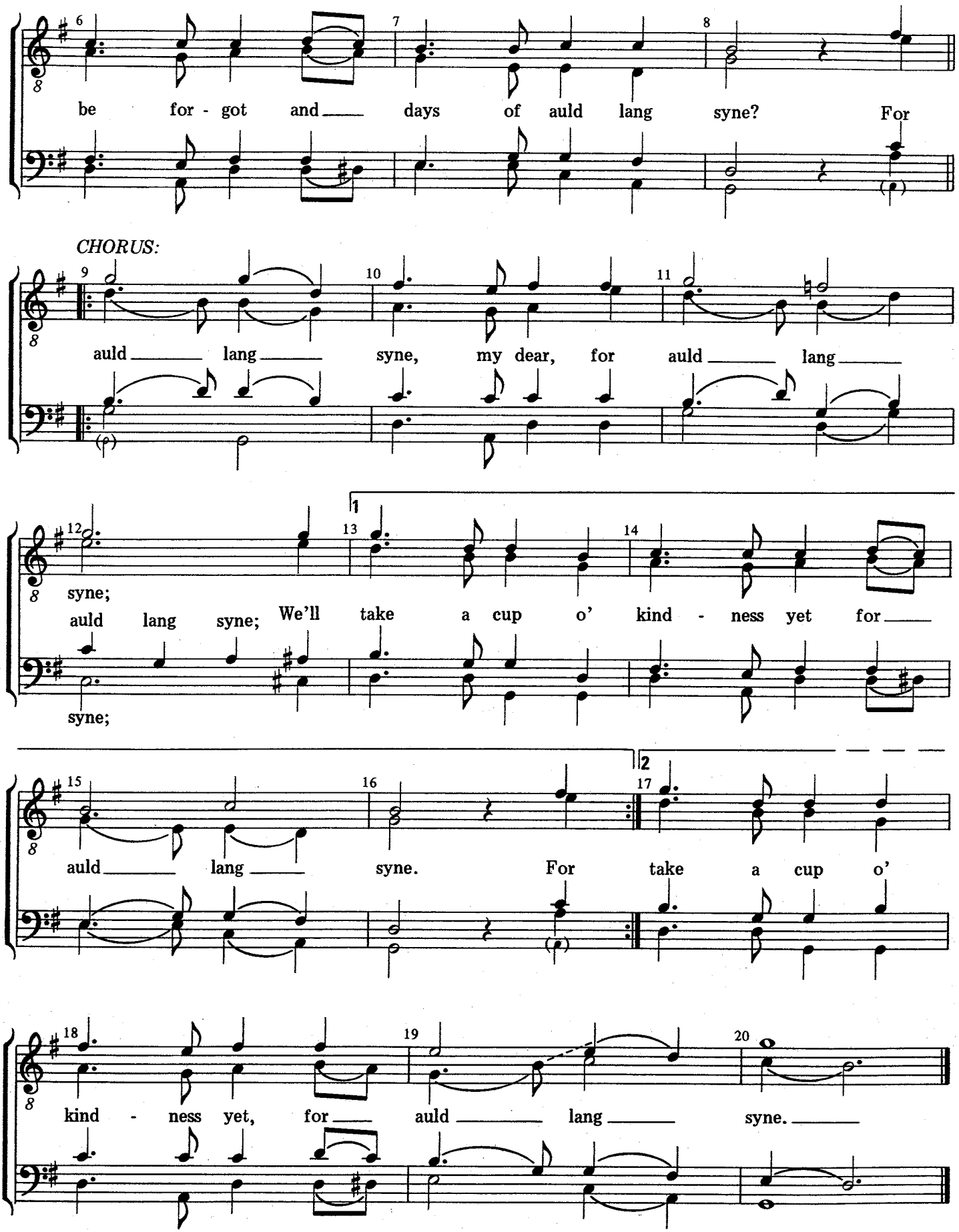

6
7
8
be for - got and days of auld lang syne? For
CHORUS:
9
10
11
auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang
12
13
14
syne;
auld lang syne; We'll take a cup o' kind - ness yet for
syne;
1
15
16
17
auld lang syne. For take a cup o'
2
18
19
20
kind - ness yet, for auld lang syne.

AURA LEE

1861

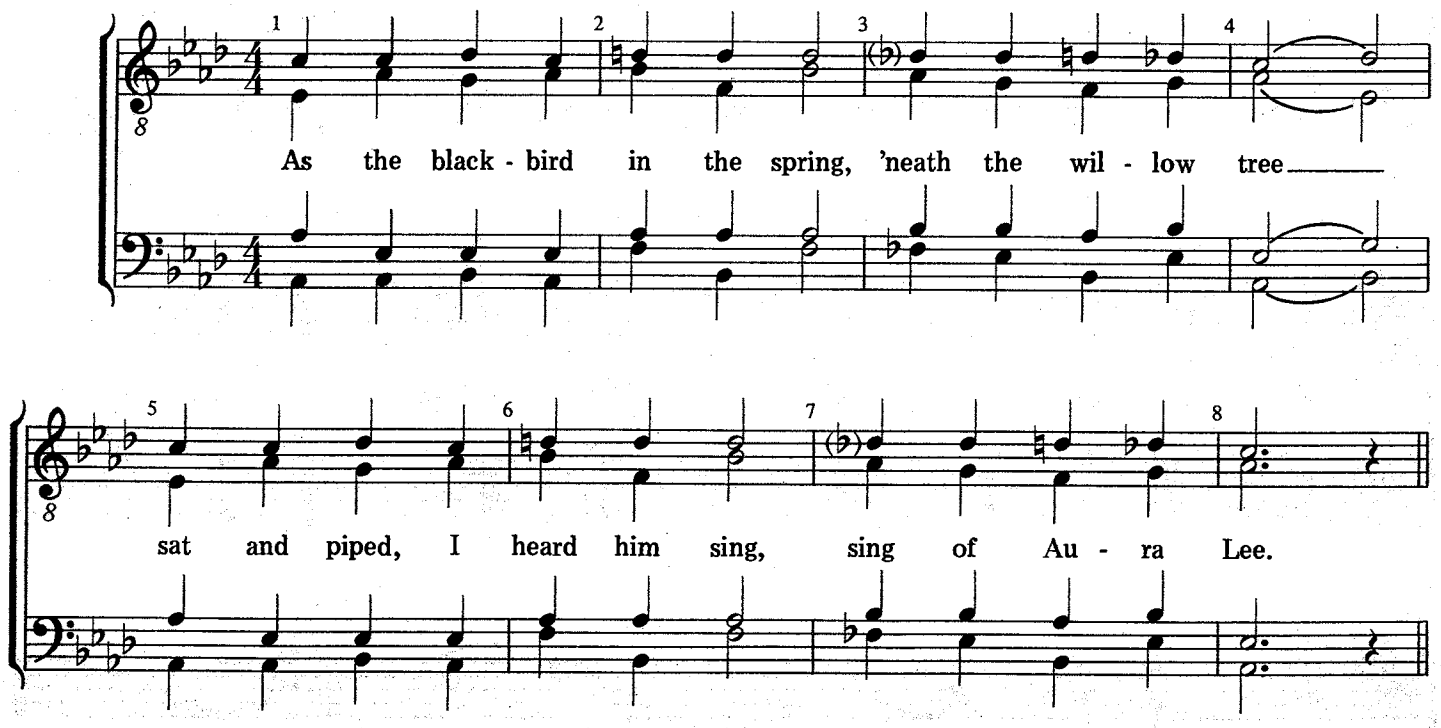
Little is known about the writers of one of America's best known melodies. Who George Poulton was, or where he came from, no one seems to know. W. W. Fosdick, a poet and writer, was born in Cincinnati in 1825 and died in 1862.

There may be a bit of folk song in this melody; it was known in the early years of the 19th Century. It was certainly popular in Civil War days. In more recent times, Elvis Presley contributed additional words for this old favorite, and it surged to new heights of popularity as "Love Me Tender." It's an easy melody and perfect for close harmonizing.

Words by W. W. FOSDICK
(1825-1862)

Music by GEORGE R. POULTON
(1855-)

CHORUS 1:



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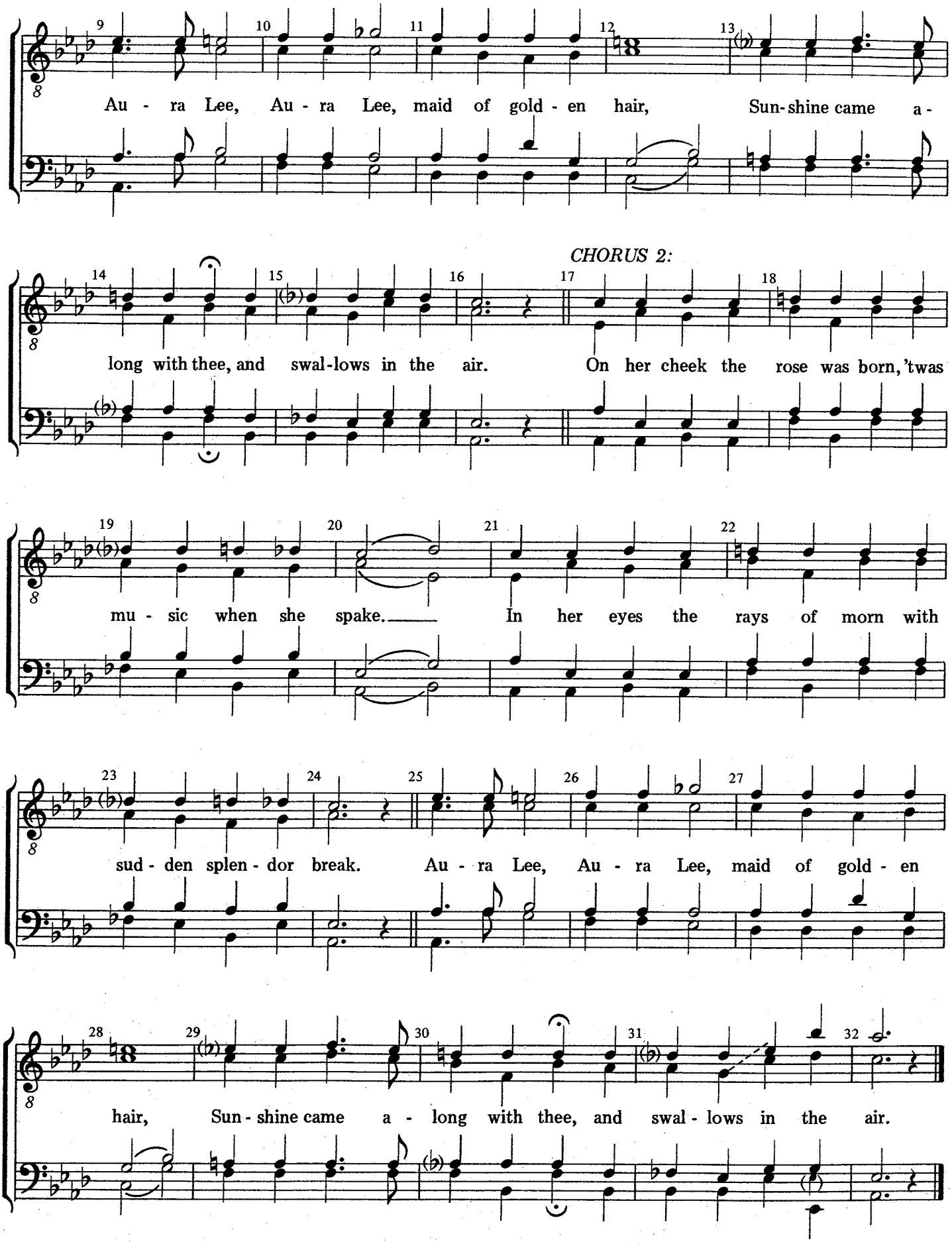

Au - ra Lee, Au - ra Lee, maid of gold - en hair, Sun-shine came a -
CHORUS 2:
long with thee, and swal-lows in the air. On her cheek the rose was born, 'twas
mu - sic when she spake. In her eyes the rays of morn with
sud - den splen - dor break. Au - ra Lee, Au - ra Lee, maid of gold - en
hair, Sun - shine came a - long with thee, and swal - lows in the air.

THE BAND PLAYED ON

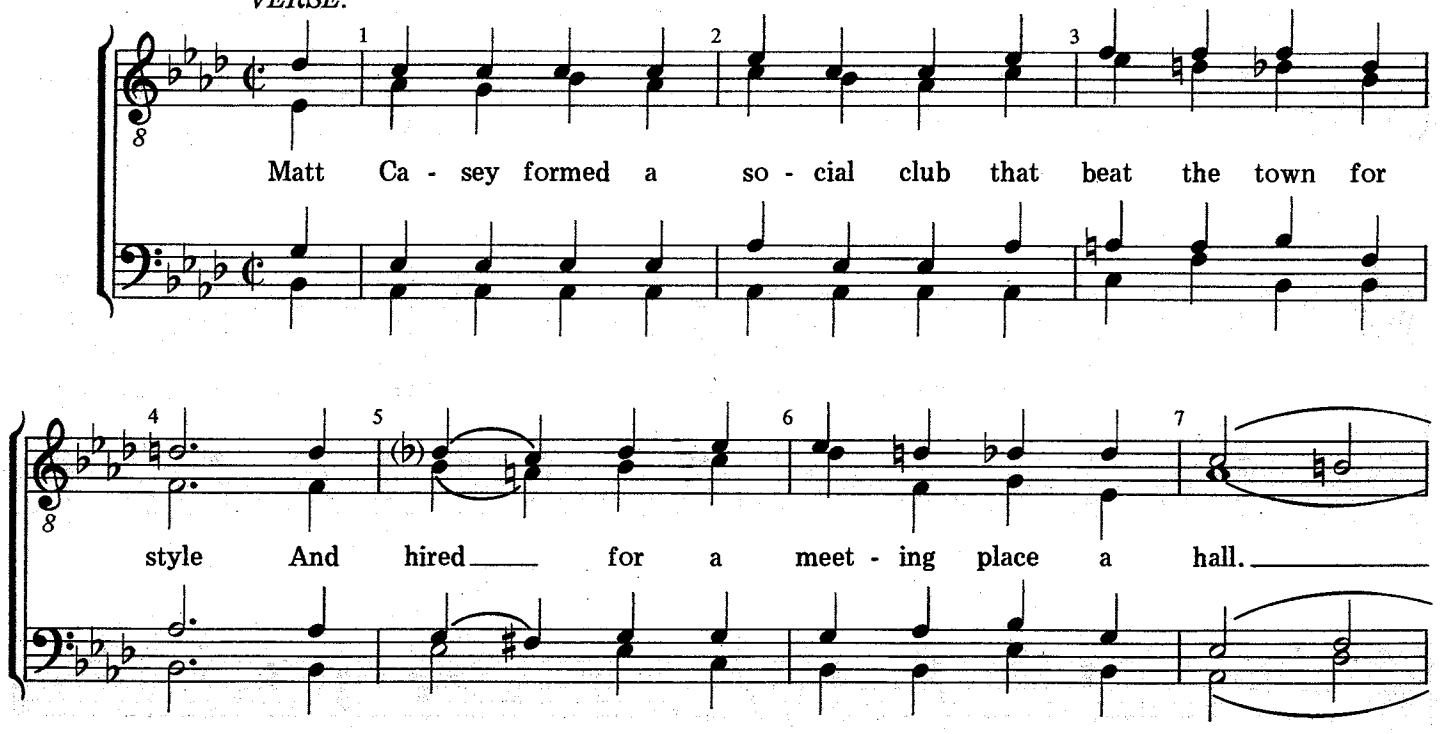
1895

John Palmer, a New York actor, was unsuccessful in finding a publisher for his song, so he sold it to Charles Ward, a Londoner acting, composing, and publishing music in New York. Ward made a few changes in the song and published it. He promoted it heavily, and the song finally caught on. Little else is known about the writers. Very likely this was their only song to achieve such popularity.

The humorous lyric and catchy melody made it a great favorite of vaudeville performers, and its popularity continues today. Perhaps Matt Casey was modeled after a friend of the composer. If so, he must have been quite a ladies' man, but he eventually met his downfall in his blonde dancing partner.

By JOHN F. PALMER and CHARLES B. WARD
(-) (1865-1917)

VERSE:



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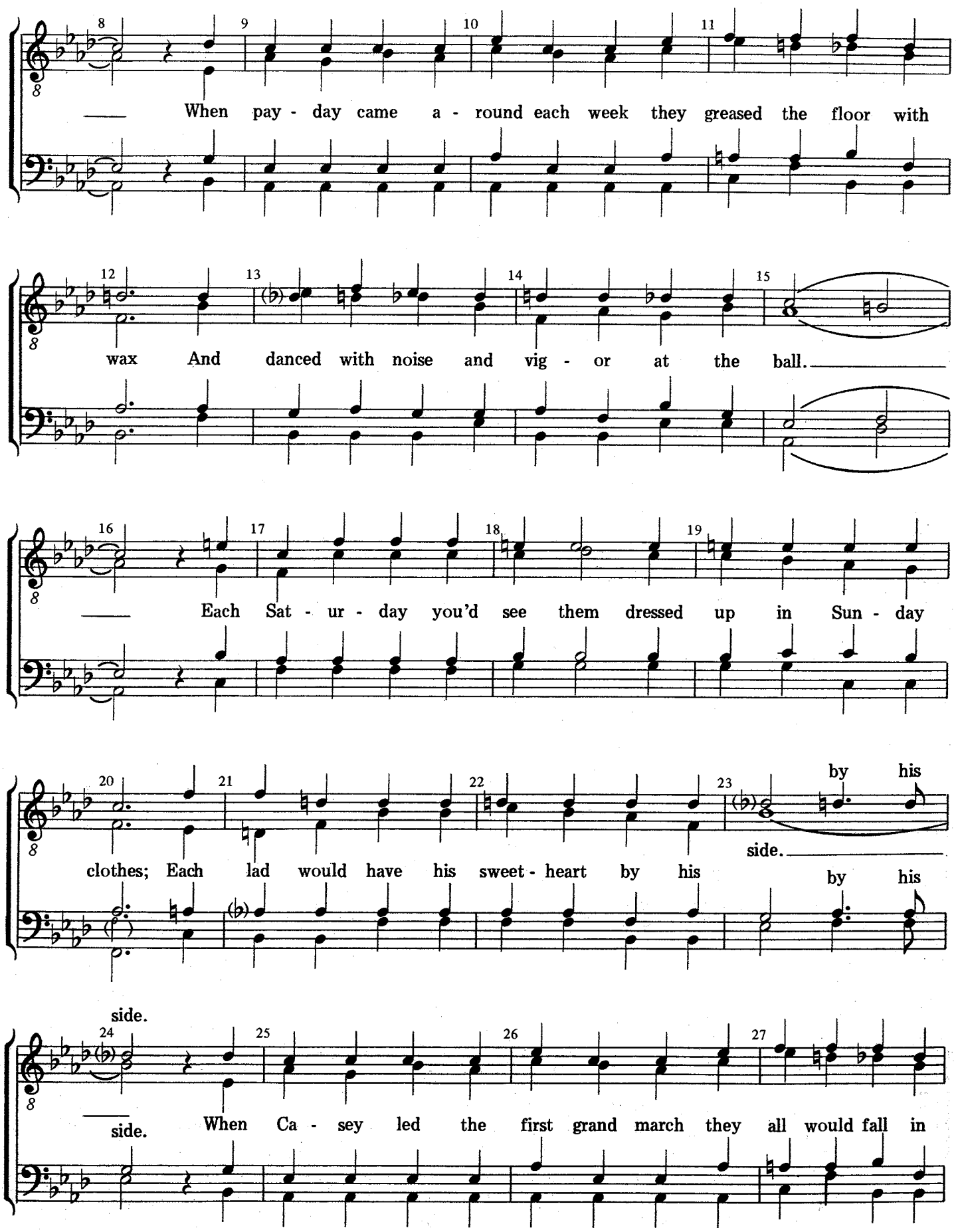
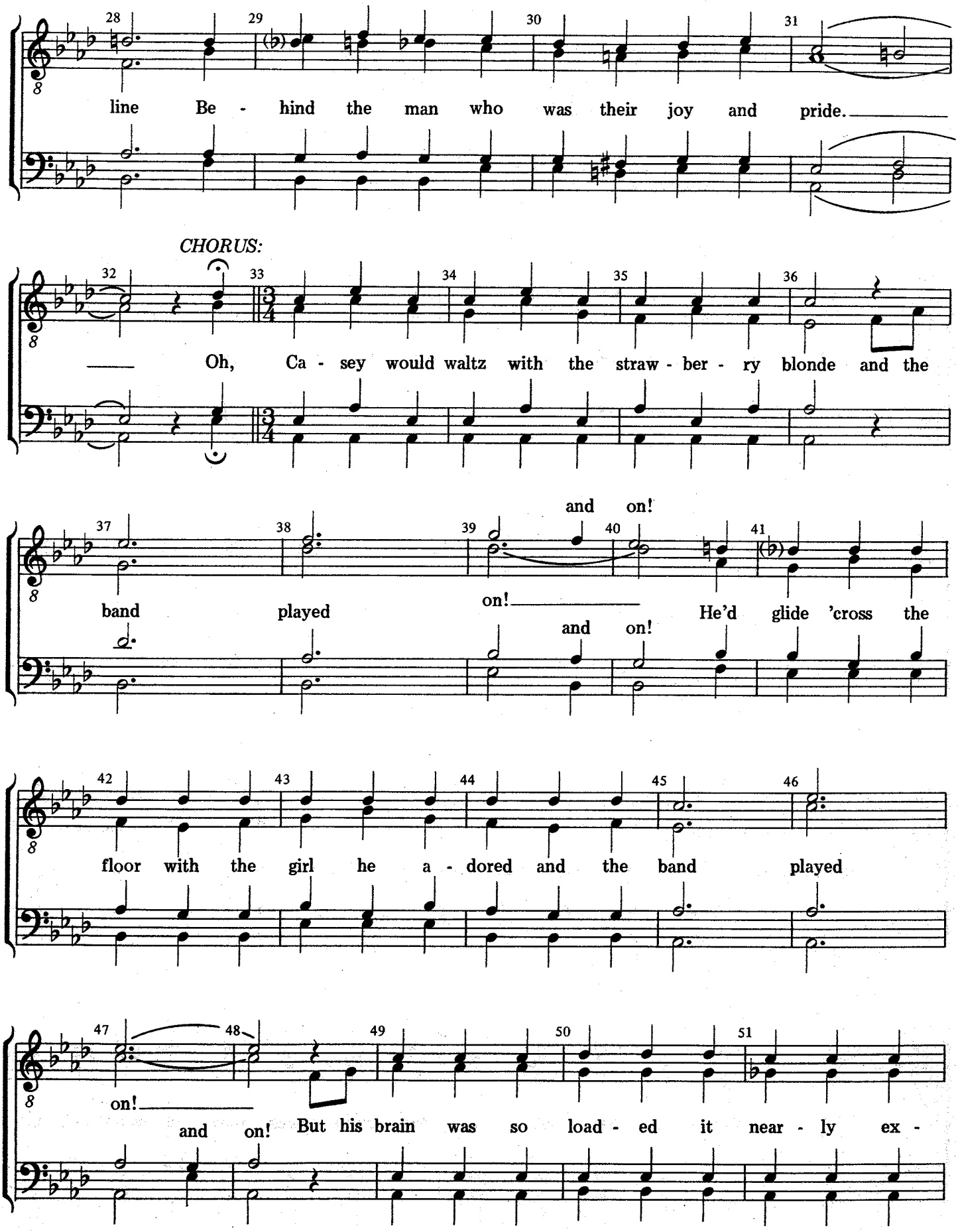
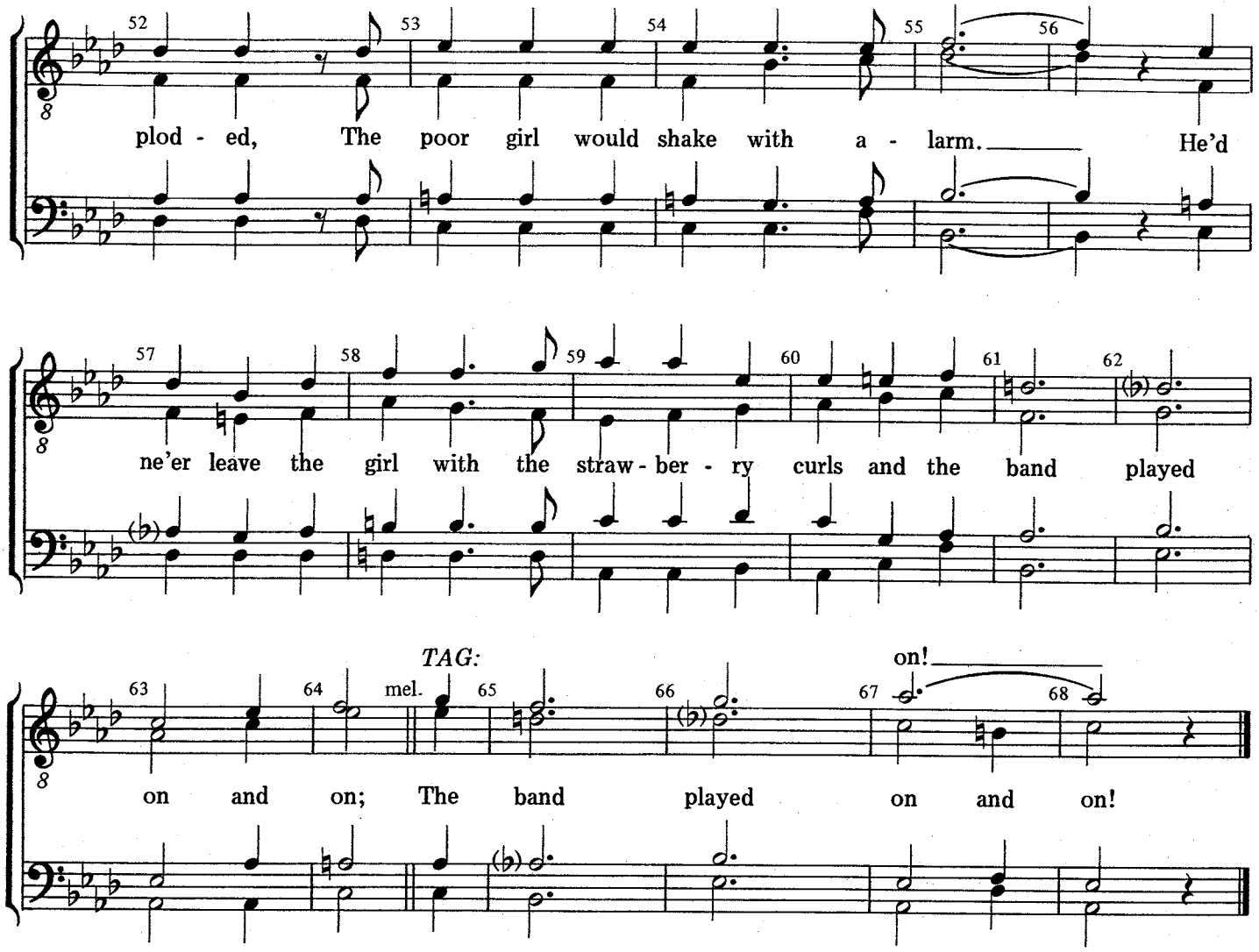

When pay - day came a - round each week they greased the floor with
wax And danced with noise and vig - or at the ball.
Each Sat - ur - day you'd see them dressed up in Sun - day
clothes; Each lad would have his sweet - heart by his
side.
by his
by his
side.
side.
When Ca - sey led the first grand march they all would fall in


28 29 30 31
line Be - hind the man who was their joy and pride.
CHORUS:
32 33 34 35 36
Oh, Ca - sey would waltz with the straw - ber - ry blonde and the
and on!
37 38 39 40 41
band played on! He'd glide 'cross the
and on!
42 43 44 45 46
floor with the girl he a - dored and the band played
47 48 49 50 51
on!
and on! But his brain was so load - ed it near - ly ex -



Additional verses:

Such kissing in the corner and such whisp'ring in the hall,
And telling tales of love behind the stairs.
As Casey was the favorite and he that ran the ball,
Of kissing and lovemaking did his share.
At 12 o'clock exactly they all would fall in line,
Then march down to the dining hall and eat.
But Casey would not join them although ev'rything was fine,
But he stayed upstairs and exercised his feet.

Now when the dance was over and the band played "Home Sweet Home,"
He thanked them very kindly for the favors they had shown,
They played a tune at Casey's own request.
Then he'd waltz once with the girl that he loved best.
Most all the friends are married that Casey used to know,
And Casey too has taken him a wife.
The blonde he used to waltz and glide with on the ballroom floor
Is happy Missis Casey now for life.

BEAUTIFUL DREAMER

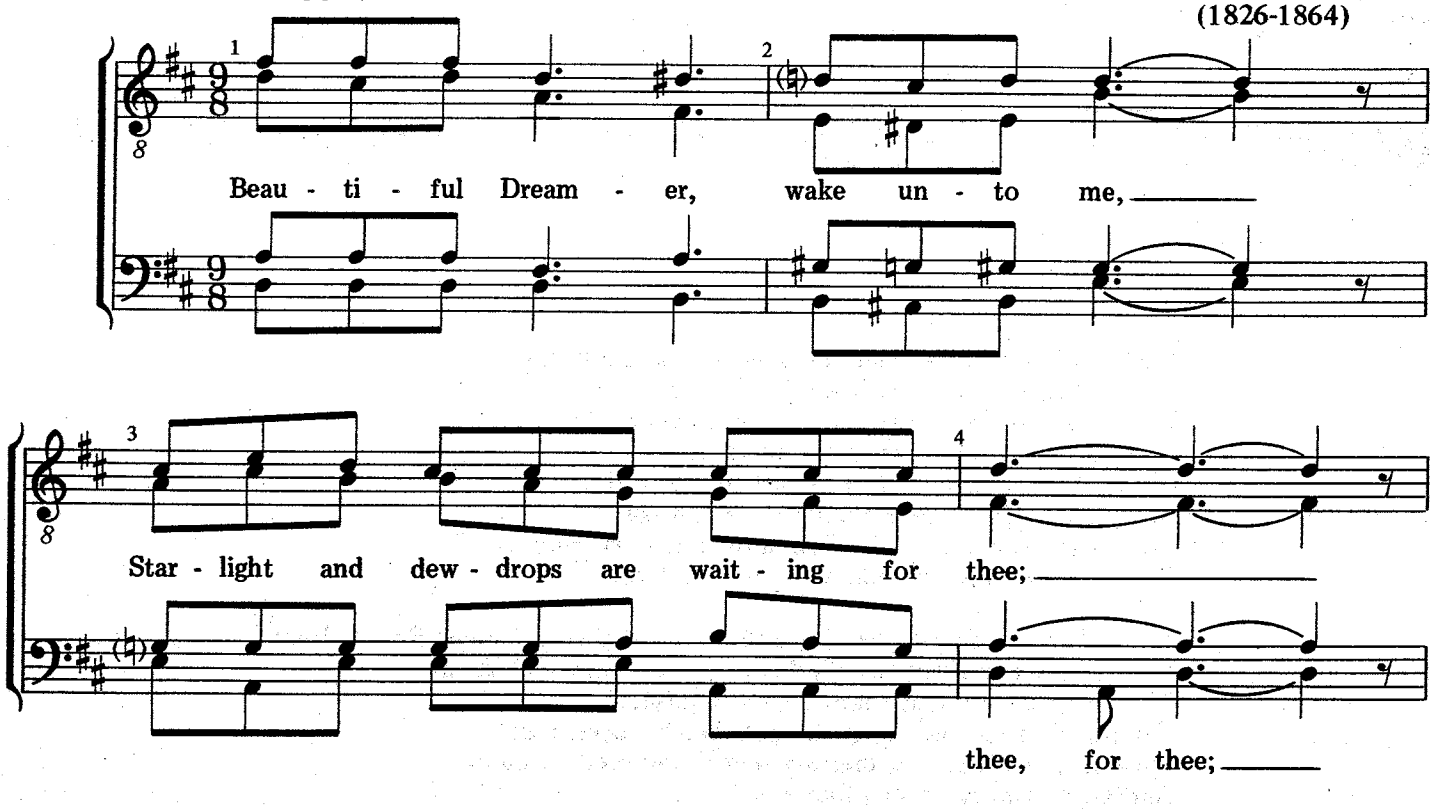
1864

In barely twenty years of active composing, Stephen Foster wrote more than 200 songs, a considerable number of which may be regarded as masterpieces, in spite of the simplicity of lyric and melody. Perhaps it is just this unembellished naiveté which gives these songs their world-wide popularity.

"Beautiful Dreamer" is possibly the last song Foster wrote, for he died soon afterwards, even before it was published. It is one of his better songs and one of a half dozen which has remained popular for over 120 years. Its lyric and melodic qualities give it the character of an art song. However, it harmonizes easily and its tender lyric is worth singing again and again.

CHORUS:

By STEPHEN FOSTER
(1826-1864)



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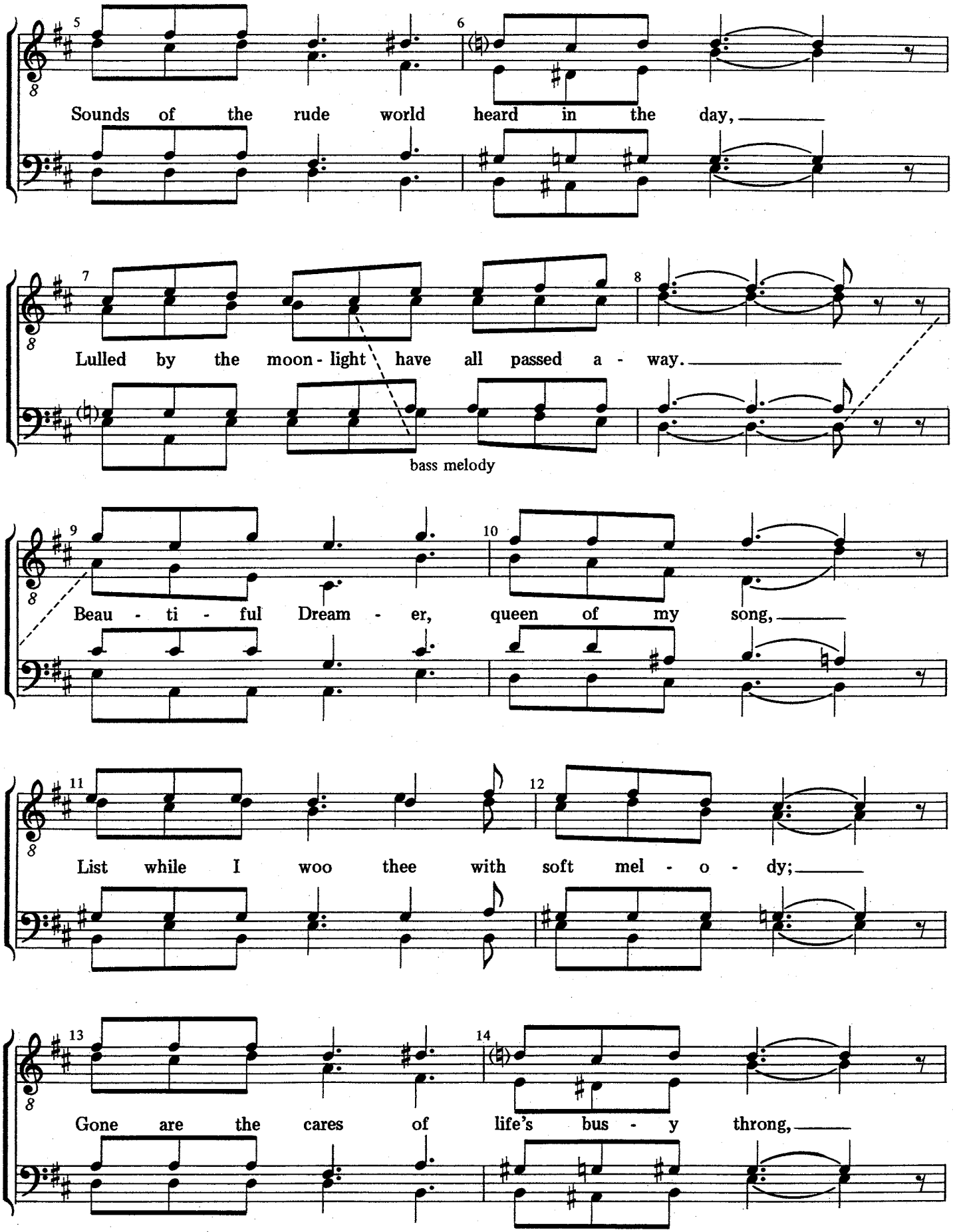
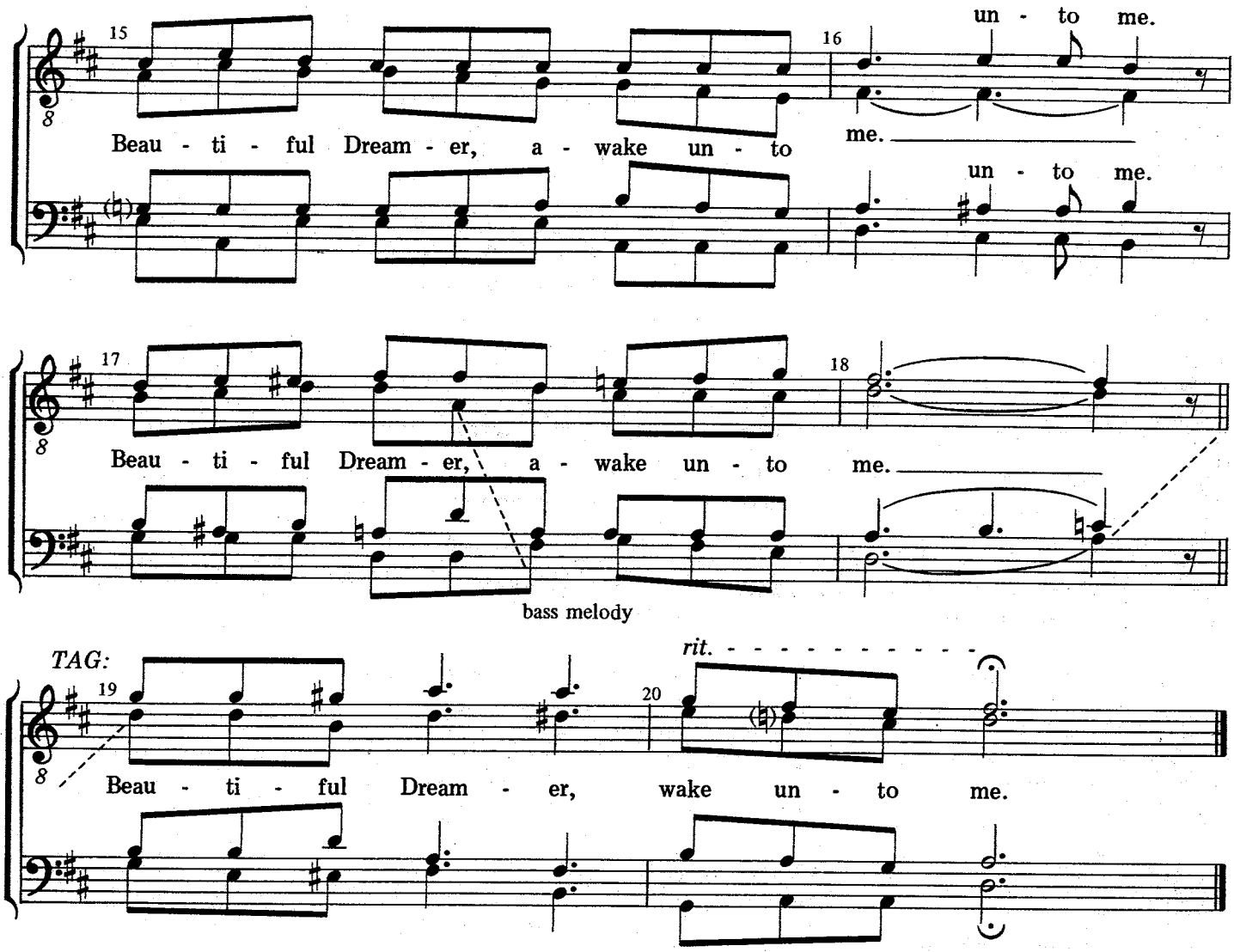

5
6
Sounds of the rude world heard in the day,
7
8
Lulled by the moon - light have all passed a - way.
bass melody
9
10
Beau - ti - ful Dream - er, queen of my song,
11
12
List while I woo thee with soft mel - o - dy;
13
14
Gone are the cares of life's bus - y throng,



Additional chorus:

Beautiful Dreamer, out on the sea, mermaids are chanting the wild Lorelei;
Over the streamlet vapors are borne, waiting to fade at the bright coming morn.
Beautiful Dreamer, beam on my heart, e'en as the morn on the streamlet and sea;
Then will all clouds of sorrow depart, Beautiful Dreamer, awake unto me.
Beautiful Dreamer, awake unto me.

A BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE

1900

Composer Harry Von Tilzer was born in Detroit, and by the year 1900 he had already run away to join a circus. Later he performed on the musical stage as a pianist and singer, in addition to composing several songs which achieved some popularity. But his musical setting of Arthur Lamb's words, "A Bird In A Gilded Cage," really started Von Tilzer on the road to fame and fortune as a songwriter. He had the good sense to start his own publishing company, which he headed for the rest of his life.

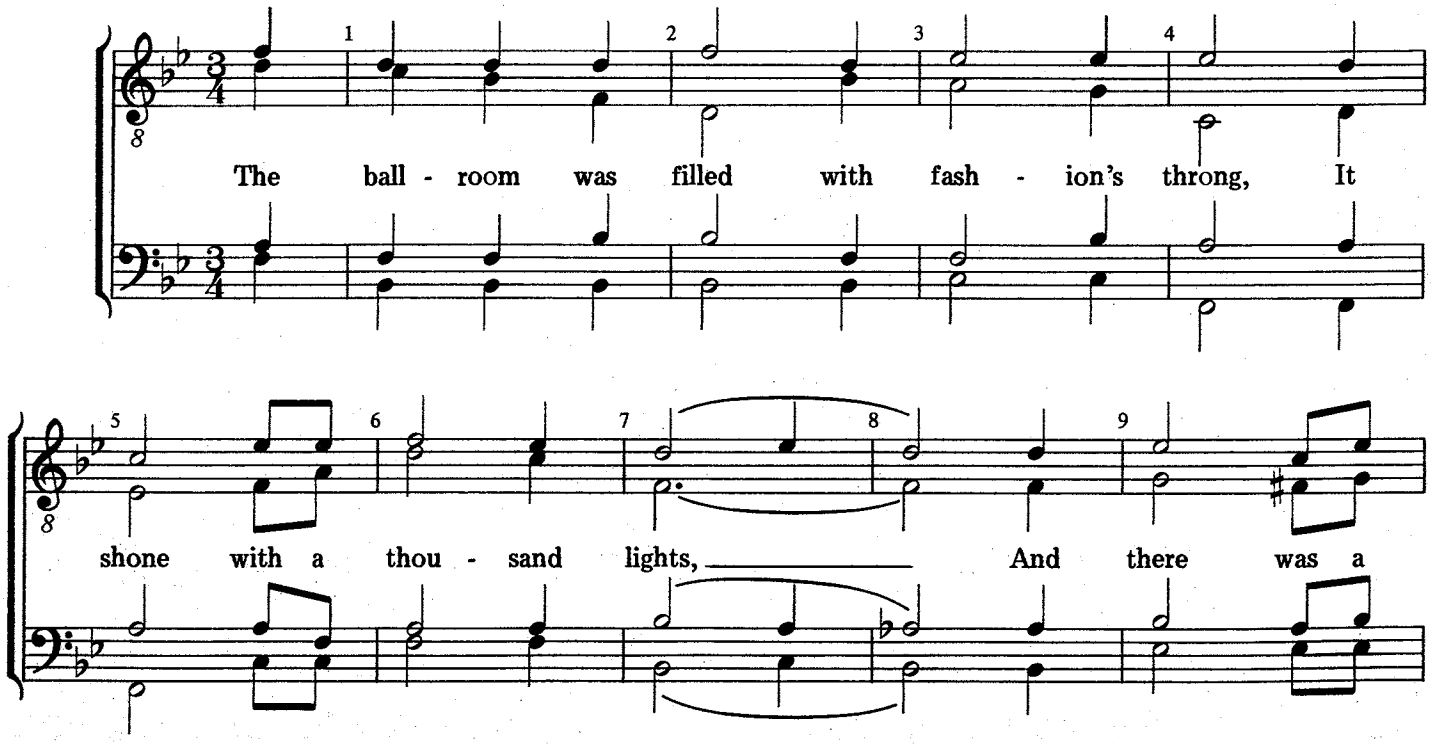
Arthur Lamb came from Somerset, England, was a minstrel show performer and wrote lyrics for several of the leading song composers of the time.

Although the words are sure to provoke a smile today, "A Bird In A Gilded Cage" tells a story whose message was one of the popular themes around the turn of the century. Other overly sentimental songs of the day included "The Mansion Of Aching Hearts," "She Is More To Be Pitied Than Censured" and "Take Back Your Gold." You'll want to put on your best striped vest and wax your handlebar mustache when you join voices on this old favorite.

Words by ARTHUR J. LAMB
(1870-1928)

Music by HARRY VON TILZER
(1872-1946)

VERSE:



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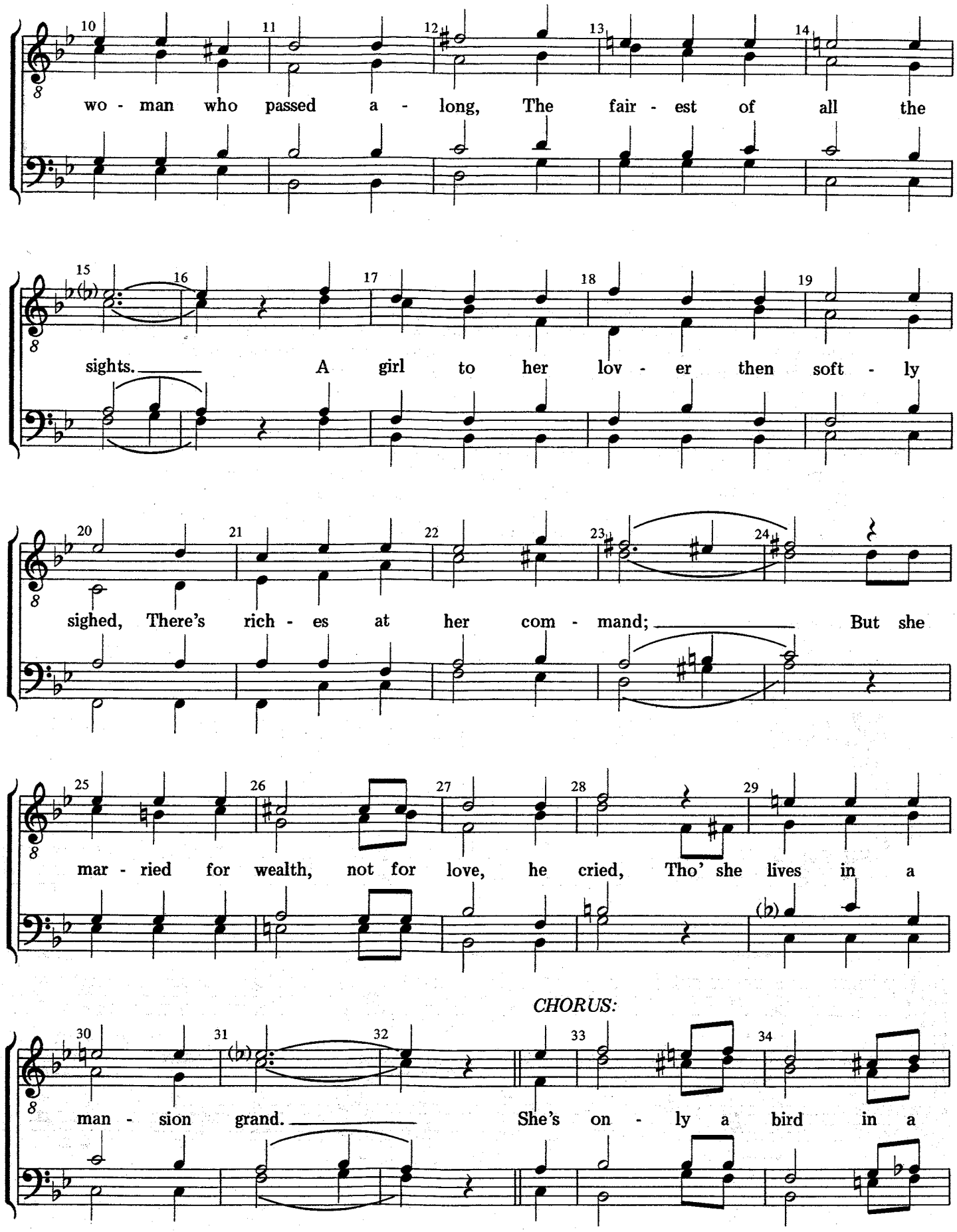
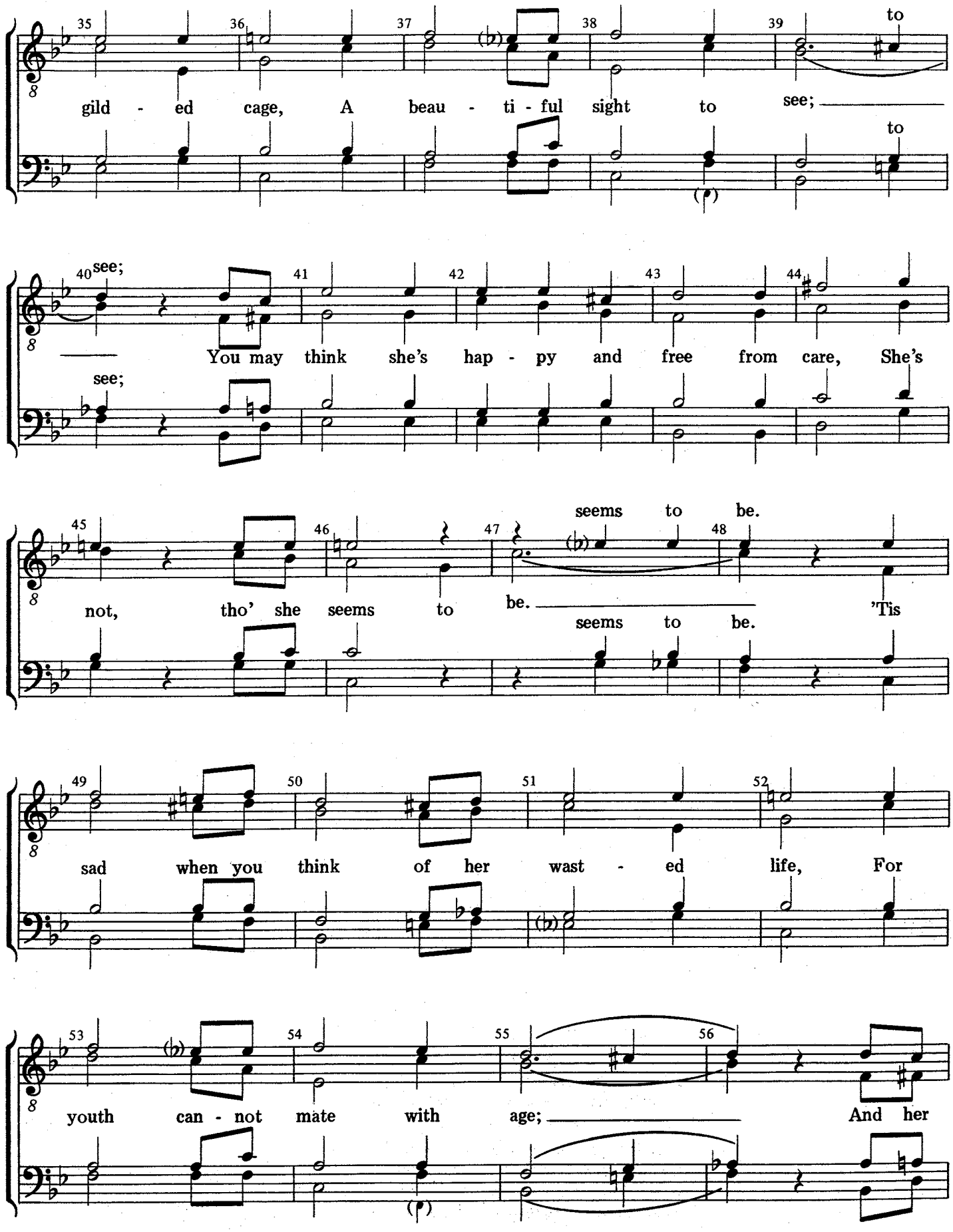
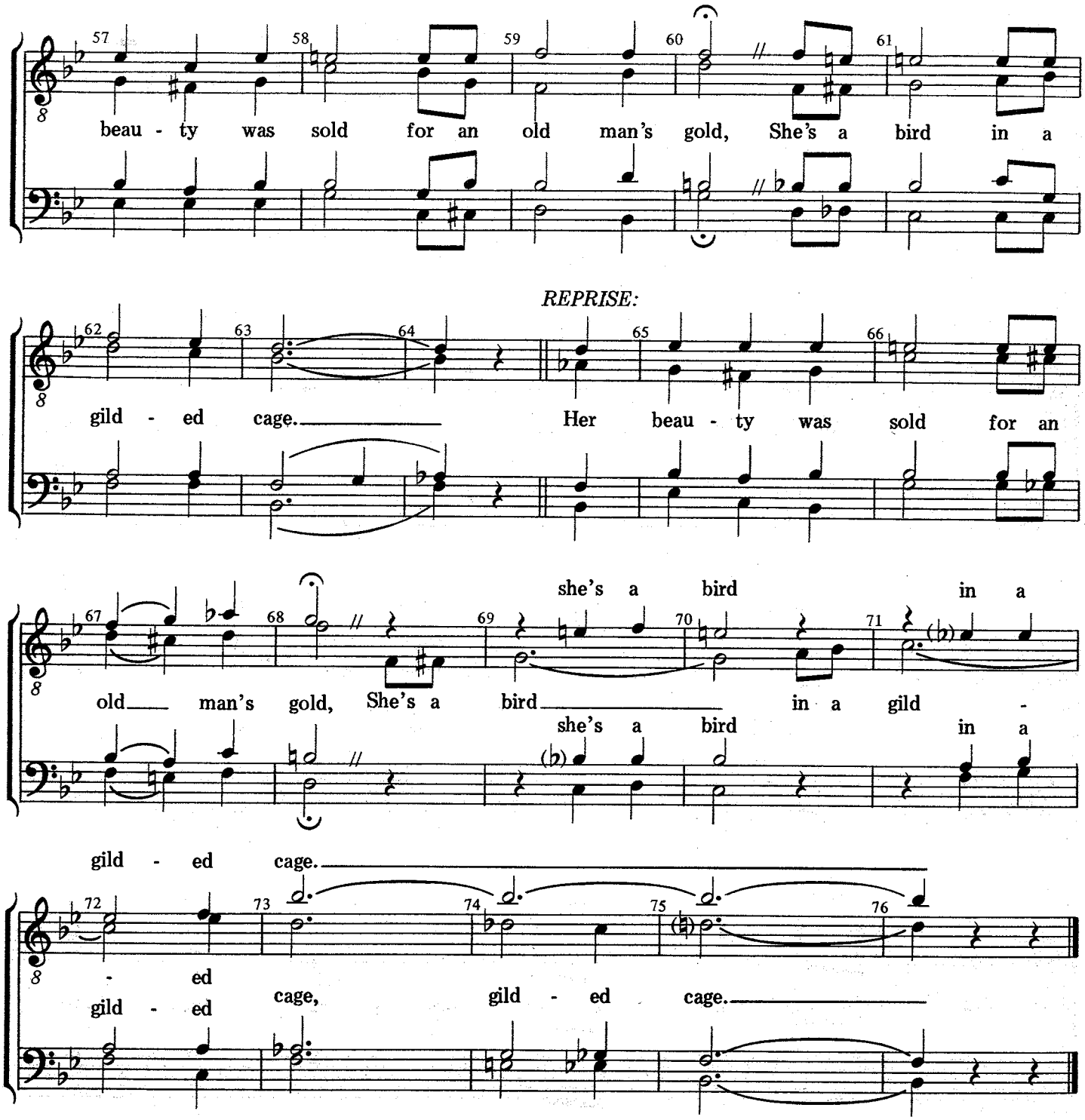

wo - man who passed a - long, The fair - est of all the
sights. A girl to her lov - er then soft - ly
sighed, There's rich - es at her com - mand; But she
mar - ried for wealth, not for love, he cried, Tho' she lives in a
CHORUS:
man - sion grand. She's on - ly a bird in a


35 36 37 38 39
to
gild - ed cage, A beau - ti - ful sight to see;
to
40 see;
41 42 43 44
You may think she's hap - py and free from care, She's
see;
45 46 47 48
seems to be.
not, tho' she seems to be.
'Tis
seems to be.
49 50 51 52
sad when you think of her wast - ed life, For
53 54 55 56
youth can - not mate with age;
And her



Additional verse:

I stood in a churchyard just at eve
When sunset adorned the west,
And looked at the people who'd come to grieve
For loved ones now laid at rest.

A tall marble monument marked the grave
Of one who'd been fashion's queen,
And I thought she is happier here at rest,
Than to have people say when seen:

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON

1909

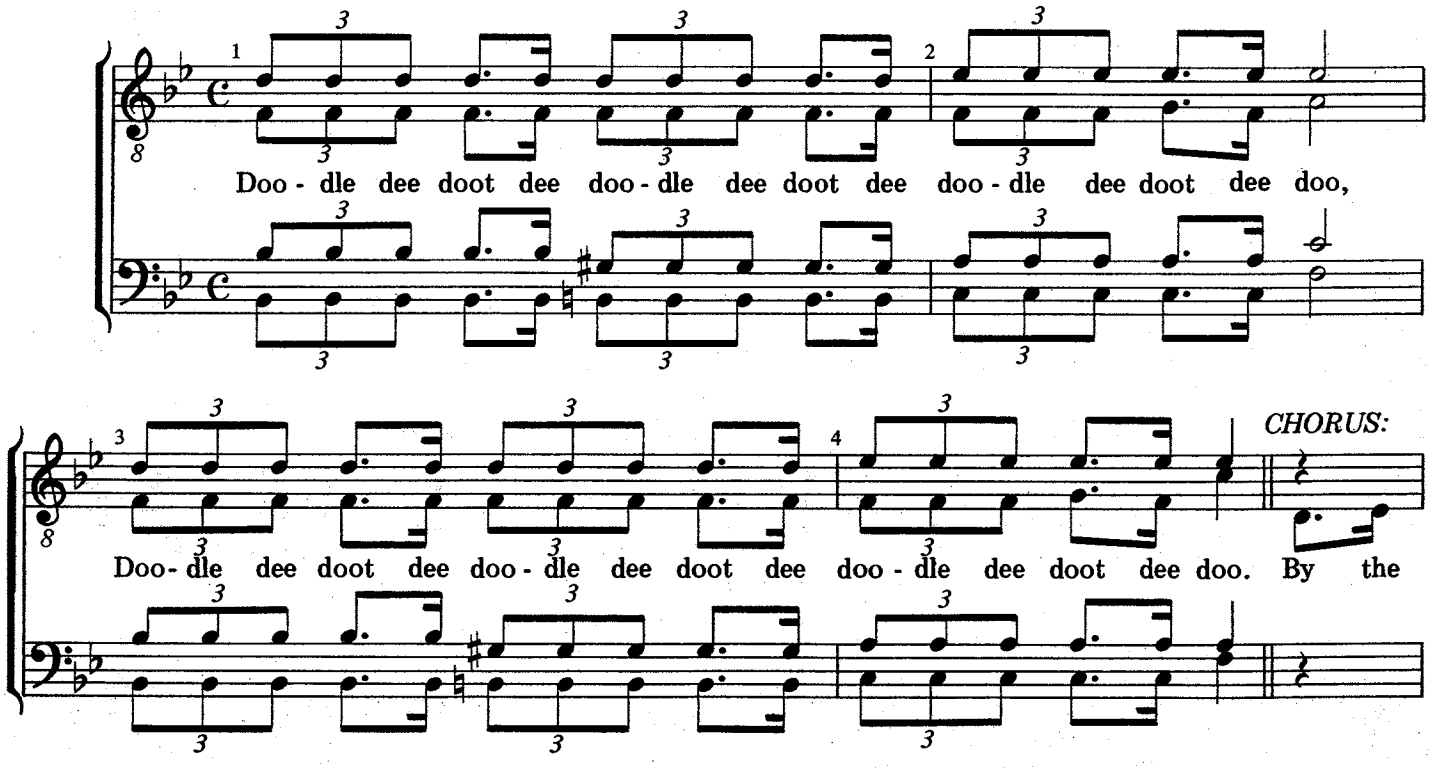
It appears that the only hit song that the composers ever collaborated on is "By The Light Of The Silvery Moon," although each man's name is found on dozens of other well-known songs of the early 20th century. If their names were never tied to another song, this one would be enough to guarantee lasting fame. It was a favorite of performers all through the heyday of vaudeville, well into the 1930s. Gus Edwards was born in Germany and was a composer and producer of many musical shows in New York. Edward Madden was a prolific lyricist of the period 1903-1920. His best known song is "Moonlight Bay." He collaborated with many composers and wrote music for many Broadway shows.

A favorite wherever close harmony singers gather, the song presents a delightful picture as it proceeds on its merry way, imploring the moon to "keep a-shining in June."

Words by ED MADDEN
(1878-1952)

Music by GUS EDWARDS
(1879-1945)

INTRO:



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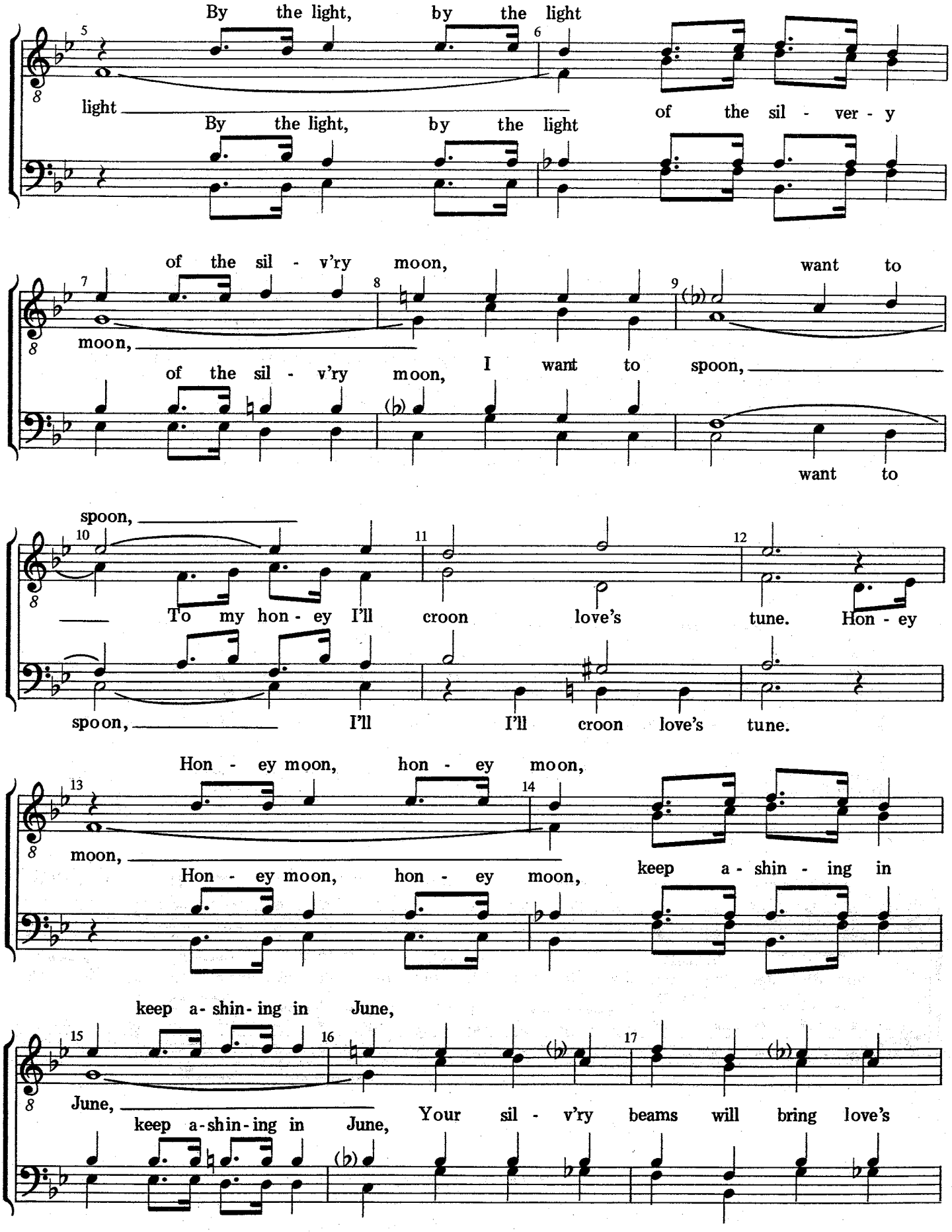
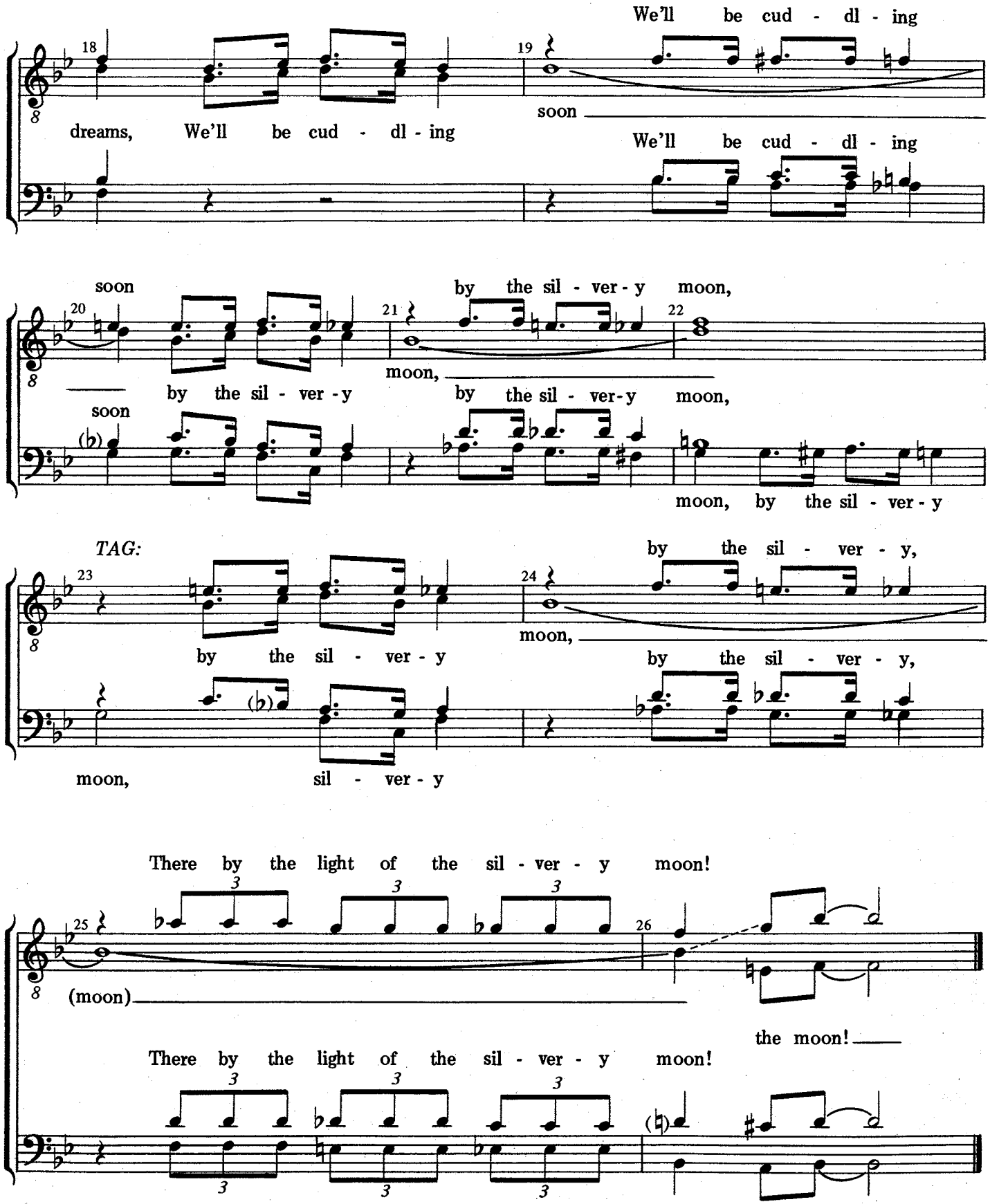

By the light, by the light
light
By the light, by the light
of the sil - ver - y
of the sil - v'ry moon,
moon,
of the sil - v'ry moon,
I want to spoon,
want to
spoon,
To my hon - ey I'll croon love's tune. Hon - ey
spoon,
I'll I'll croon love's tune.
Hon - ey moon, hon - ey moon,
moon,
Hon - ey moon, hon - ey moon,
keep a - shin - ing in
keep a - shin - ing in June,
June,
keep a-shin-ing in June,
Your sil - v'ry beams will bring love's


We'll be cud - dl - ing
18
19
dreams, We'll be cud - dl - ing
soon
We'll be cud - dl - ing
soon
20
21
22
by the sil - ver - y moon,
by the sil - ver - y
moon,
by the sil - ver - y moon,
soon
moon, by the sil - ver - y
TAG:
23
24
by the sil - ver - y
by the sil - ver - y,
moon,
by the sil - ver - y
by the sil - ver - y,
moon, sil - ver - y
There by the light of the sil - ver - y moon!
25
26
(moon)
the moon!
There by the light of the sil - ver - y moon!

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

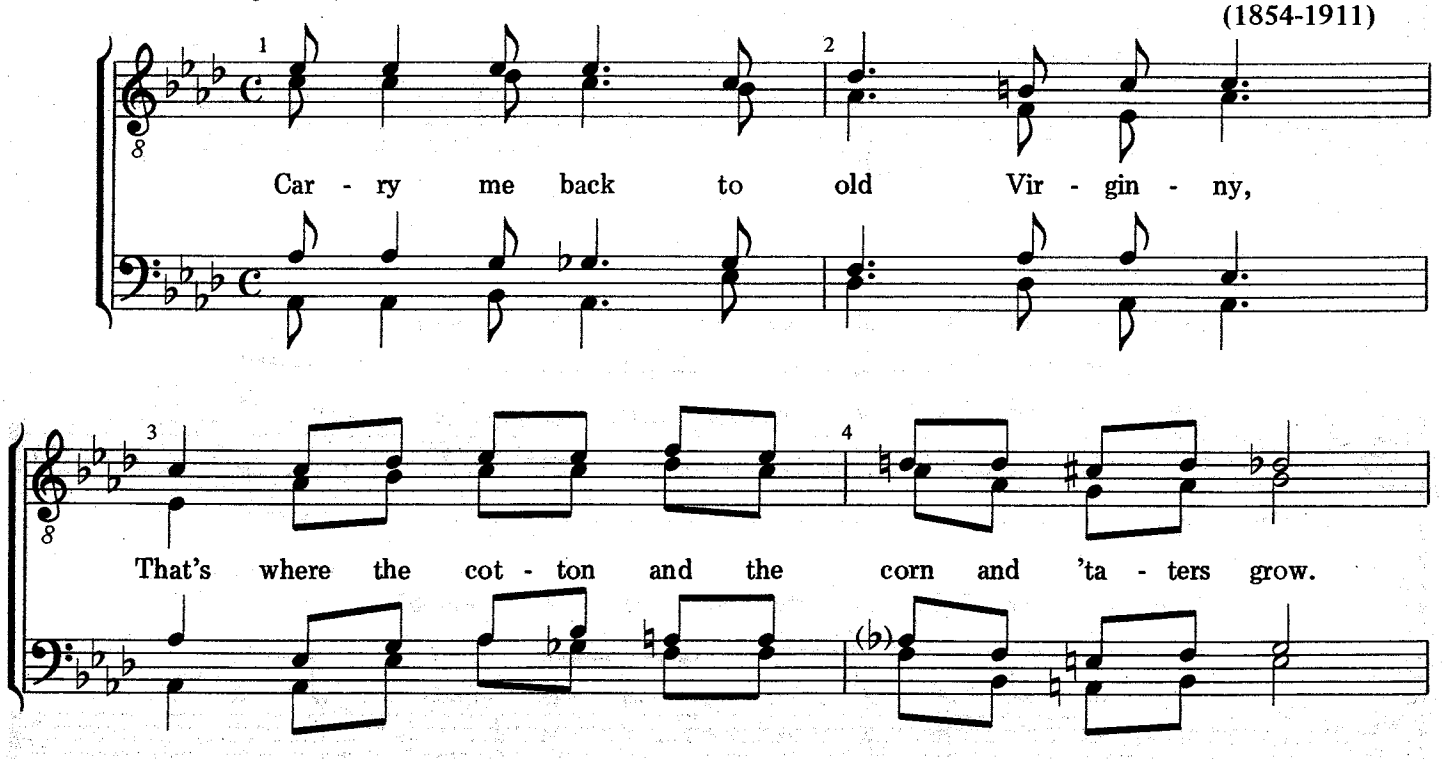
1878

James Bland was born a free black man in Flushing, New York. He was a performer with several minstrel companies, including Sprague's Georgia Minstrels and the Callender Minstrels. Bland probably wrote this song for a minstrel troupe with which he was performing and no doubt sang the song many times. Other favorites from his pen include "Oh Dem Golden Slippers" and "In The Evening By The Moonlight."

"Carry Me Back To Old Virginny" is the state song of Virginia, but it's enjoyed by everyone from Maine to Oregon. It's one of those songs which, in spite of the title, everyone sings as if he were singing about his own home, so immediately appealing is the purity of the melody and the directness of the lyric.

CHORUS:

By JAMES BLAND
(1854-1911)



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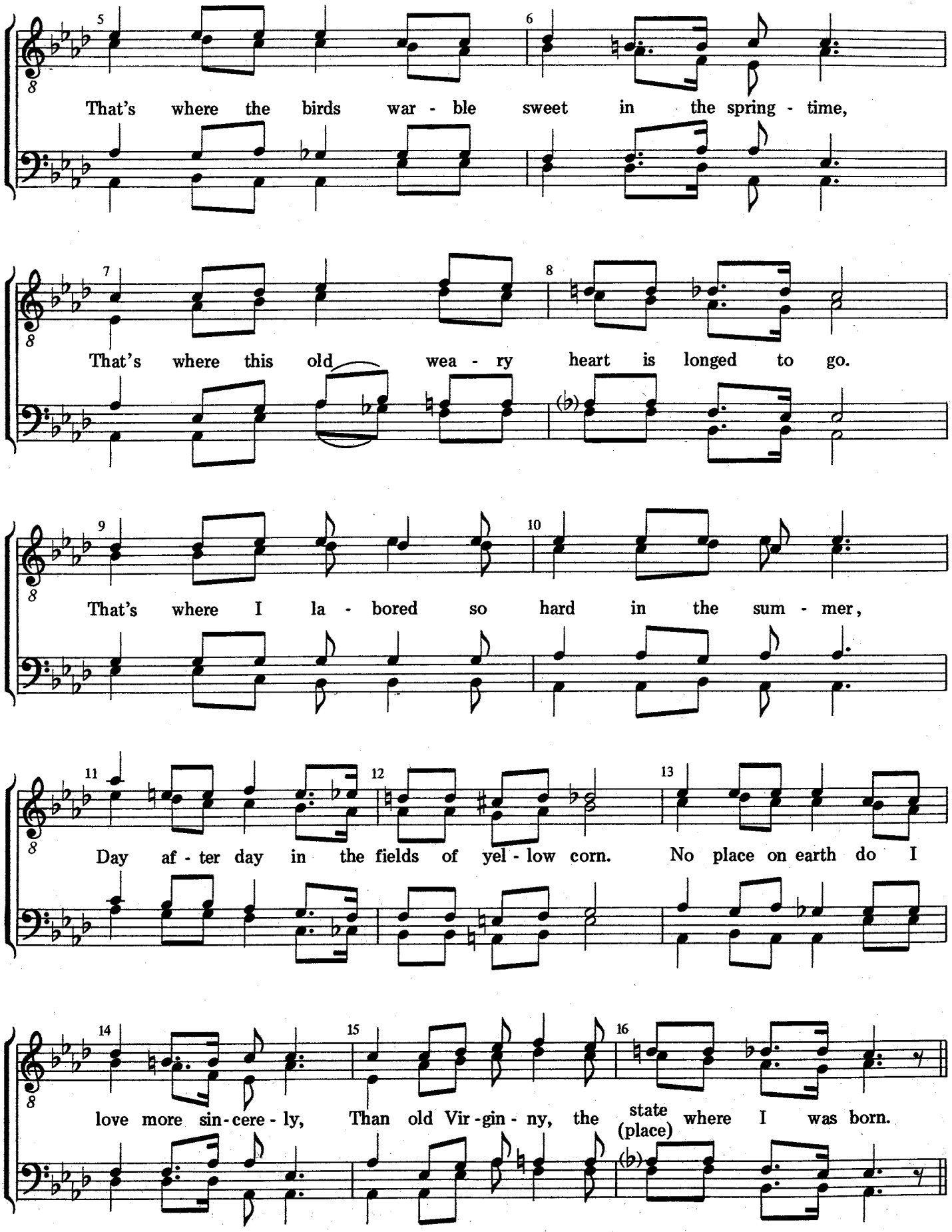
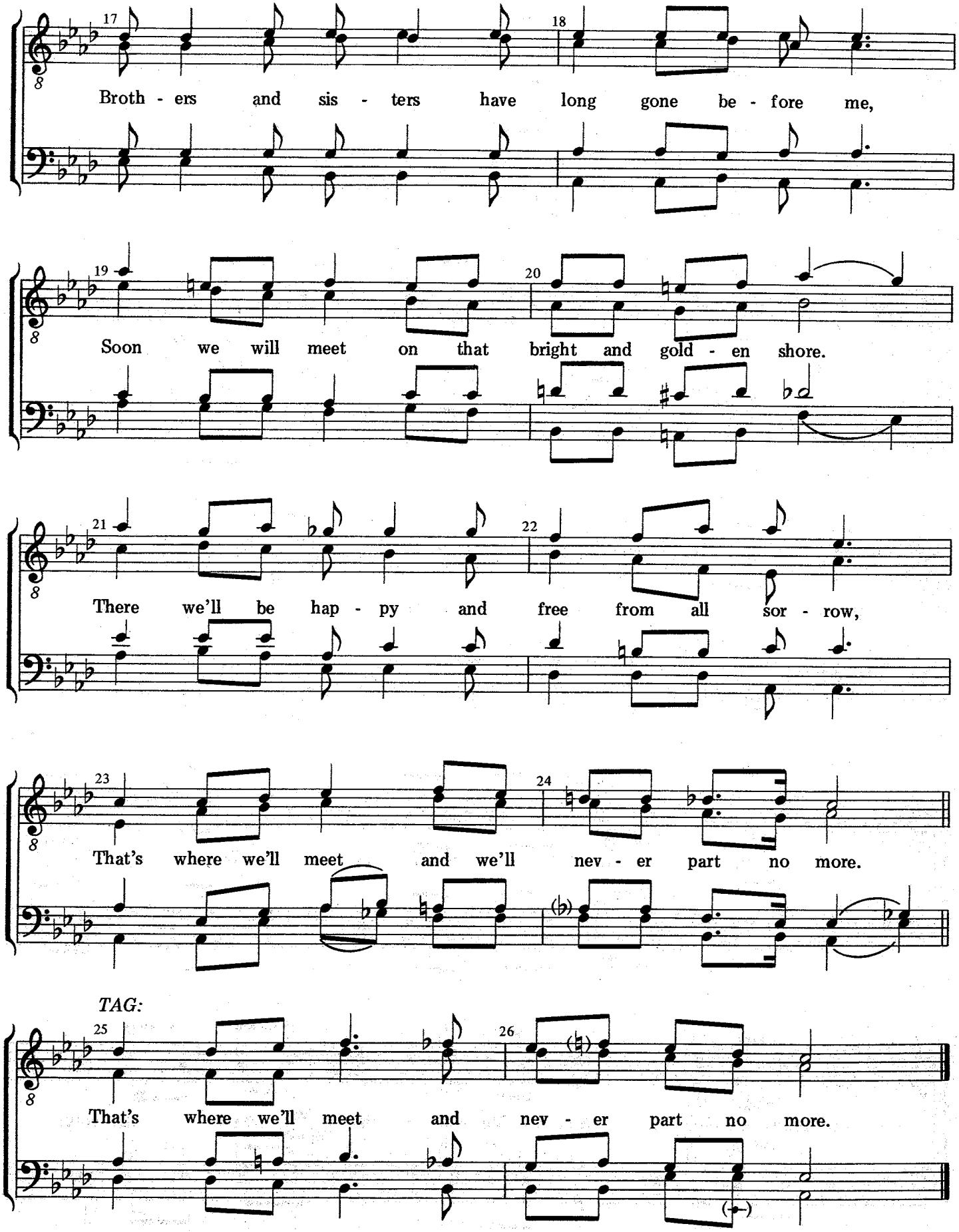

That's where the birds war - ble sweet in the spring - time,
That's where this old wea - ry heart is longed to go.
That's where I la - bored so hard in the sum - mer,
Day af - ter day in the fields of yel - low corn. No place on earth do I
love more sin - cere - ly, Than old Vir - gin - ny, the state (place) where I was born.


17
18
Broth - ers and sis - ters have long gone be - fore me,
19
20
Soon we will meet on that bright and gold - en shore.
21
22
There we'll be hap - py and free from all sor - row,
23
24
That's where we'll meet and we'll nev - er part no more.
TAG:
25
26
That's where we'll meet and nev - er part no more.

COME, JOSEPHINE, IN MY FLYING MACHINE

1910

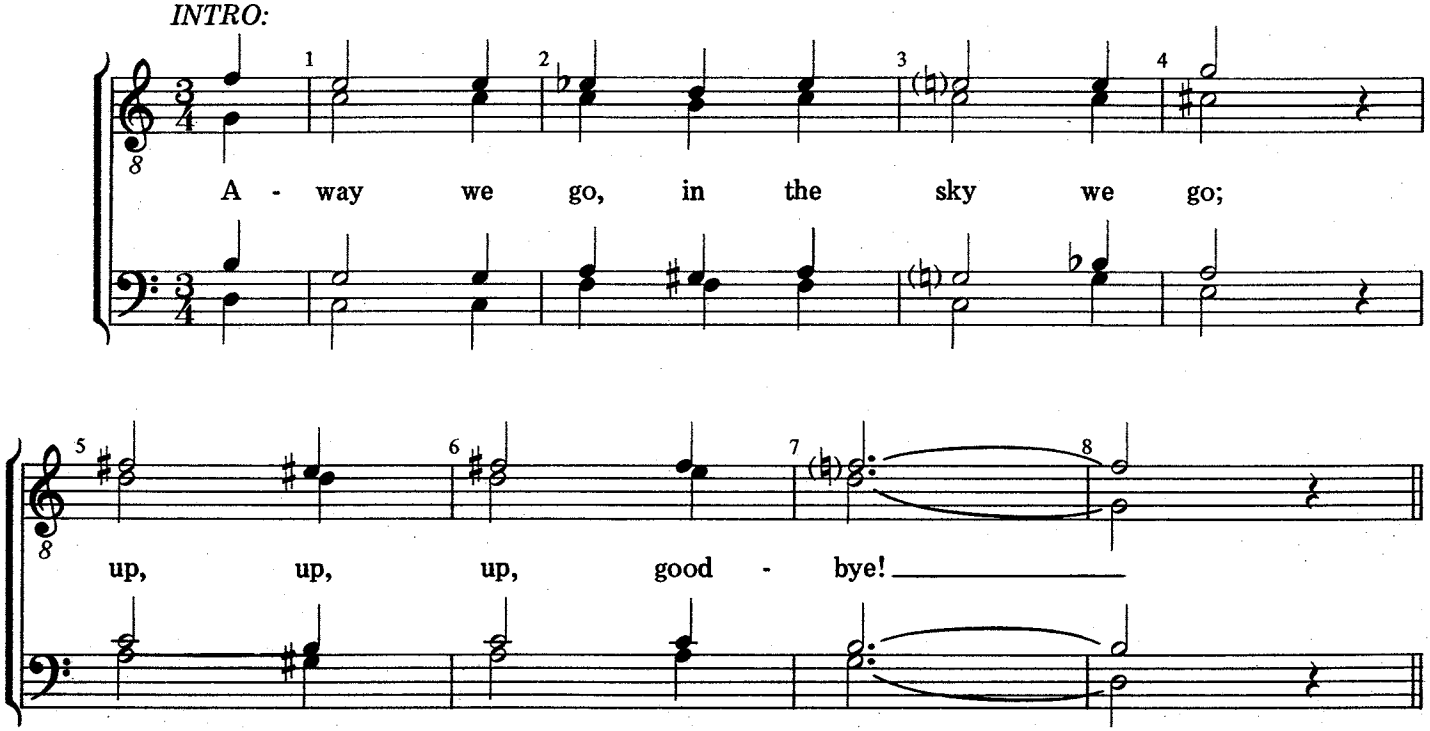
After serving in the German Navy (he was born in Cologne) and the French Foreign Legion, Fred Fisher came to the U.S. in 1900, and it was in Chicago that he began his long songwriting career. He composed music for silent films and songs for sound films, and special material for vaudeville and night club performers. Alfred Bryan, too, was a great writer of songs, both for the Broadway stage and later for Hollywood movies. Some of the many songs identified with these names are "Peg O' My Heart," "Daddy, You've Been A Mother To Me," "Oui, Oui, Marie" and the somewhat naughty "Who Paid The Rent For Mrs. Rip Van Winkle?"

Transportation songs were very popular, and there were songs galore about bicycles, automobiles, boats and airplanes. Of all the airplane songs, "Come, Josephine, In My Flying Machine" has achieved the longest lasting popularity, perhaps because of the felicitous rhyme of "Josephine" and "flying machine." You will need your goggles and silk scarf for this one, as much fun to sing today as it was in 1910.

Words by ALFRED BRYAN
(1870-1958)

Music by FRED FISHER
(1875-1942)

INTRO:



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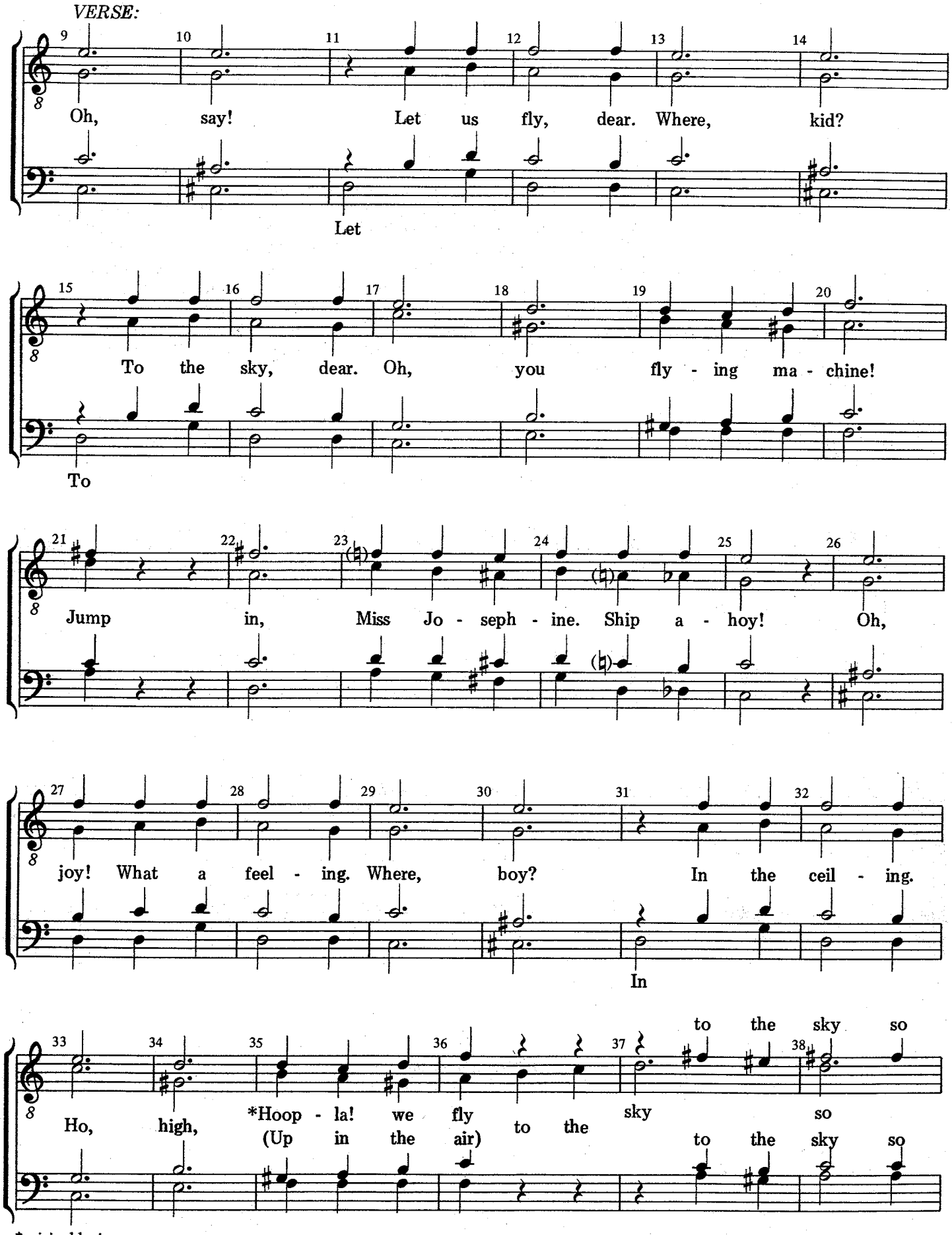
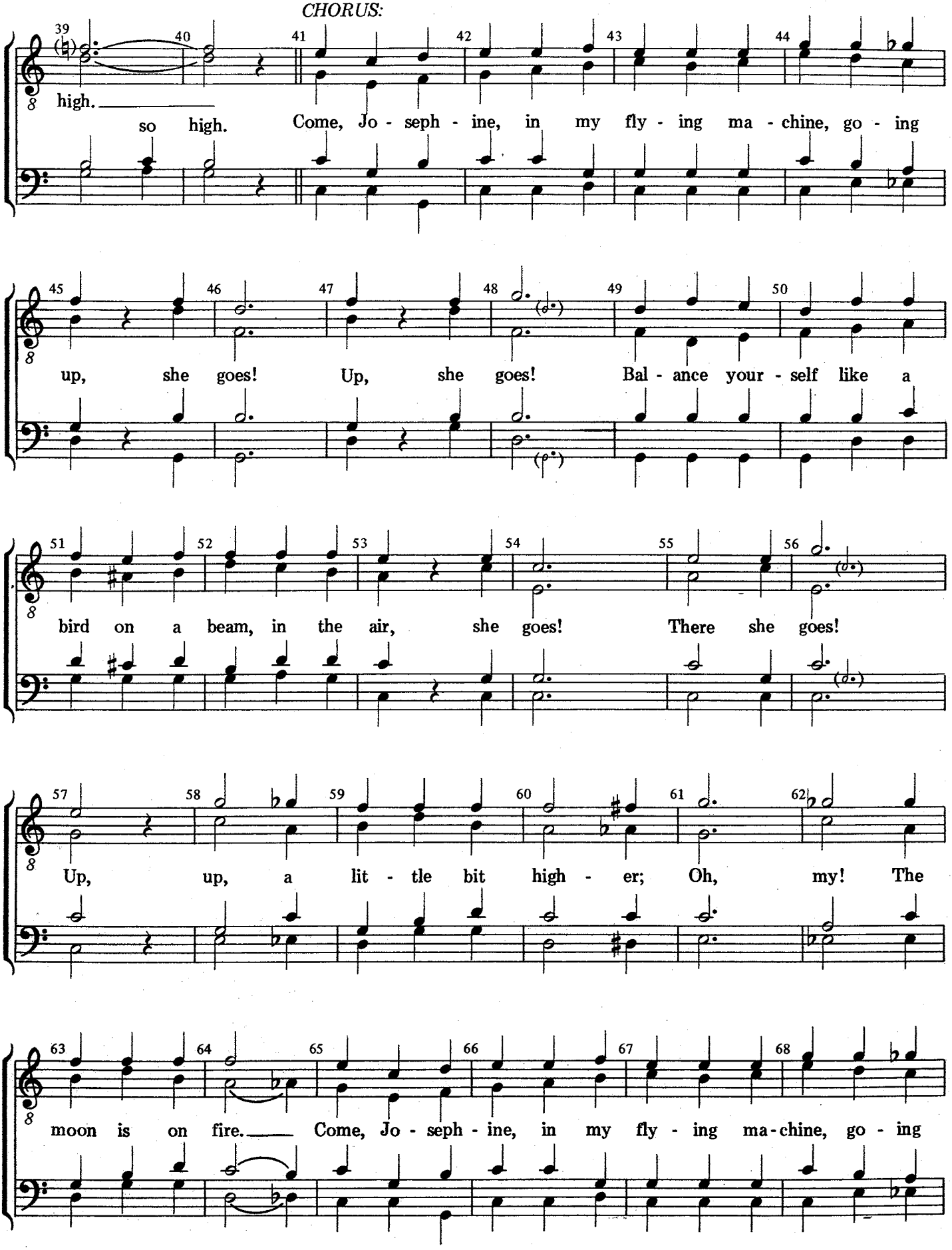
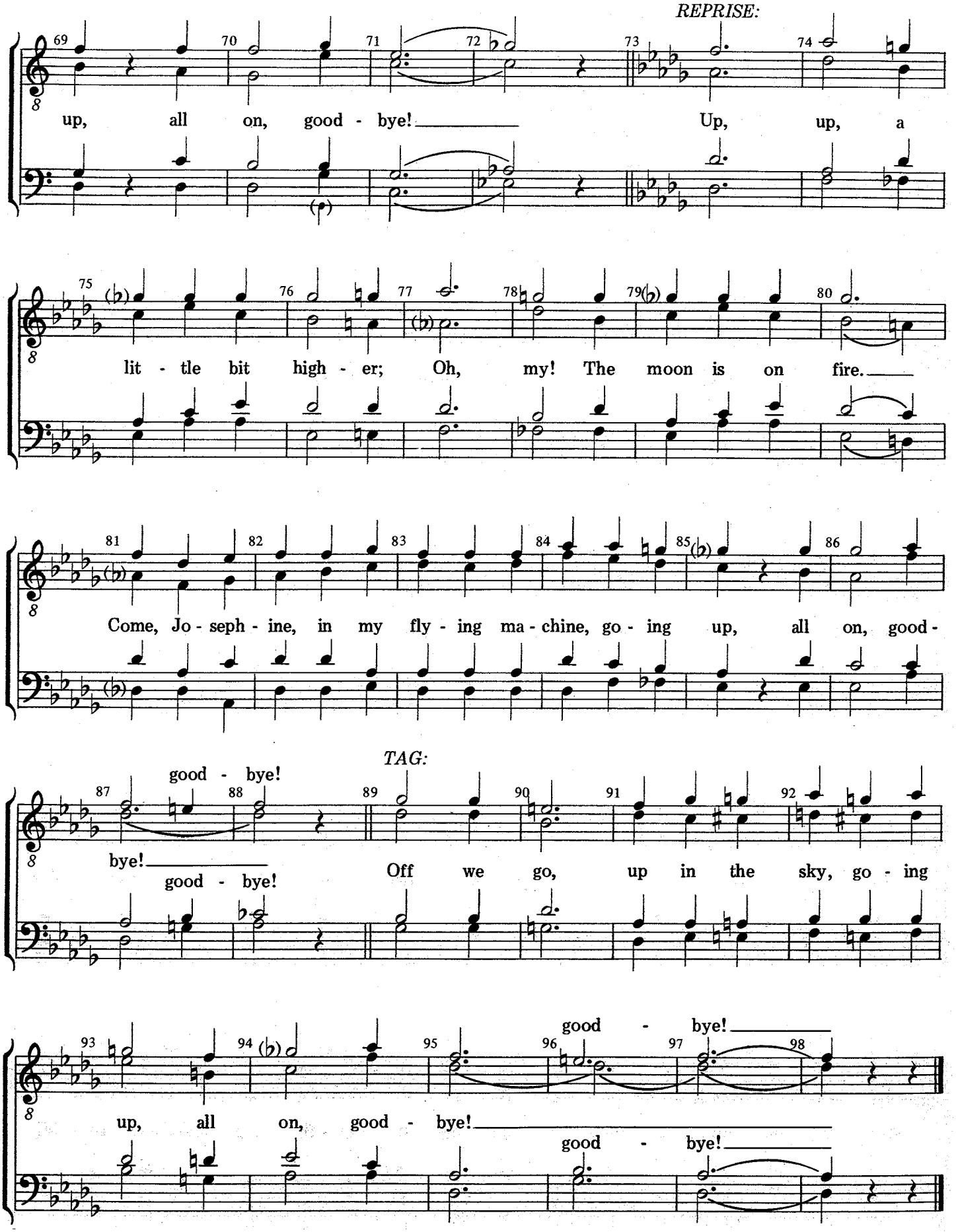


*original lyric.

CHORUS:


high.
so high. Come, Jo - seph - ine, in my fly - ing ma - chine, go - ing
up, she goes! Up, she goes! Bal - ance your - self like a
bird on a beam, in the air, she goes! There she goes!
Up, up, a lit - tle bit high - er; Oh, my! The
moon is on fire. Come, Jo - seph - ine, in my fly - ing ma - chine, go - ing


REPRISE:
up, all on, good - bye! Up, up, a
lit - tle bit high - er; Oh, my! The moon is on fire.
Come, Jo - seph - ine, in my fly - ing ma - chine, go - ing up, all on, good -
TAG:
good - bye!
bye!
good - bye!
Off we go, up in the sky, go - ing
good - bye!
up, all on, good - bye!
good - bye!

CUDDLE UP A LITTLE CLOSER, LOVEY MINE

1908

Karl Hoschna was a Bohemian by birth; Otto Hauerbach came from Salt Lake City. Hoschna was composing music for Broadway musicals when their paths crossed in New York City and they collaborated on the show "The Three Twins." One of its songs was "Cuddle Up A Little Closer, Lovey Mine." They continued to work together until 1911 when Hoschna suddenly died, a most promising career cut short. Hauerbach went on to write lyrics for Rudolph Friml, Sigmund Romberg, George Gershwin, and Jerome Kern. He teamed up with Oscar Hammerstein II in 1920. From 1929 until his retirement, he composed music for Hollywood films.

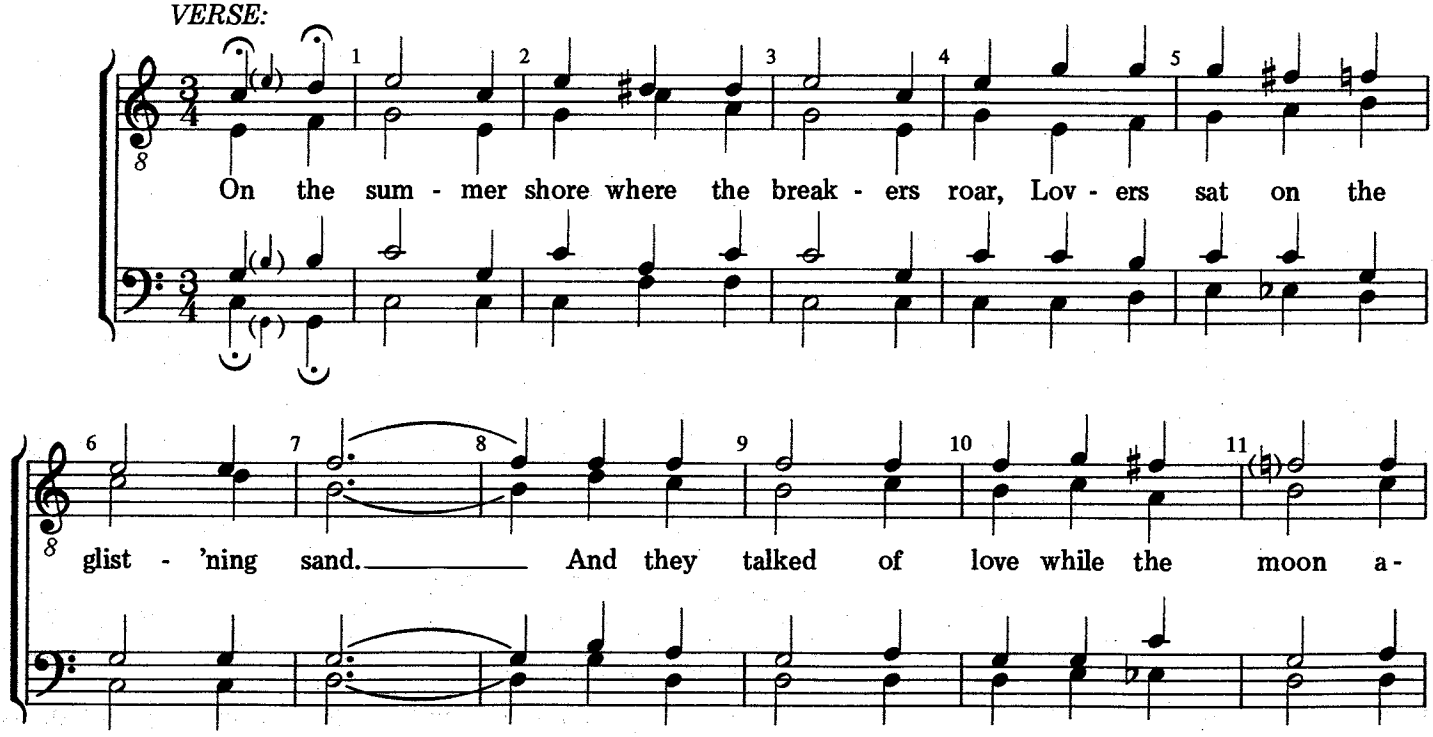
Some of Hauerbach's best known songs are "Indian Love Call," "Who?" "The Desert Song," "She Didn't Say 'Yes' " and "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes," but his career as a lyricist was established way back in 1908 when he and Hoschna wrote "Cuddle Up A Little Closer, Lovey Mine." It was the earliest success of this giant of American music.

The infectious good humor of this song has not diminished with the years. It's still a favorite with singers who gather around the piano for some impromptu vocalizing.

Words by OTTO HAUERBACH
(1873-1963)

Music by KARL HOSCHNA
(1877-1911)

VERSE:



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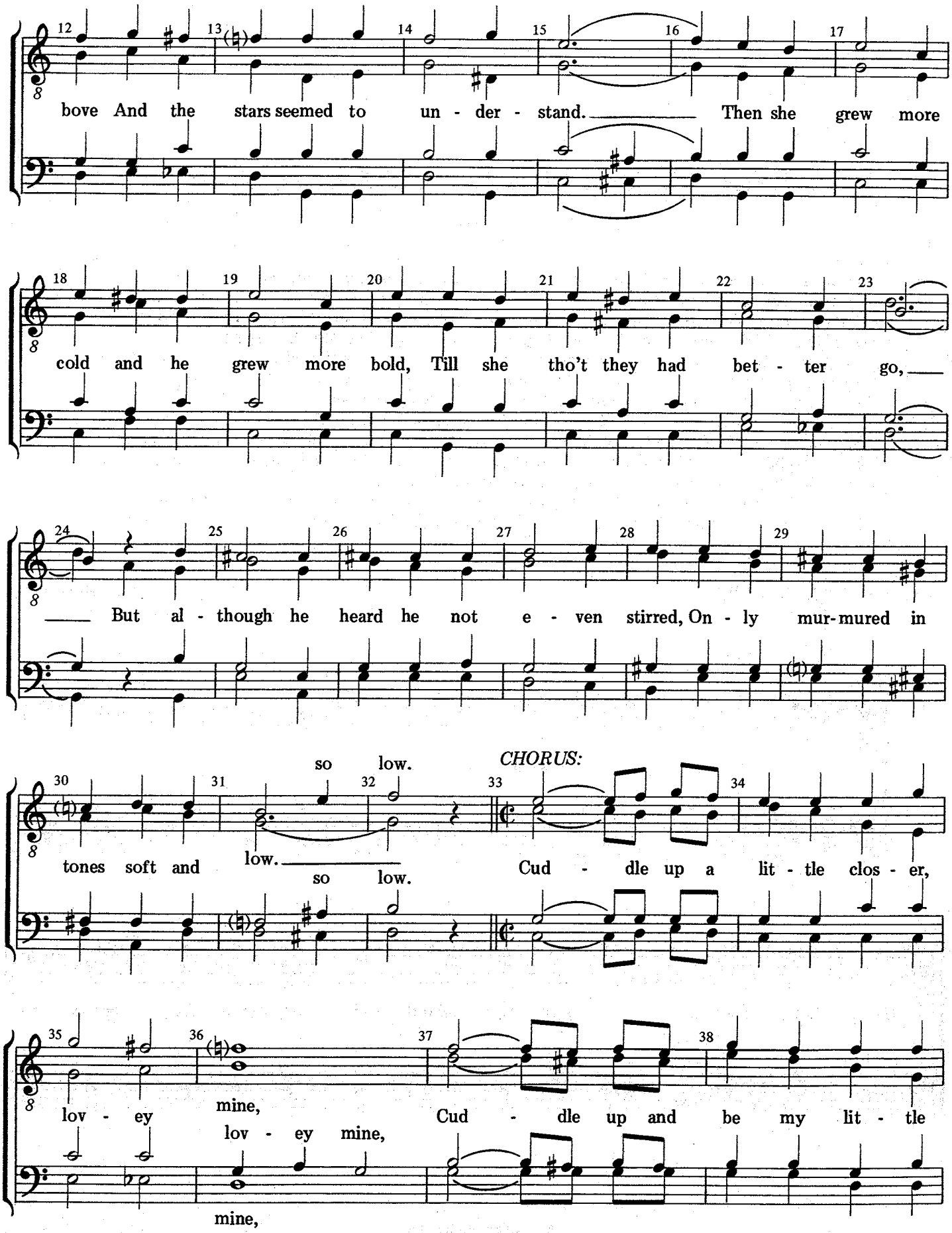
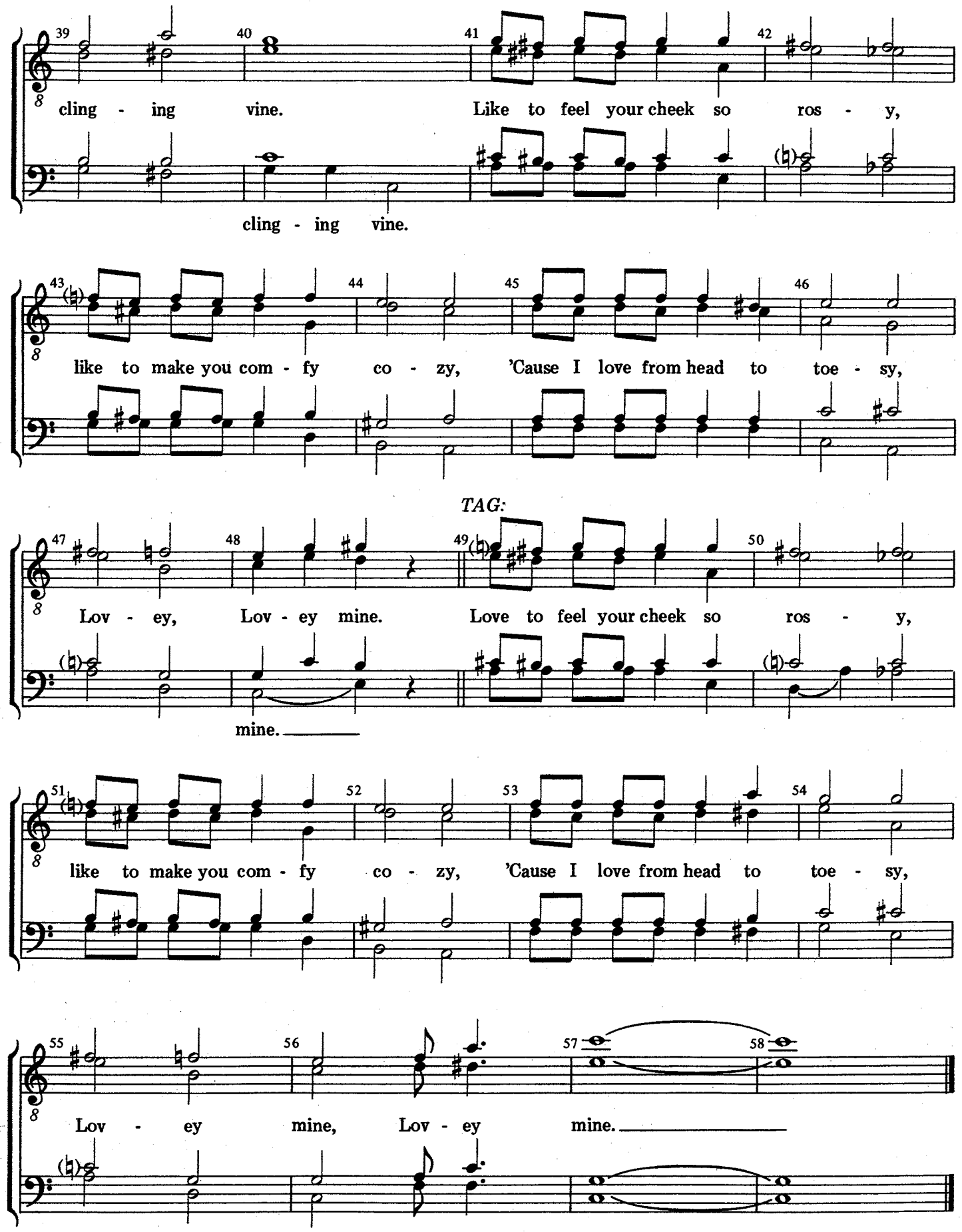

bove And the stars seemed to un - der - stand. Then she grew more
cold and he grew more bold, Till she tho't they had bet - ter go,
But al - though he heard he not e - ven stirred, On - ly mur-mured in
so low.
tones soft and low.
so low.
CHORUS:
Cud - dle up a lit - tle clos - er,
lov - ey mine,
lov - ey mine,
Cud - dle up and be my lit - tle
mine,


39
40
41
42
cling - ing vine. Like to feel your cheek so ros - y,
cling - ing vine.
43
44
45
46
like to make you com - fy co - zy, 'Cause I love from head to toe - sy,
TAG:
47
48
49
50
Lov - ey, Lov - ey mine. Love to feel your cheek so ros - y,
mine.
51
52
53
54
like to make you com - fy co - zy, 'Cause I love from head to toe - sy,
55
56
57
58
Lov - ey mine, Lov - ey mine.

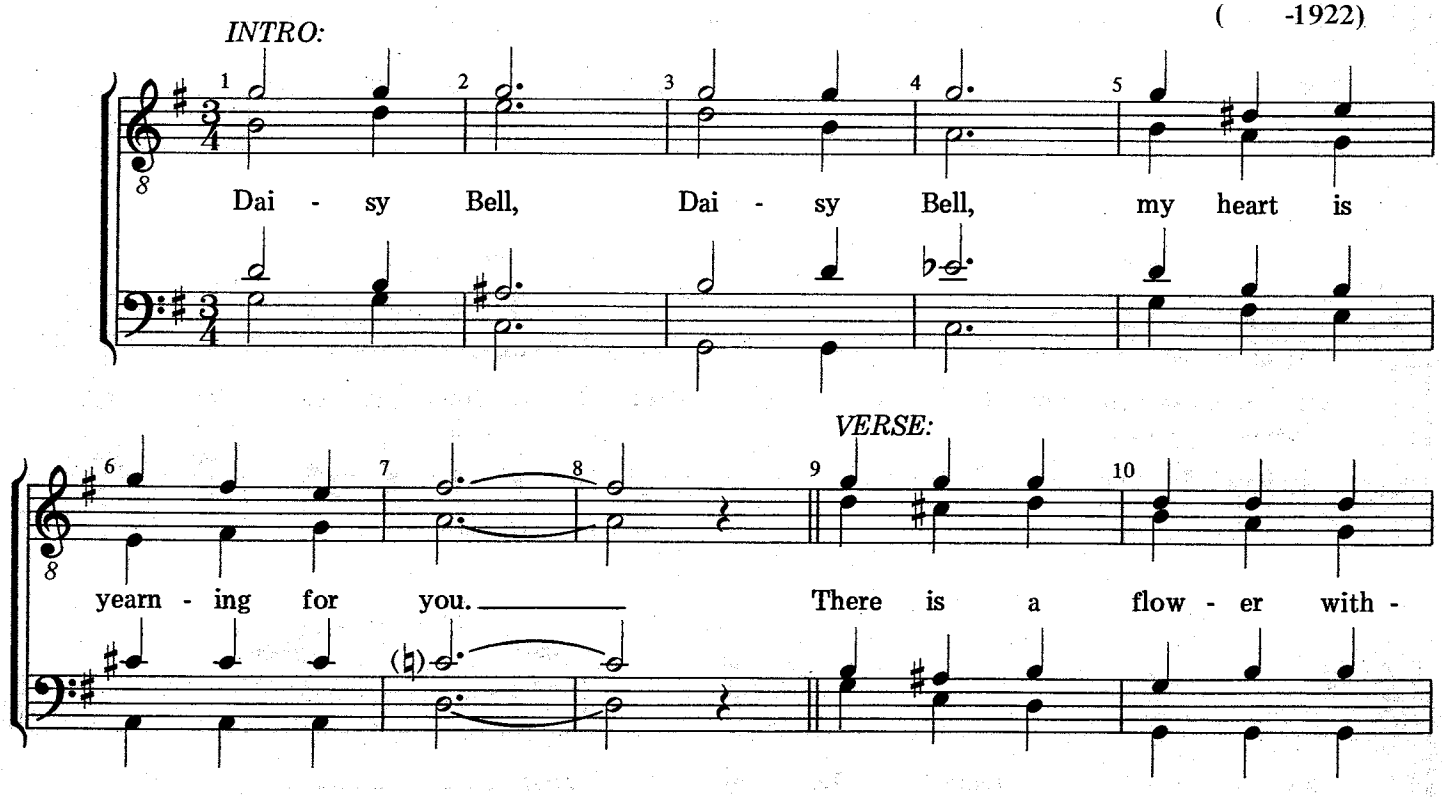
DAISY BELL

(A BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO)
1892

Henry Dacre's real name was Henry Decker. He was born in Lancashire, England, and died in London. When he came to New York in 1891 to seek his fortune as a songwriter, bicycling was already a popular fad. Tandems were popular, too, and it was only natural that some songwriter would hit upon the idea of writing a song about the bicycle for two. No American publishers were interested, however, but Dacre presented it to an American singer who was leaving for a tour of English theatres, and she sang it all over England where it became a tremendous hit. It wasn't long before the song came back across the Atlantic to become a hit in the U.S. as well.

After all, any song about love, transportation, and named for a girl just had to be a success. Although many other bicycle songs were written during the 1890s, none possessed the appeal of "Daisy Bell." Few song lyrics surpassed the playful poetry of the second and third verses.

By HARRY DACRE
(-1922)



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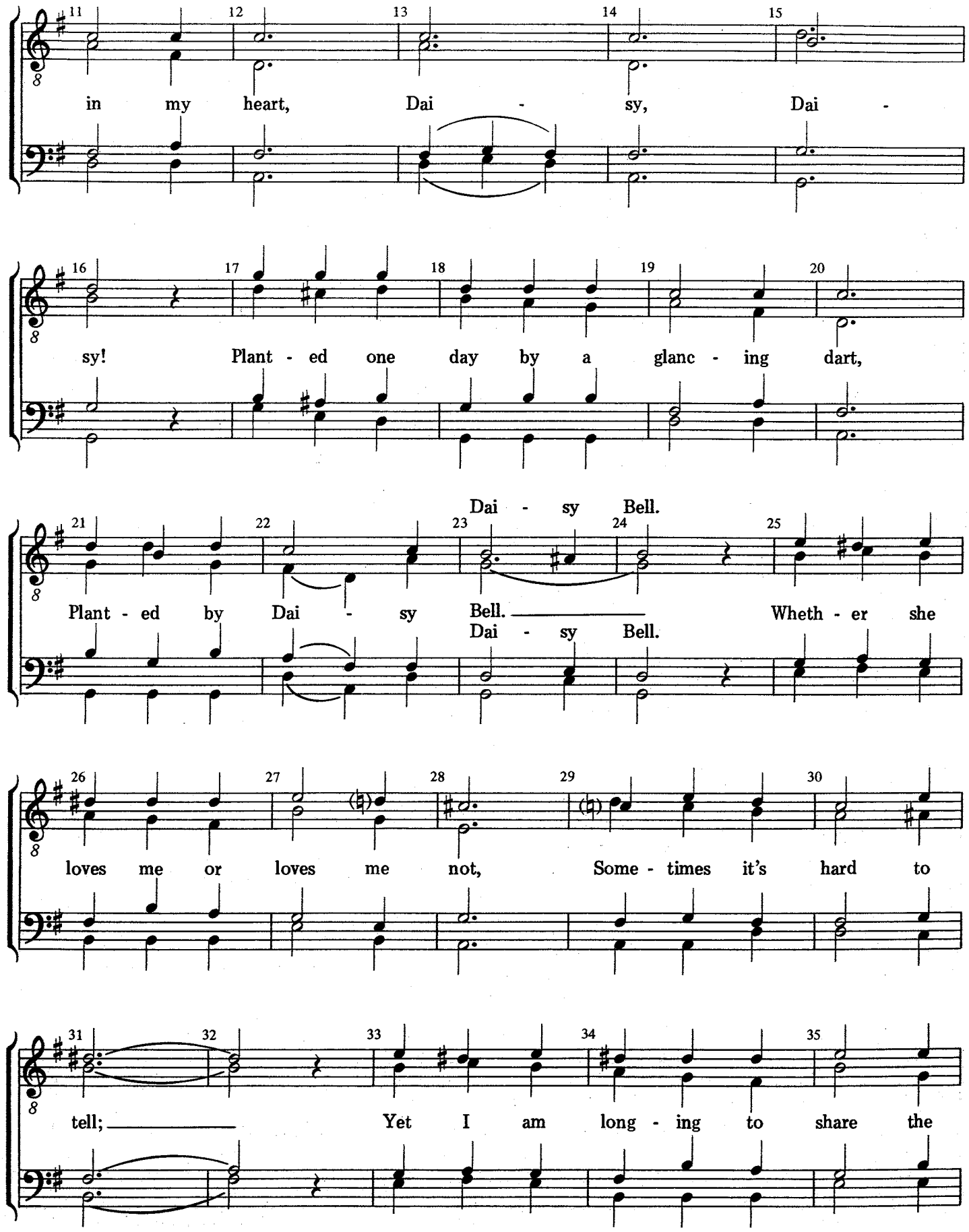
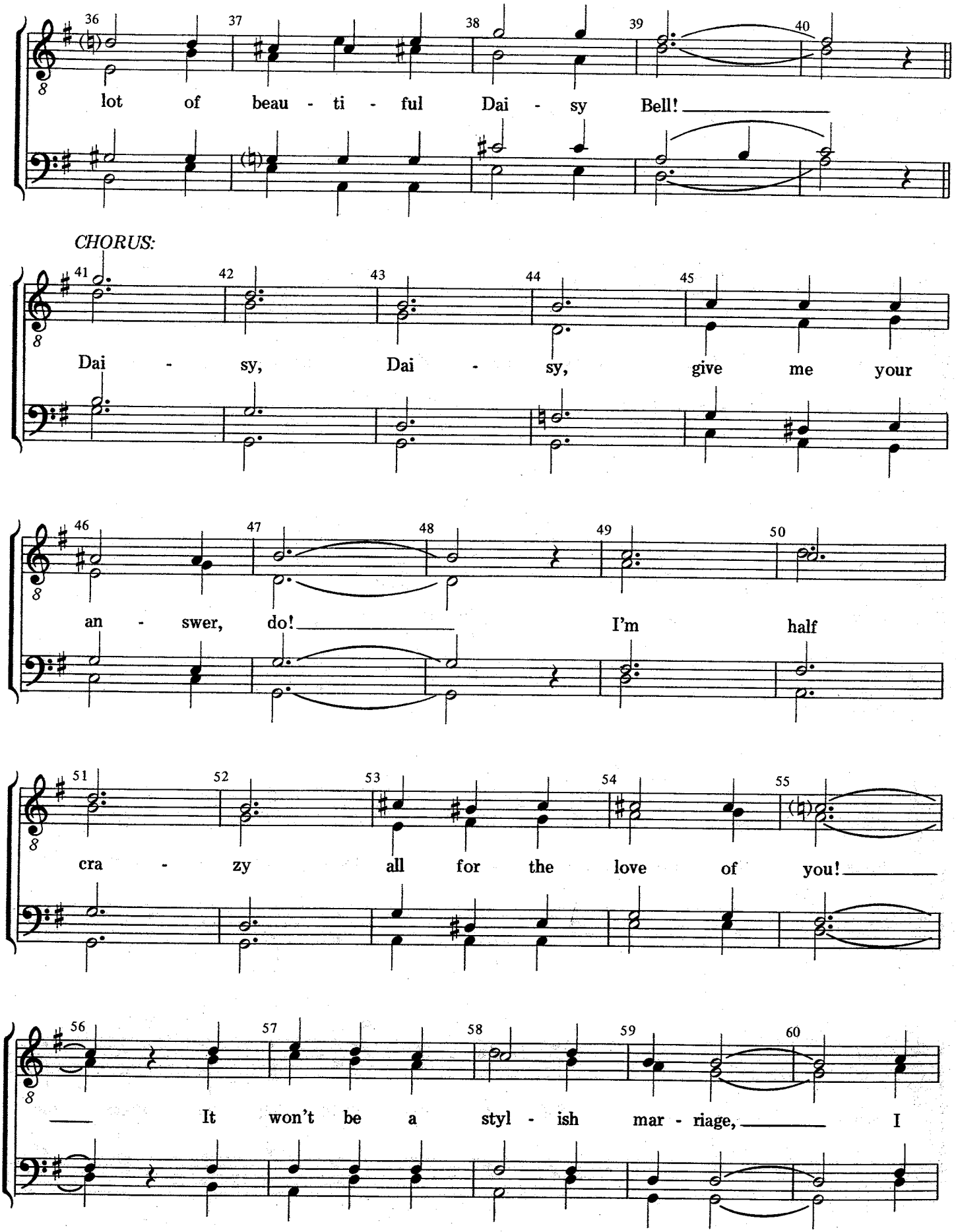
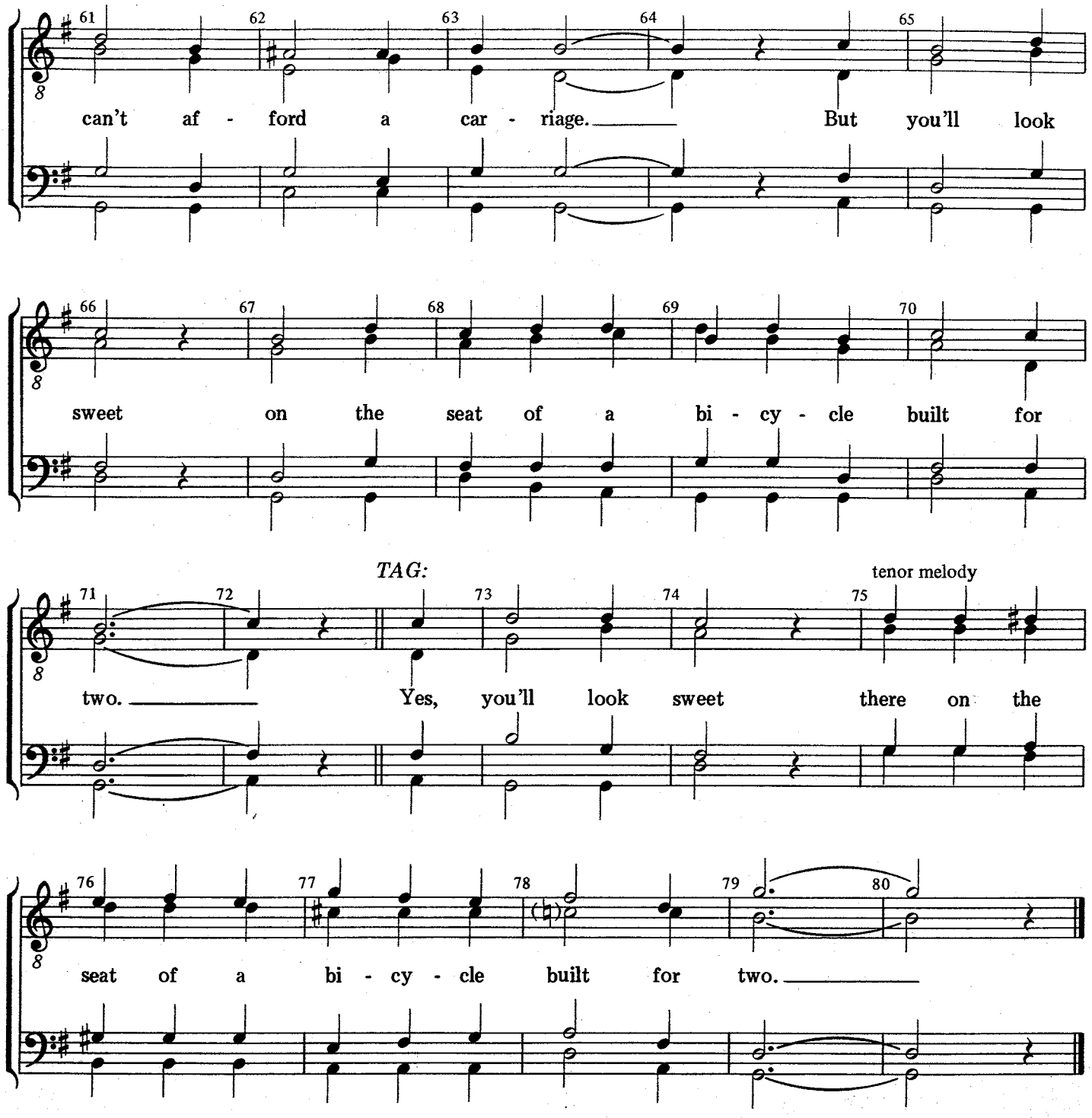

in my heart, Dai - sy, Dai -
sy! Plant - ed one day by a glanc - ing dart,
Dai - sy Bell.
Plant - ed by Dai - sy Bell. Dai - sy Bell. Wheth - er she
loves me or loves me not, Some - times it's hard to
tell; Yet I am long - ing to share the


36 37 38 39 40
lot of beau - ti - ful Dai - sy Bell!
CHORUS:
41 42 43 44 45
Dai - sy, Dai - sy, give me your
46 47 48 49 50
an - swer, do! I'm half
51 52 53 54 55
cra - zy all for the love of you!
56 57 58 59 60
It won't be a styl - ish mar - riage, I



Additional verse:

We will go "tandem" as man and wife, Daisy, Daisy!
Ped'ling away down the road of life, I and my Daisy Bell!
When the road's dark we can both despise p'liceman and "lamps" as well;
There are "bright lights" in the dazzling eyes of beautiful Daisy Bell!

I will stand by you in "wheel" or "woe," Daisy, Daisy!
You'll be the bell which I'll ring, you know! Sweet little Daisy Bell!
You'll take the "lead" in each trip we take, then if I don't do well;
I will permit you to use the brake, my beautiful Daisy Bell!

DEAR OLD GIRL

1903

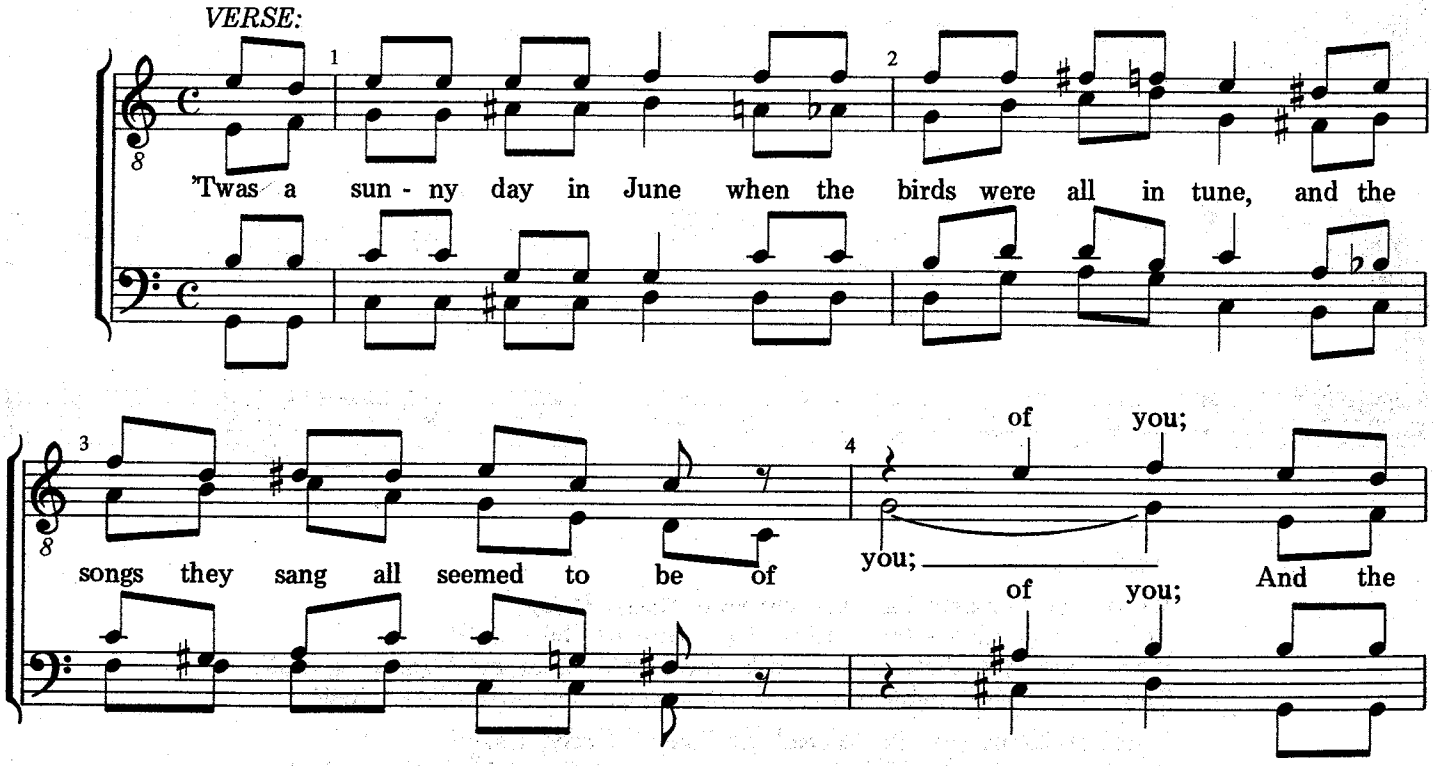
Both Theodore Morse and Richard Buck were well-known songwriters in the early days of Tin Pan Alley. Morse was born in Washington, D.C., but little is known of Richard Buck, except that he came from Philadelphia and was one of the co-writers of "Kentucky Babe" along with Adam Geibel.

"Dear Old Girl" is a typical 1890s - 1900s piece. Like so many others of this period, its verses tell the story of husband and wife. She precedes her husband in death, and he is left to recall their life together. The chorus, perhaps because of its rather unusual harmonic design, is a great favorite of close harmony singers. It is always sung with great tempo and rhythmic liberties as if the note values and bar lines did not exist. The singers are free to linger over each chord of the harmony as long as they wish.

Morse wrote songs for various stage performers and for several stage shows. Among his other well-known songs are "Down In Jungle Town," "Please Come And Play In My Yard," "Where The Southern Roses Grow," "The Leader Of The German Band" and "M-O-T-H-E-R."

Words by RICHARD HENRY BUCK
(1870-1956)

Music by THEODORE F. MORSE
(1874-1924)



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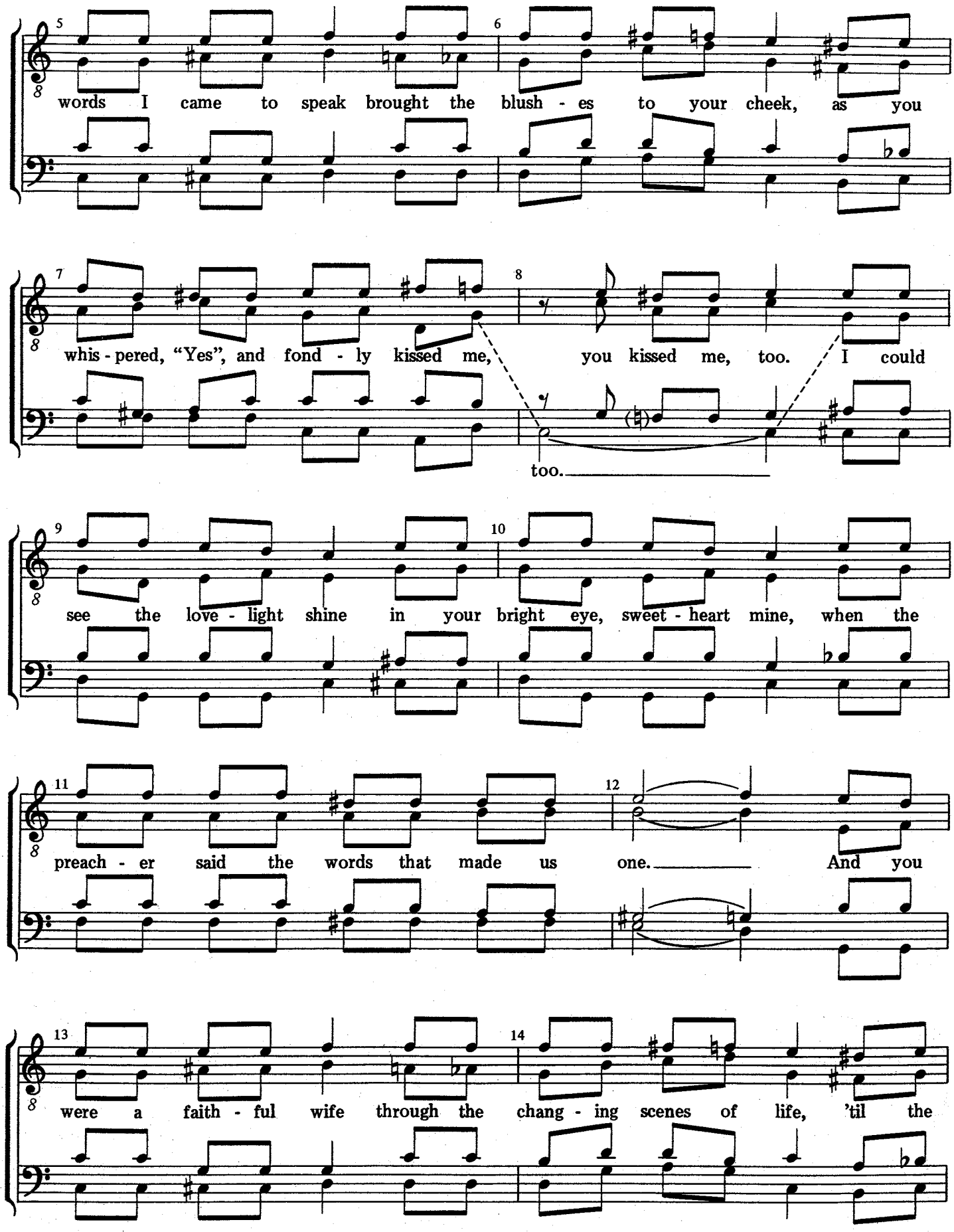
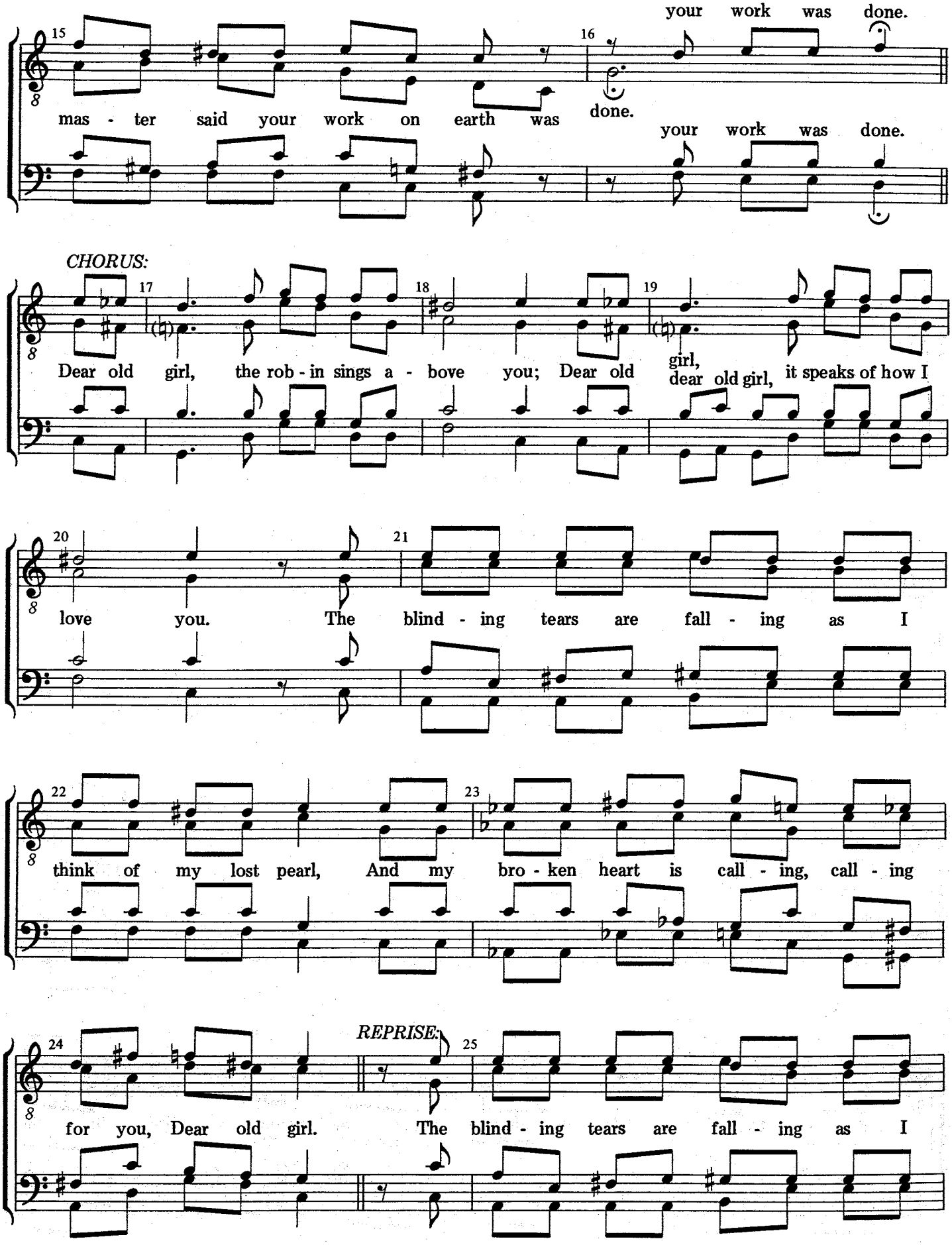
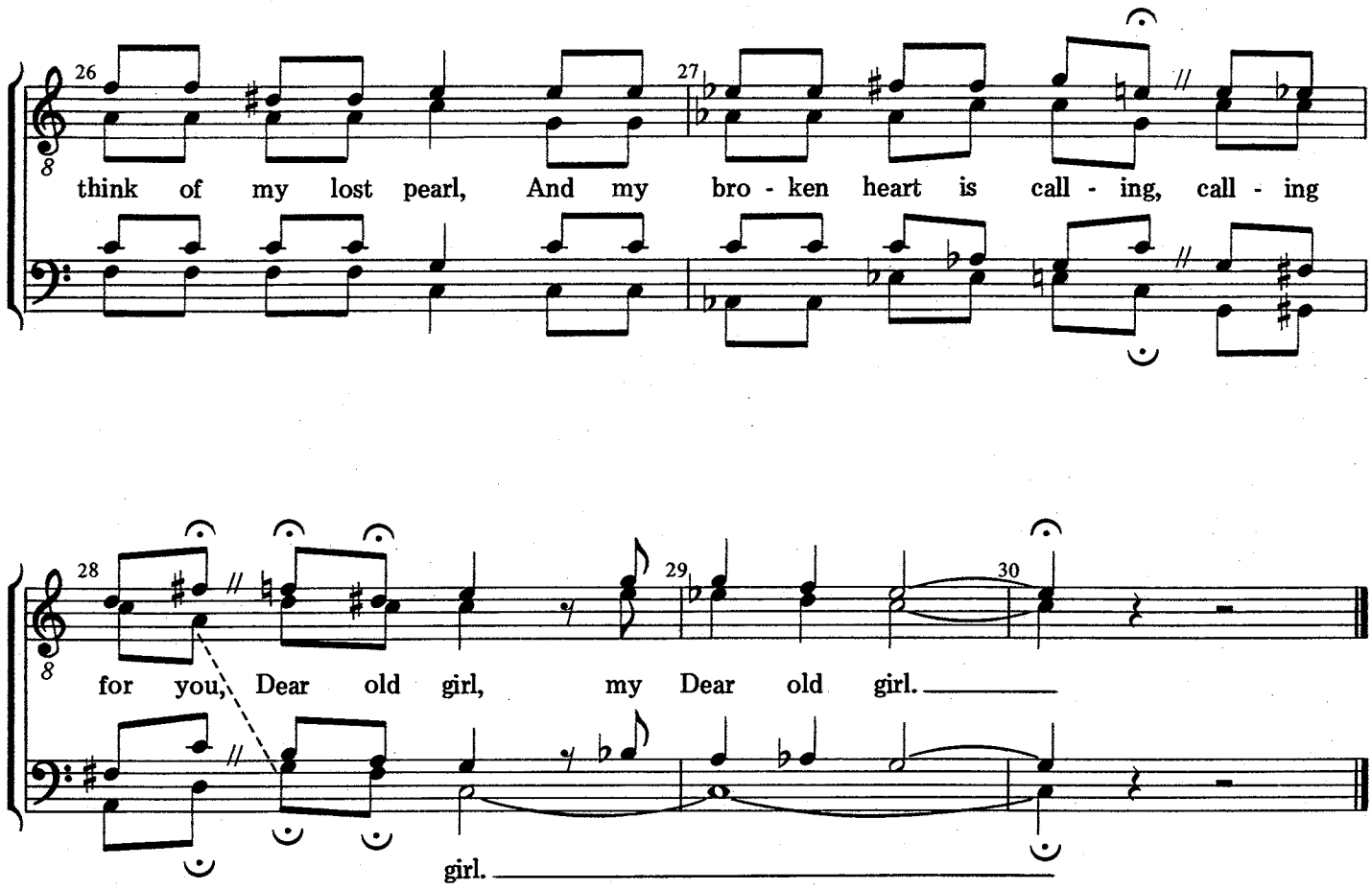

words I came to speak brought the blush - es to your cheek, as you
whis - pered, "Yes", and fond - ly kissed me, you kissed me, too. I could
too.
see the love - light shine in your bright eye, sweet - heart mine, when the
preach - er said the words that made us one. And you
were a faith - ful wife through the chang - ing scenes of life, 'til the


your work was done.
mas - ter said your work on earth was done.
your work was done.
CHORUS:
Dear old girl, the rob - in sings a - bove you; Dear old girl, dear old girl, it speaks of how I
love you. The blind - ing tears are fall - ing as I
think of my lost pearl, And my bro - ken heart is call - ing, call - ing
REPRISE:
for you, Dear old girl. The blind - ing tears are fall - ing as I



Additional verse:

Dark and drear the world has grown as I wander all alone,
And I hear the breezes sobbing thro' the pines.
I can scarce hold back my tears when the southern moon appears,
For 'tis on our humble cottage where it shines.

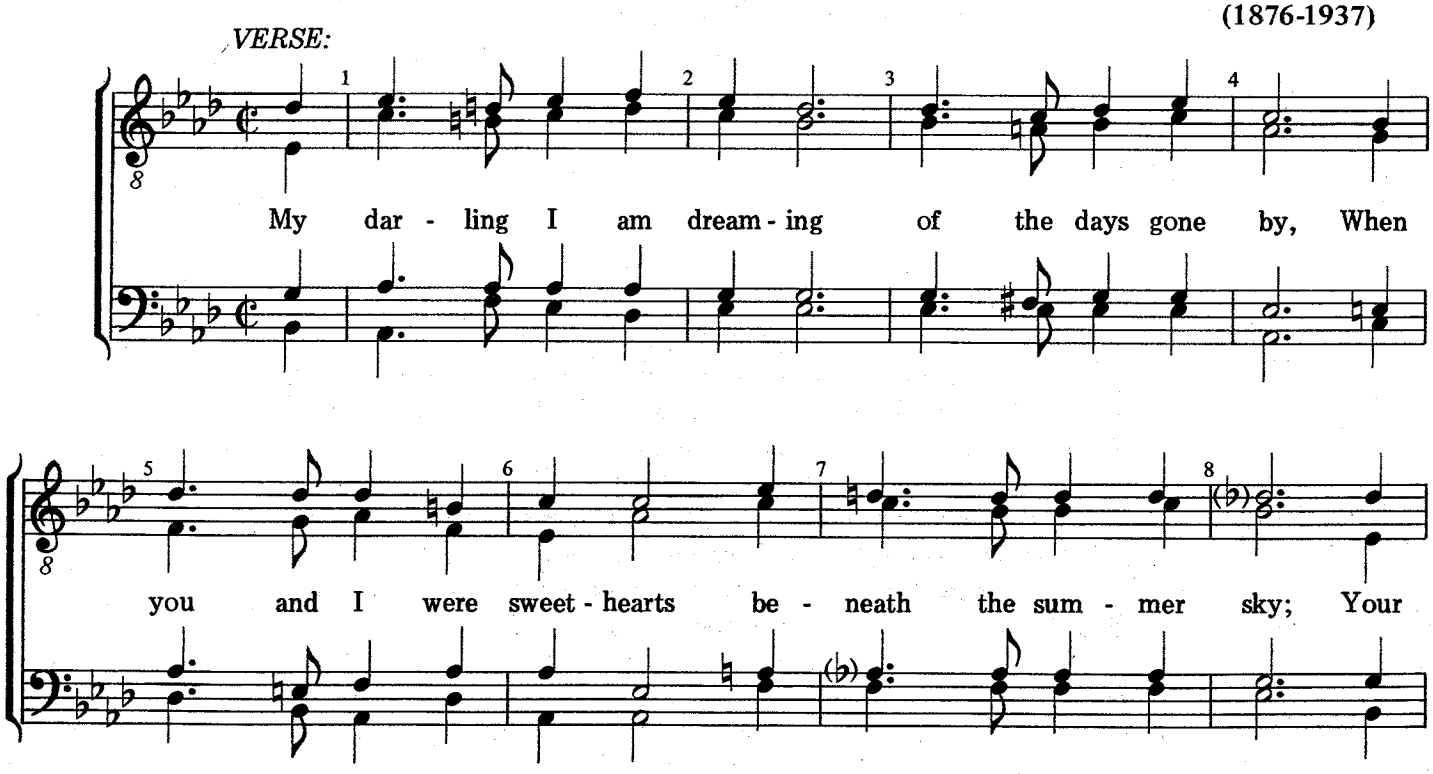
Once again we seem to sit when the evening lamps are lit
With our faces turned toward the golden west,
When I prayed that you and I ne'er would have to say, "Goodbye,"
But that still together we'd be laid to rest.

DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

1910

Tell Taylor was an Ohioan by birth and died in Chicago while still a young man. His career started when Joe Howard, composer of "Hello! My Baby" and many other songs, invited Taylor to join his stage company. Taylor became a leading performer, wrote many songs, and became a partner in a Chicago music publishing house. From his pen flowed numerous fine songs, but none more well-known, nor more frequently sung, than "Down By The Old Mill Stream." No close harmony songfest is complete without it.

By TELL TAYLOR
(1876-1937)



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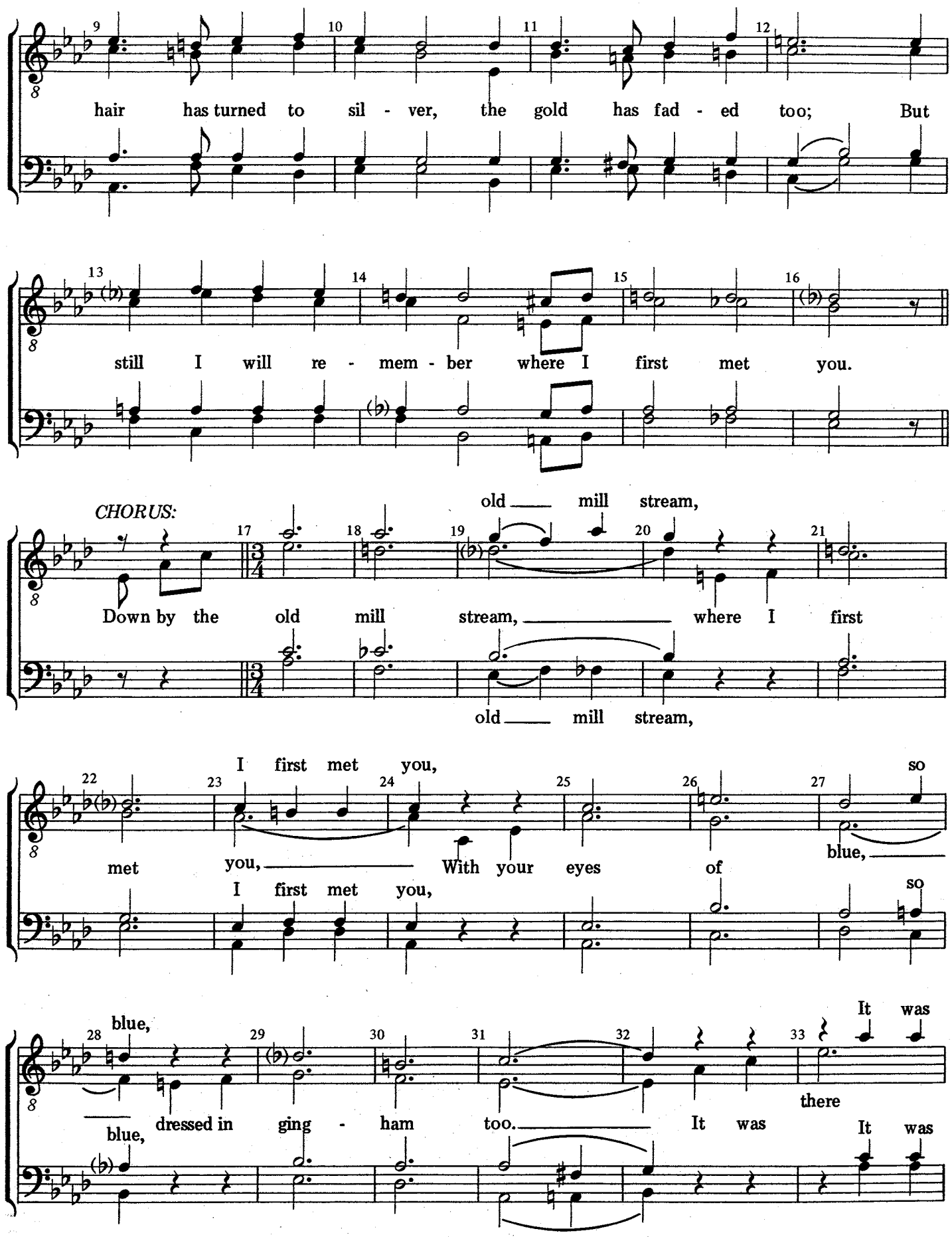
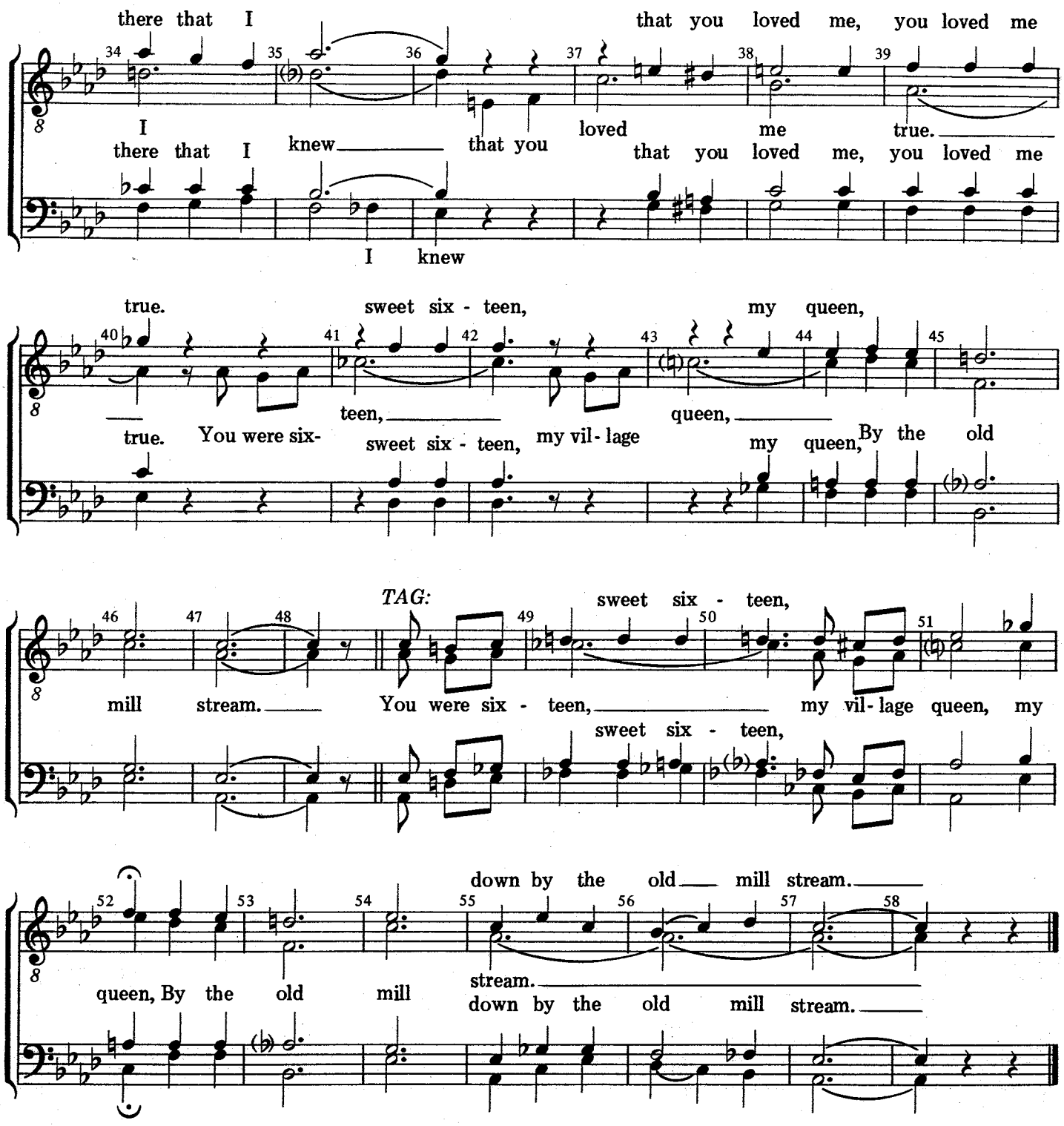

hair has turned to sil - ver, the gold has fad - ed too; But
still I will re - mem - ber where I first met you.
CHORUS:
old ___ mill stream,
Down by the old mill stream, ___ where I first
old ___ mill stream,
I first met you,
met you, ___ With your eyes of
so
blue, ___
I first met you,
so
blue,
It was
there
blue, dressed in ging - ham too. ___ It was
It was



Additional verse:

The old mill wheel is silent and has fallen down;
The old oak tree has withered and lays there on the ground;
While you and I are sweethearts, the same as days of yore;
Although we've been together forty years and more.

GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY

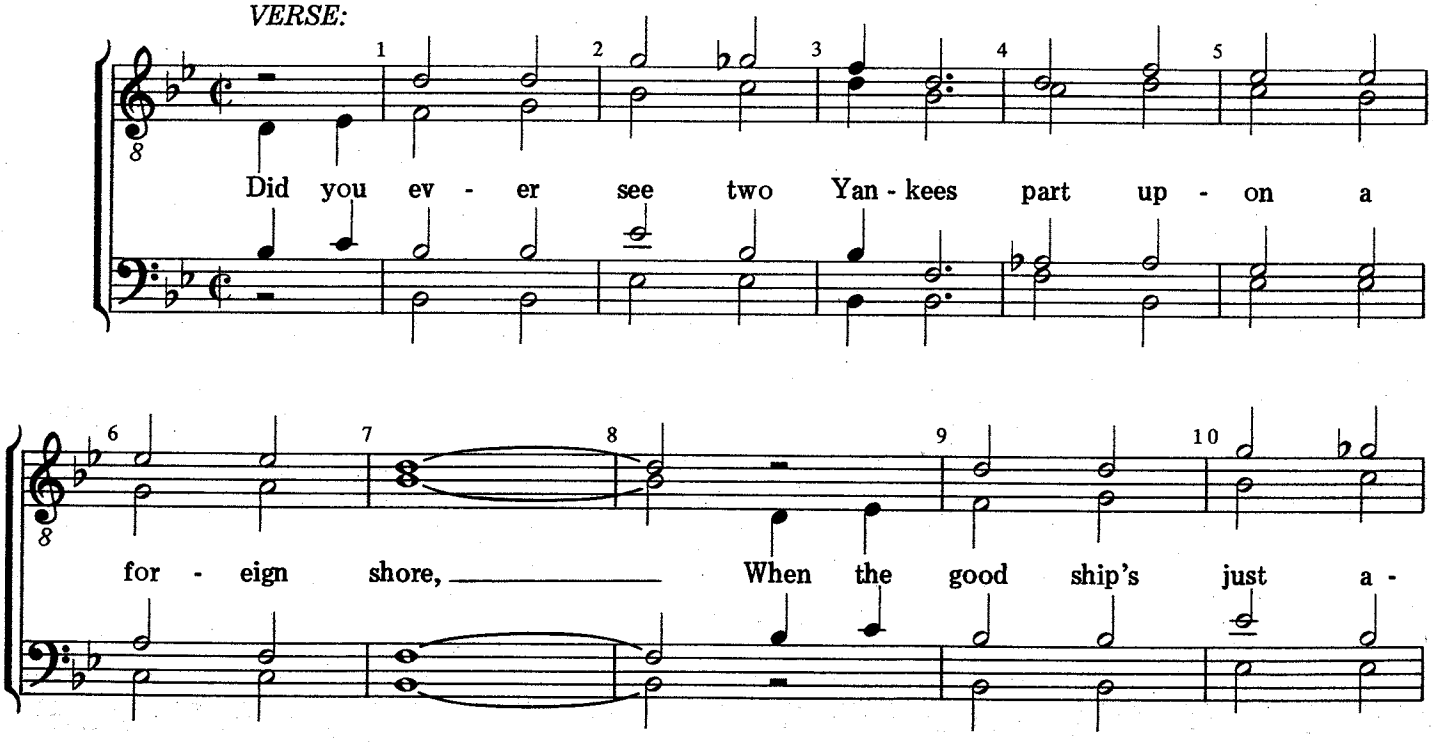
1904

When George M. Cohan wrote "Give My Regards To Broadway," he was 24 years old and already a veteran of 13 years in show business. He was born of actor parents and spent his childhood years in the theater.

Cohan was an all-time great of the Broadway stage. He performed, composed music and lyrics, directed, and produced shows from 1890 until 1928. He also acted in and produced a number of dramatic shows, and appeared in the movies. Among his songs are a number of all-time great successes, several of which are included in this volume.

If any song can be identified with New York and the Great White Way, it is "Give My Regards To Broadway," from one of his earliest stage successes, "Little Johnny Jones," which also introduced the song "The Yankee Doodle Boy." It's a winner wherever and whenever it's performed and quickly inspires pride in everything American in all who hear it or sing it.

By GEORGE M. COHAN
(1878-1942)



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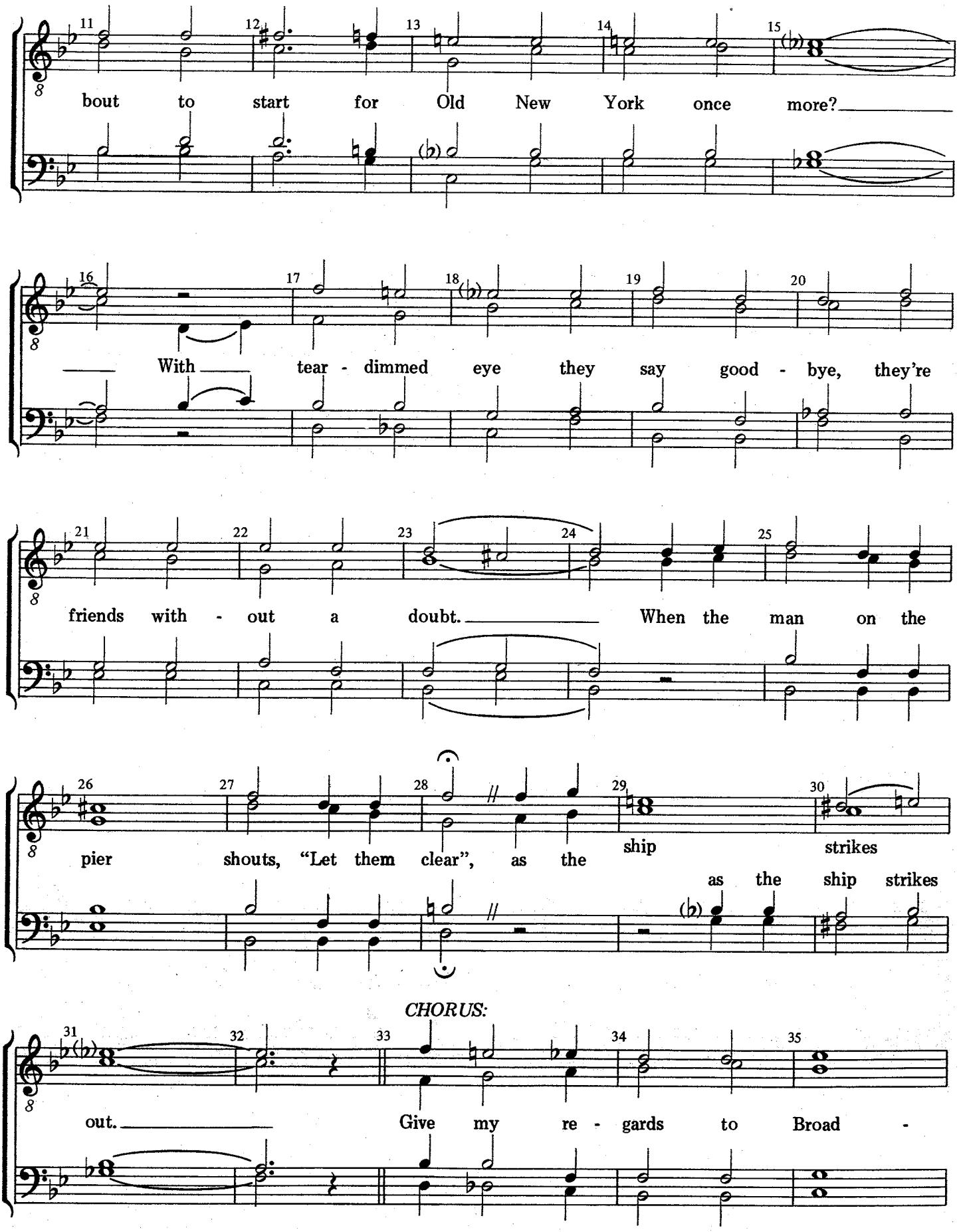
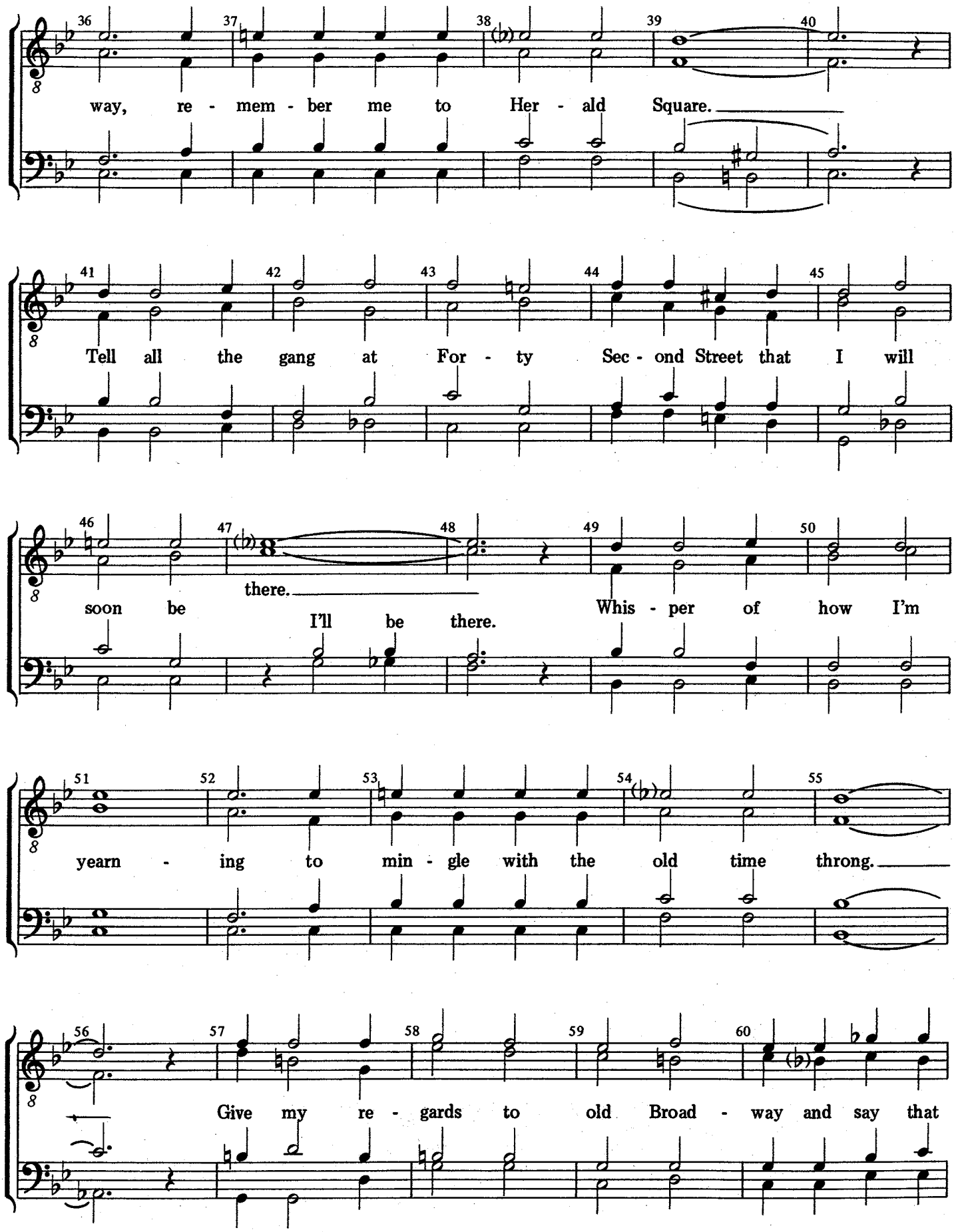
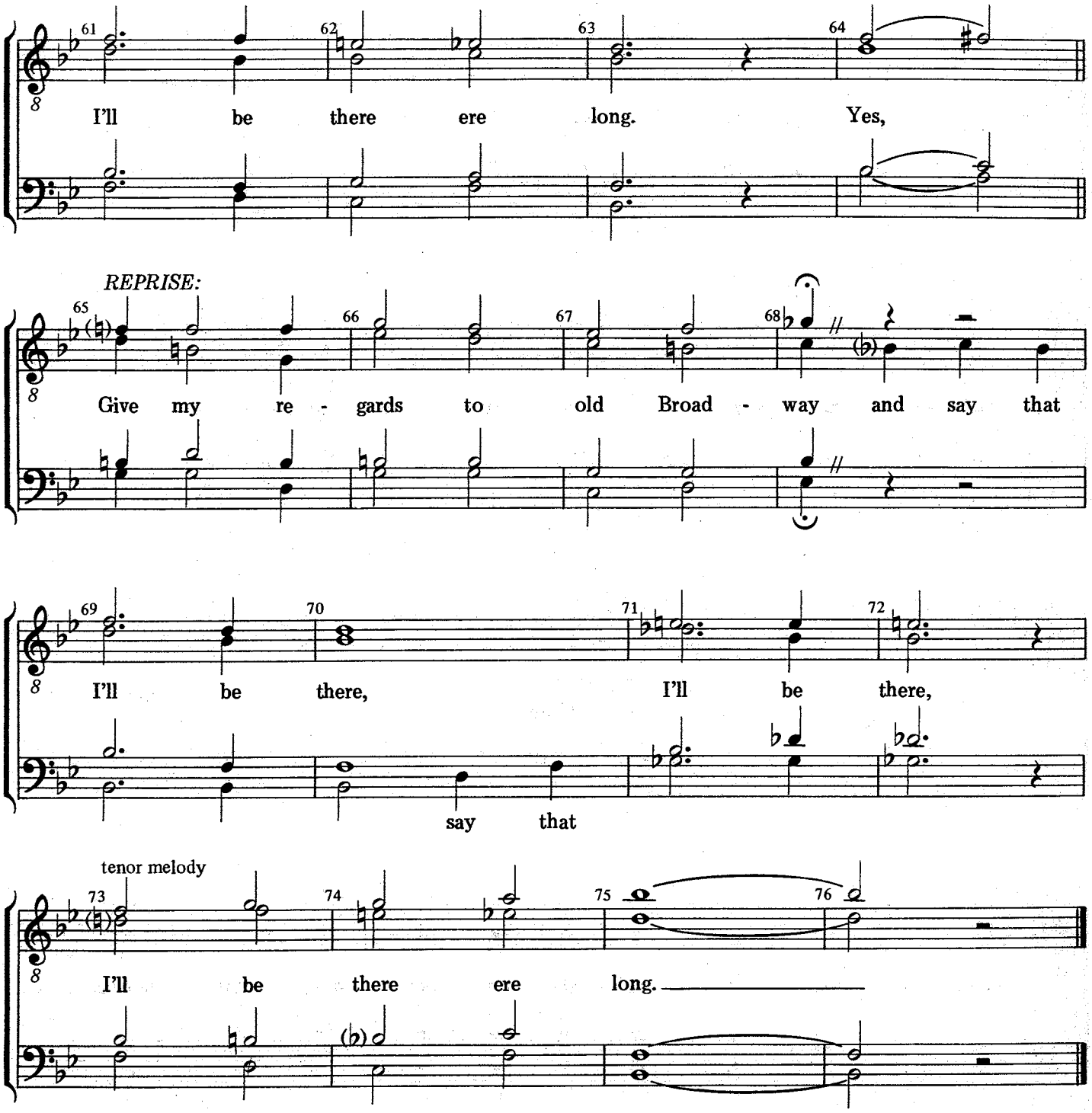

bout to start for Old New York once more?
With tear - dimmed eye they say good - bye, they're
friends with - out a doubt. When the man on the
pier shouts, "Let them clear", as the ship strikes
as the ship strikes
CHORUS:
out. Give my re - gards to Broad -


way, re - mem - ber me to Her - ald Square.
Tell all the gang at For - ty Sec - ond Street that I will
soon be there.
I'll be there.
Whis - per of how I'm
yearn - ing to min - gle with the old time throng.
Give my re - gards to old Broad - way and say that



Additional verse:

Say hello to dear old Coney Isle, if there you chance to be;
When you're at the Waldorf, have a smile and charge it up to me.
Mention my name ev'ry place you go, as 'round the town you roam;
Wish you'd call on my gal; now remember, old pal, when you get back home.

GOOD-BYE, MY LADY LOVE

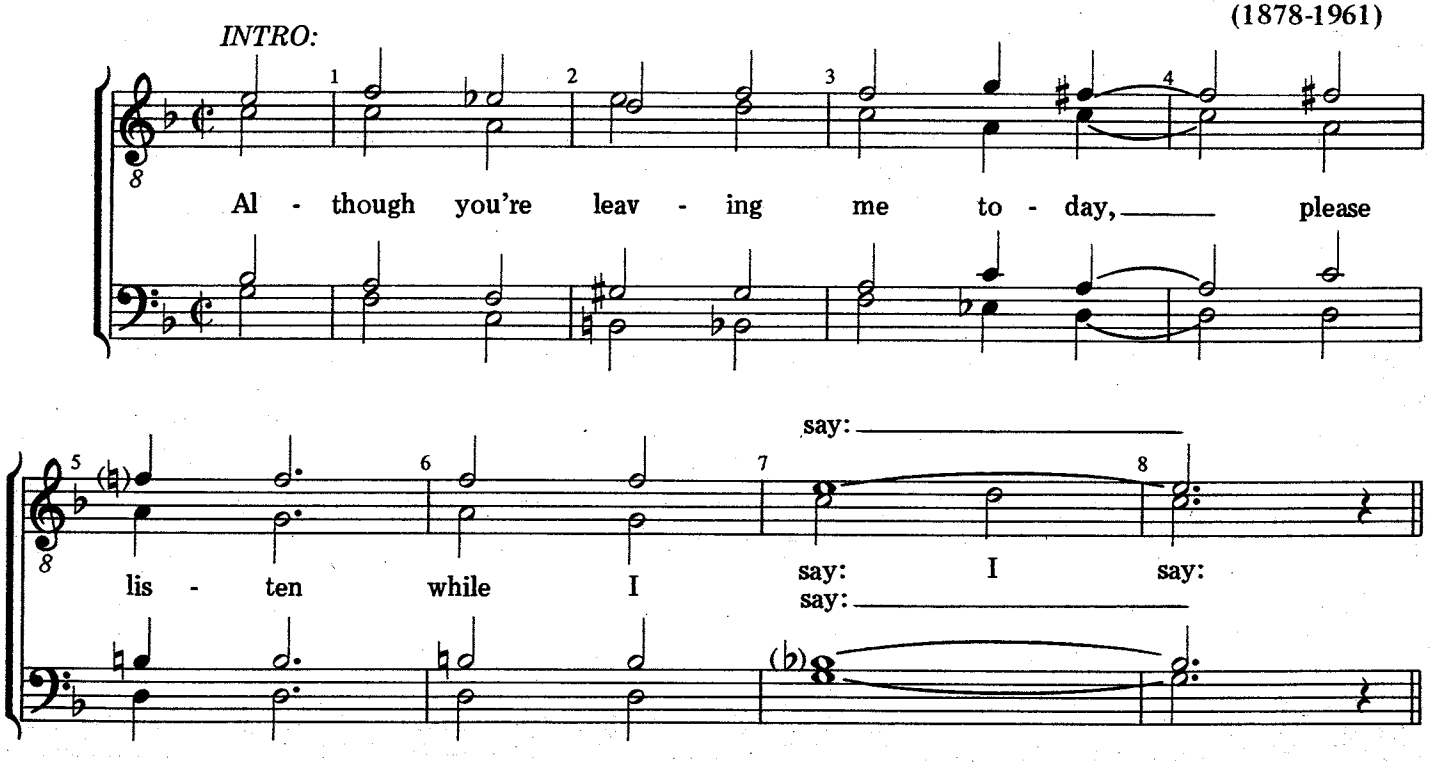
1904

Joe Howard was one of the most successful composer-singers of the early Broadway musical stage. Starting out as a boy soprano, he eventually played vaudeville houses and night clubs as a song and dance man. His later shows were produced in Chicago and toured many other cities as well. In the late 1930s and early 1940s, he appeared in a popular radio show, The Gay Nineties Revue.

The songs of Joe Howard would fill a good-sized volume by themselves. Included in this collection are "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" and "Hello! My Baby."

"Good-Bye, My Lady Love" is based on the oft told tale of the departing lover, but in this case the fellow vows to remain faithful because he knows she will eventually return to him. The song is usually sung too fast. Take it easy and savor the words.

By JOE HOWARD
(1878-1961)



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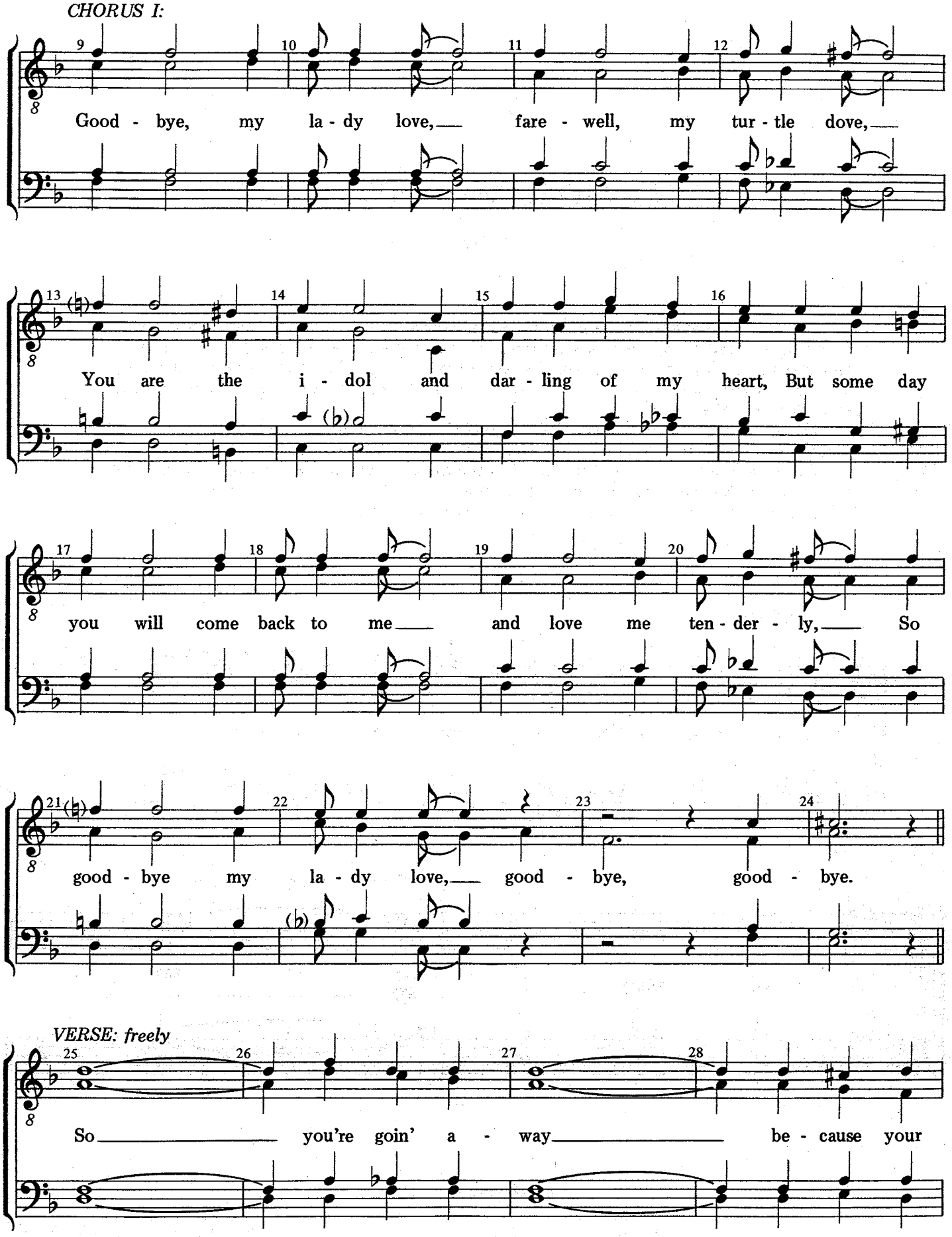
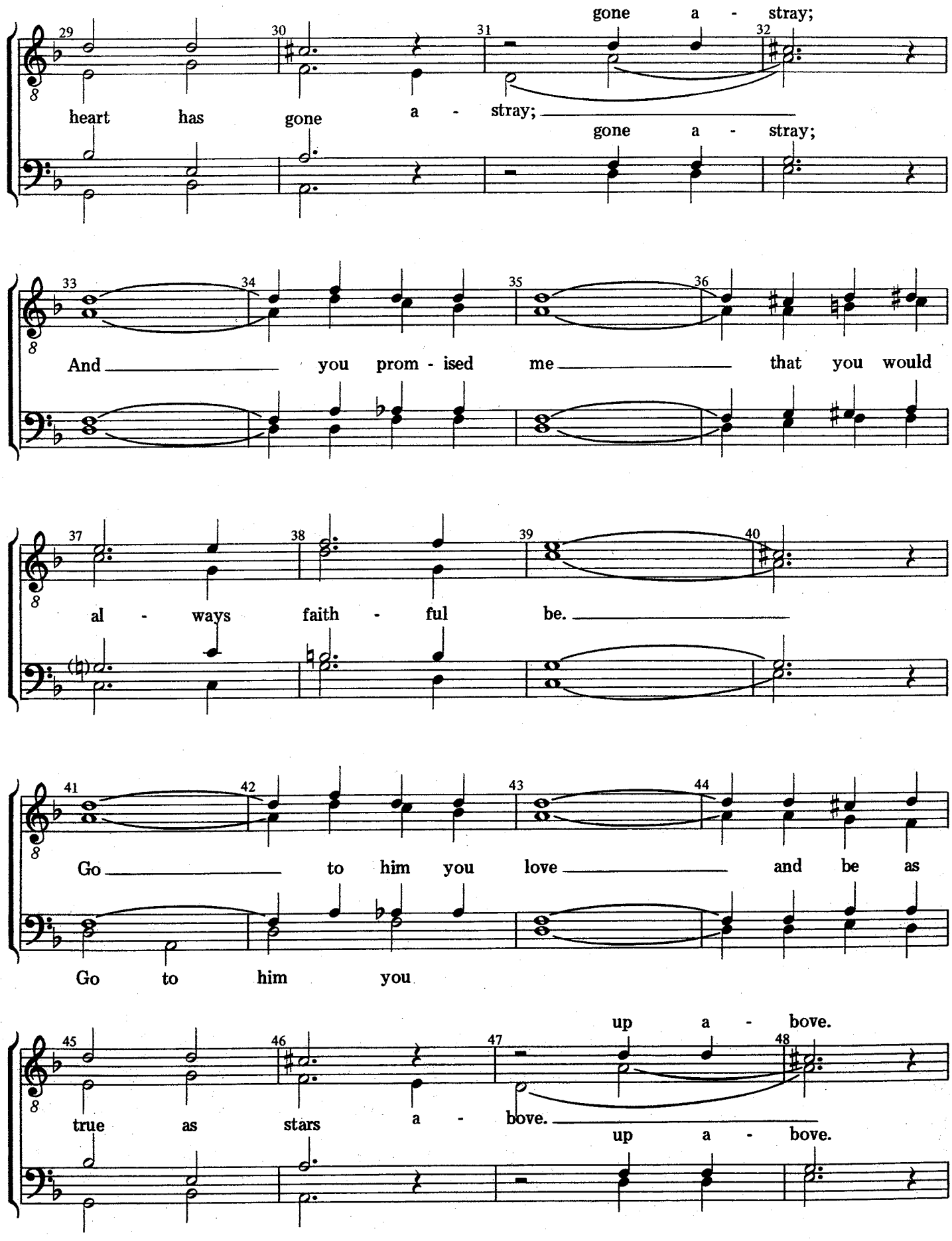
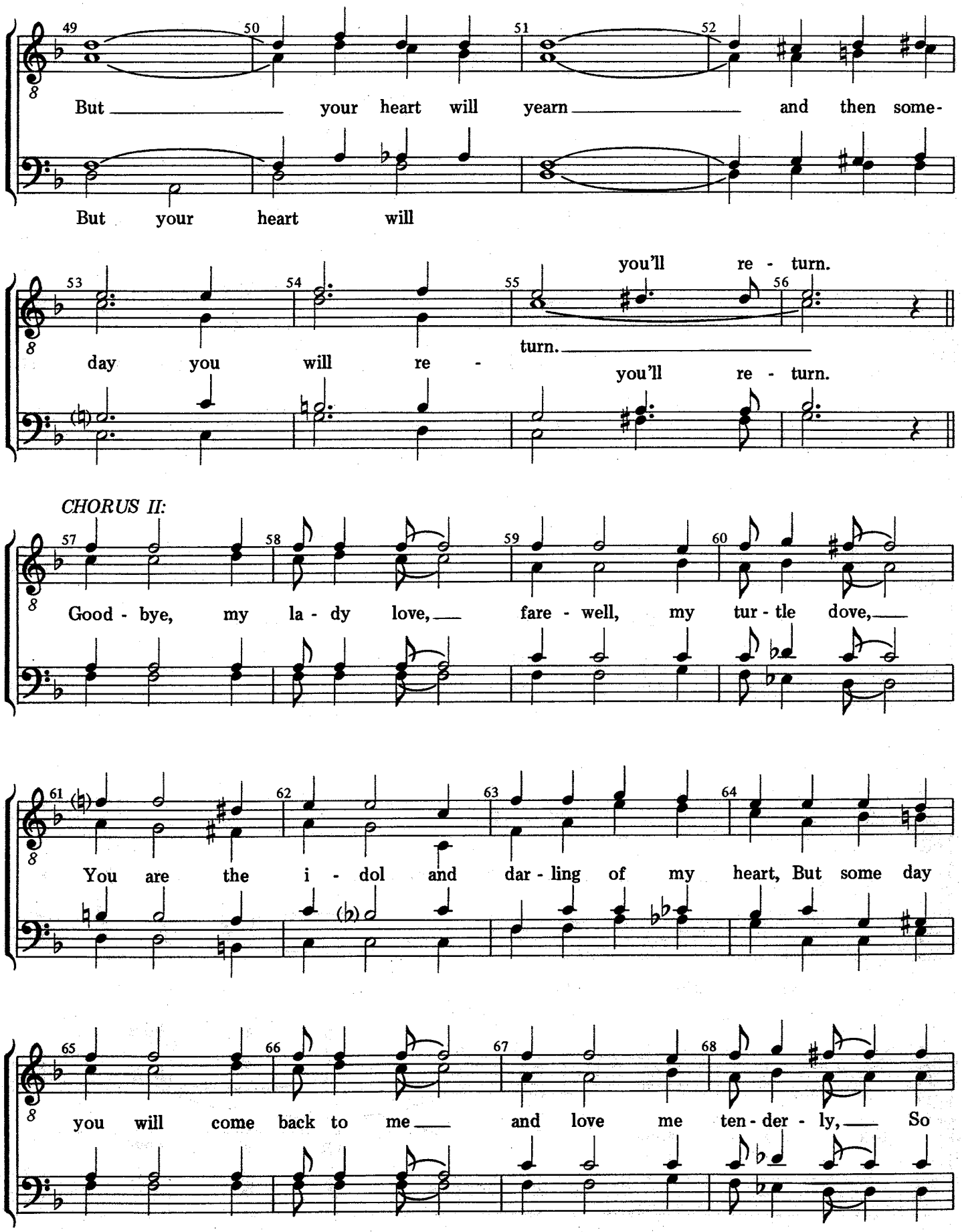
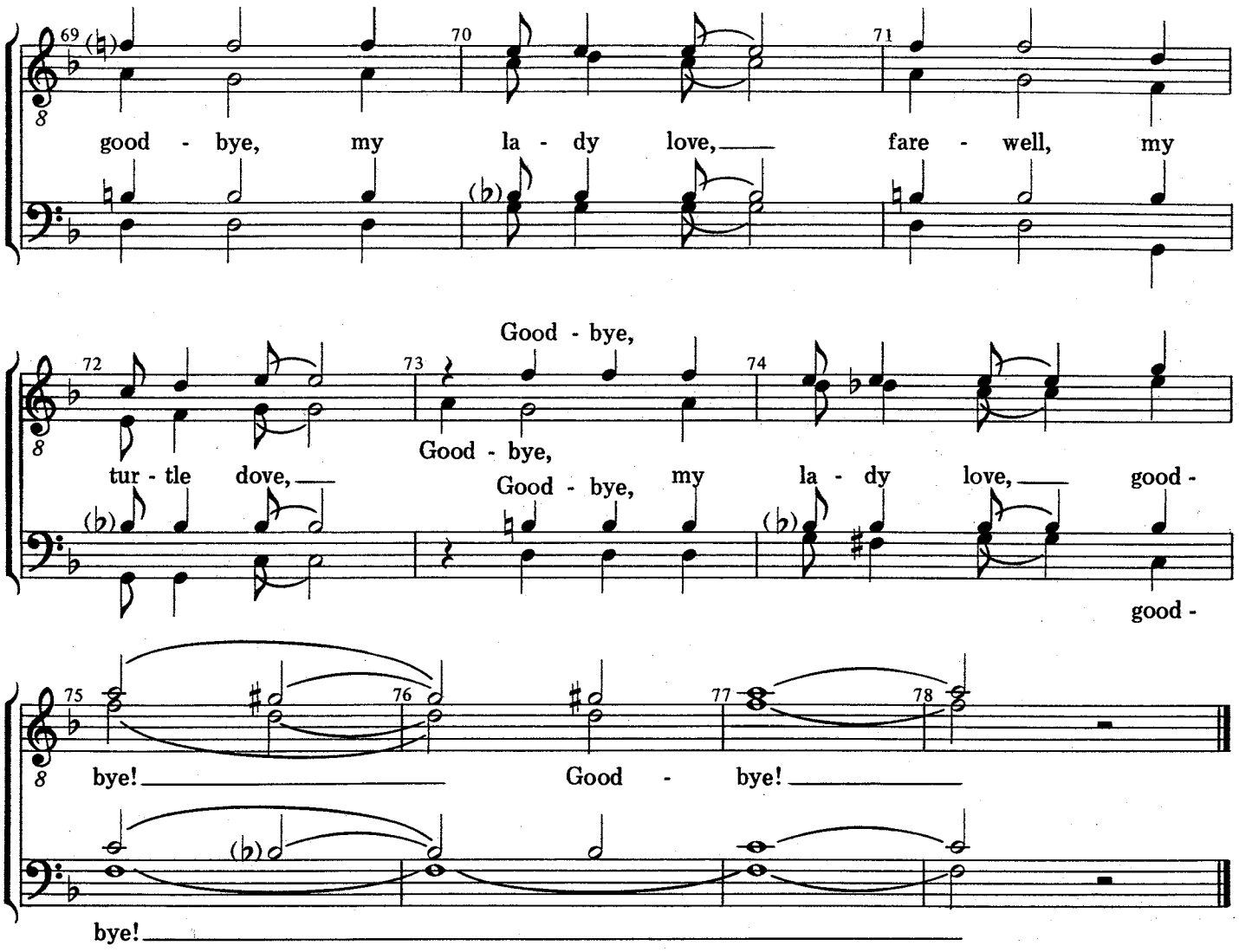
CHORUS I:


Good - bye, my la - dy love, fare - well, my tur - tle dove,
You are the i - dol and dar - ling of my heart, But some day
you will come back to me and love me ten - der - ly, So
good - bye my la - dy love, good - bye, good - bye.
VERSE: freely
So you're goin' a - way be - cause your


gone a - stray;
heart has gone a - stray;
gone a - stray;
And you prom - ised me that you would
al - ways faith - ful be.
Go to him you love and be as
Go to him you
up a - bove.
true as stars a - bove.
up a - bove.


49
50
51
52
But your heart will yearn and then some-
But your heart will
53
54
55
56
you'll re - turn.
day you will re - turn.
you'll re - turn.
CHORUS II:
57
58
59
60
Good - bye, my la - dy love, fare - well, my tur - tle dove,
61
62
63
64
You are the i - dol and dar - ling of my heart, But some day
65
66
67
68
you will come back to me and love me ten - der - ly, So



Additional verse:

When the dewdrops fall, 'tis then your heart, I know, will call.
So beware, my dove, don't trust your life to some false love.
But if you must go, remember, dear, I love you so;
Sure as stars do shine, you'll think of when I called you mine.

GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES

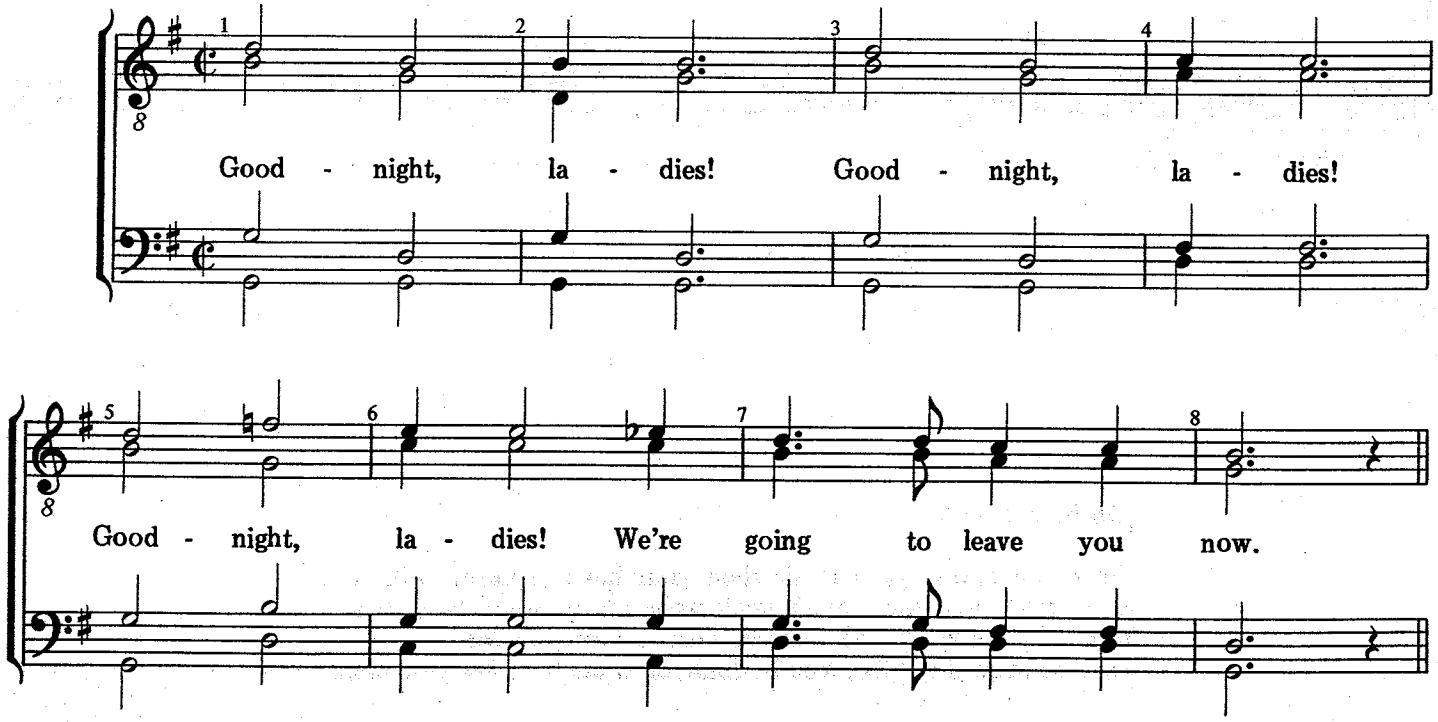
1847-1867

The first part of this song appeared as part of a collection of twelve songs attributed to Edwin P. Christy, of Christy Minstrels fame, and published in 1847. The complete song, with the second part having the same melody as "Mary Had A Little Lamb," was published in 1867.

Edwin P. Christy is one of the leading names in America's minstrel show history. He was closely associated with Stephen Foster and performed many of his songs. He is probably responsible for the development and ultimate form of the minstrel show. In 1846 the Christy Minstrels started a series of engagements in New York City and successfully toured England in the 1850s.

Attributed to EDWIN P. CHRISTY
(1815-1862)

CHORUS 1:



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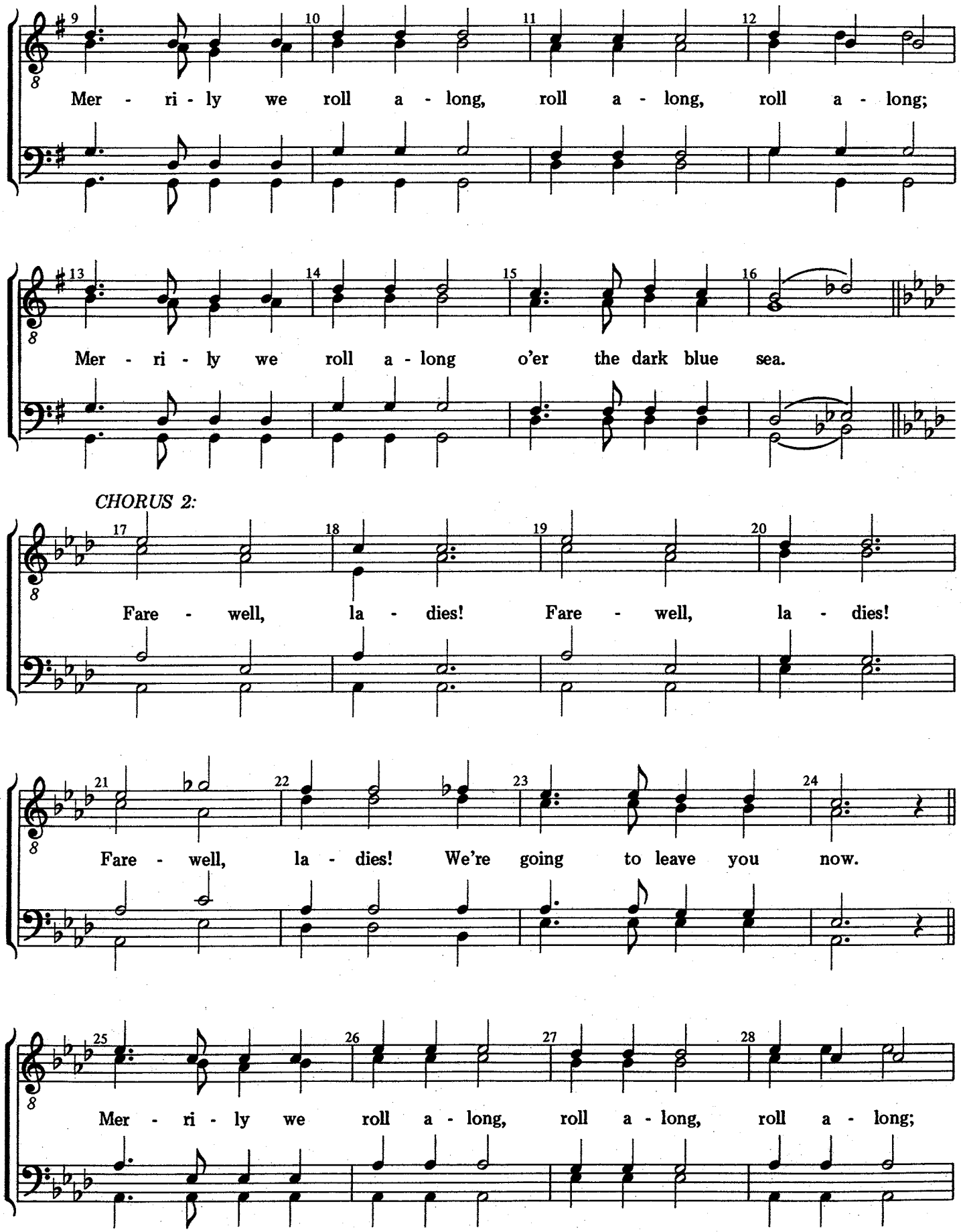
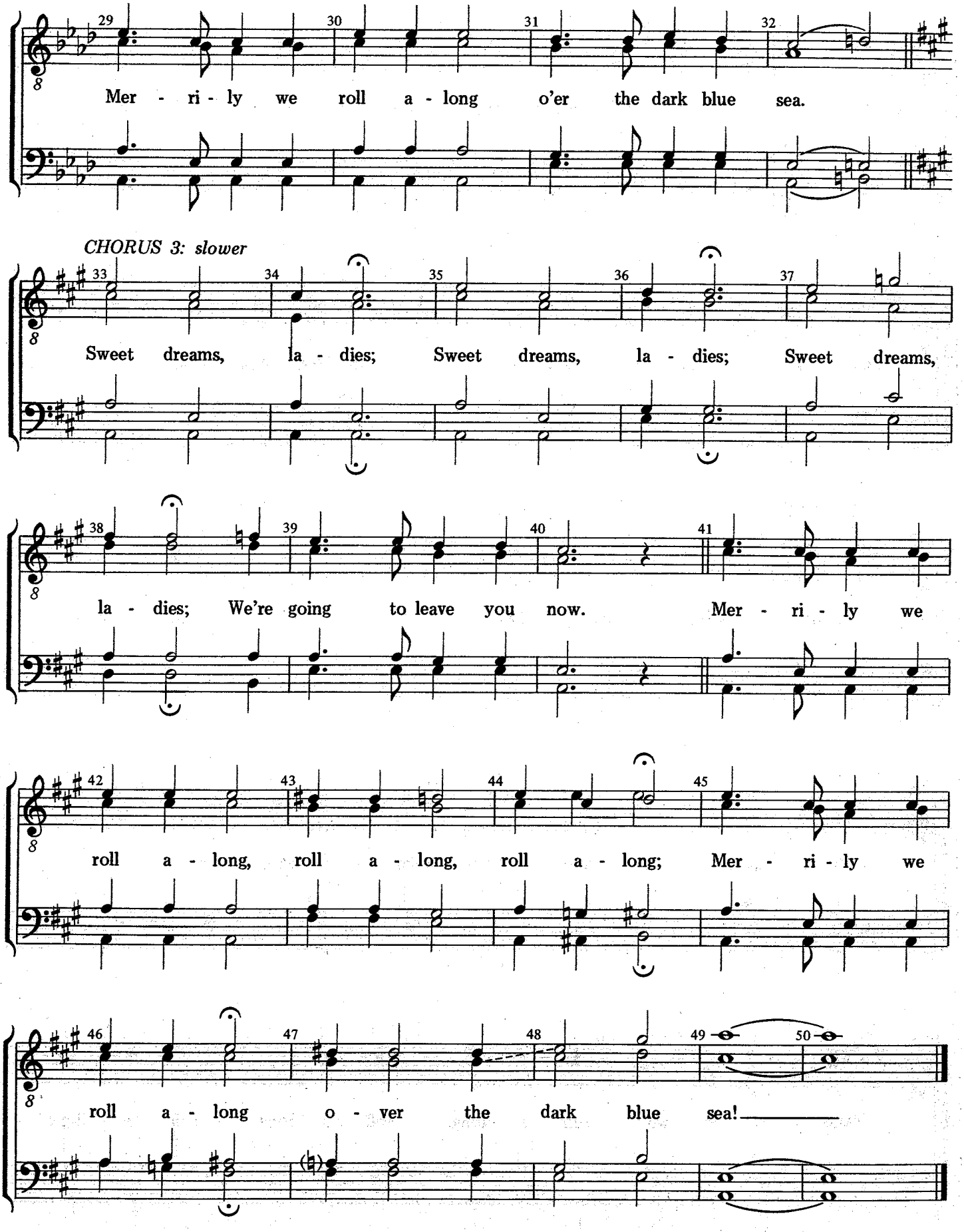

Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, roll a - long, roll a - long;
Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long o'er the dark blue sea.
CHORUS 2:
Fare - well, la - dies! Fare - well, la - dies!
Fare - well, la - dies! We're going to leave you now.
Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, roll a - long, roll a - long;


29 30 31 32
Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long o'er the dark blue sea.
CHORUS 3: slower
33 34 35 36 37
Sweet dreams, la - dies; Sweet dreams, la - dies; Sweet dreams,
38 39 40 41
la - dies; We're going to leave you now. Mer - ri - ly we
42 43 44 45
roll a - long, roll a - long, roll a - long; Mer - ri - ly we
46 47 48 49 50
roll a - long o - ver the dark blue sea!

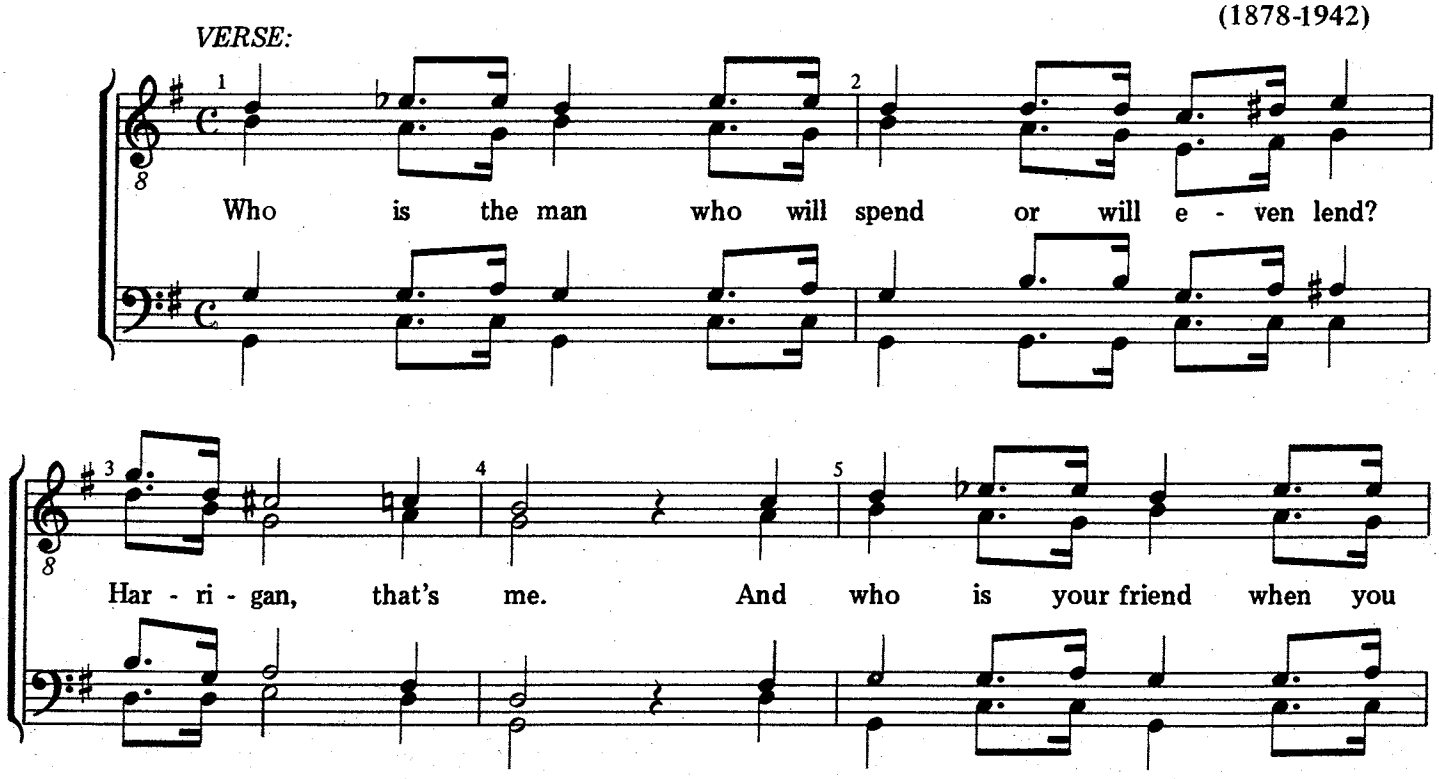
HARRIGAN

1907

The 1908 stage show "Fifty Miles From Boston" introduced one of two Cohan songs that used the device of spelling out an important word of the lyric, "Harrigan". The other is "When We Are M-A Double R-I-E-D". There were many Irish immigrants in Boston at the time, and it is only natural that a musical about Boston should have an Irish flavor to at least one of its songs.

The show was one of Cohan's earliest, following by only a few years his first Broadway stage production, "The Governor's Son", of 1901.

GEORGE M. COHAN
(1878-1942)



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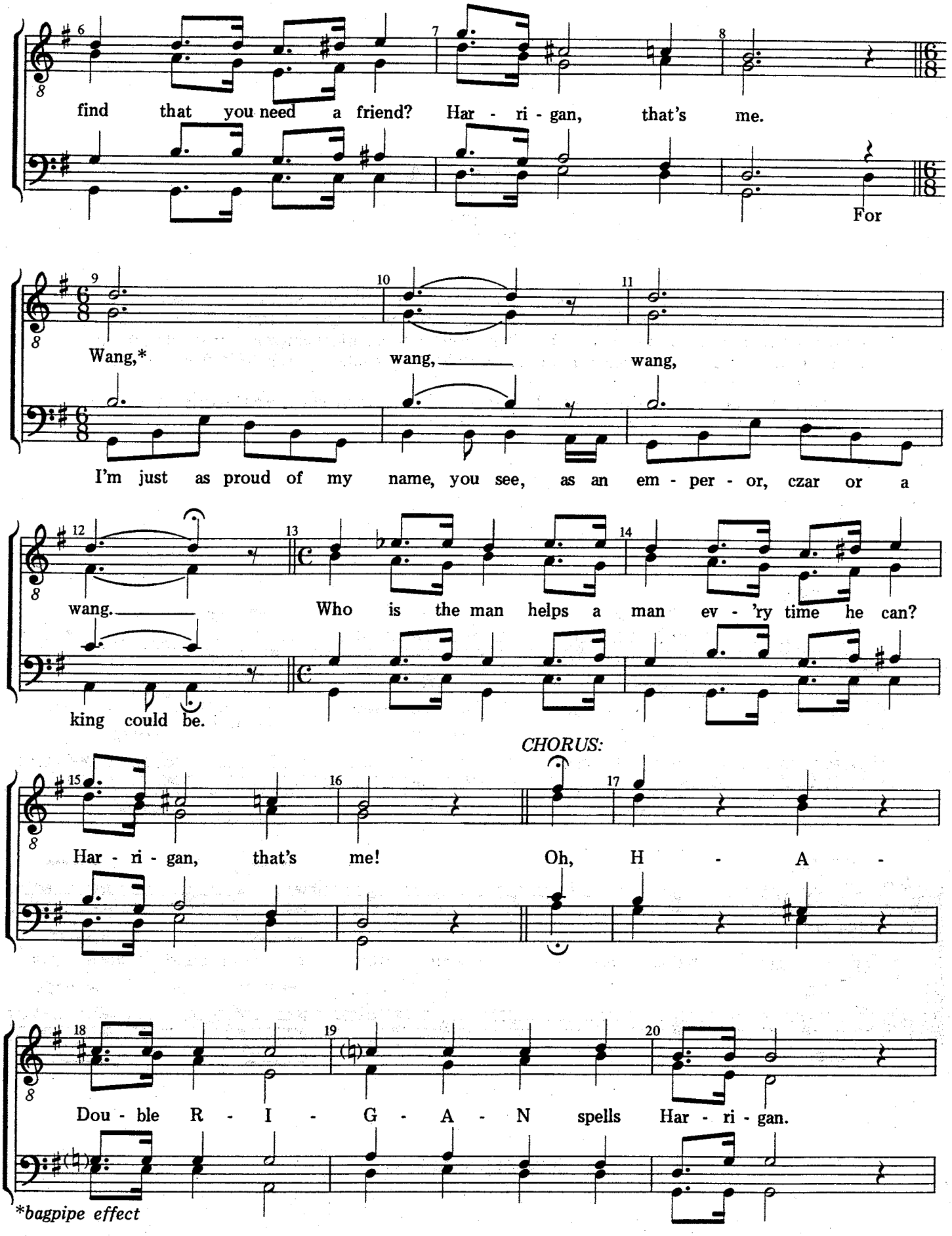
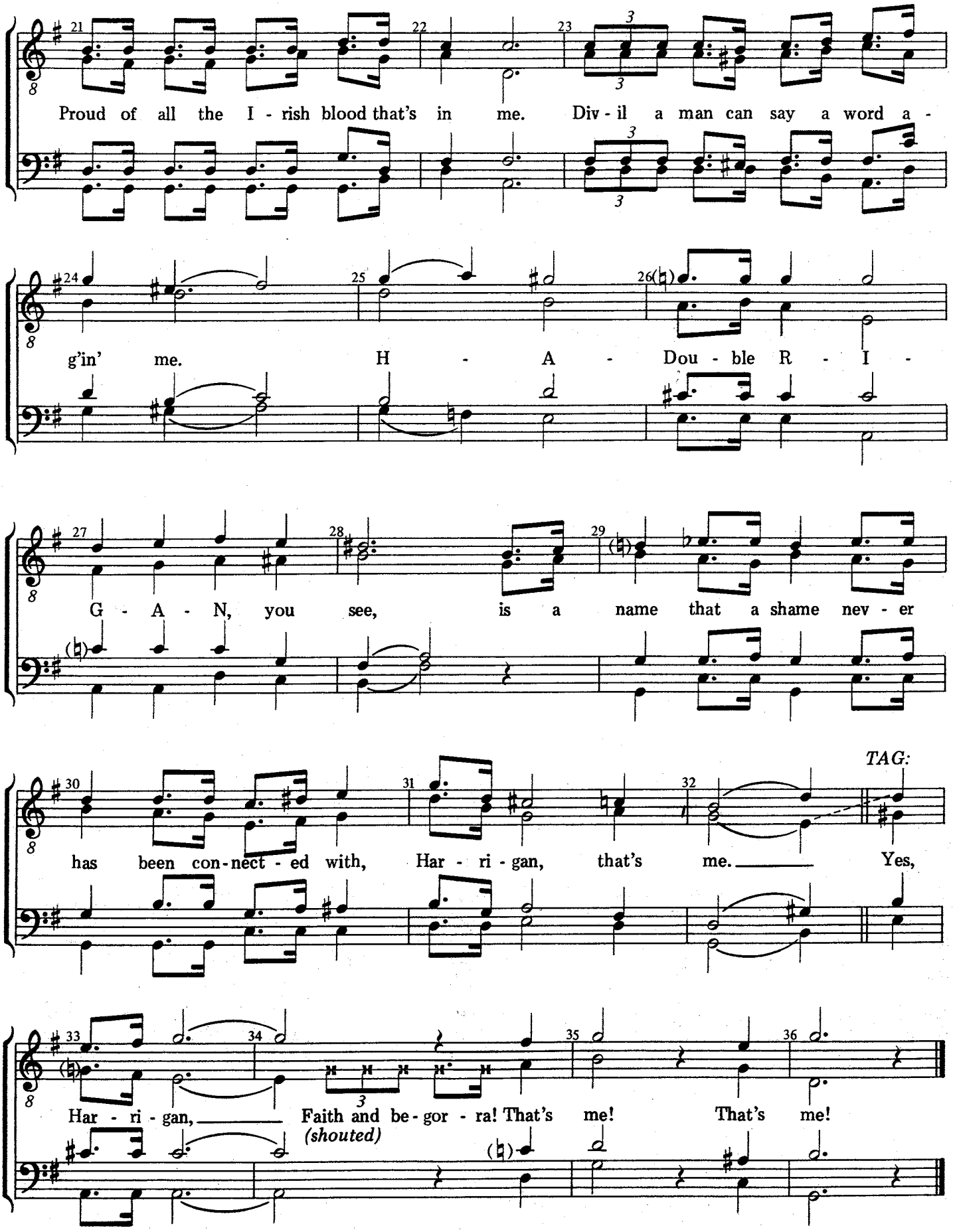

find that you need a friend? Har - ri - gan, that's me.
For
Wang,* wang, wang,
I'm just as proud of my name, you see, as an em - per - or, czar or a
wang.
Who is the man helps a man ev - 'ry time he can?
king could be.
CHORUS:
Har - ri - gan, that's me!
Oh, H - A -
Dou - ble R - I - G - A - N spells Har - ri - gan.
*bagpipe effect


Proud of all the I - rish blood that's in me. Div - il a man can say a word a -
g'in' me. H - A - Dou - ble R - I -
G - A - N, you see, is a name that a shame nev - er
has been con - nect - ed with, Har - ri - gan, that's me. Yes,
TAG:
Har - ri - gan, Faith and be - gor - ra! That's me! That's me!
(shouted)

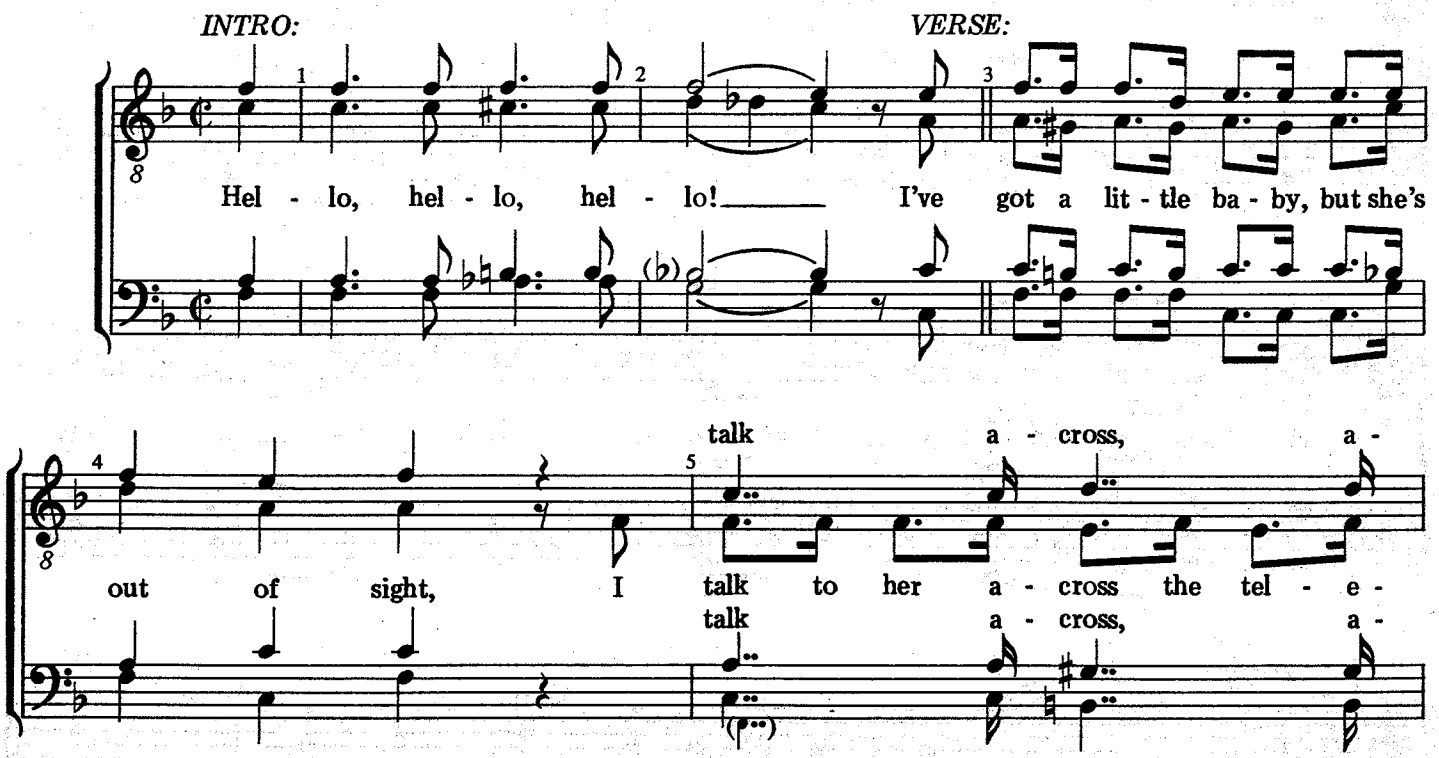
HELLO! MY BABY

1899

The popular entertainer Joe Howard, at the ripe old age of 21, and his wife, Ida Emerson, a star in her own right, created the first telephone song that became a hit, and it was a magnificent kind of spoof on that new miracle. It is also probably the best of many songs about that invention. Only a clever wordsmith could think of the problems affecting a romance described in the second verse. We hope it all turned out well and the fellow married his Bess.

It is also one of the first real ragtime songs published. Listeners thought the highly syncopated rhythm of this new music sounded "ragged" and the style soon came to be known as ragtime. 1899 also saw the publication of the most famous ragtime composition of all time, "Maple Leaf Rag," by Scott Joplin.

By JOE HOWARD and IDA EMERSON
(1878-1961) (-)



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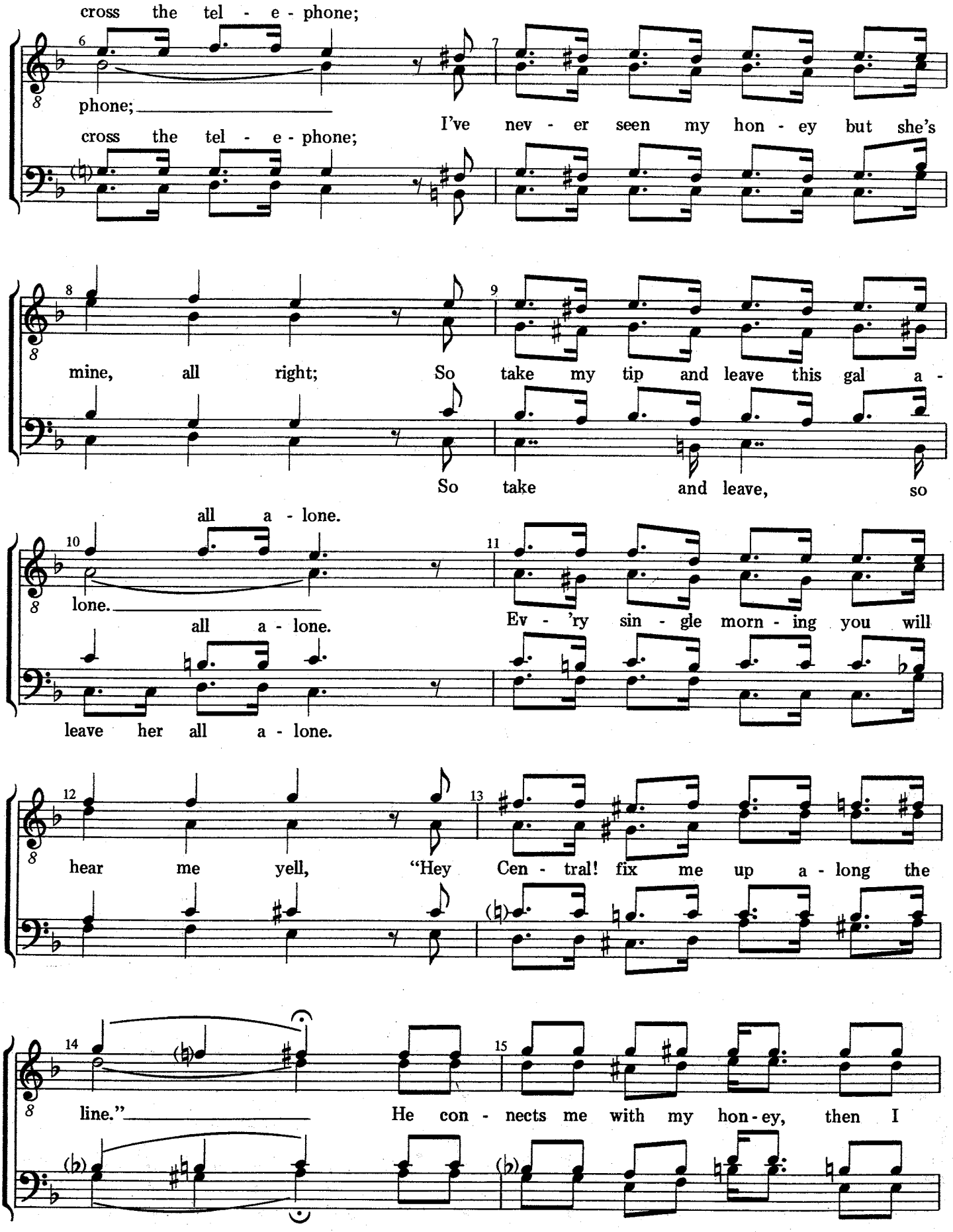
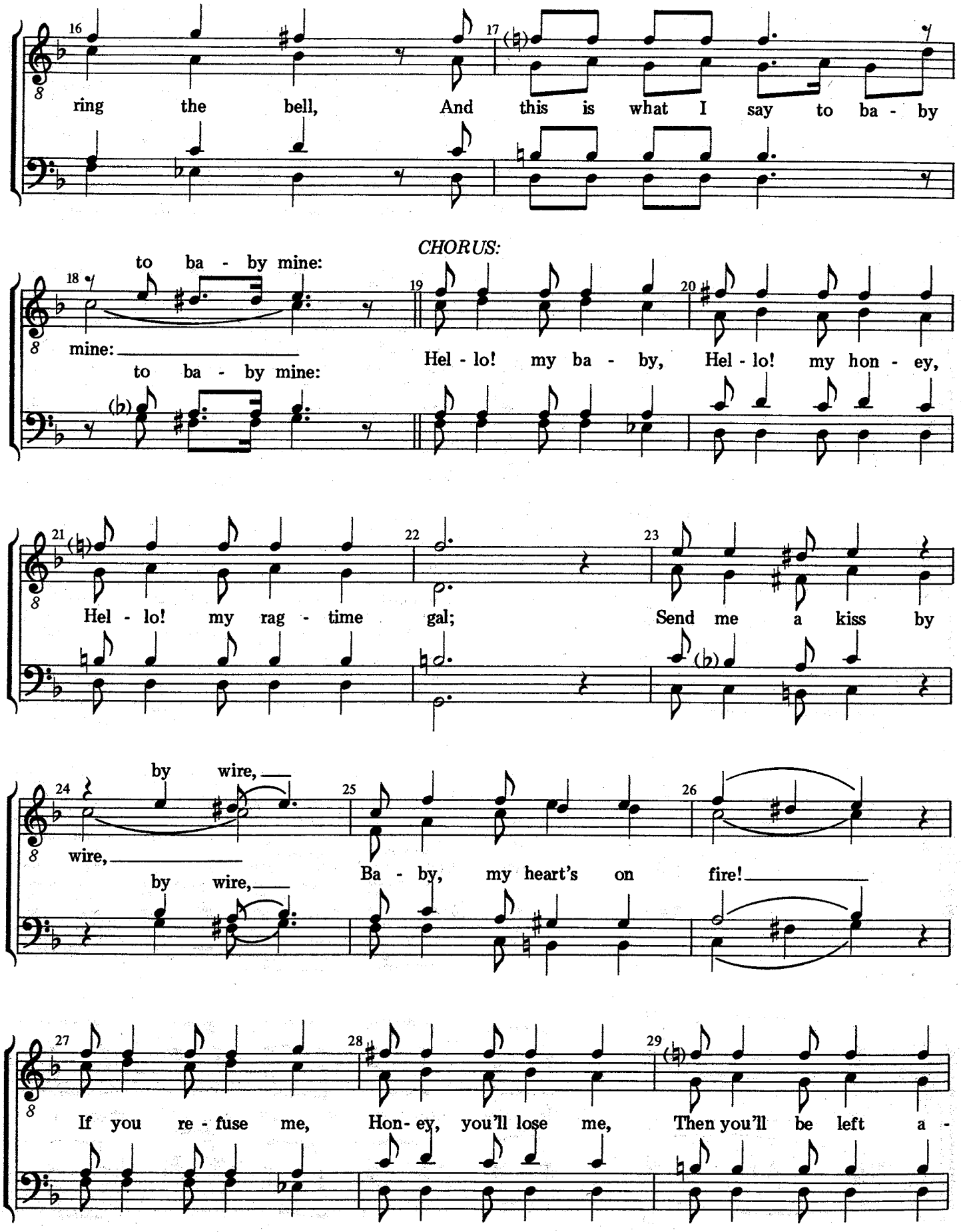
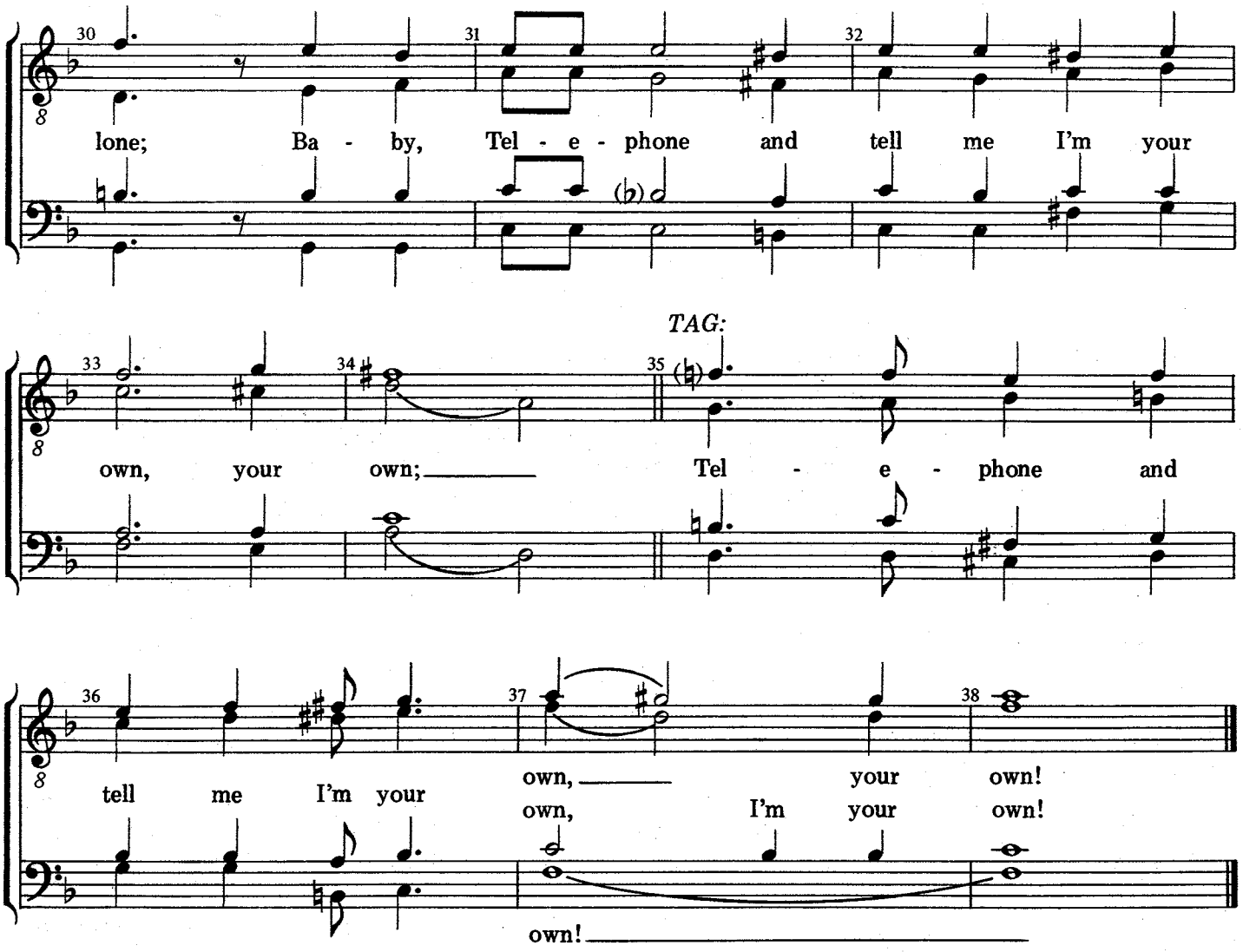

cross the tel - e - phone;
phone;
cross the tel - e - phone;
I've nev - er seen my hon - ey but she's
mine, all right; So take my tip and leave this gal a -
So take and leave, so
all a - lone.
lone.
all a - lone.
Ev - 'ry sin - gle morn - ing you will
leave her all a - lone.
hear me yell, "Hey Cen - tral! fix me up a - long the
line."
He con - nects me with my hon - ey, then I


16
ring the bell,
17
And this is what I say to ba - by
to ba - by mine:
CHORUS:
18
mine:
to ba - by mine:
19
Hel - lo! my ba - by,
20
Hel - lo! my hon - ey,
21
Hel - lo! my rag - time gal;
22
23
Send me a kiss by
by wire,
24
wire,
by wire,
25
Ba - by, my heart's on
26
fire!
27
If you re - fuse me,
28
Hon - ey, you'll lose me,
29
Then you'll be left a -



Additional verse:

This morning through the 'phone she said her name was Bess,
And now I kind of know where I am at;
I'm satisfied because I've got my babe's address
Here pasted in the lining of my hat.
I am mighty scared 'cause if the wires get crossed,
'Twill separate me from my baby mine;
Then some other guy will win her and my game is lost;
And so each day I shout along the line:

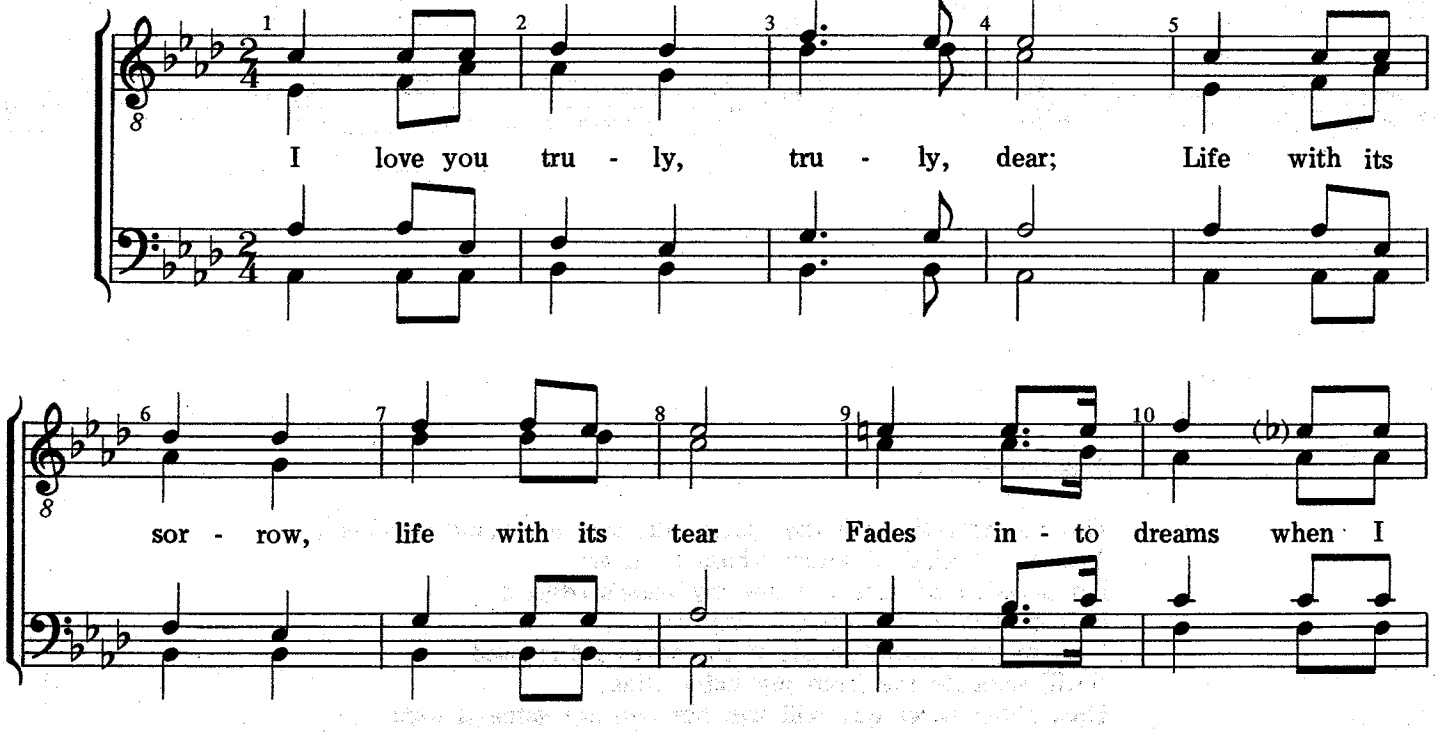
I LOVE YOU TRULY

1906

Carrie Jacobs-Bond was born in Janesville, Wisconsin, and her early life was a series of misfortunes. She ultimately found herself a widow with a young son and no means of support. She decided to make a living writing songs and eventually formed her own publishing company. Her earlier songs had been turned down by major publishers because they considered them to be "too artistic." But several well-known artists, including Chauncey Olcott and Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, sang her songs and helped to popularize them. Her two other outstanding successes are "A Perfect Day" and "Just A-Wearyin' For You." She finally retired to Hollywood, California, recognized as one of the century's premier songwriters.

By CARRIE JACOBS-BOND
(1862-1946)

CHORUS I:



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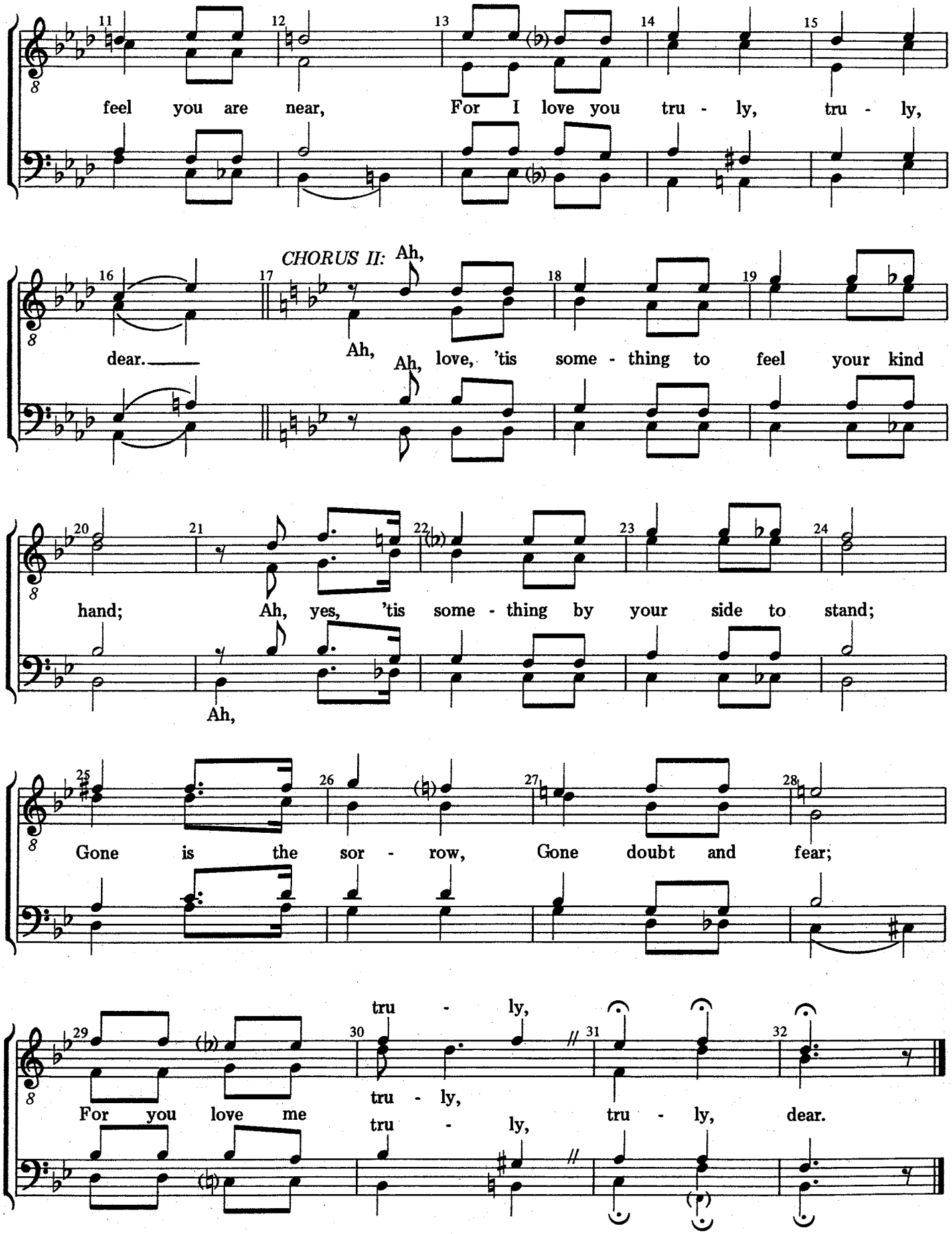

feel you are near, For I love you tru - ly, tru - ly,
CHORUS II: Ah,
dear. Ah, Ah, love, 'tis some - thing to feel your kind
hand; Ah, yes, 'tis some - thing by your side to stand;
Ah,
Gone is the sor - row, Gone doubt and fear;
tru - ly,
For you love me tru - ly, tru - ly, tru - ly, dear.

I WANT A GIRL

(JUST LIKE THE GIRL THAT MARRIED DEAR OLD DAD)

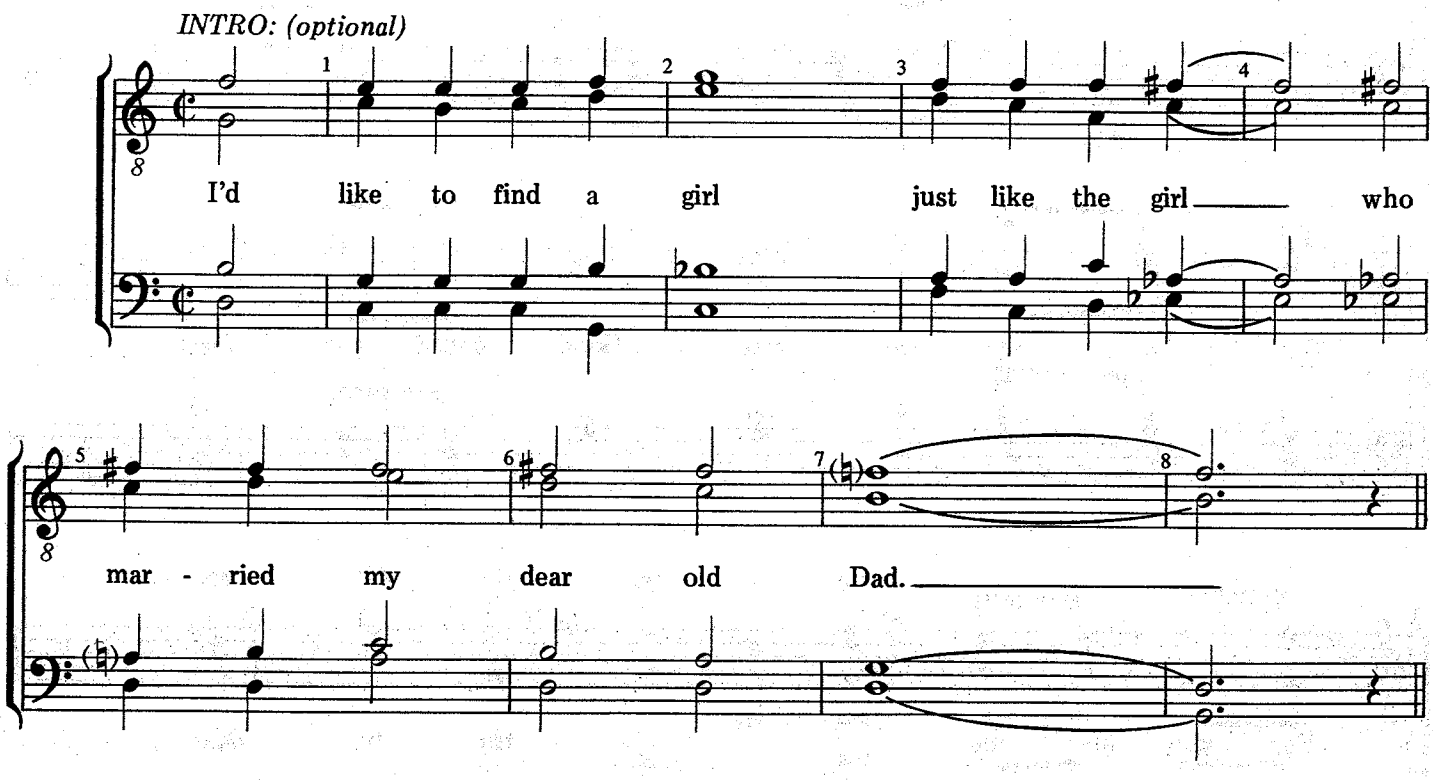
1911

When Harry Von Tilzer composed "I Want A Girl Just Like The Girl That Married Dear Old Dad" with Will Dillon, he was already a famous musical personality, composer and publisher. Will Dillon was born in Cortland, New York in 1877, and performed in medicine shows, minstrel shows, vaudeville, and acted in numerous theatrical productions. He toured the U.S. and England, retiring from show business in 1912. He later became a builder, theater owner, and headed a finance company.

"I Want A Girl Just Like The Girl That Married Dear Old Dad," without doubt one of the finest close harmony songs ever written, seems to be almost universally known and loved. Just gather a group of singers around a piano and you're sure to hear it sooner or later.

Words by WILLIAM DILLON
(1877-1966)

Music by HARRY VON TILZER
(1872-1946)



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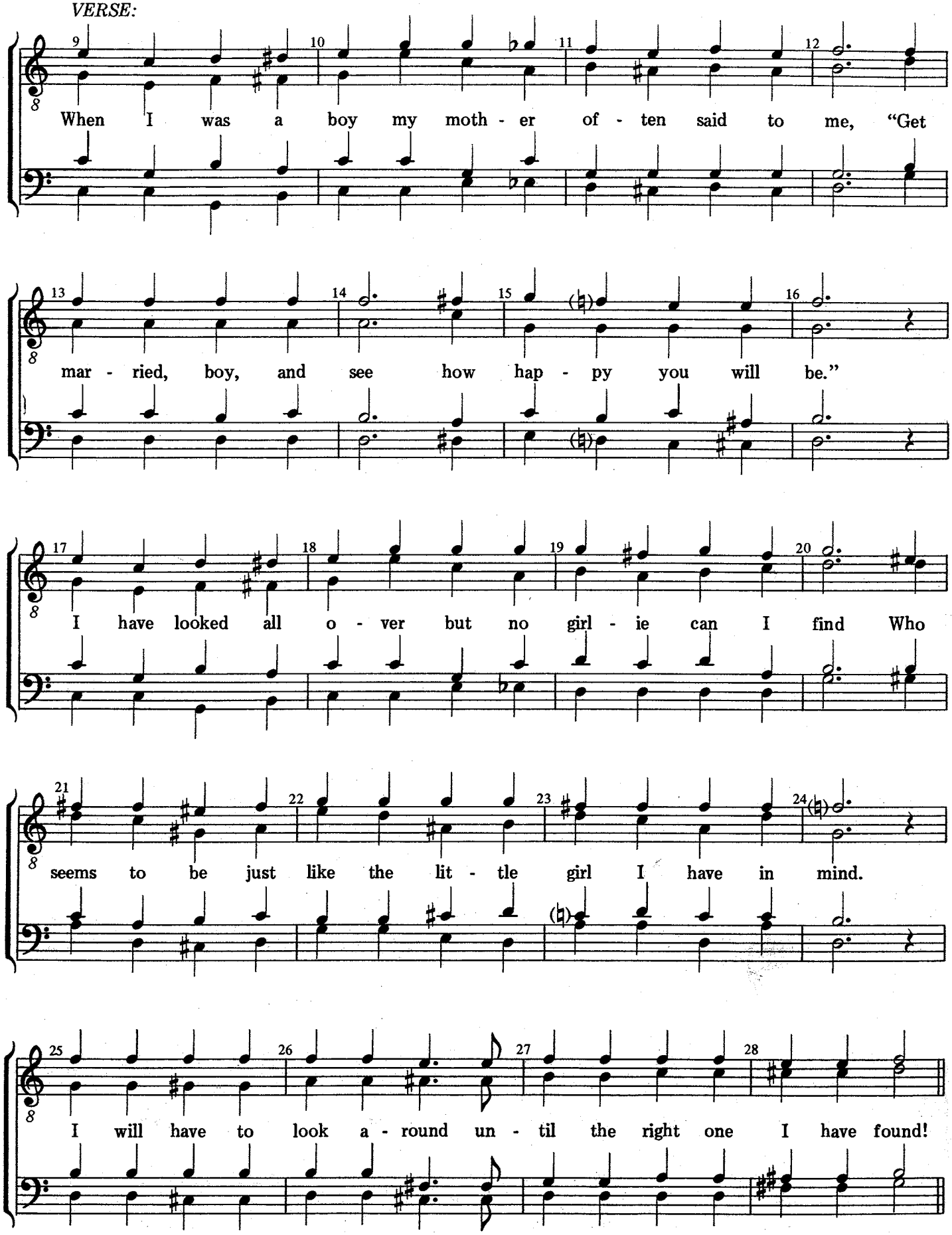
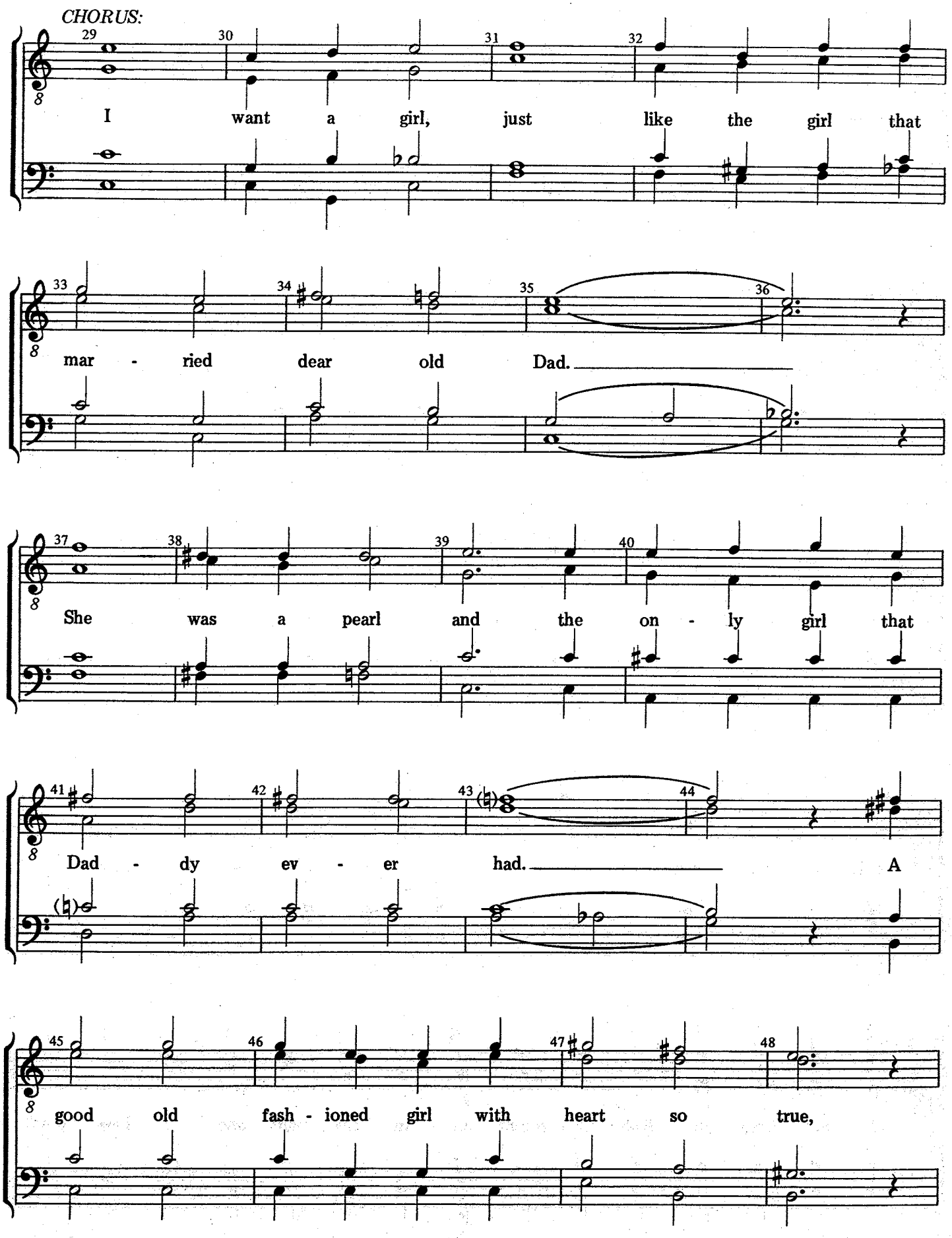
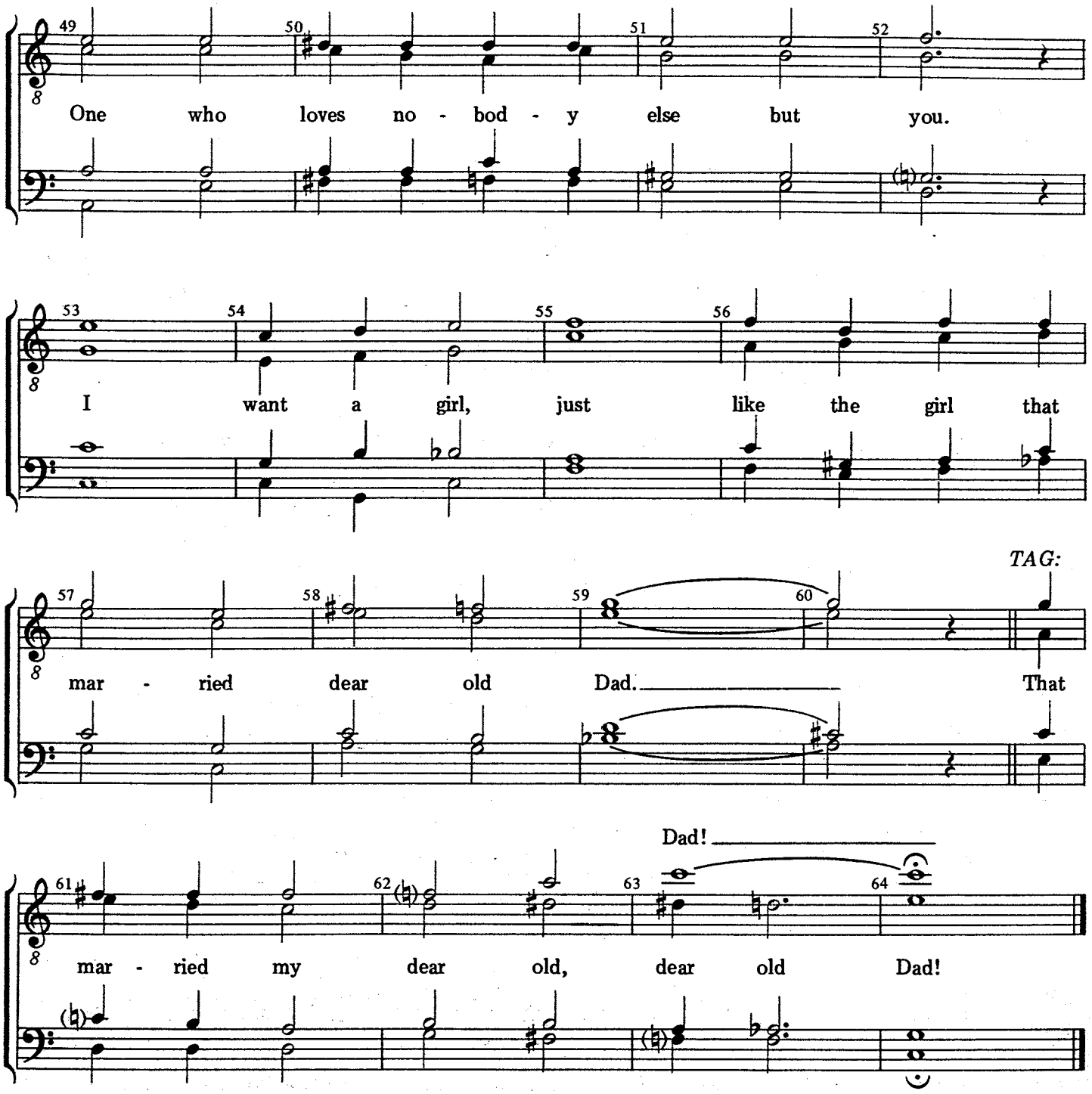
VERSE:


When I was a boy my moth - er of - ten said to me, "Get
mar - ried, boy, and see how hap - py you will be."
I have looked all o - ver but no girl - ie can I find Who
seems to be just like the lit - tle girl I have in mind.
I will have to look a - round un - til the right one I have found!


CHORUS:
I want a girl, just like the girl that
mar - ried dear old Dad.
She was a pearl and the on - ly girl that
Dad - dy ev - er had. A
good old fash - ioned girl with heart so true,



Additional verse:

By the old mill stream there sits a couple old and gray,
Though years have rolled away, their hearts are young today.
Mother dear looks up at Dad with lovelight in her eye,
He steals a kiss, a fond embrace, while evening breezes sigh.
They're as happy as can be, so that's the kind of love for me.

I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW

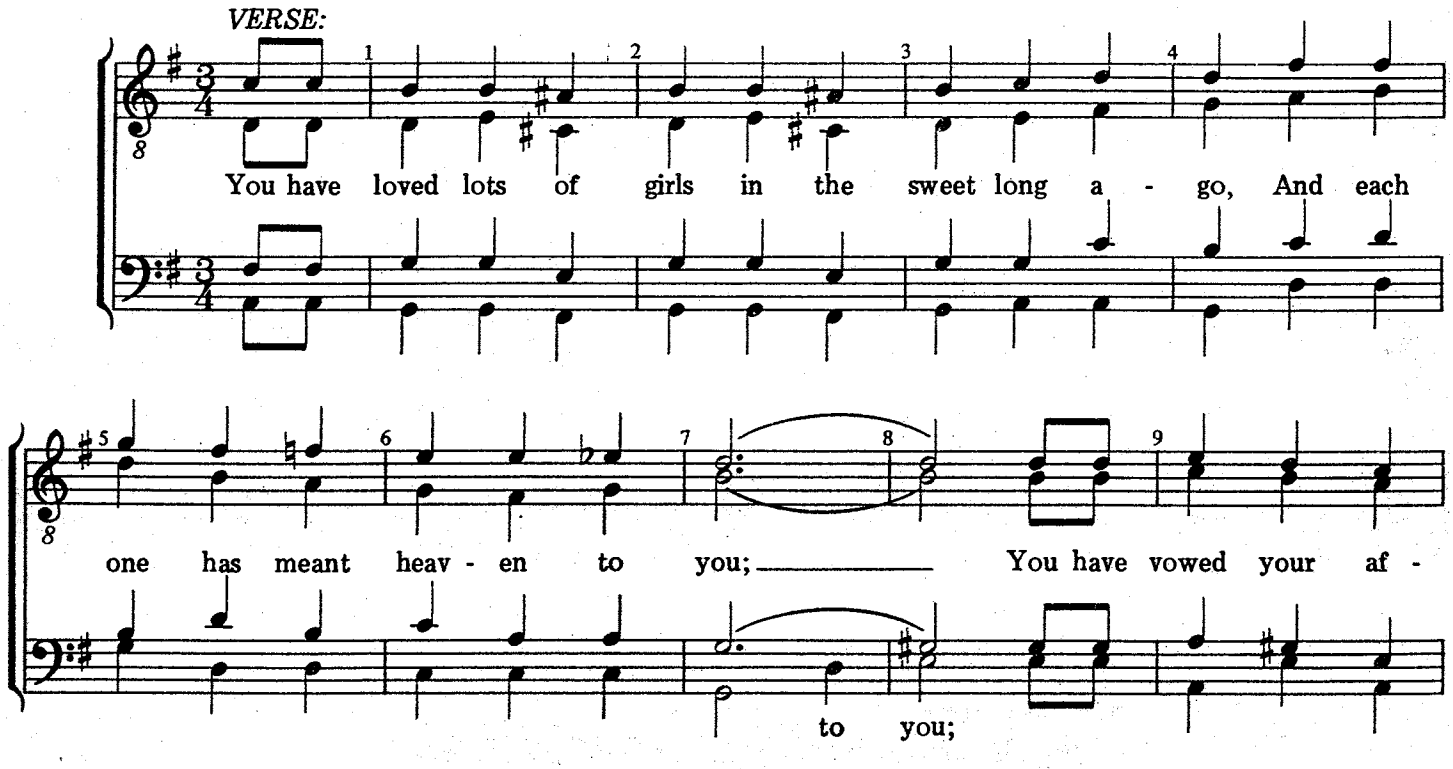
1909

There is some question whether popular entertainer Joe Howard had anything to do with the composition of "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," although he is usually identified as the composer. The music may have been written by Harold Orlob, a writer who worked for Joe Howard in 1909. He wrote, or helped to write, the song as part of his job. Howard claimed it as his own, a not unusual occurrence in those days, and popularized it, singing it in almost every public appearance for over a half century.

Actually, the song may have been written by as many as four men, since Will Hough, a vaudeville composer, Frank Adams, a reporter for Chicago newspapers and a novelist, and Harold Orlob all collaborated with Howard in writing a show, "The Prince Of Tonight," for the Chicago stage in 1909. Only one number of that show survived to achieve lasting popularity: "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now."

Words by WILL HOUGH and FRANK ADAMS
(1882-1962) (1883-1963)

Music by JOE HOWARD and HAROLD ORLOB
(1878-1961) (1885-19)



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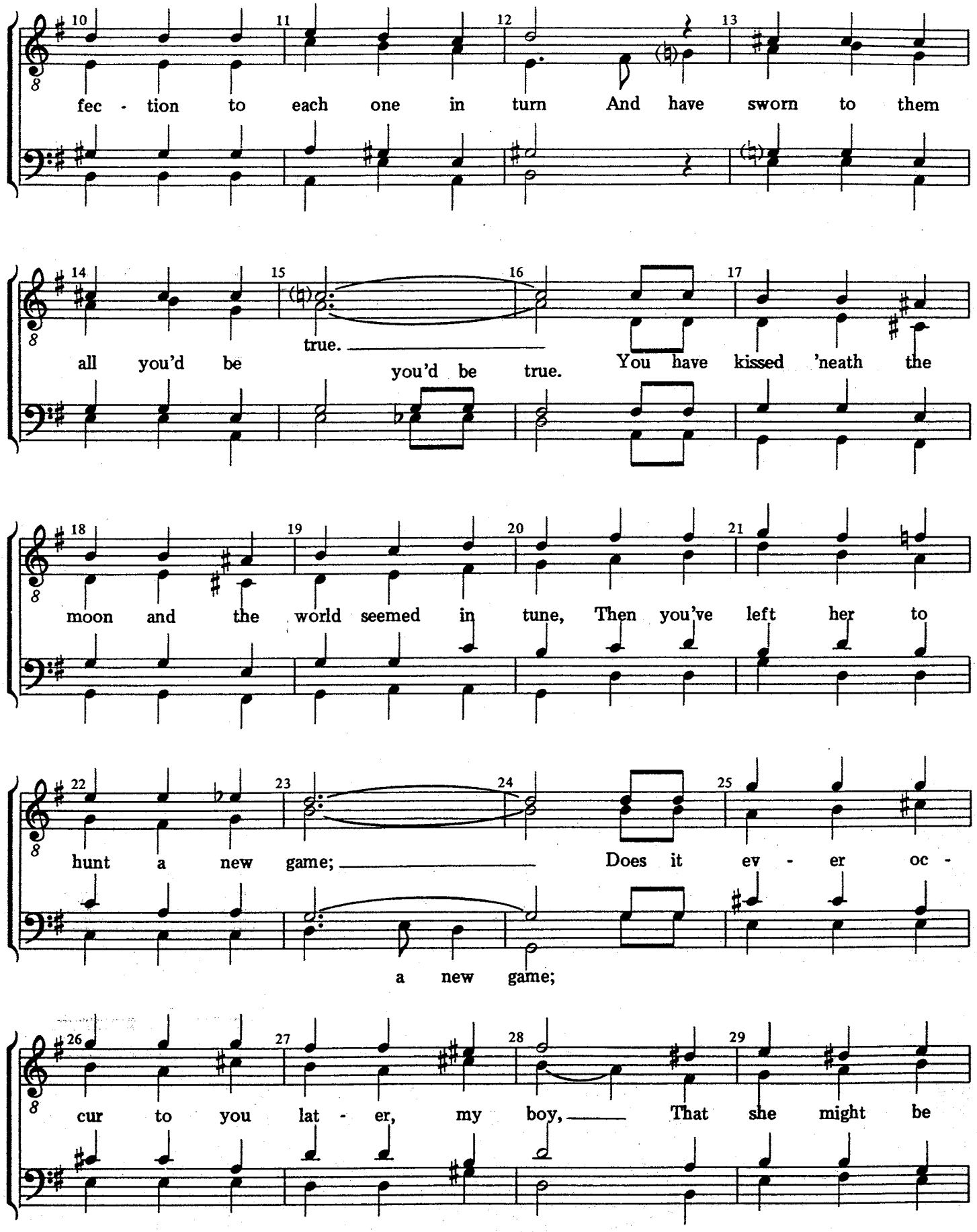
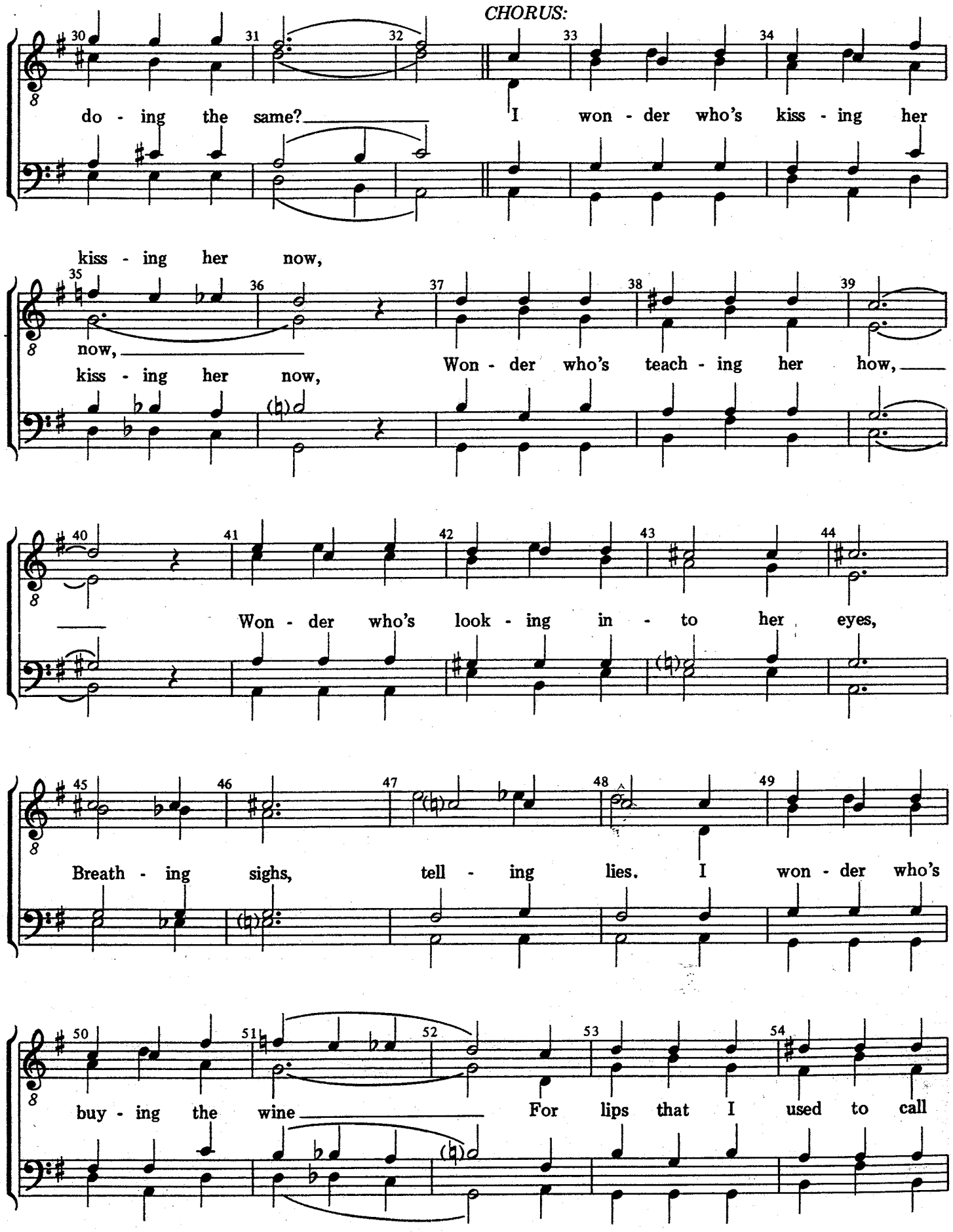
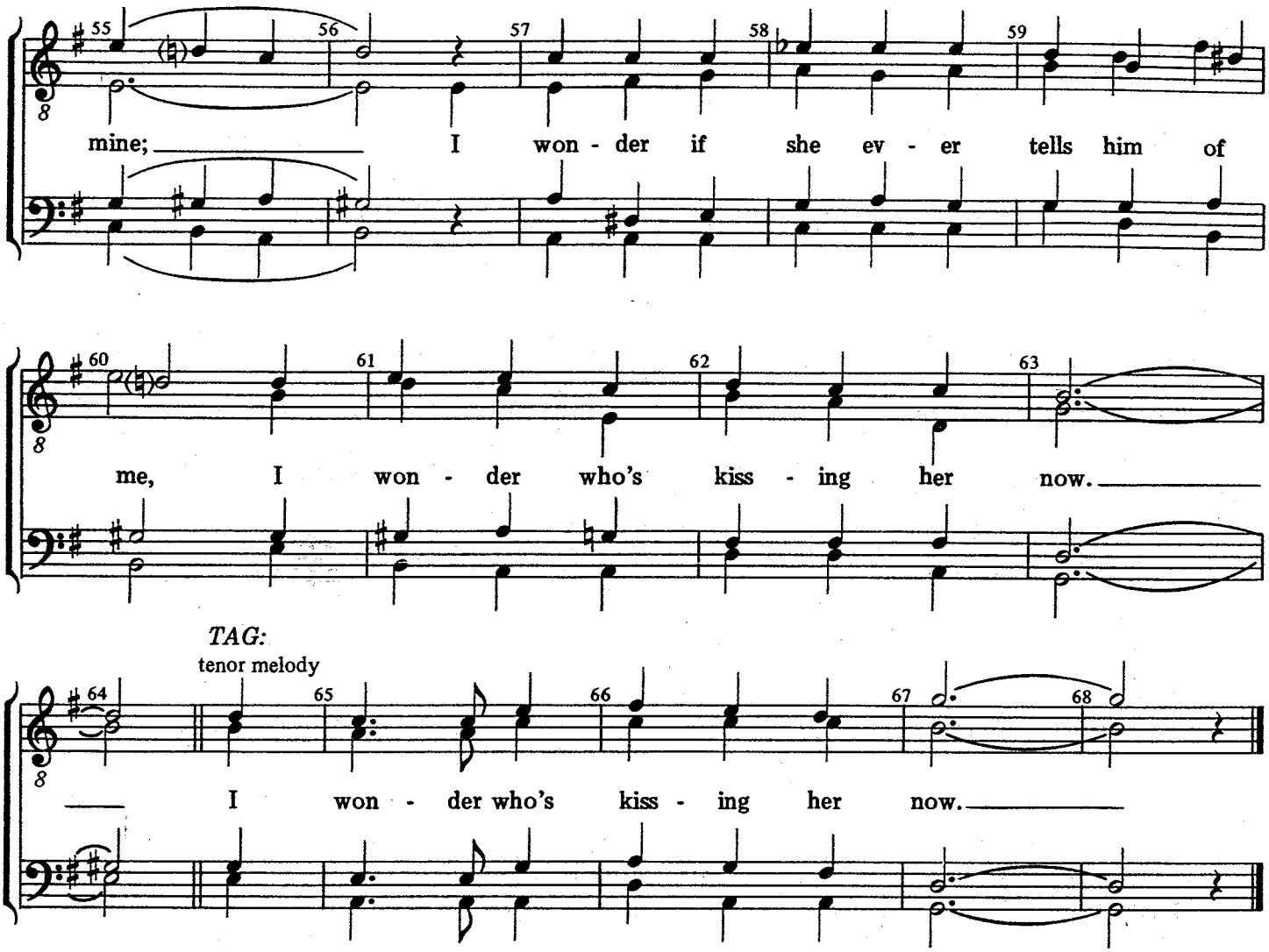

10 11 12 13
fec - tion to each one in turn And have sworn to them
14 15 16 17
all you'd be true. you'd be true. You have kissed 'neath the
18 19 20 21
moon and the world seemed in tune, Then you've left her to
22 23 24 25
hunt a new game; Does it ev - er oc -
a new game;
26 27 28 29
cur to you lat - er, my boy, That she might be


CHORUS:
do - ing the same?
I won - der who's kiss - ing her
kiss - ing her now,
now,
kiss - ing her now,
Won - der who's teach - ing her how,
Won - der who's look - ing in - to her eyes,
Breath - ing sighs, tell - ing lies. I won - der who's
buy - ing the wine
For lips that I used to call



Additional verse:

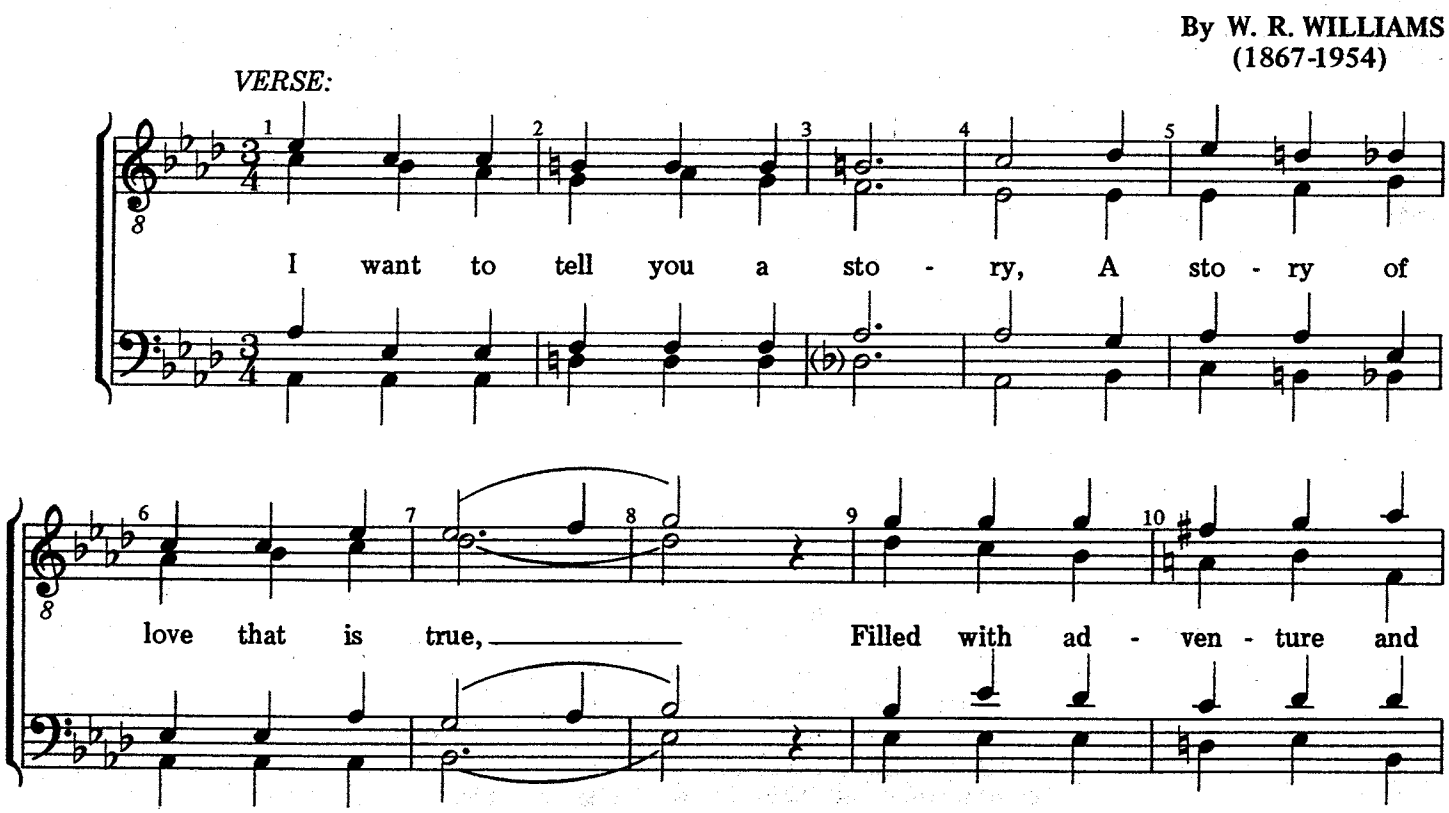
If you want to feel wretched and lonely and blue,
Just imagine the girl you love best
In the arms of some fellow who's stealing a kiss
From the lips that you once fondly pressed.
But the world moves apace and the loves of today
Flit away with a smile and a tear.
So you never can tell who is kissing her now,
Or just whom you'll be kissing next year.

I'D LOVE TO LIVE IN LOVELAND

1910

W. R. Williams was the pseudonym of Will Rossiter, a Somerset, England native. He became one of the major publishers of American popular music in the 1890s and early 20th century, composed music for minstrel shows and performed in vaudeville. As a publisher Rossiter was helpful to many composers, including Charles K. Harris, Billy Jerome, Fred Fisher, Egbert Van Alstyne and Percy Wenrich. He was the publisher of "Some Of These Days," Sophie Tucker's great hit song, and "Meet Me Tonight In Dreamland."

"I'd Love To Live In Loveland" is a fine close-harmony song, not so well known as some others, but with a charming verse and delightfully unsophisticated chorus.



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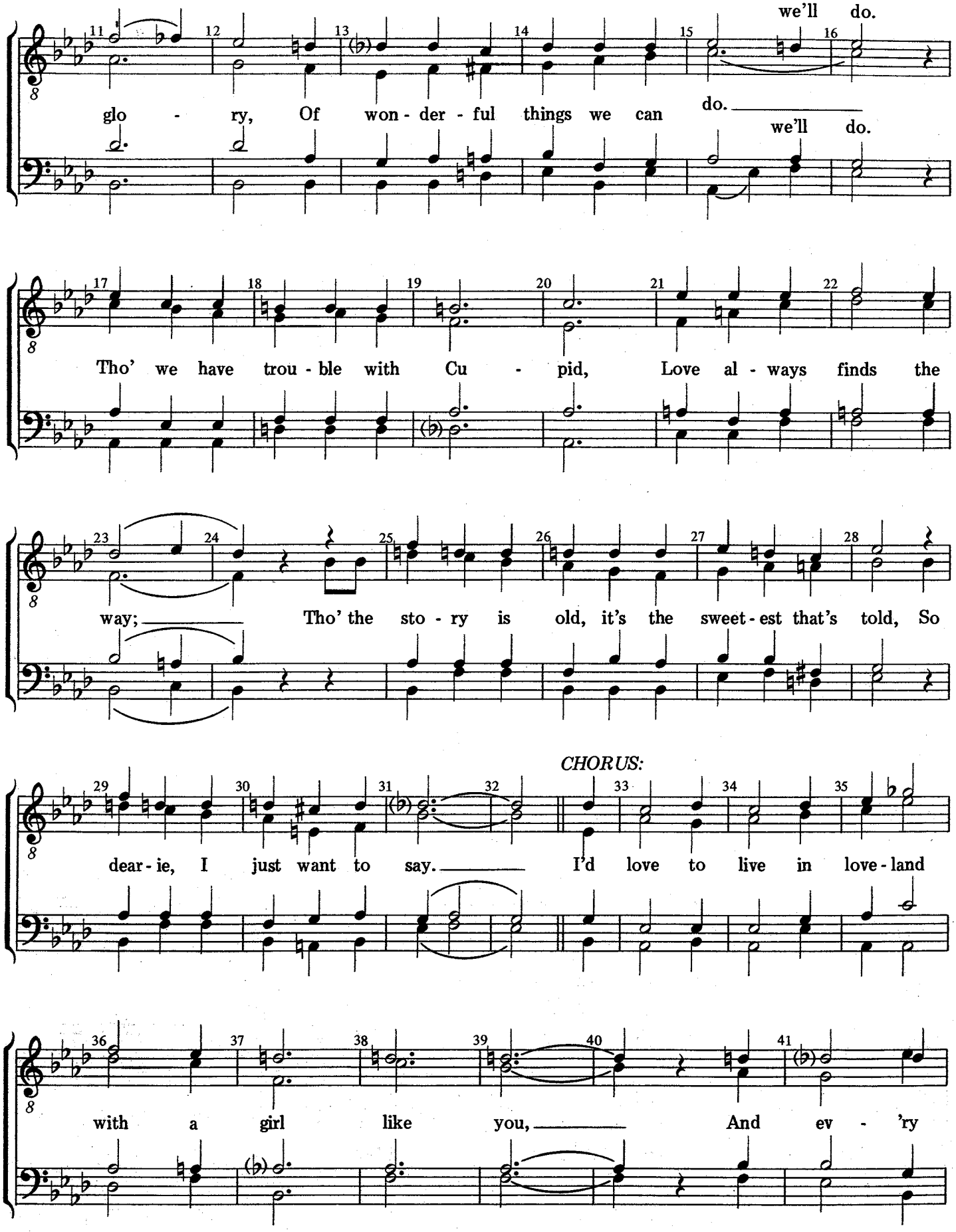
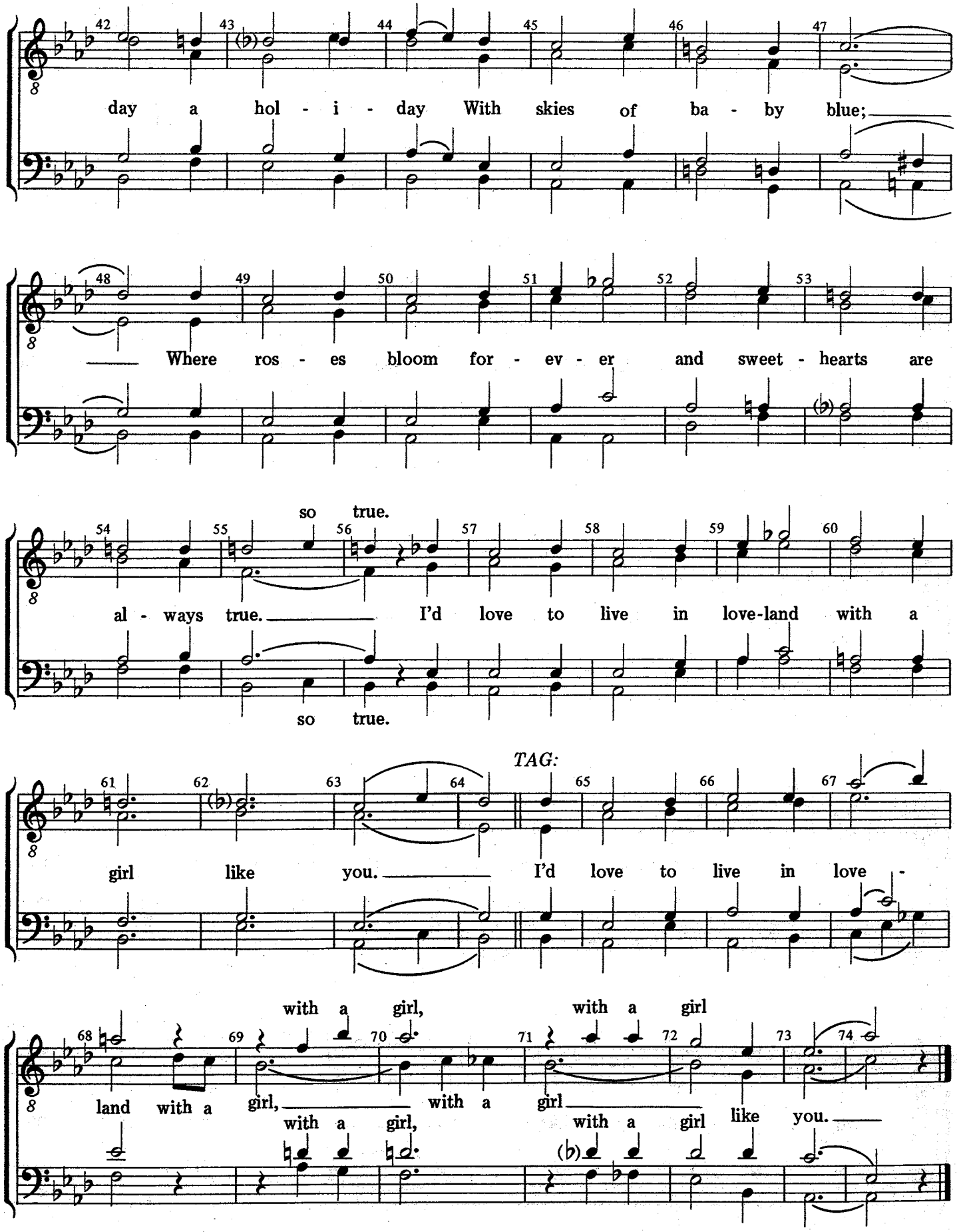

we'll do.
glo - ry, Of won - der - ful things we can do.
we'll do.
Tho' we have trou - ble with Cu - pid, Love al - ways finds the
way; Tho' the sto - ry is old, it's the sweet - est that's told, So
CHORUS:
dear - ie, I just want to say. I'd love to live in love - land
with a girl like you, And ev - 'ry


day a hol - i - day With skies of ba - by blue;
Where ros - es bloom for - ev - er and sweet - hearts are
so true.
al - ways true. I'd love to live in love-land with a
so true.
TAG:
girl like you. I'd love to live in love -
with a girl, with a girl
land with a girl, with a girl
with a girl, with a girl like you.

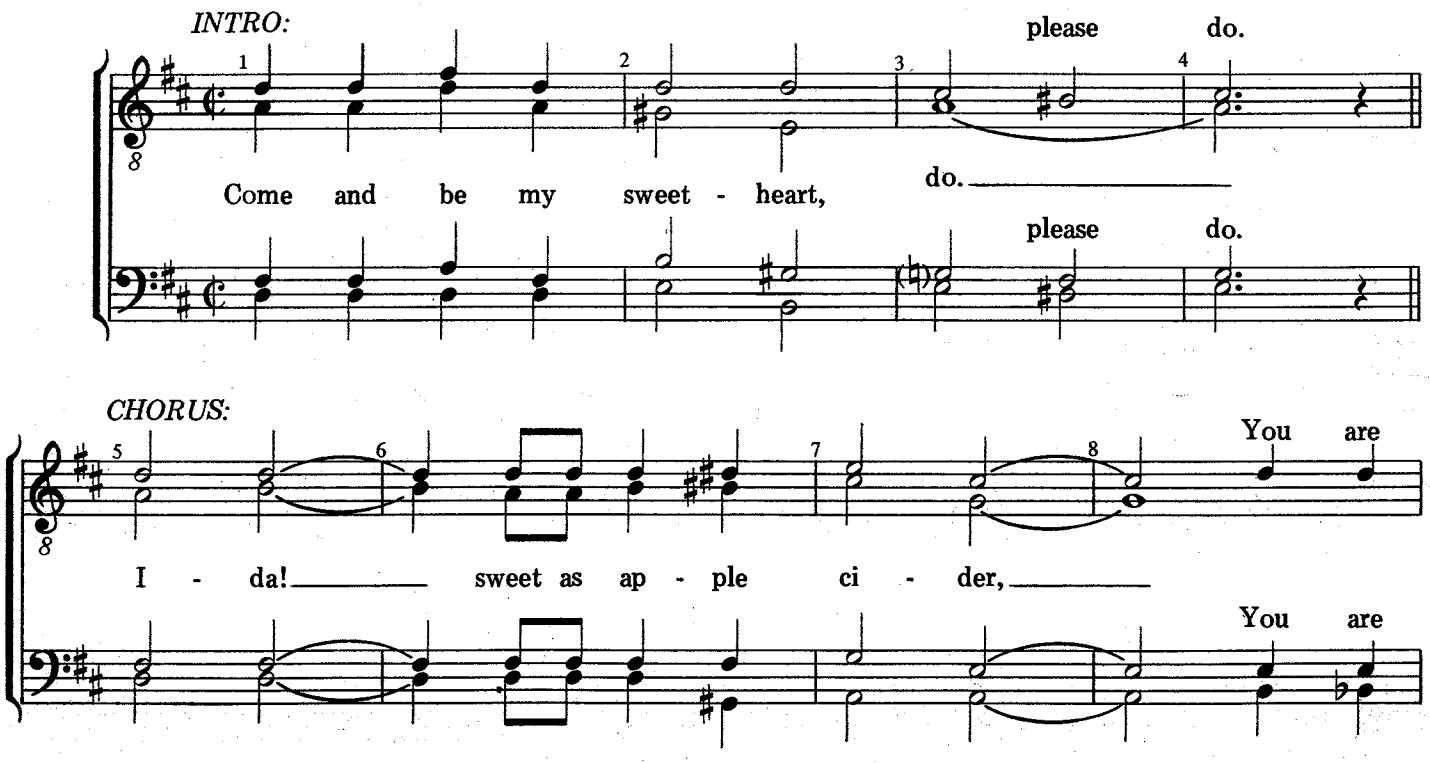
IDA! SWEET AS APPLE CIDER

1903

"Ida, Sweet As Apple Cider" offered a welcome change of pace from the maudlin sentimentality of the ballads of Charles K. Harris, Paul Dresser and other composers of the closing years of the 19th century. Eddie Leonard, who hailed from Richmond, Virginia, was an outstanding blackface singer and dancer with the famous minstrel company of Primrose and West. He performed the song everywhere he went, and the audiences went wild. Almost nothing is known of Eddie Munson except that he co-authored this song and a few others, and appeared in several stage shows in New York City.

Words by EDDIE LEONARD
(1875-1941)

Music by EDDIE MUNSON
(18 -19)



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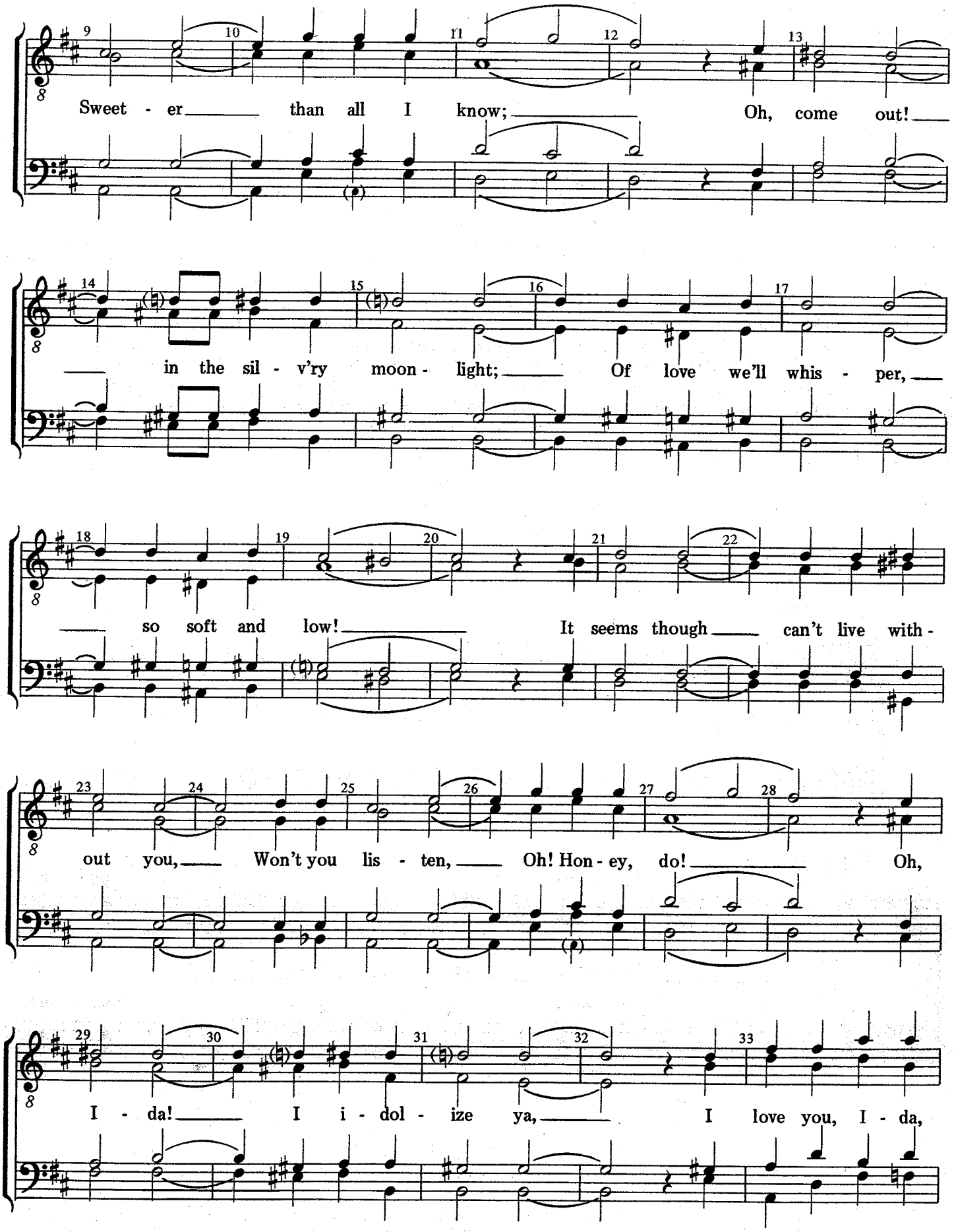
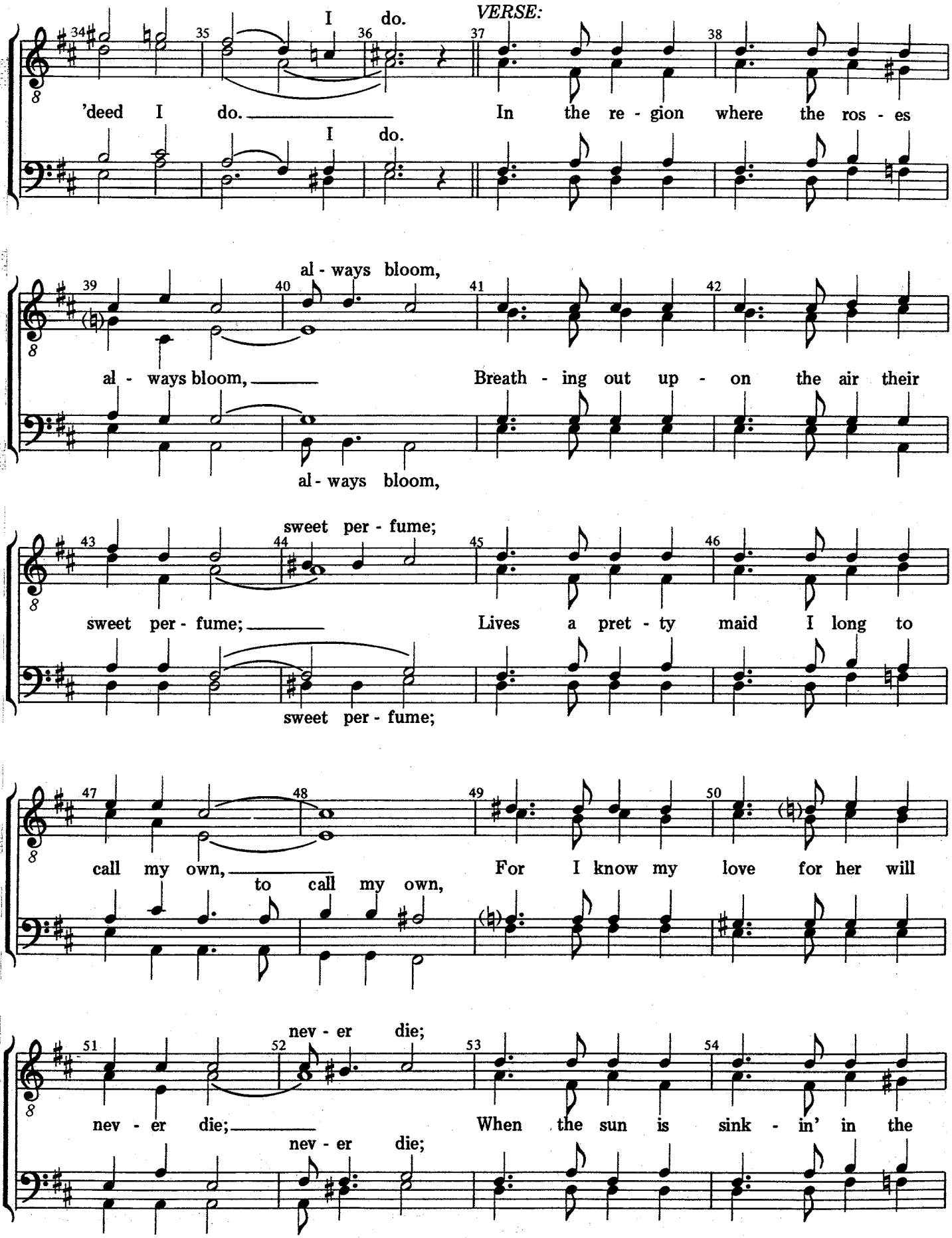
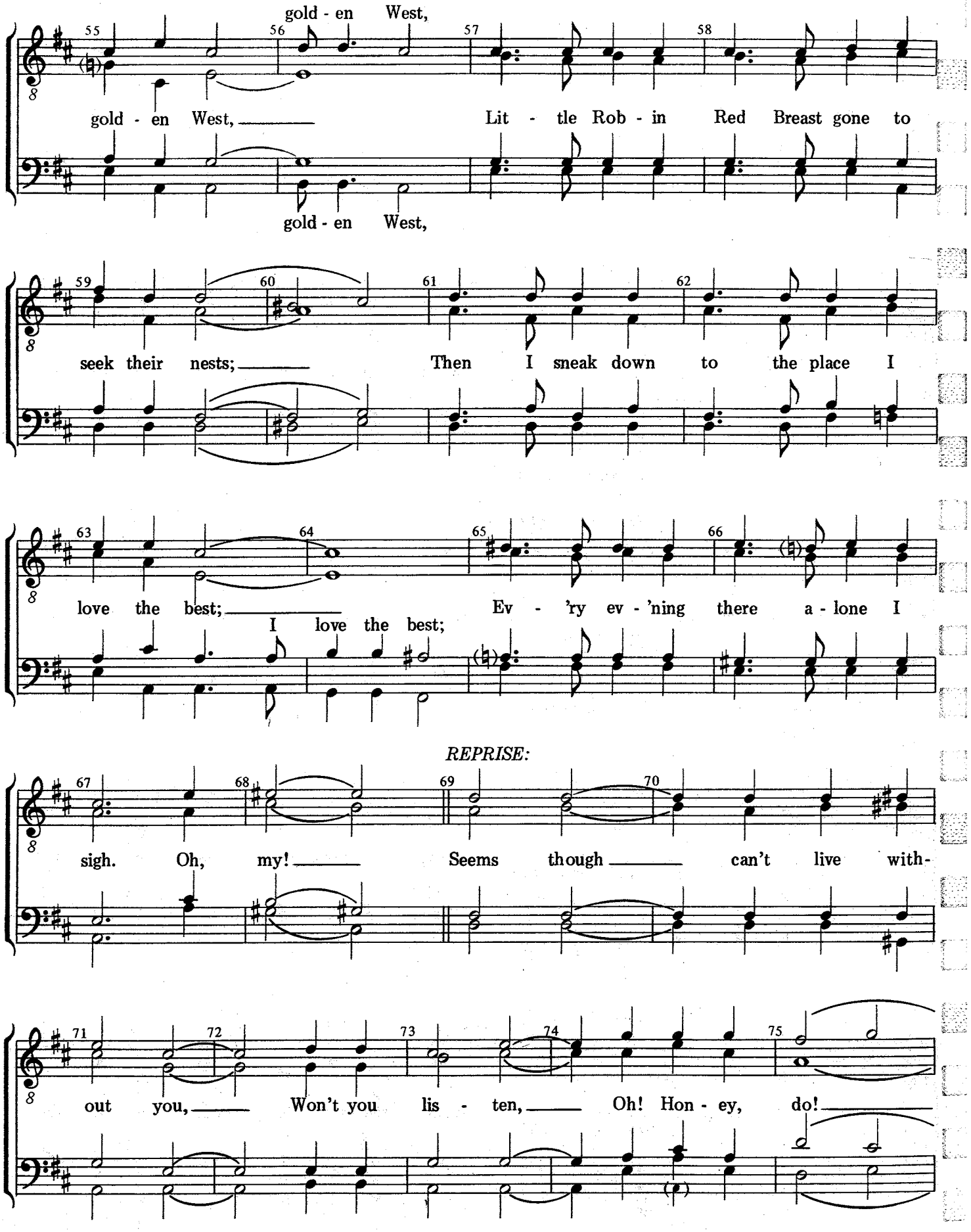
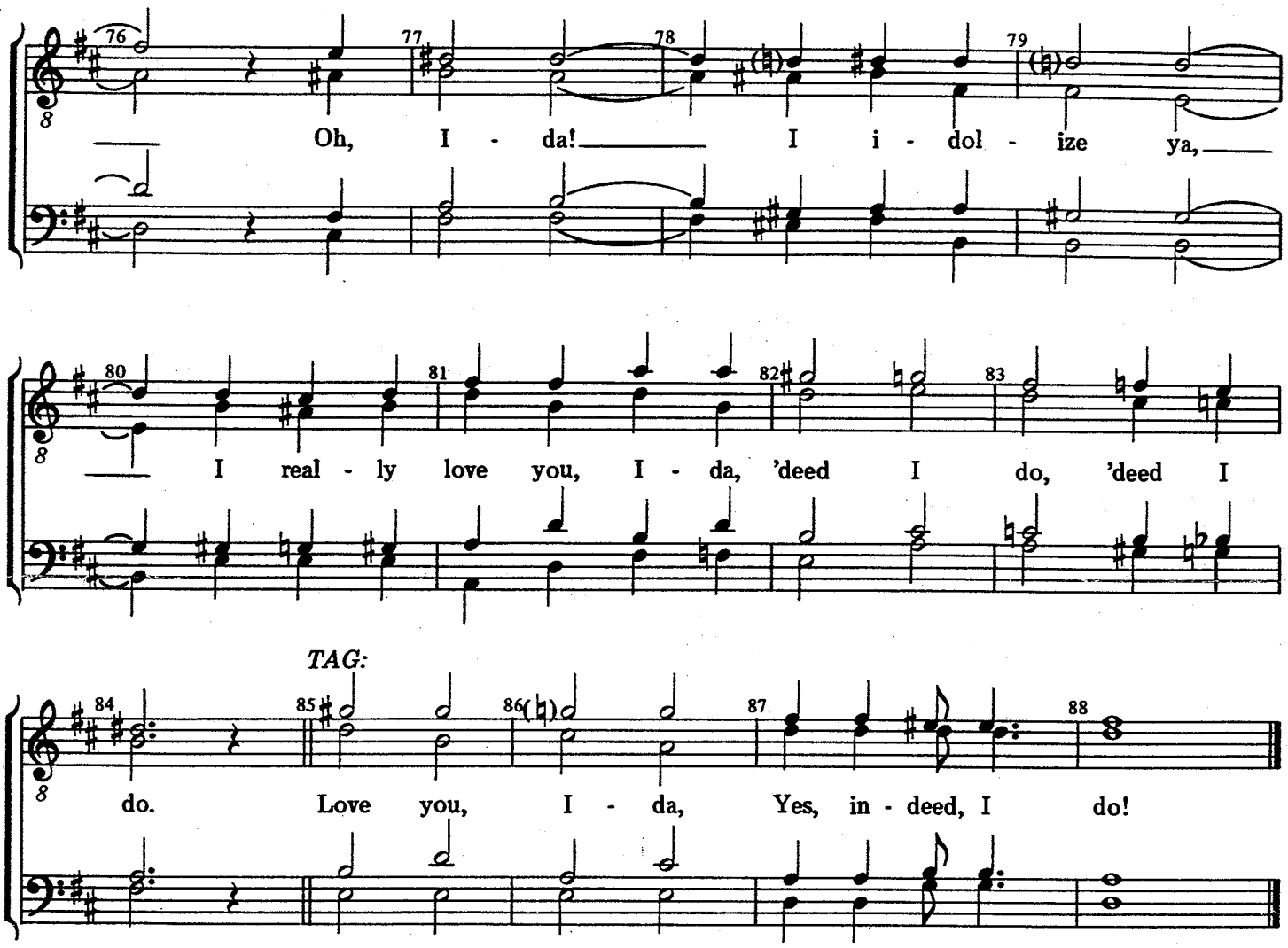

Sweet - er than all I know; Oh, come out!
in the sil - v'ry moon - light; Of love we'll whis - per,
so soft and low! It seems though can't live with -
out you, Won't you lis - ten, Oh! Hon - ey, do! Oh,
I - da! I i - dol - ize ya, I love you, I - da,


I do.
VERSE:
'deed I do.
I do.
In the re - gion where the ros - es
al - ways bloom,
al - ways bloom,
Breath - ing out up - on the air their
al - ways bloom,
sweet per - fume;
sweet per - fume;
Lives a pret - ty maid I long to
sweet per - fume;
call my own,
to call my own,
For I know my love for her will
nev - er die;
nev - er die;
When the sun is sink - in' in the
nev - er die;


gold - en West,
55
56
57
58
gold - en West, ___ Lit - tle Rob - in Red Breast gone to
gold - en West,
59
60
61
62
seek their nests; ___ Then I sneak down to the place I
63
64
65
66
love the best; ___ Ev - 'ry ev - 'ning there a - lone I
I love the best;
REPRISE:
67
68
69
70
sigh. Oh, my! ___ Seems though ___ can't live with-
71
72
73
74
75
out you, ___ Won't you lis - ten, ___ Oh! Hon - ey, do! ___



Additional verse:

When the moon comes stealing up behind the hill,
Ev'rything around me seems so calm and still,
Save the gentle calling of the whippoorwill,
Then I long to hold her little hand in mine;
Through the trees the winds are sighing soft and low,
Seem to come and whisper that your love is true,
Come and be my own now, Sweetheart, do! Oh, do!
Then my life will seem almost divine.

IN MY MERRY OLDSMOBILE

1905

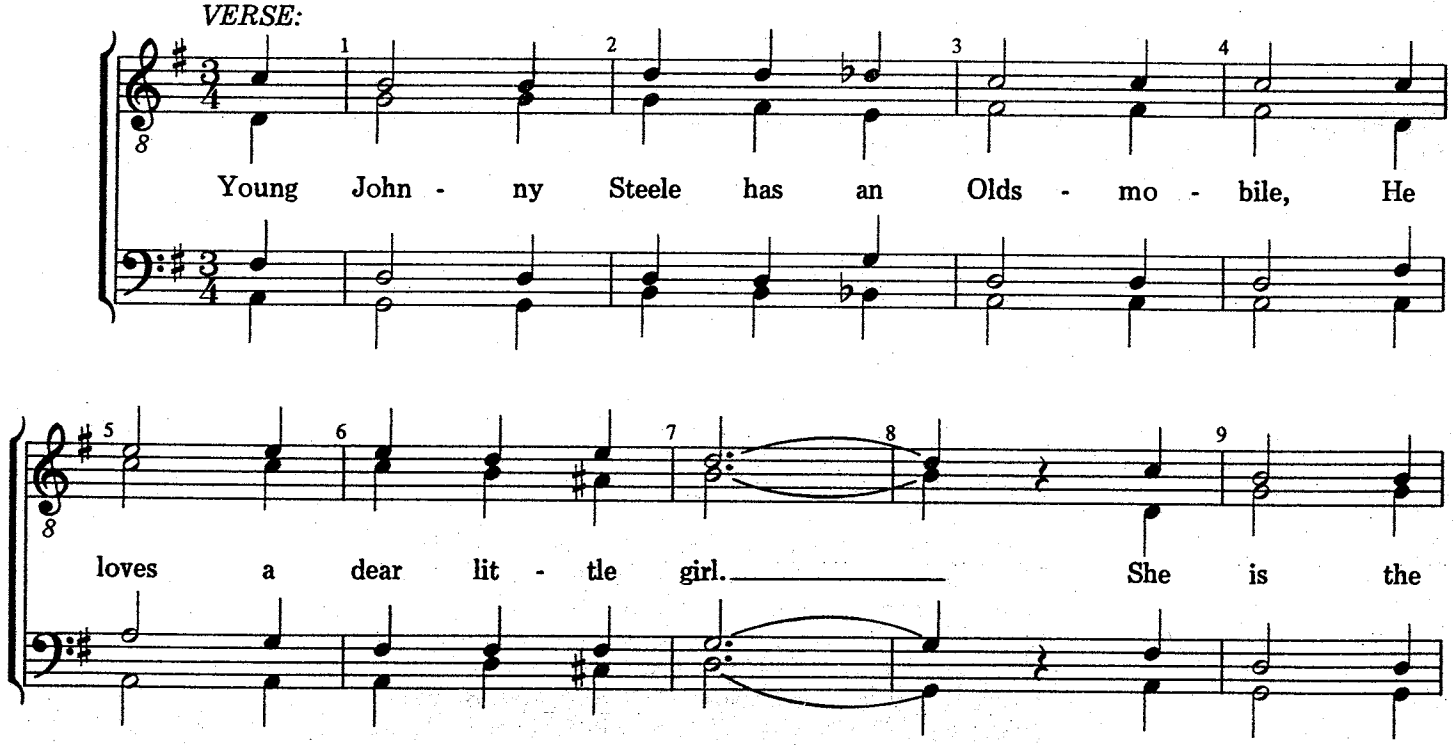
Gus Edwards, who is represented in this volume by two songs in addition to "In My Merry Oldsmobile" ("By The Light Of The Silvery Moon" and "School Days"), was a master showman. It was he who conceived the idea of using outstanding child performers in his stage shows. Vincent Bryan was one of the best Tin Pan Alley lyricists. He provided lyrics for numerous Broadway shows in the early years of this century. Later he was a movie director, working with Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd.

"In My Merry Oldsmobile" is no doubt the best known automobile song of all time. Who hasn't heard the chorus of this famous musical commercial? The verses may not be as familiar as the chorus, but the second verse, with its clever internal rhymes, is a prime example of 1900s lyric writing. The song is widely loved by barbershop singers and sing-along harmonizers, and its popularity continues undiminished.

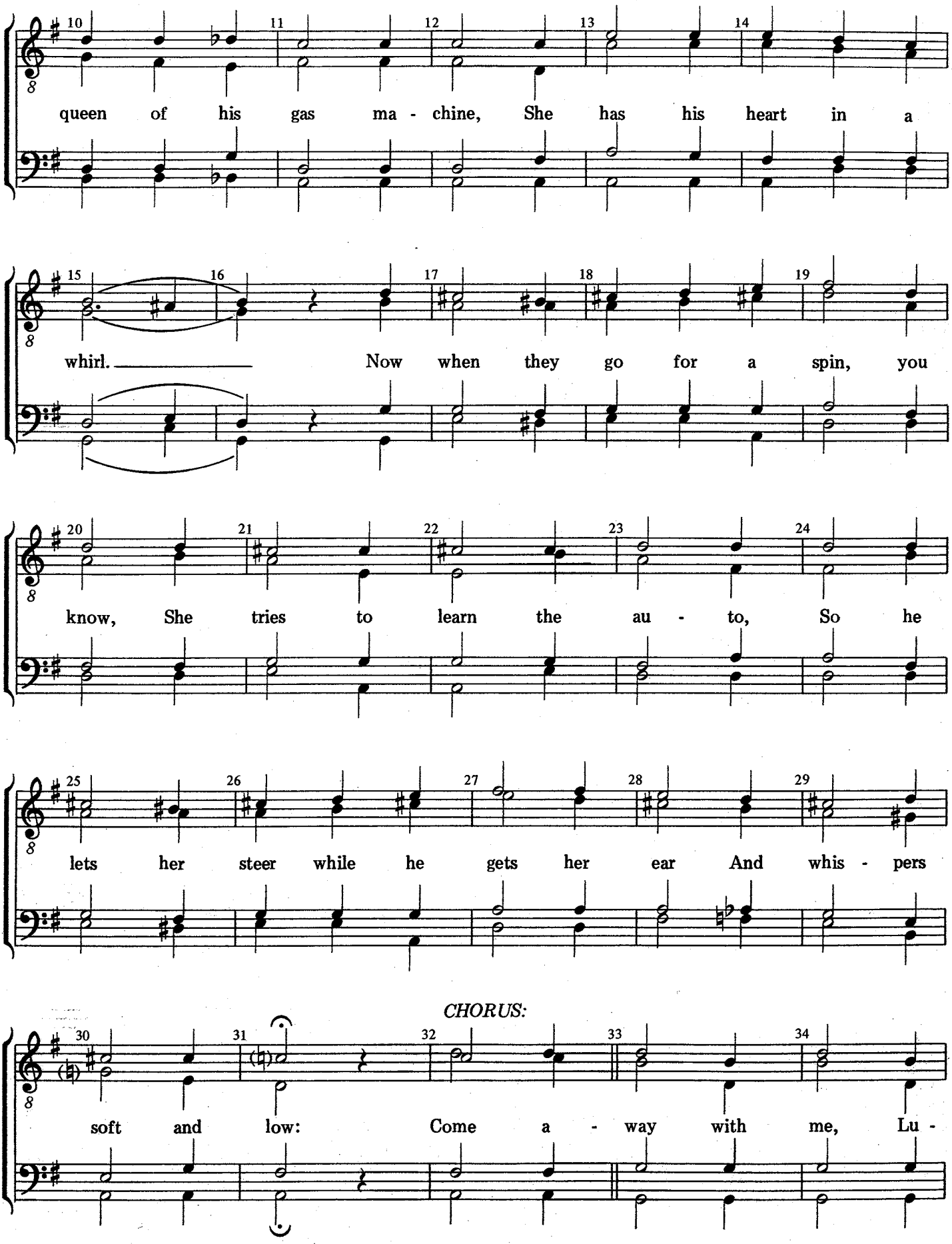
Words by VINCENT BRYAN
(1883-1937)

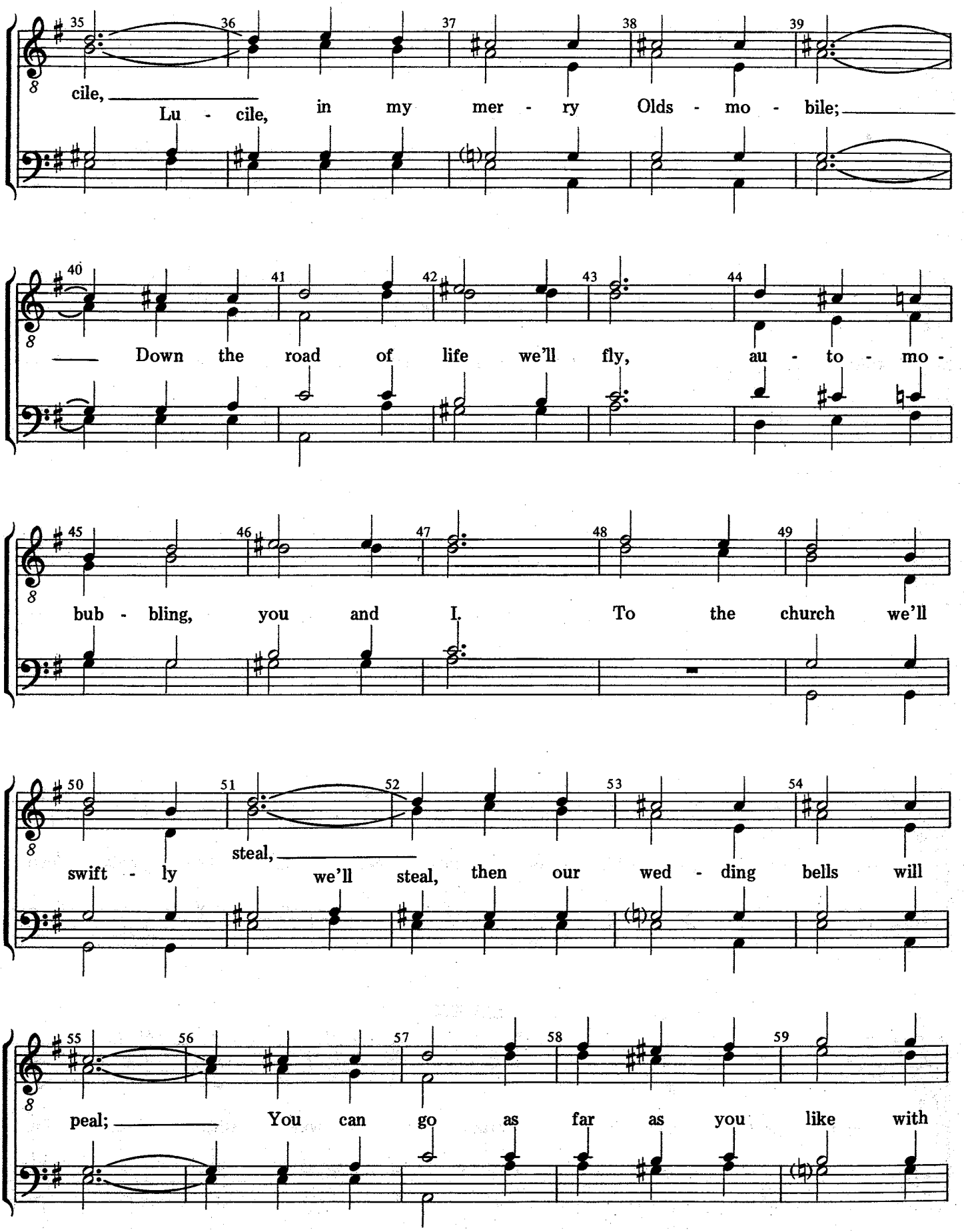
Music by GUS EDWARDS
(1879-1945)

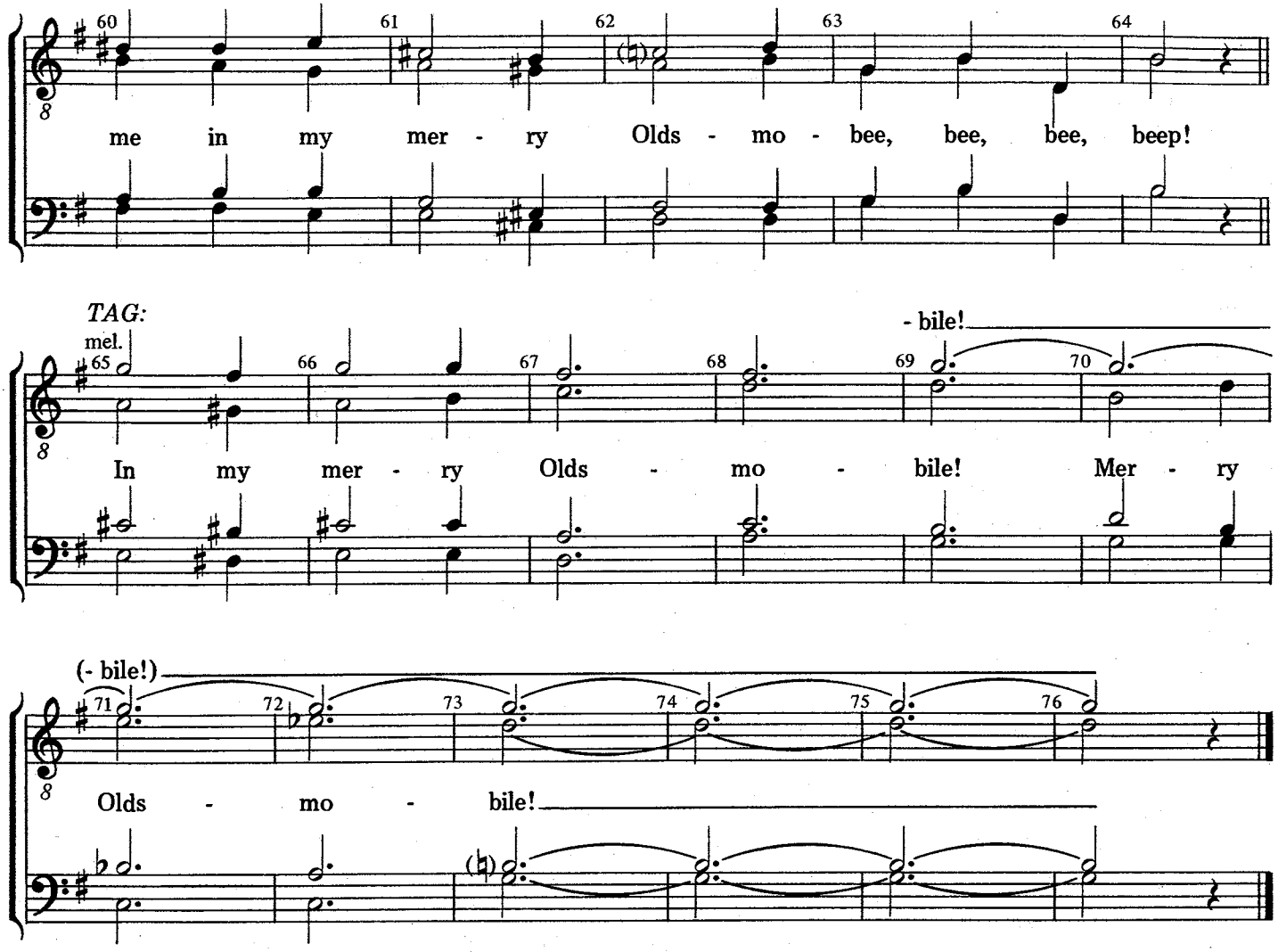
VERSE:



Verse © 1988 SPEBSQSA, Inc.
Chorus © 1986 SPEBSQSA, Inc.


queen of his gas ma - chine, She has his heart in a
whirl. Now when they go for a spin, you
know, She tries to learn the au - to, So he
lets her steer while he gets her ear And whis - pers
CHORUS:
soft and low: Come a - way with me, Lu -


35 36 37 38 39
cile, Lu - cile, in my mer - ry Olds - mo - bile;
40 41 42 43 44
Down the road of life we'll fly, au - to - mo -
45 46 47 48 49
bub - bling, you and I. To the church we'll
50 51 52 53 54
steal, swift - ly we'll steal, then our wed - ding bells will
55 56 57 58 59
peal; You can go as far as you like with



Additional verse:

They love to spark in the dark old park, as they go flying along,
She says she knows why the motor goes; the sparker's awfully strong.
Each day they spoon to the engine's tune, their honeymoon will happen soon,
He'll win Lucile with his Oldsmobile and then he'll fondly croon:

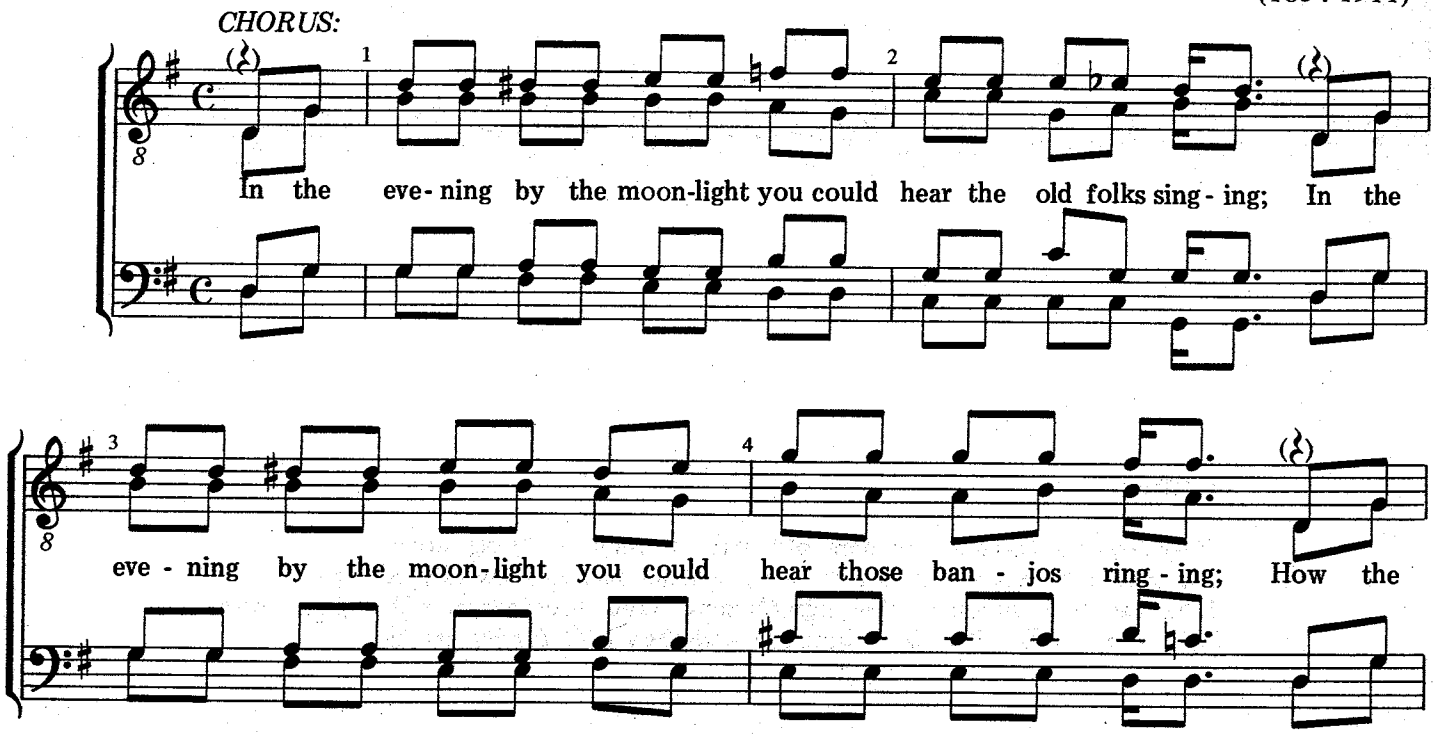
IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT

1880

The period following the Civil War through the turn of the century saw the peak of popularity for minstrel entertainments. James Bland was one of the outstanding performers. Many of the finest shows toured England and Europe. Bland's greatest success as a performer came in England. But Bland was careless with money and, in spite of his great success, he returned a poor man.

"In The Evening By The Moonlight" is a long-time favorite harmony song, whether sung in a group around the piano or with a quartet. Its appeal seems to last decade after decade. There is a timeless quality about the words which evokes a feeling of nostalgia in almost everyone. And the simplicity of the melody guarantees that anyone can sing it well.

JAMES BLAND
(1854-1911)



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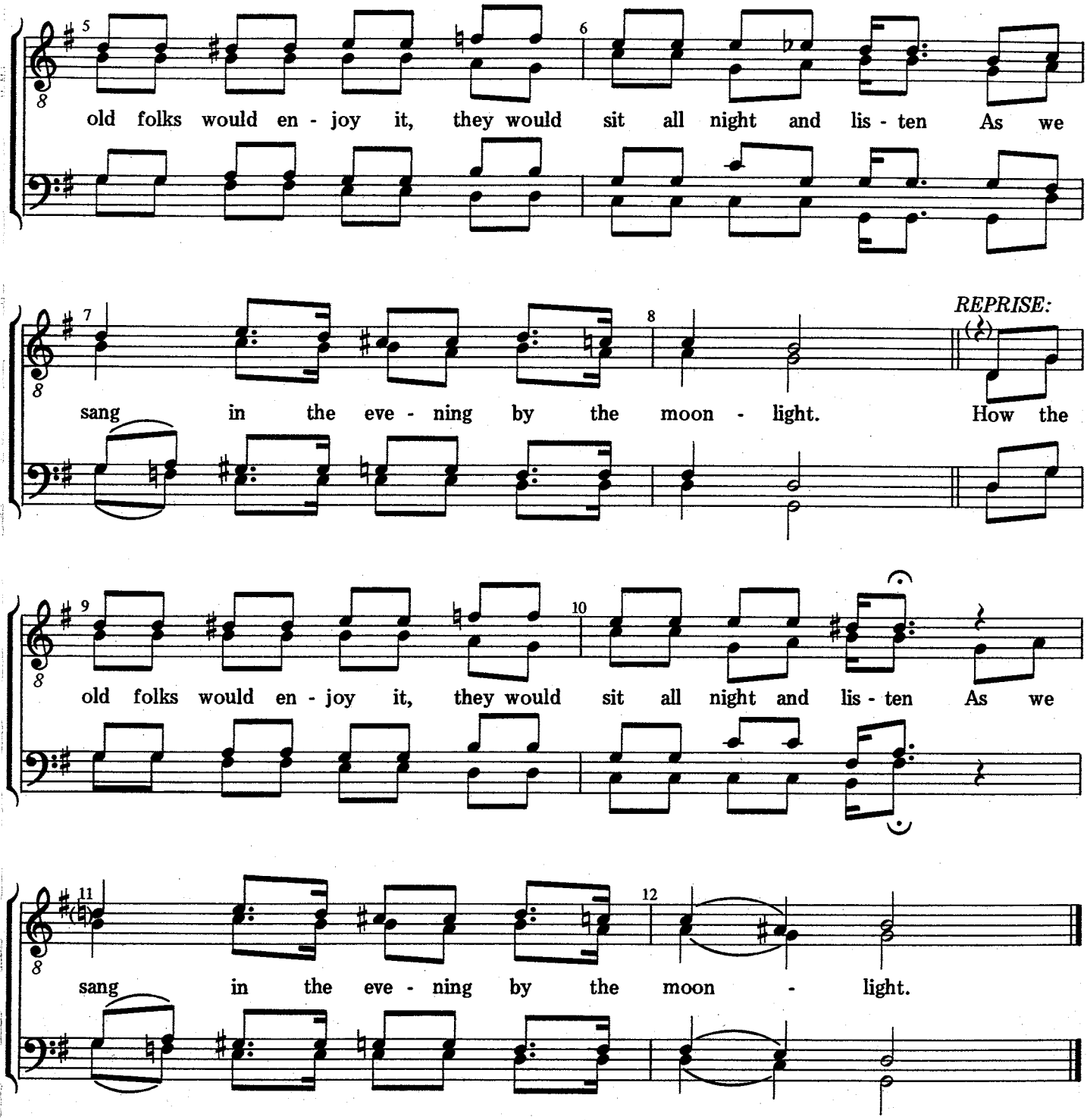

5
6
old folks would en - joy it, they would sit all night and lis - ten As we
7
8
REPRISE:
sang in the eve - ning by the moon - light. How the
9
10
old folks would en - joy it, they would sit all night and lis - ten As we
11
12
sang in the eve - ning by the moon - light.

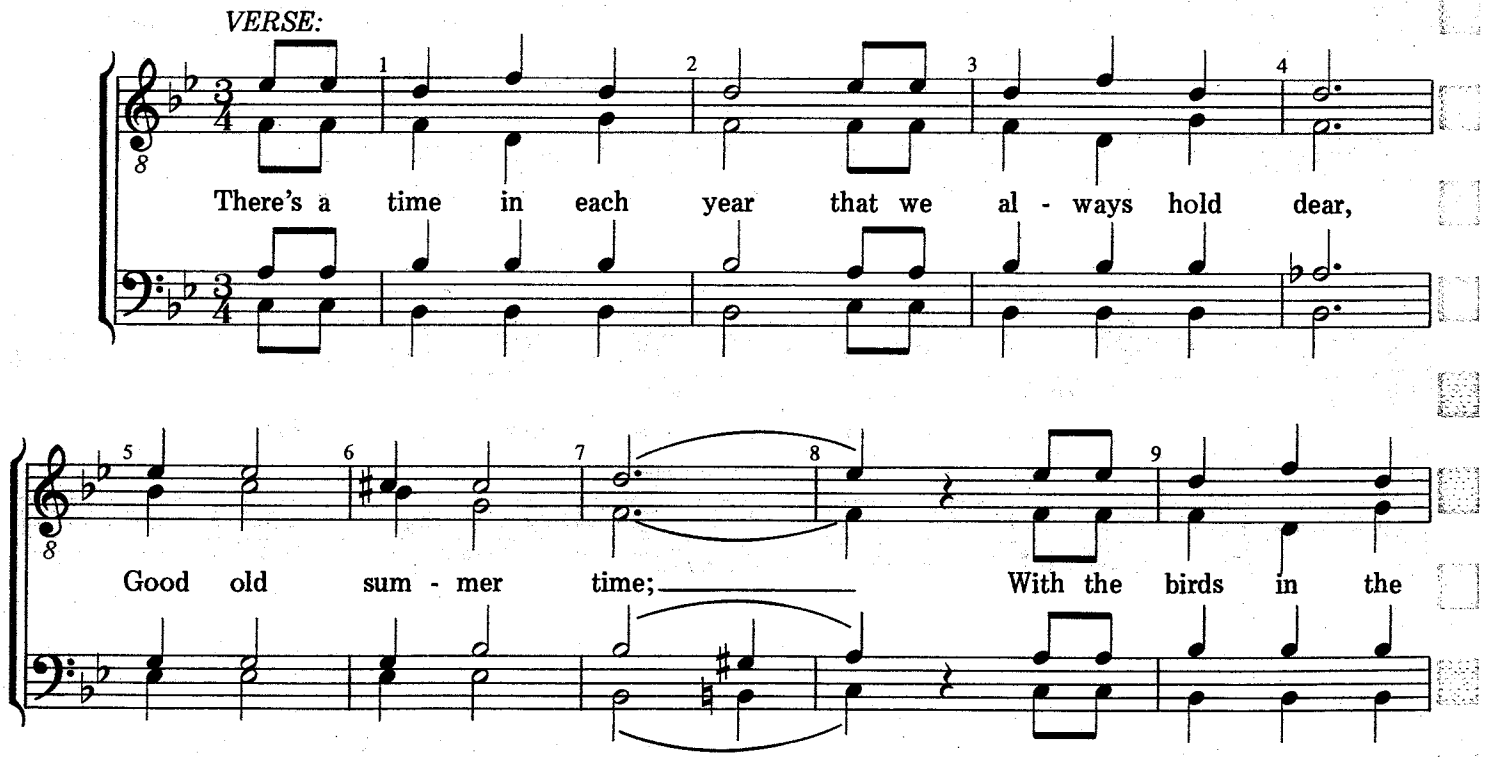
IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME

1902

1902 was a banner year for songwriters, but easily the best song of that year was one written by a Chicago-born vaudevillian, Ren Shields, and George "Honey Boy" Evans, a Welshman, who was one of the era's outstanding blackface performers. Because of its seasonal title, they had difficulty finding a publisher until Blanche Ring, a singing star, introduced it to New York audiences. It was an immediate sensation and has continued as one of America's best loved close harmony songs. Its uncomplicated harmonic pattern makes it fun and easy to harmonize, as proved by every impromptu gathering of singers . . . any season of the year.

Words by REN SHIELDS
(1868-1913)

Music by GEORGE EVANS
(1870-1915)



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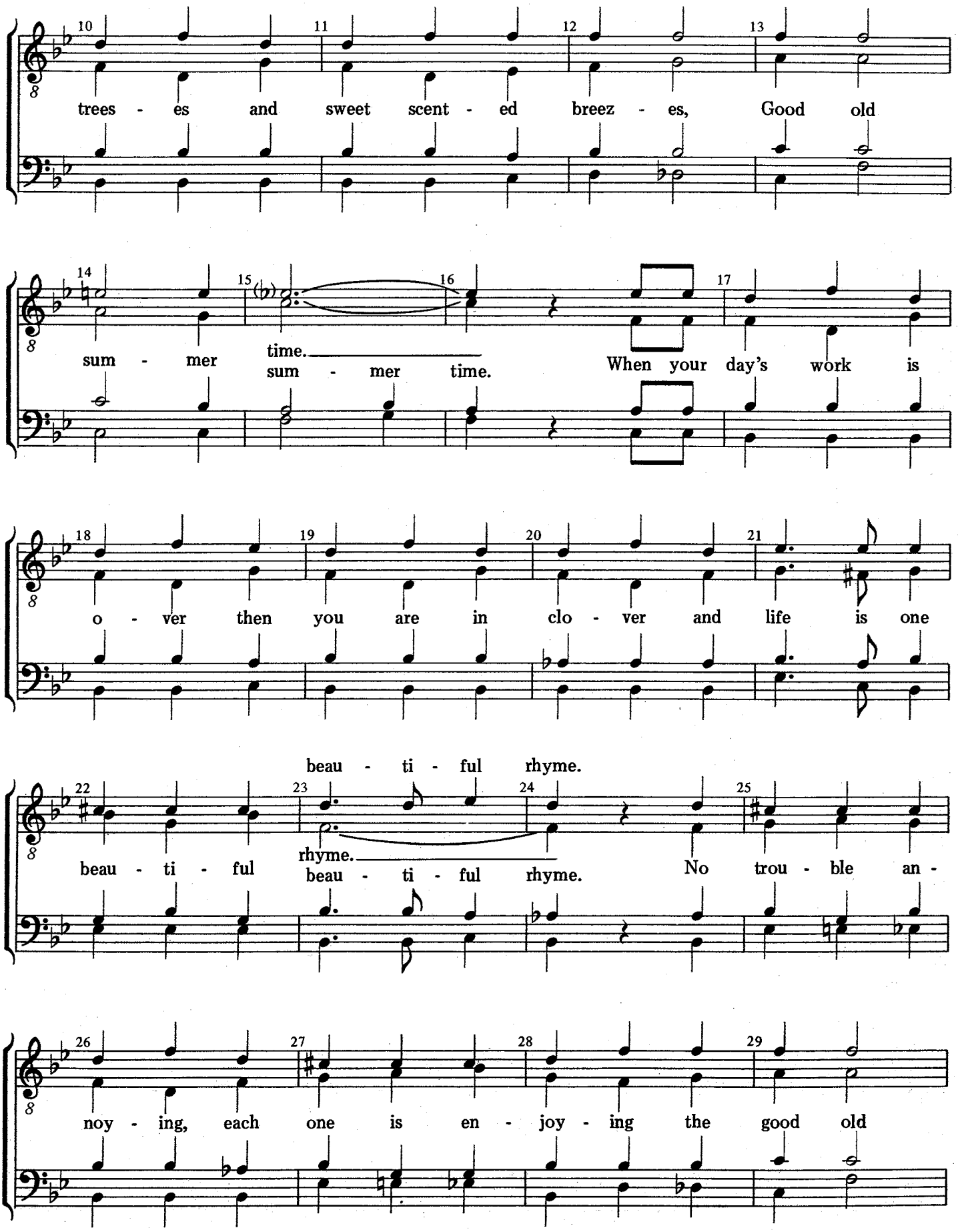
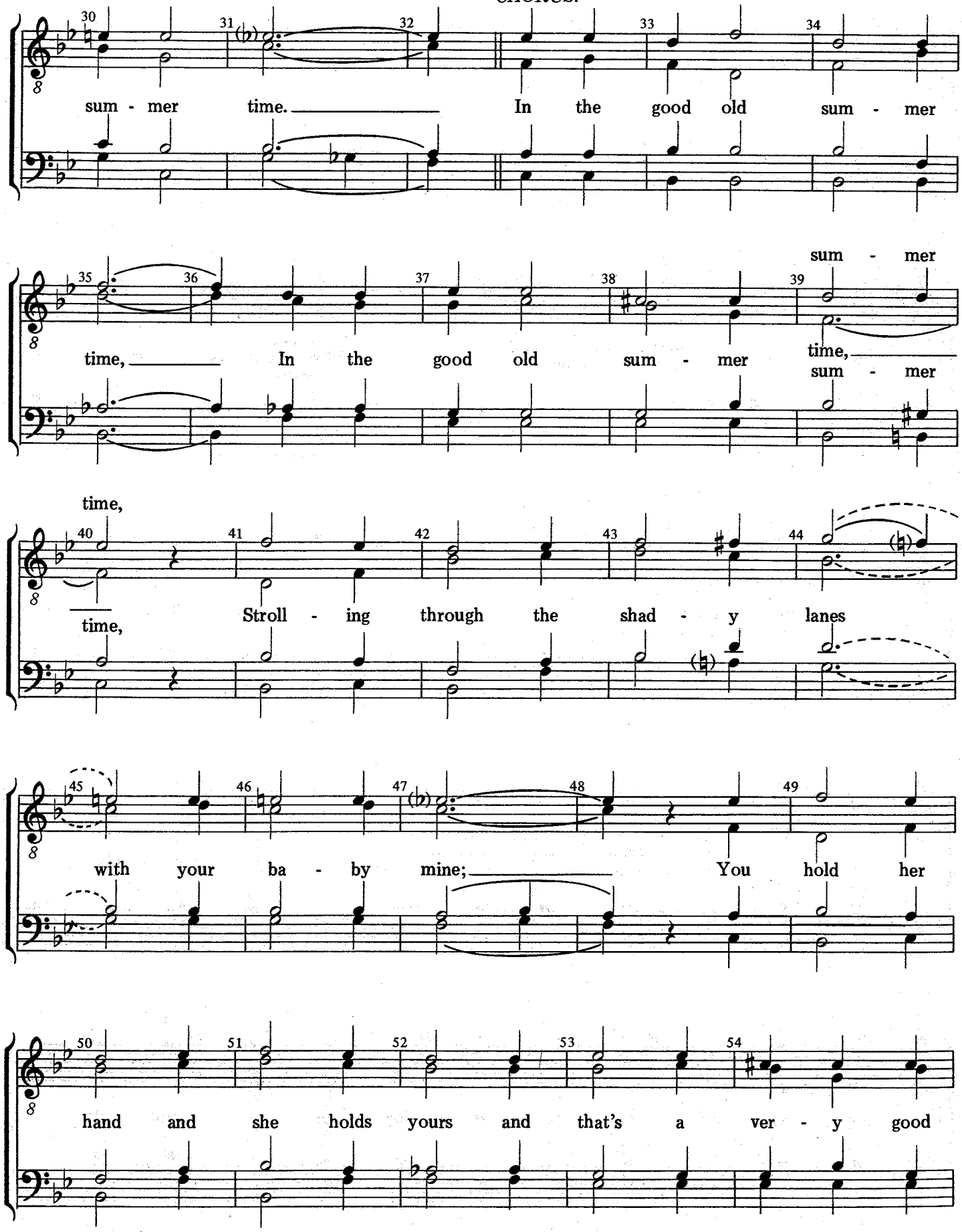
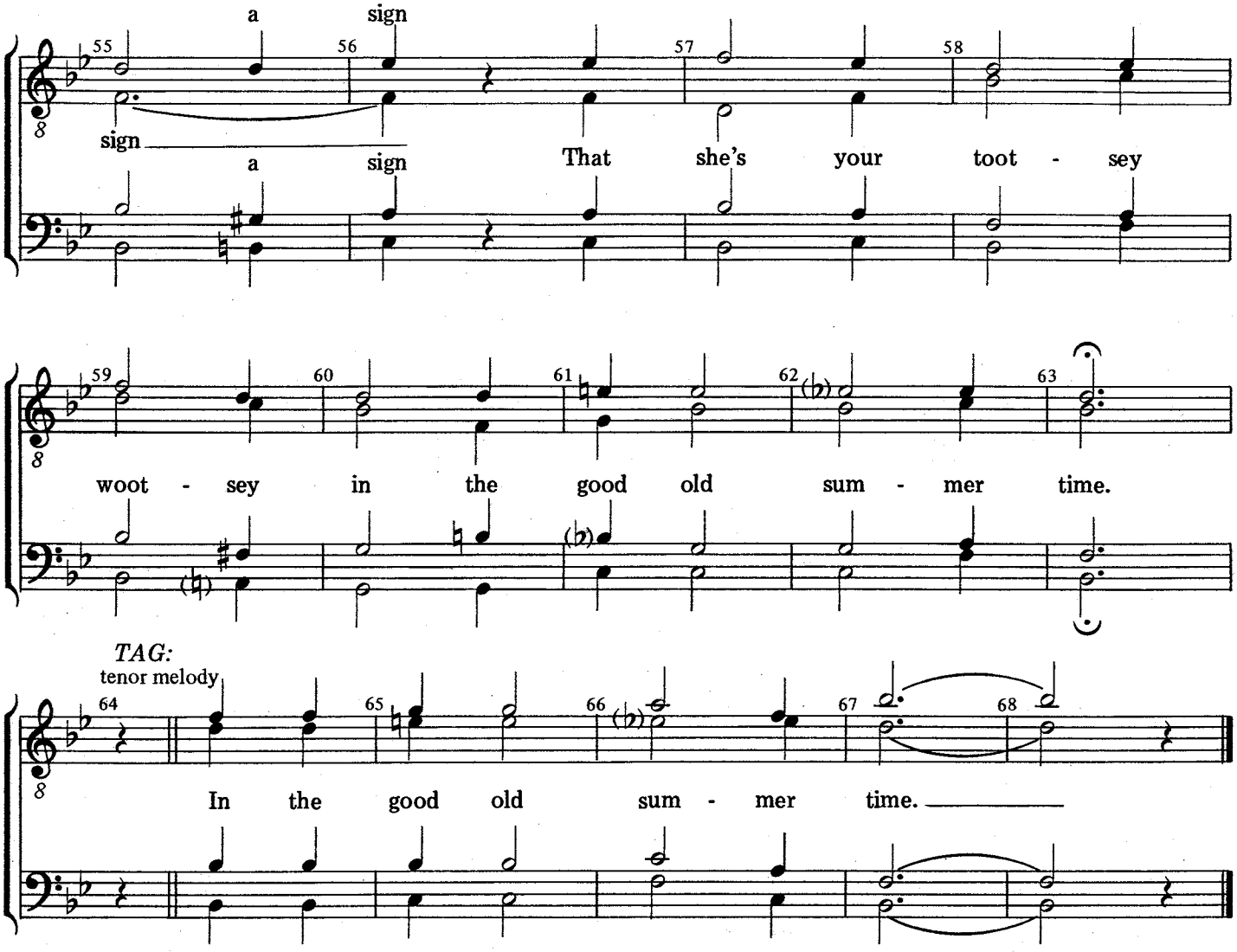

trees - es and sweet scent - ed breez - es, Good old
sum - mer time. sum - mer time. When your day's work is
o - ver then you are in clo - ver and life is one
beau - ti - ful rhyme.
beau - ti - ful rhyme. beau - ti - ful rhyme. No trou - ble an -
noy - ing, each one is en - joy - ing the good old

CHORUS:


sum - mer time. In the good old sum - mer
time, In the good old sum - mer
sum - mer time,
sum - mer
time,
time, Stroll - ing through the shad - y lanes
with your ba - by mine; You hold her
hand and she holds yours and that's a ver - y good



Additional verse:

To swim in the pool, you'd play "hooky" from school, good old summer time;
You'd play "ring-a-rosie" with Jim, Kate and Josie, good old summer time.
Those days full of pleasure we now fondly treasure, when we never thought it a crime
To go stealing cherries with face brown as berries, good old summer time.

IN THE SHADE OF THE OLD APPLE TREE

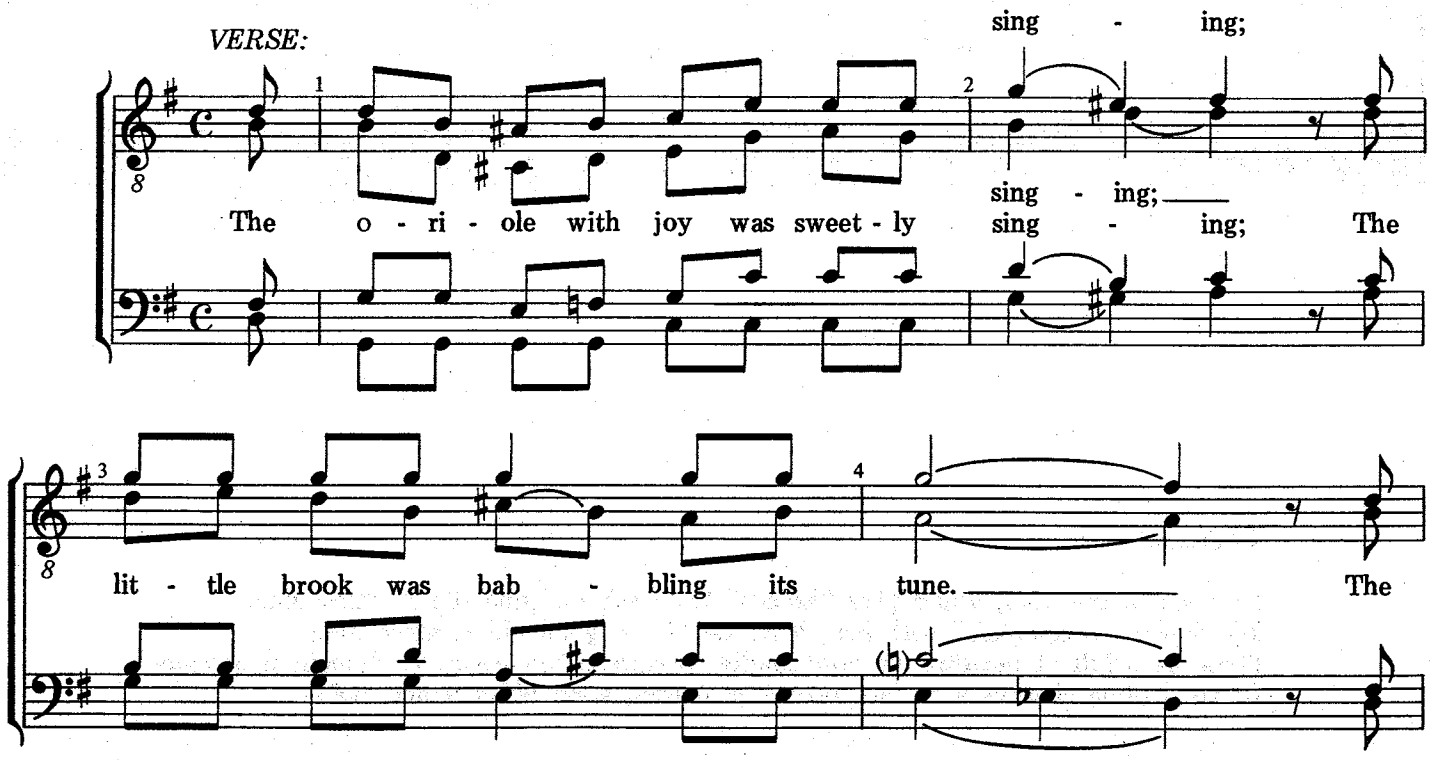
1905

Egbert Van Alstyne, a Chicagoan, and Harry Williams, from Faribault, Minnesota, joined the circus together and continued their association for many years, Van Alstyne as a composer and publisher, Williams (not to be confused with Harry H. Williams, one of the writers of "It's A Long, Long Way To Tipperary") as a vaudeville performer and composer of Broadway show music. He later worked as a film director.

The team of Van Alstyne and Williams also produced "Won't You Come Over To My House?" "What's The Matter With Father?" and "I'm Afraid To Come Home In The Dark," but there is no question that "In The Shade Of The Old Apple Tree" is their most memorable song. A fine ballad for impromptu harmonizing, it's still often heard today.

Words by HARRY WILLIAMS
(1879-1922)

Music by EGBERT VAN ALSTYNE
(1882-1951)



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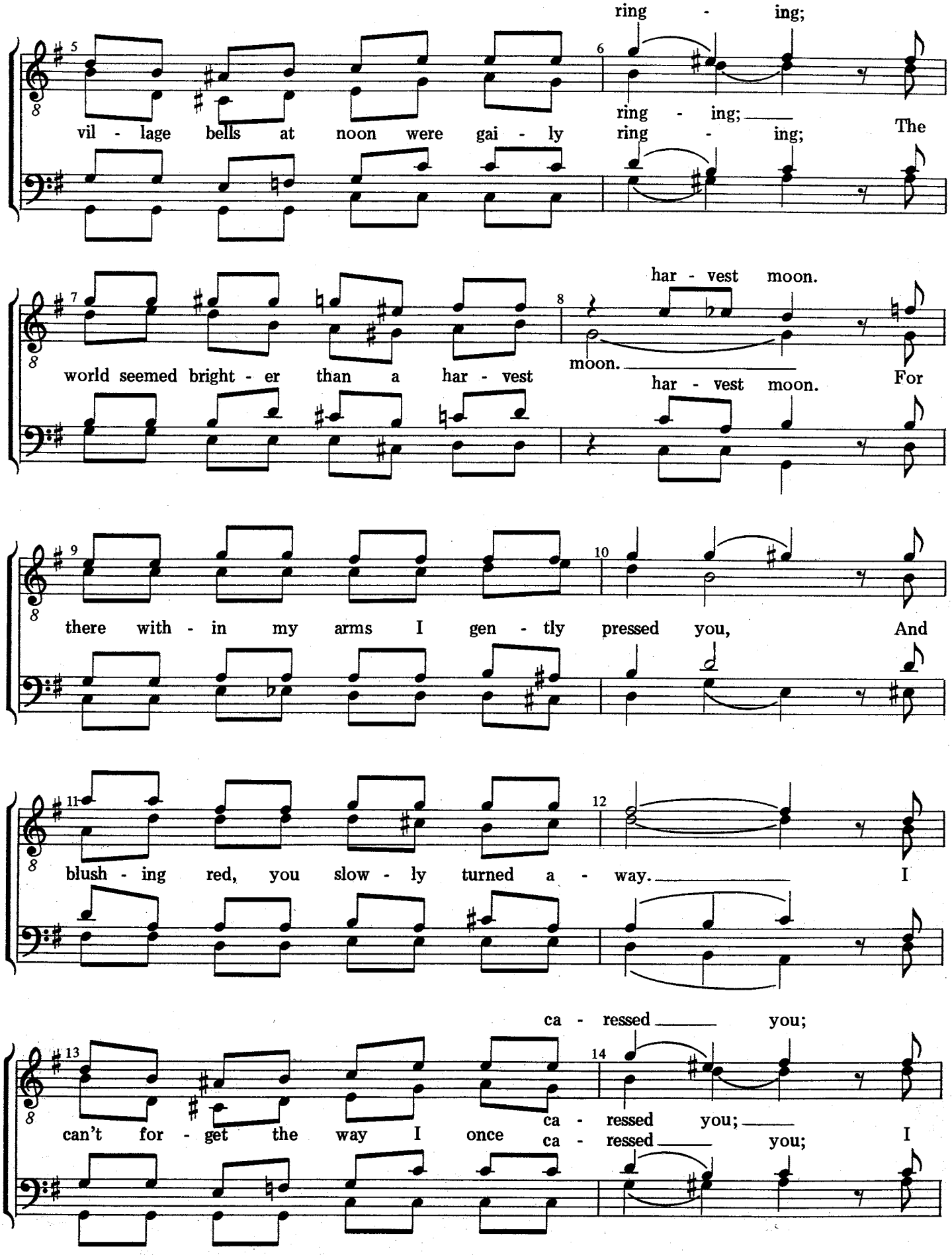
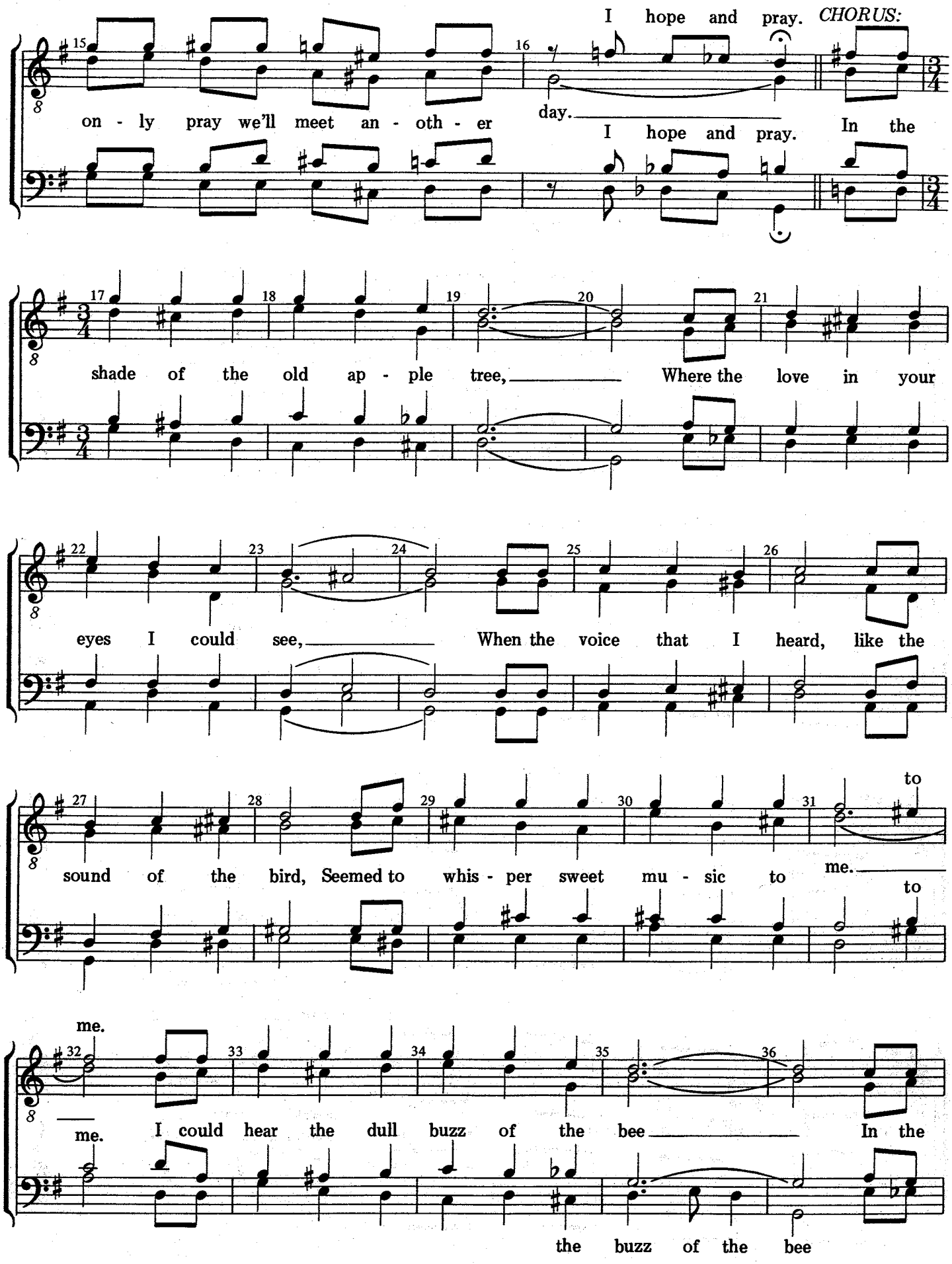
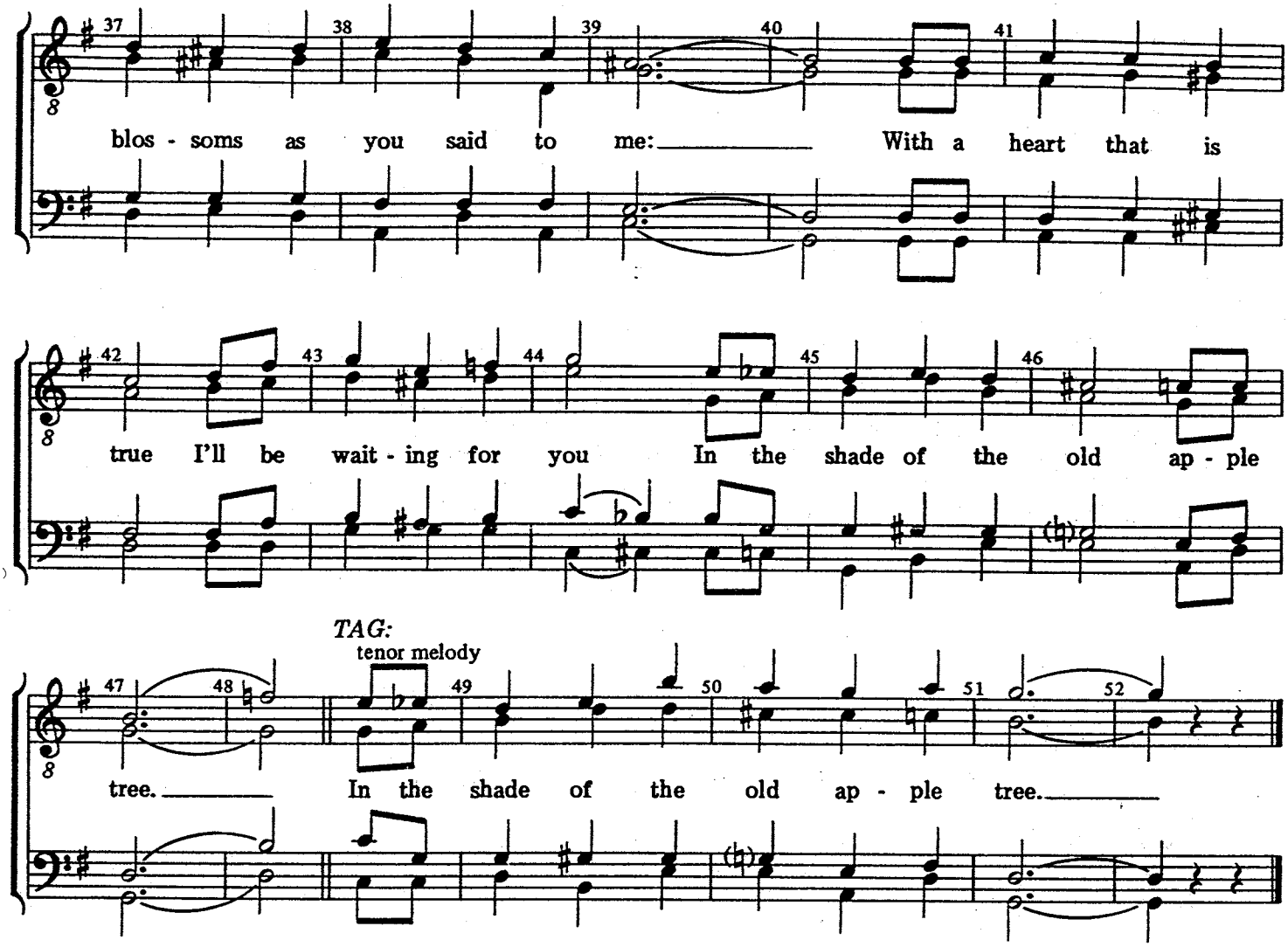

ring - ing;
vil - lage bells at noon were gai - ly ring - ing; ring - ing; The
har - vest moon.
world seemed bright - er than a har - vest moon. har - vest moon. For
there with - in my arms I gen - tly pressed you, And
blush - ing red, you slow - ly turned a - way. I
ca - ressed you;
can't for - get the way I once ca - ressed you; ca - ressed you; I


I hope and pray. CHORUS:
on - ly pray we'll meet an - oth - er day. I hope and pray. In the
shade of the old ap - ple tree, Where the love in your
eyes I could see, When the voice that I heard, like the
sound of the bird, Seemed to whis - per sweet mu - sic to me. to
me. I could hear the dull buzz of the bee In the
me.
the buzz of the bee



Additional verse:

I've really come a long way from the city,
And though my heart is breaking, I'll be brave;
I've brought this bunch of flow'rs, I think they're pretty,
To place upon a freshly moulded grave.

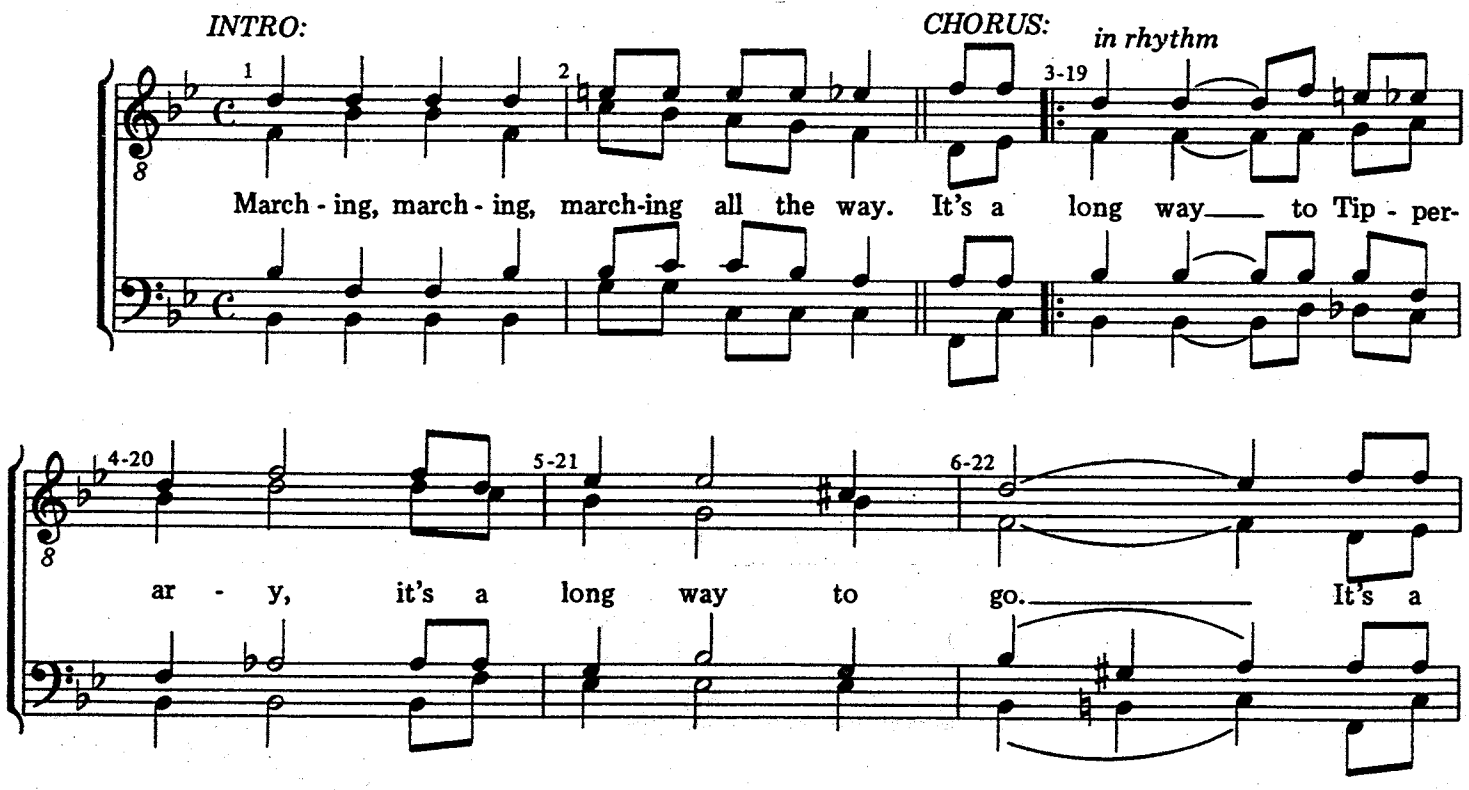
If you will show me, father, where she's lying,
Or if it's far, just point it out to me;
Said he, "She told us all when she was dying
To bury her beneath the apple tree."

IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY

1912

Most everyone has heard of Tipperary but few may have been fortunate enough to visit County Tipperary in South Ireland. This marching song, by the English vaudeville actors Jack Judge and Harry H. Williams, sat on the publisher's shelves for several years, until it (and several other English songs: "Pack Up Your Troubles In Your Old Kit-Bag And Smile, Smile, Smile," "Keep The Home Fires Burning" and "Roses Of Picardy") became popular during World War I. When the U.S. entered the war all these songs became hits on this side of the Atlantic as well. Piccadilly (Street) and Leicester Square are two famous London landmarks.

By JACK JUDGE and HARRY H. WILLIAMS
(1878-1938) (-1930)



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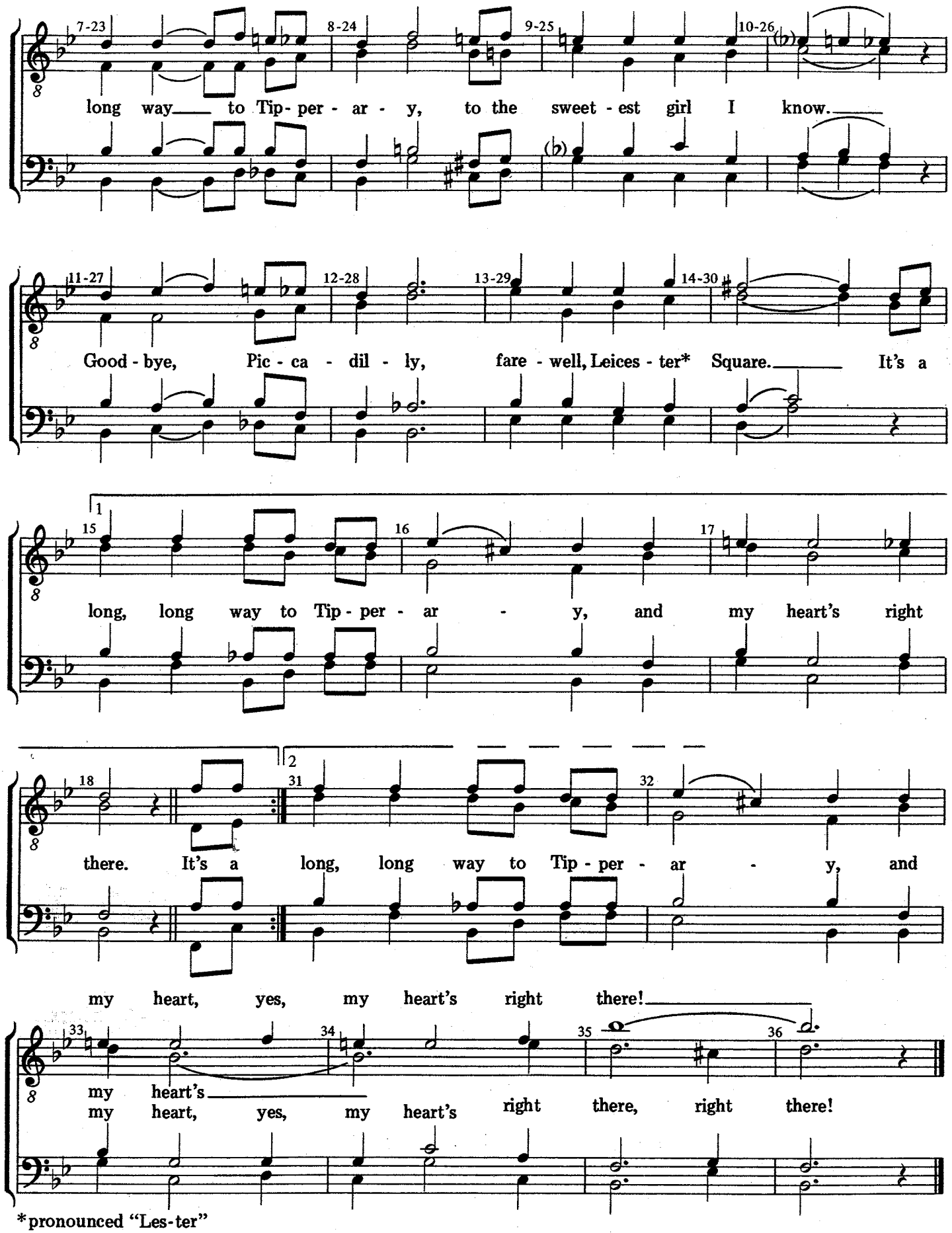


*pronounced "Les-ter"

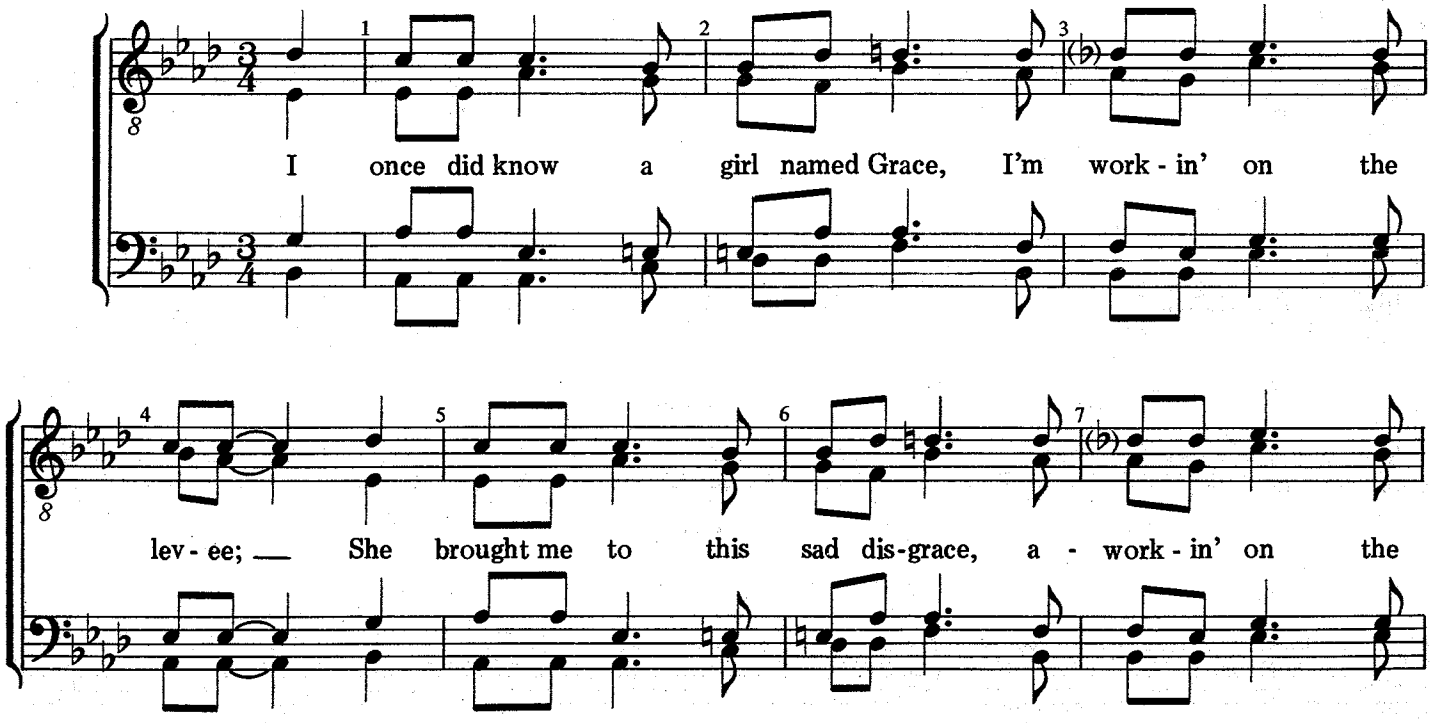
I'VE BEEN WORKIN' ON THE RAILROAD

Music historians and researchers do not seem to know the real source of this well-known song. It probably originated in the South sometime before the Civil War and is very possibly of black heritage. It may have been written for a small minstrel company show, or it may have started out as a work song by black laborers. In any case, it was popular in the 1830s and 1840s. By 1880 it was known throughout the U.S. It may very well be a genuine American folk song. It was first known as "Levee Song" and appeared as part of a collection of Princeton University songs in 1894.

The words to the popular version known as "The Eyes Of Texas" were written for a minstrel show at the University of Texas in 1903 by John Lang Sinclair, but it was not published until 1918.

TRADITIONAL

VERSE:



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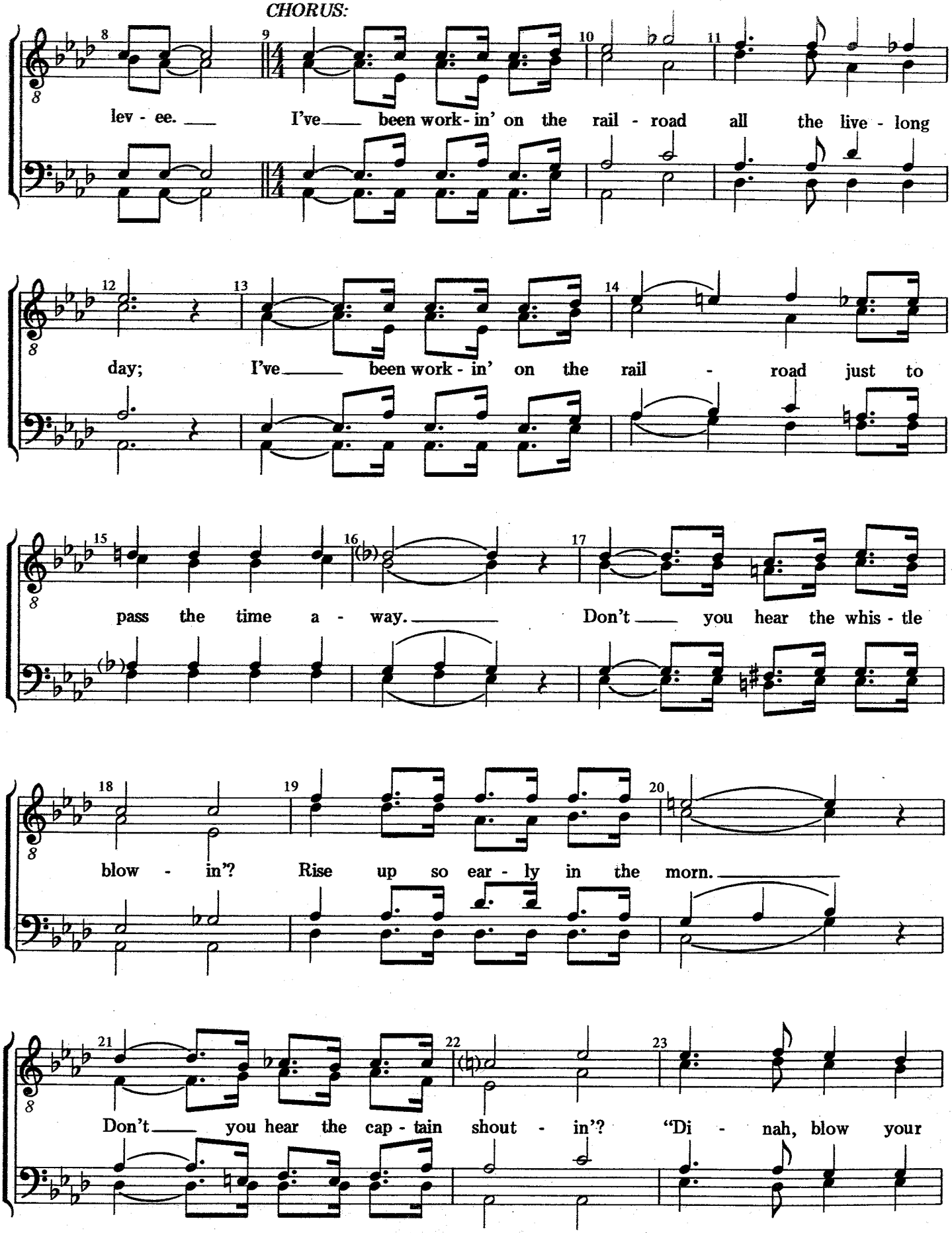
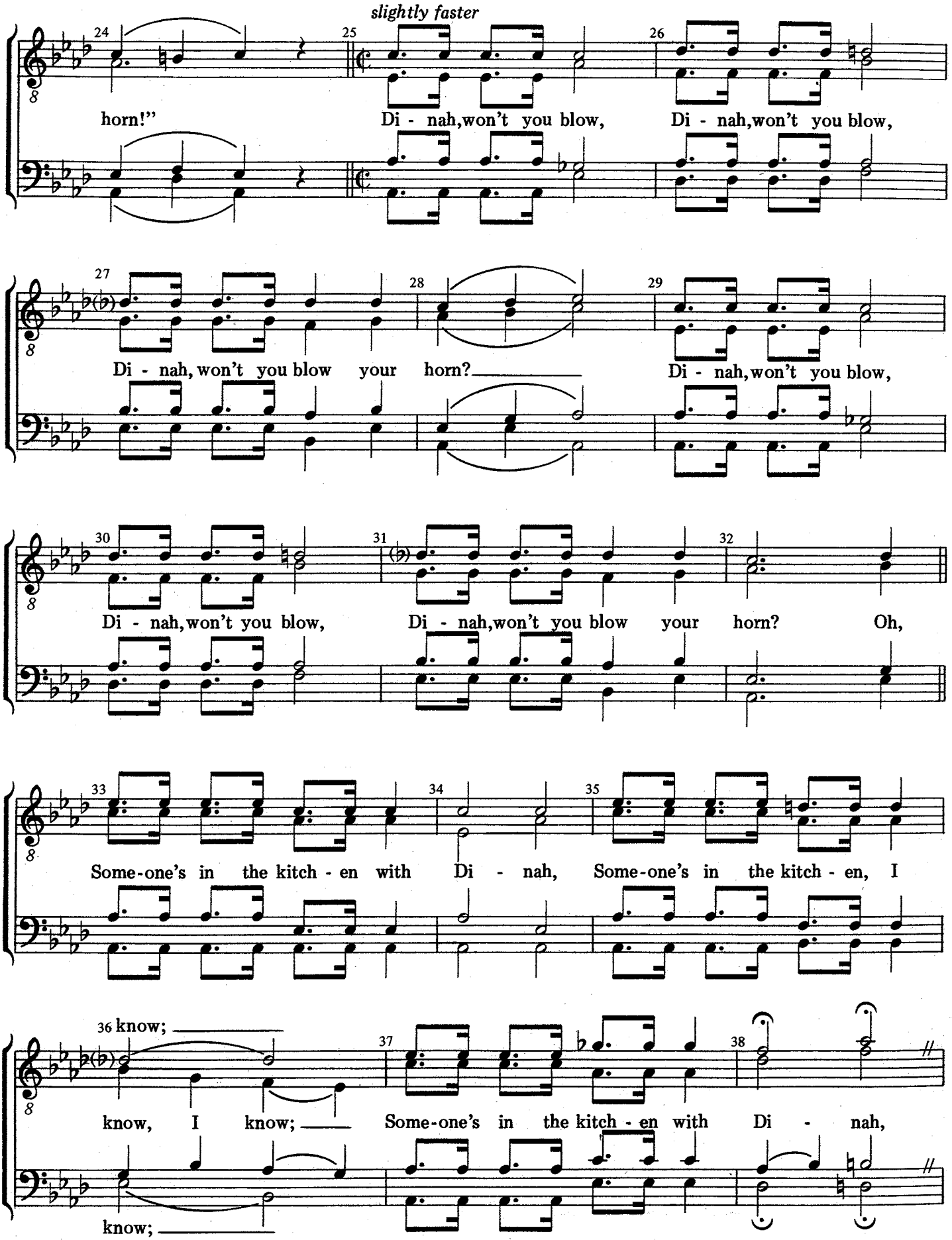
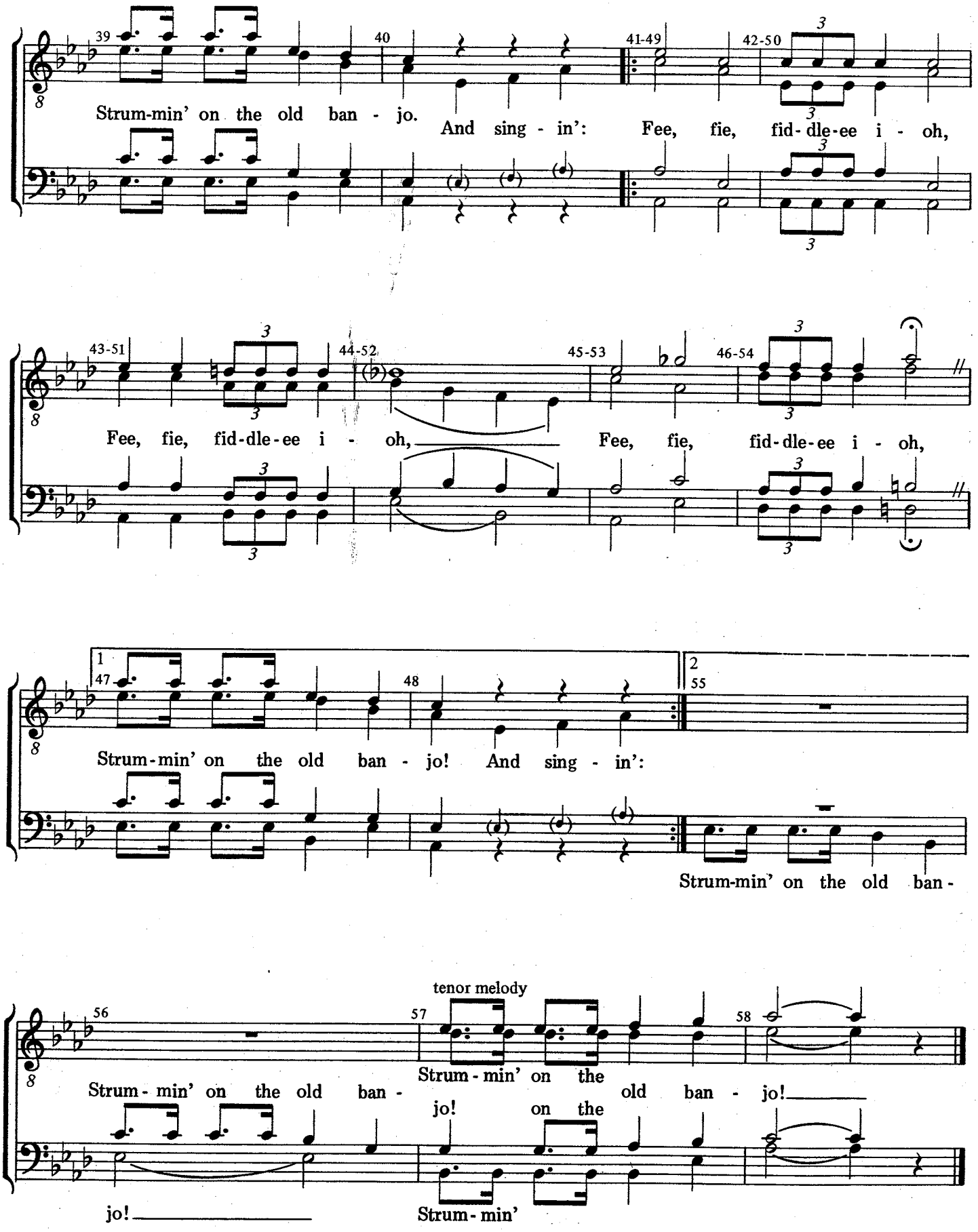
CHORUS:


lev - ee. I've been work - in' on the rail - road all the live - long
day; I've been work - in' on the rail - road just to
pass the time a - way. Don't you hear the whis - tle
blow - in'? Rise up so ear - ly in the morn.
Don't you hear the cap - tain shout - in'? "Di - nah, blow your


slightly faster
24
25
26
horn!"
Di - nah, won't you blow,
Di - nah, won't you blow,
27
28
29
Di - nah, won't you blow your horn?
Di - nah, won't you blow,
30
31
32
Di - nah, won't you blow,
Di - nah, won't you blow your horn?
Oh,
33
34
35
Some-one's in the kitch - en with Di - nah,
Some-one's in the kitch - en, I
36 know;
37
38
know, I know;
Some-one's in the kitch - en with Di - nah,
know;


39
40
41-49
42-50
Strum-min' on the old ban - jo.
And sing - in':
Fee, fie, fid-dle-ee i - oh,
43-51
44-52
45-53
46-54
Fee, fie, fid-dle-ee i - oh,
Fee, fie, fid-dle-ee i - oh,
1
47
48
2
55
Strum-min' on the old ban - jo! And sing - in':
Strum-min' on the old ban -
tenor melody
56
57
58
Strum - min' on the old ban -
Strum - min' on the
old ban - jo!
jo!
on the
jo!
Strum - min'

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

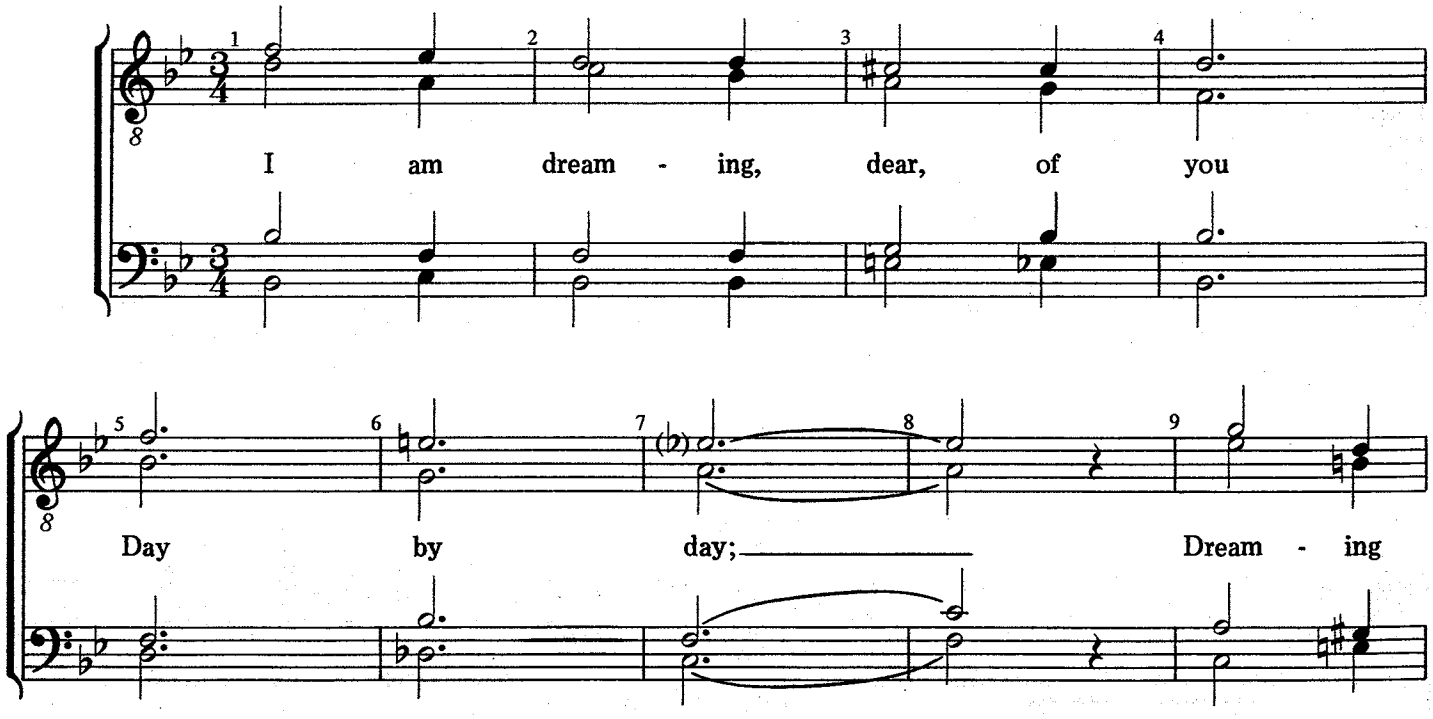
1910

Illinois and Tennessee met happily in the persons of Leo Friedman and Beth Slater Whitson when they composed "Let Me Call You Sweetheart." This may very well be the all-time champion community singing favorite. Merely singing the opening line of the chorus is a sure-fire way to start a mixed group of singers harmonizing. Barbershop singers love it, too, and the melody suggests plenty of those harmonizing opportunities so loved by woodshedders. Is there anyone in the audience who hasn't sung this song? Very likely not.

Words by BETH SLATER WHITSON
(1879-1930)

Music by LEO FRIEDMAN
(1869-1927)

VERSE:



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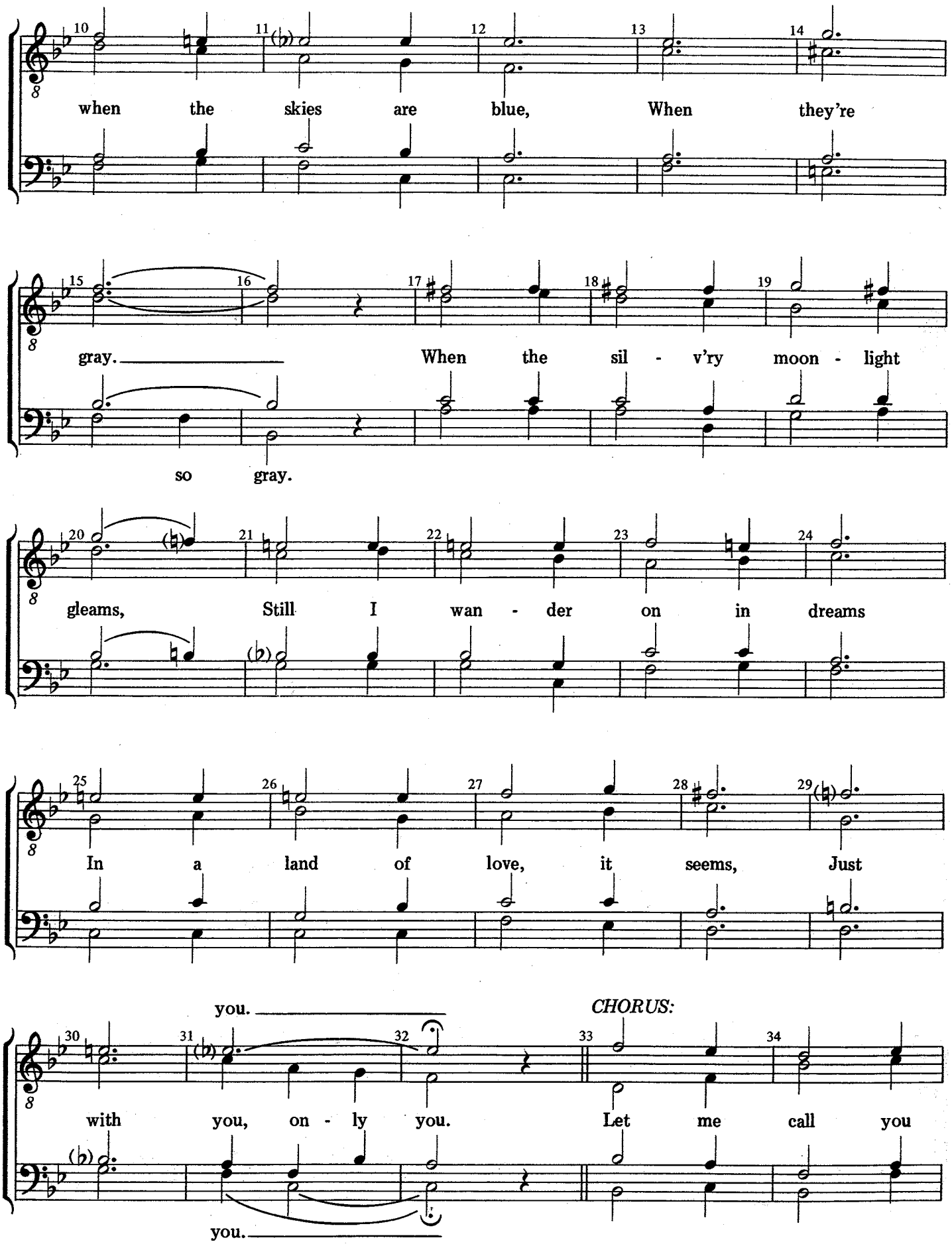
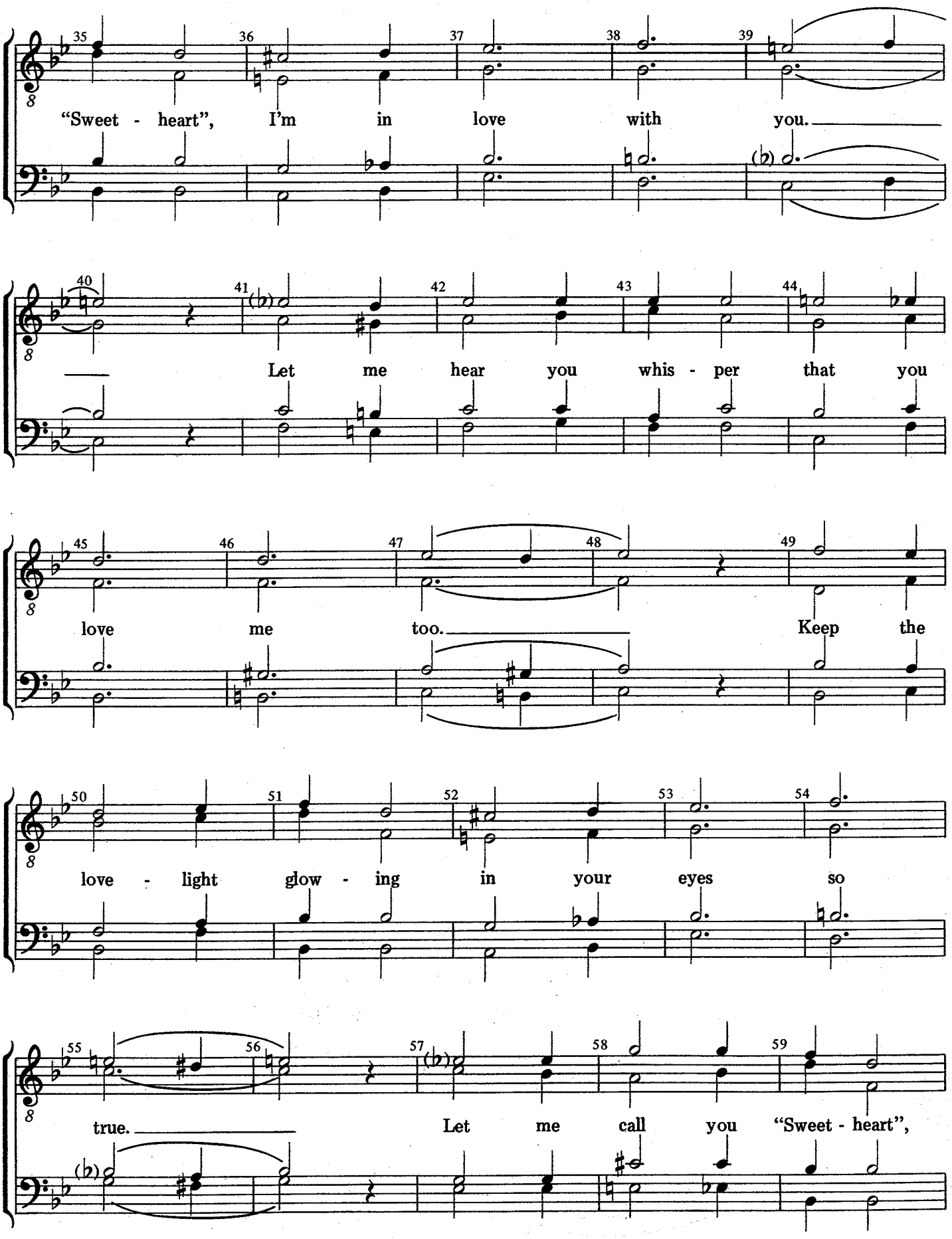
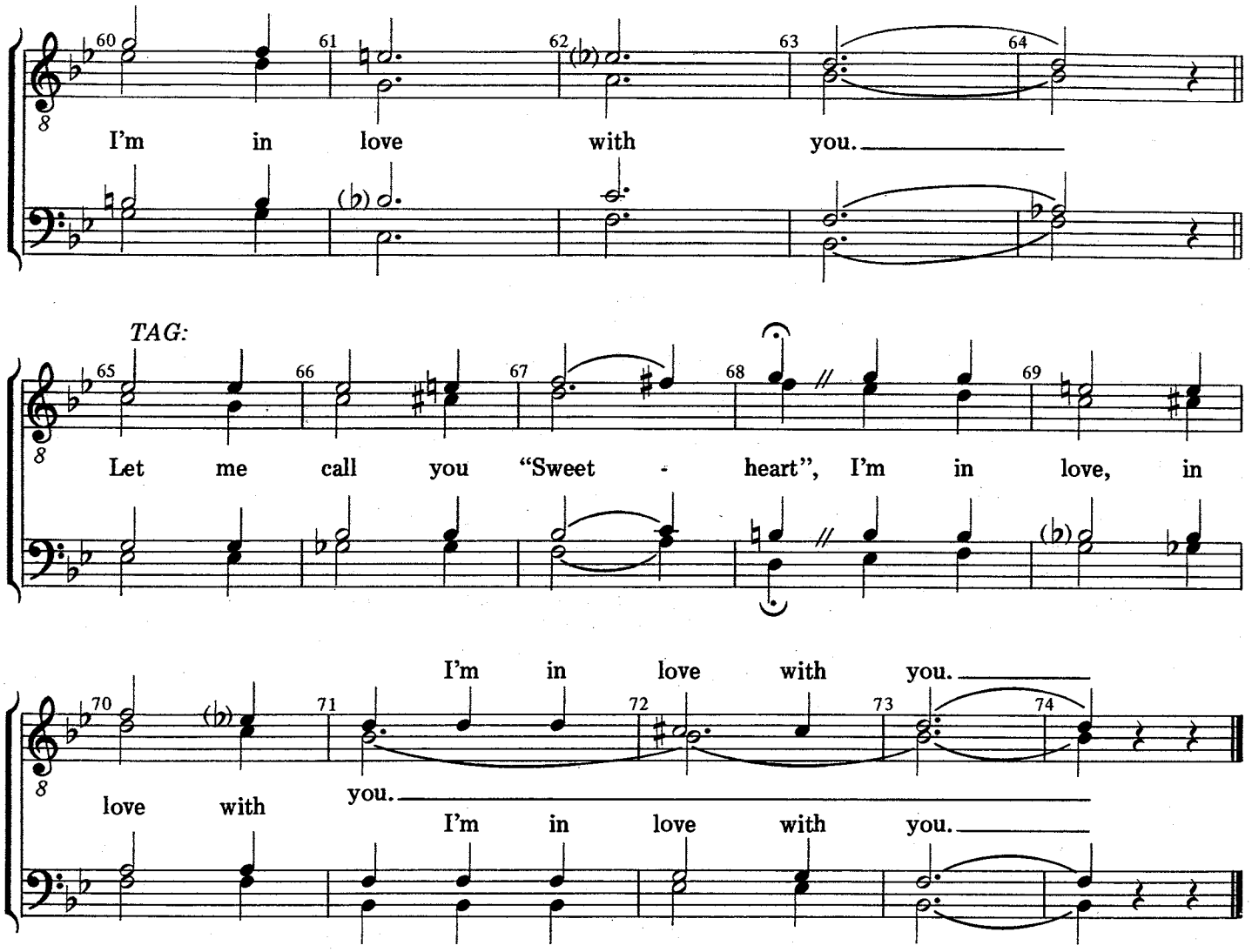

when the skies are blue, When they're
gray. When the sil - v'ry moon - light
so gray.
gleams, Still I wan - der on in dreams
In a land of love, it seems, Just
you.
CHORUS:
with you, on - ly you. Let me call you
you.


35 36 37 38 39
"Sweet - heart", I'm in love with you.
40 41 42 43 44
Let me hear you whis - per that you
45 46 47 48 49
love me too. Keep the
50 51 52 53 54
love - light glow - ing in your eyes so
55 56 57 58 59
true. Let me call you "Sweet - heart",



Additional verse:

Longing for you all the while more and more,
Longing for the sunny smile I adore;
Birds are singing far and near, roses blooming ev'rywhere,
You alone, my heart can cheer, you, just you.

LOVE ME, AND THE WORLD IS MINE

1906

Ernest R. Ball, one of America's finest songwriters, grew up in Cleveland, Ohio, but is wasn't long before he found his way to New York. He possessed a first-class musical education and found plenty of work as a pianist in the vaudeville theaters. He joined the staff of a major music publisher, and it was during the next twenty years that he composed many of his best songs, concentrating on sentimental and Irish songs. All the star performers of the day sang his music. "Love Me And The World Is Mine" was Ernest Ball's first successful song and marked his transformation from a performer of other men's songs to a first-rank creator. The best lyricists of the time were happy to collaborate with him because they knew he would provide the perfect music to enhance their lyrics.

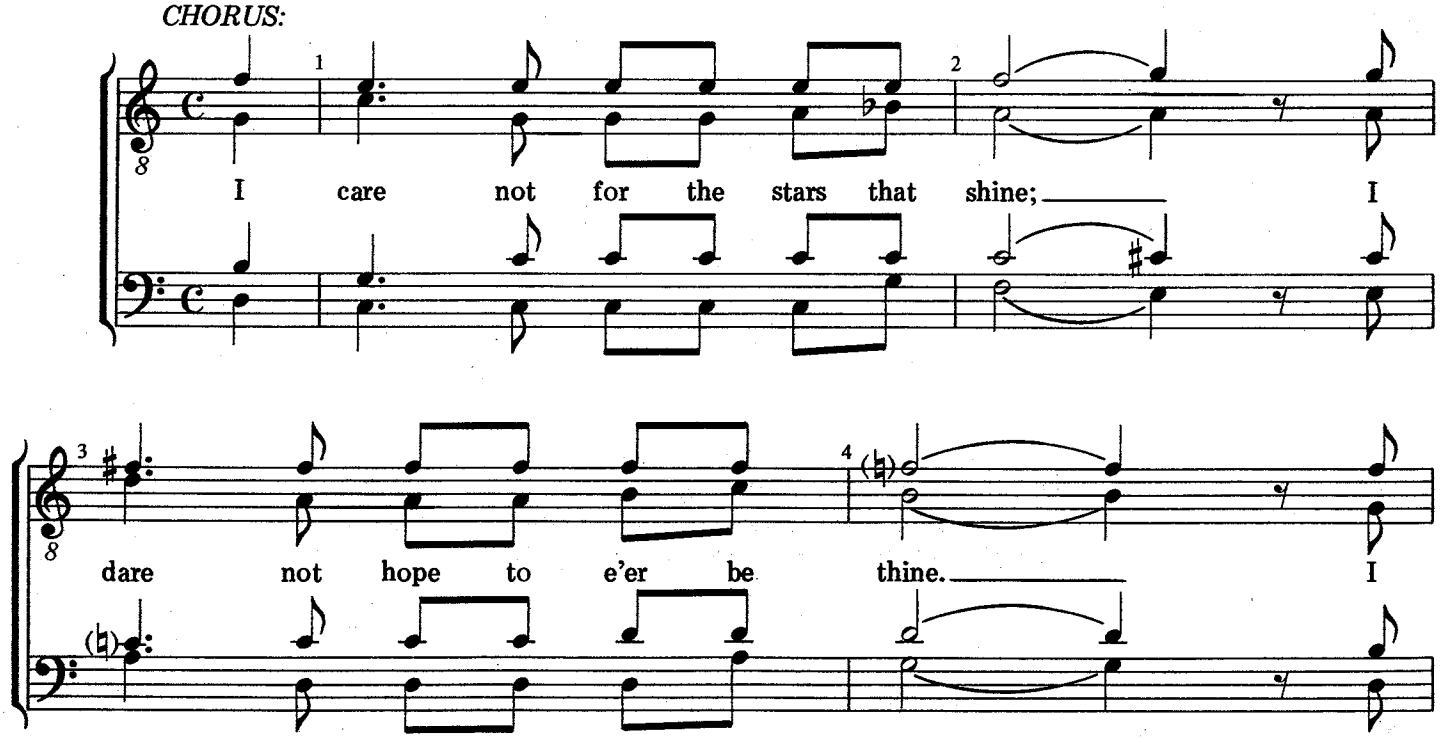
Not much is known about David Reed, Jr. except that he published songs (he was a lyricist and composer) between 1894 and 1923. Several of his songs were sung in Broadway shows of the period.

Since its introduction in 1906, "Love Me And The World Is Mine" has remained a favorite with barbershop singers, who will drop everything to harmonize a chorus or two. The verse is a bit more challenging than the chorus, but its unusual harmonic structure and fine poetry are well worth the effort required. Don't pay too close attention to the written rhythms and bar lines, but feel free to savor each delicious harmony without hurrying.

Words by DAVID REED, JR.
(1872-1946)

Music by ERNEST R. BALL
(1878-1927)

CHORUS:



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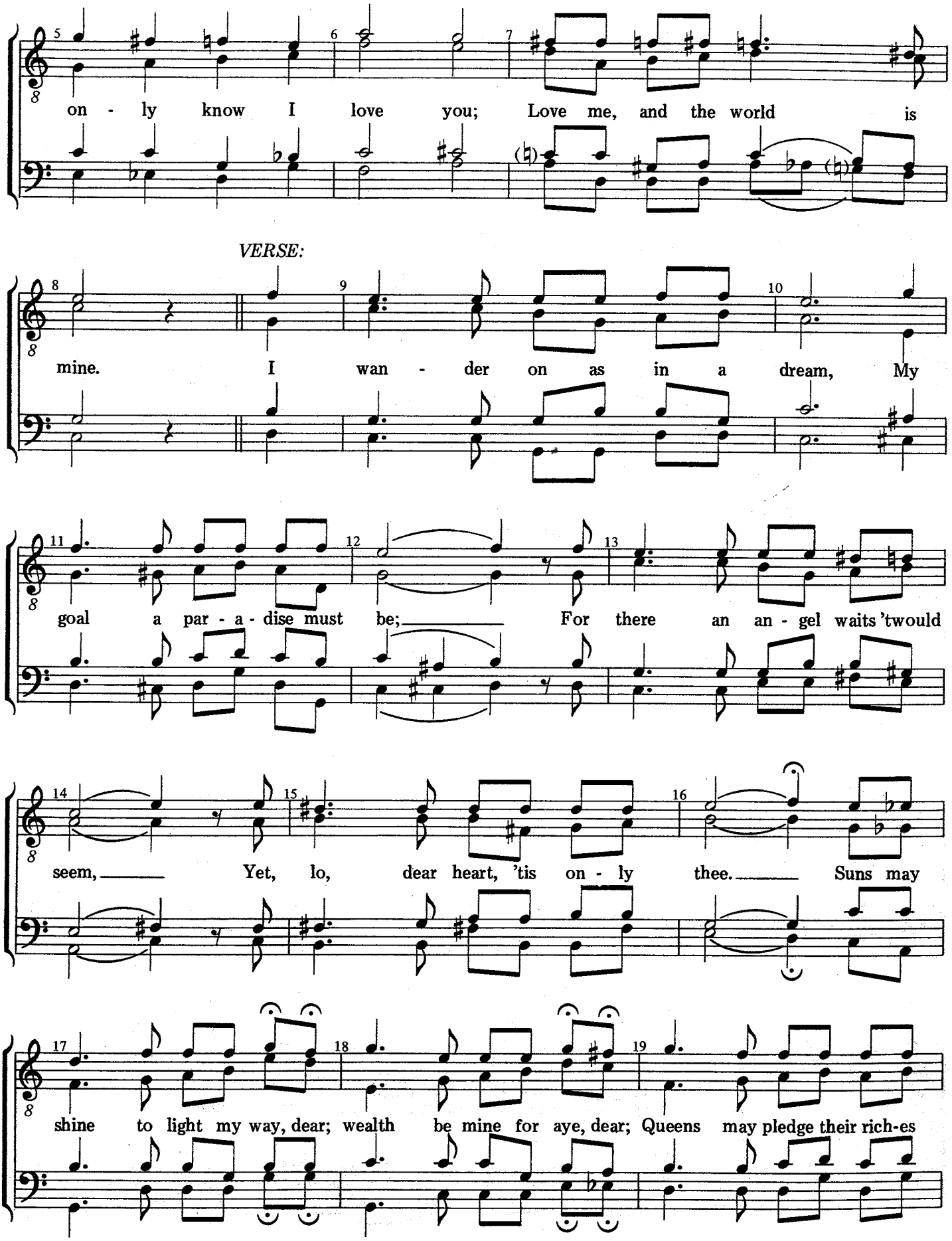
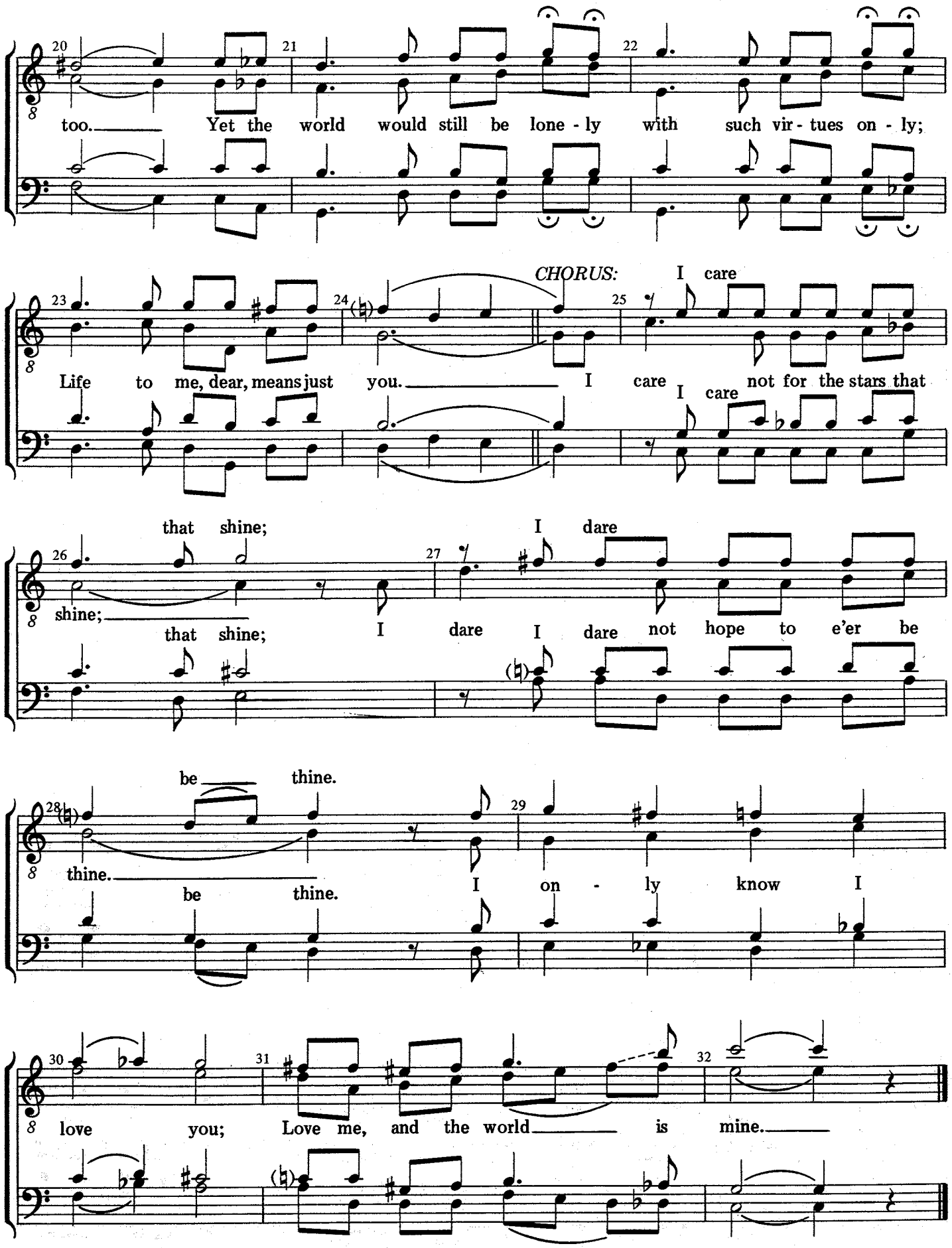

on - ly know I love you; Love me, and the world is
VERSE:
mine. I wan - der on as in a dream, My
goal a par - a - dise must be; For there an an - gel waits 'twould
seem, Yet, lo, dear heart, 'tis on - ly thee. Suns may
shine to light my way, dear; wealth be mine for aye, dear; Queens may pledge their rich-es


too. Yet the world would still be lone - ly with such vir - tues on - ly;
CHORUS: I care
Life to me, dear, means just you. I care I care not for the stars that
that shine; I dare
shine; that shine; I dare I dare not hope to e'er be
be thine.
thine. be thine. I on - ly know I
love you; Love me, and the world is mine.

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

1884

James Molloy was an Irishman who became a lawyer and then a composer. G. Clifton Bingham was an Englishman who contributed lyrics for several composers. Although both men claim authorship of several other songs, none is as well known as "Love's Old Sweet Song."

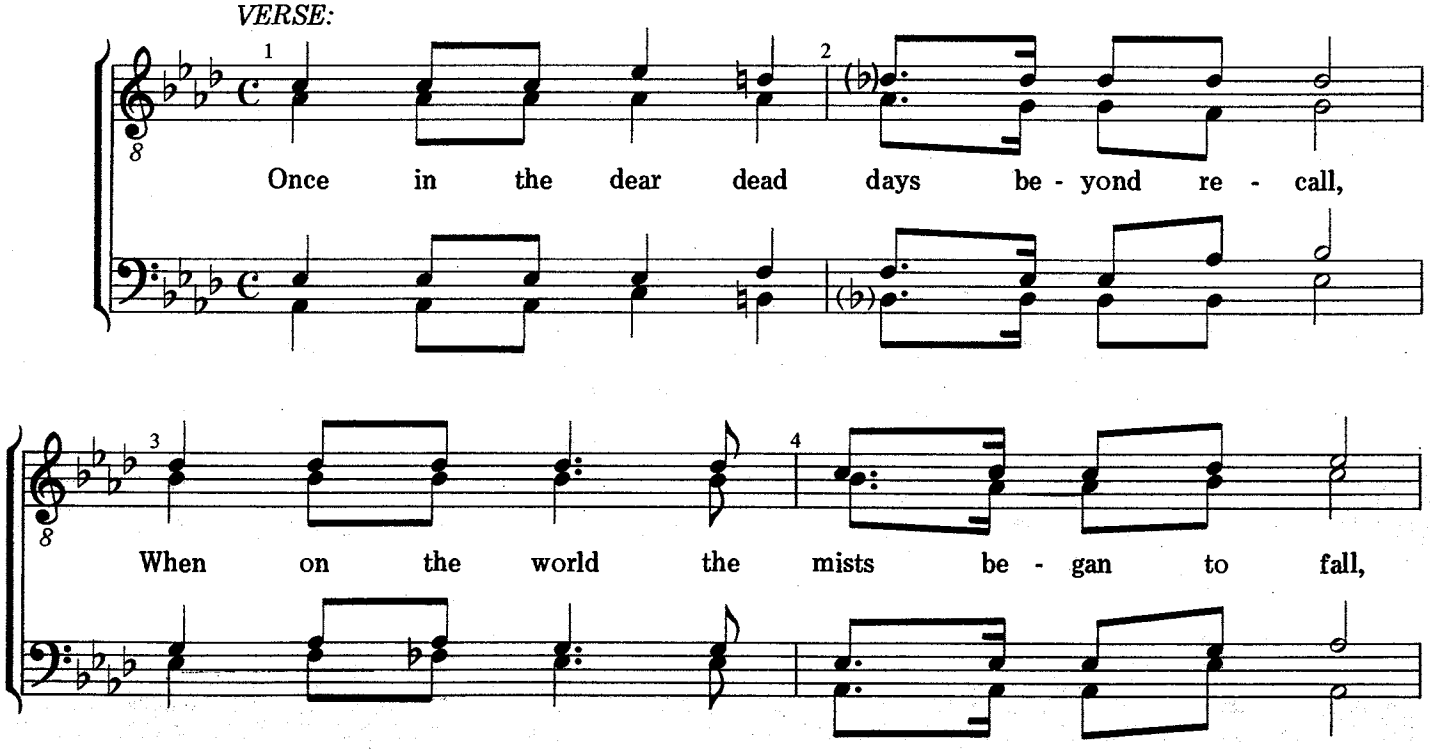
Perhaps there is something typically British in the lyric of Bingham's verses. Conservative, almost classical in feeling, they are a perfect companion to the warmth and simplicity of Molloy's melody. The song was sung by every major performer of the day, from the vaudeville theatre to the concert stage.

It is noteworthy that the verse does not set up a scene or tell a story, as do the verses of so many songs, such as "Love Me And The World Is Mine" or "Dear Old Girl." Rather, the verse suggests an atmosphere especially suited to the words of the chorus, which must be sung from the heart, with tenderness and understanding.

Words by G. CLIFTON BINGHAM
(1859-1913)

Music by J. L. MOLLOY
(1837-1909)

VERSE:



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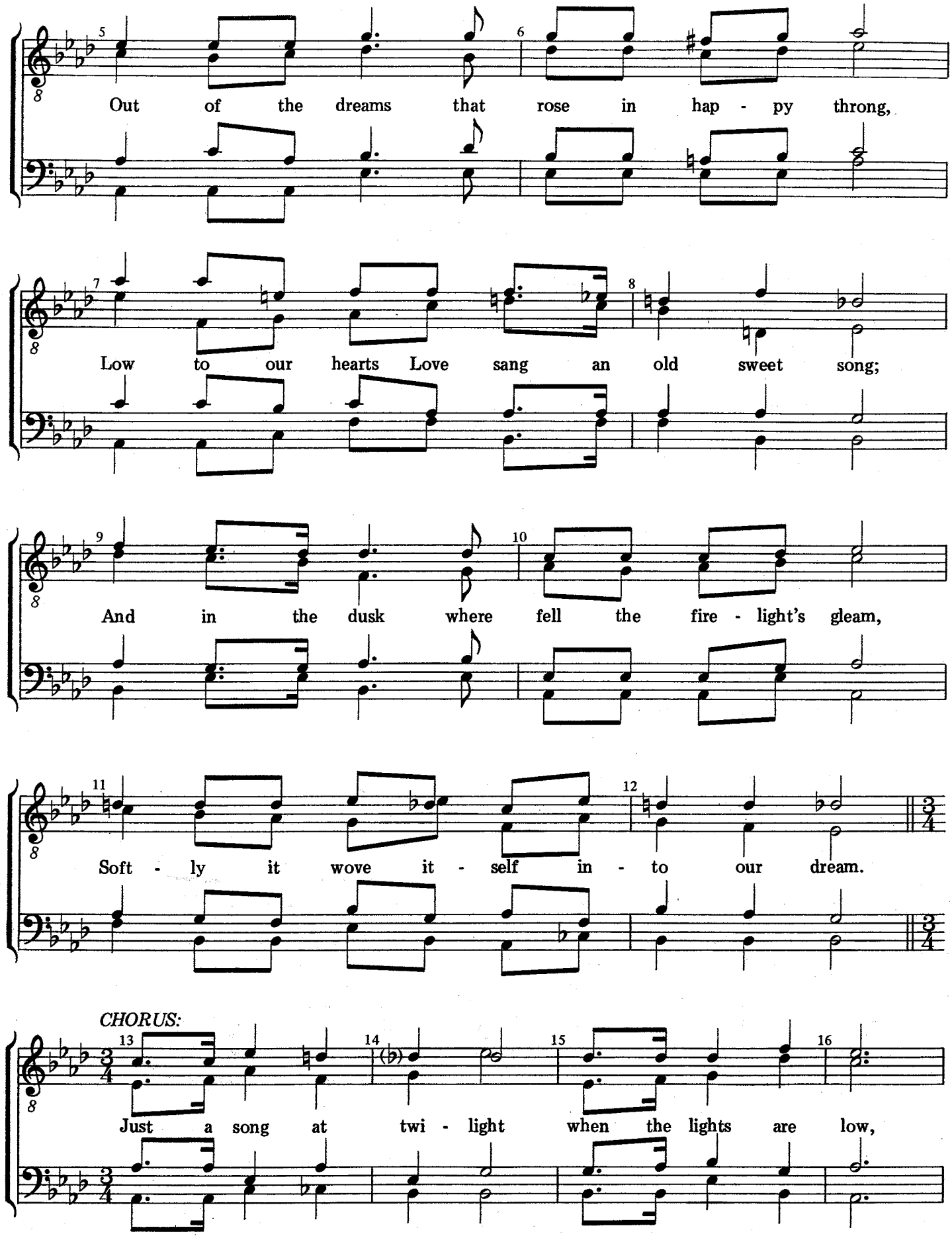
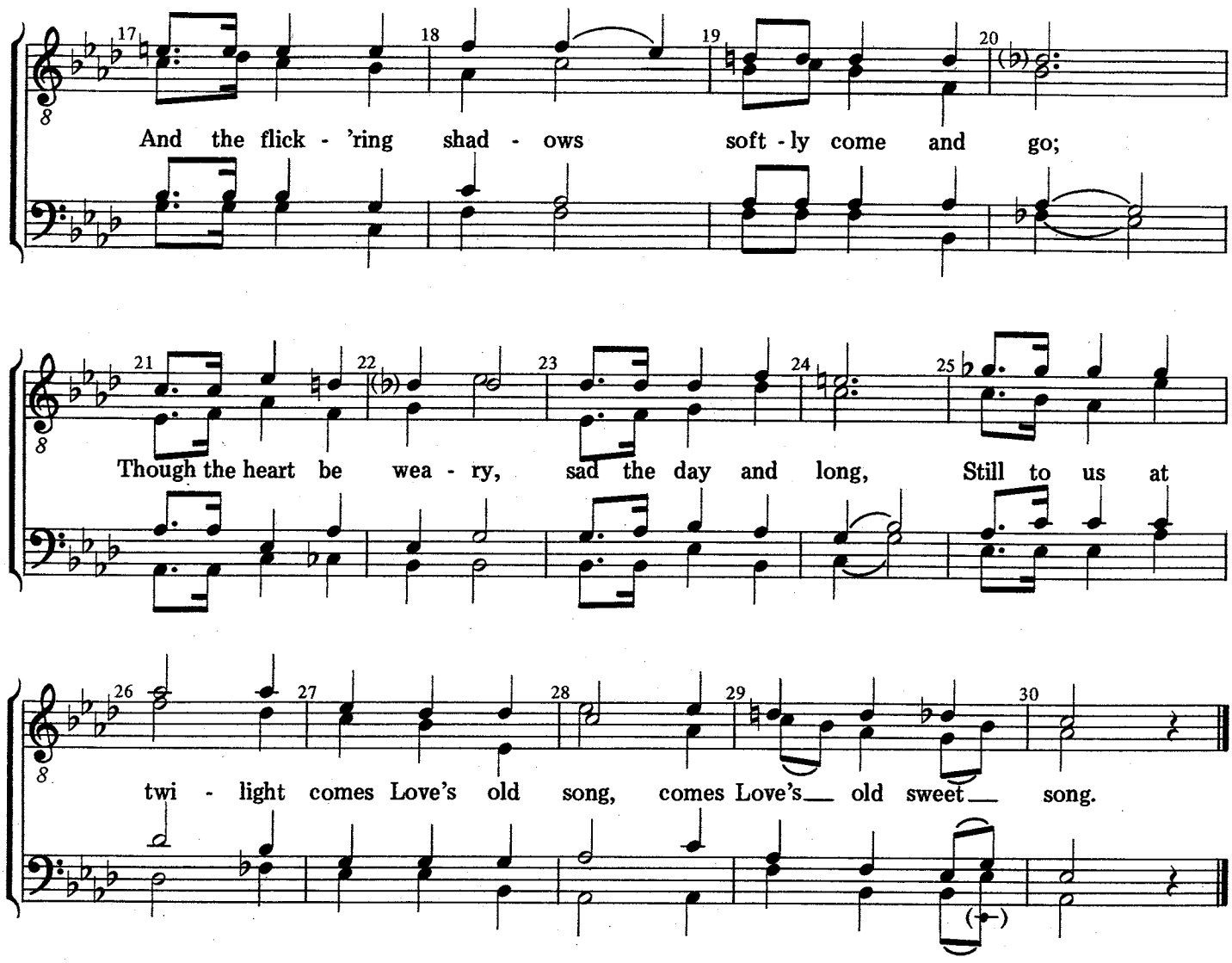

Out of the dreams that rose in hap - py throng,
Low to our hearts Love sang an old sweet song;
And in the dusk where fell the fire - light's gleam,
Soft - ly it wove it - self in - to our dream.
CHORUS:
Just a song at twi - light when the lights are low,



Additional verse:

Even today we hear Love's song of yore,
Deep in our hearts it dwells forever more.
Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way,
Still we can hear it at the close of day.
So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall,
Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

MANDY LEE

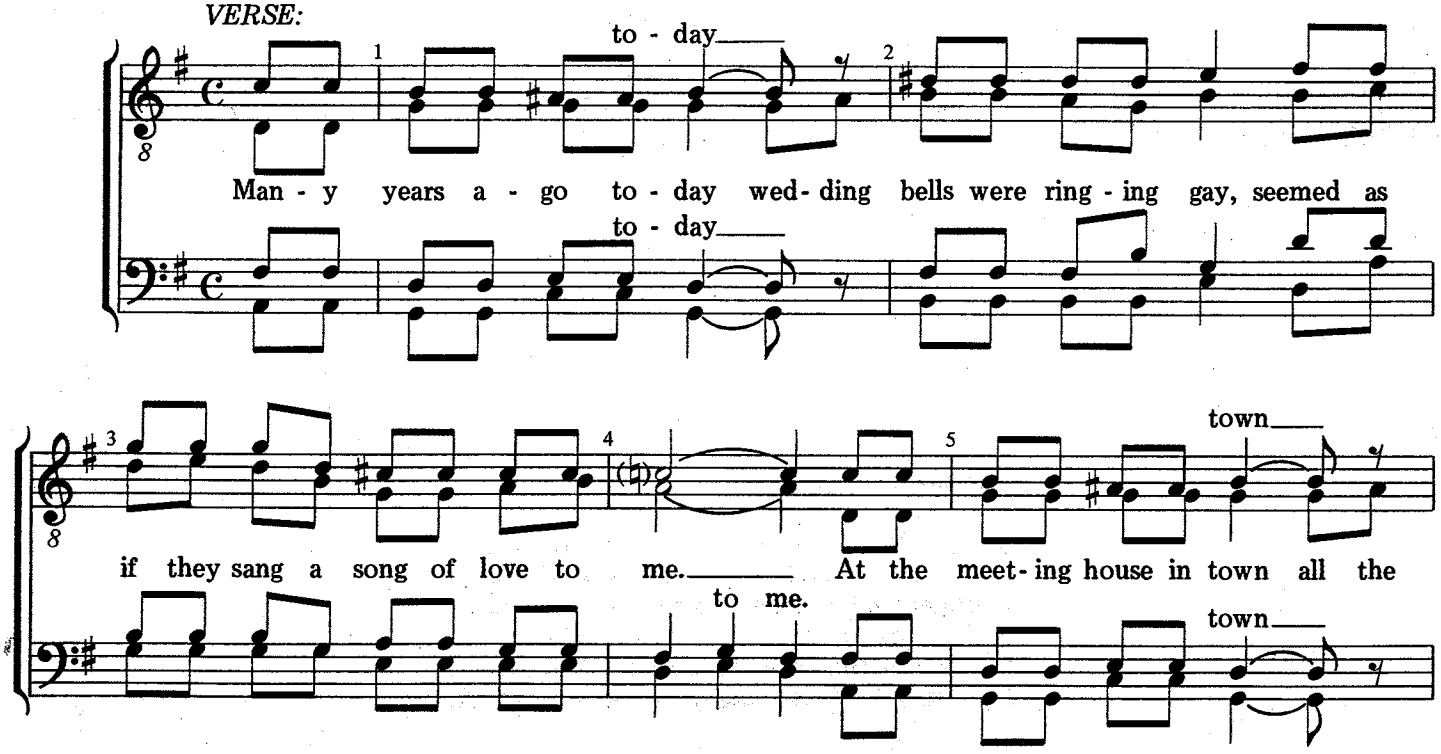
1899

Thurland Chattaway was a son of Springfield, Massachusetts, spent many years in New York, and returned to New England (Connecticut) near the end of his life.

"Mandy Lee" is sure to be heard whenever and wherever barbershop singers meet. Its natural harmonies inspire impromptu improvisation, known as woodshedding to devotees of the barbershop art, and a never-ending stream of imaginative embellishment.

Chattaway wrote several other moderately well-known songs, including "Red Wing," but none surpassed the simple elegance of "Mandy Lee."

By THURLAND CHATTAWAY
(1872-1947)



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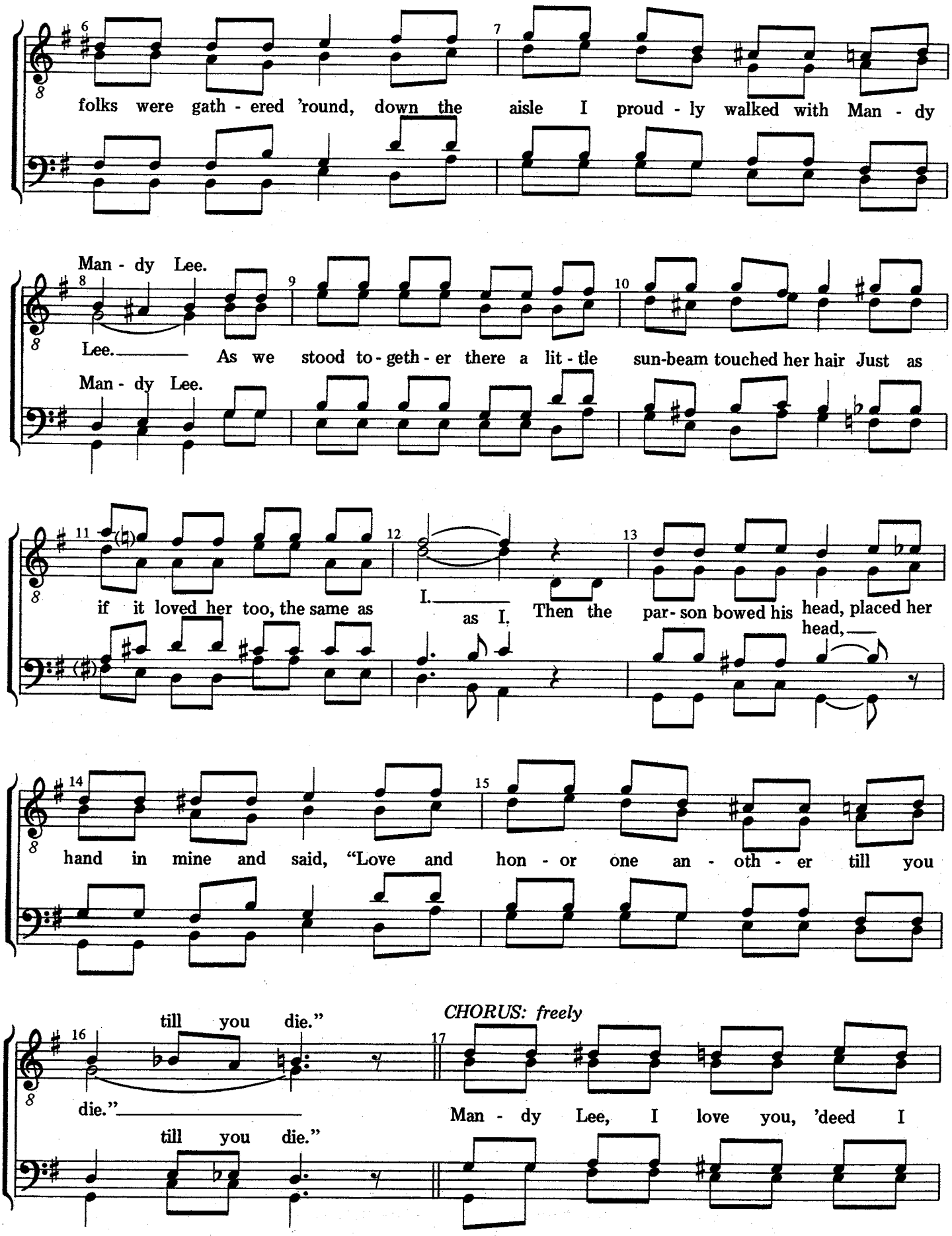
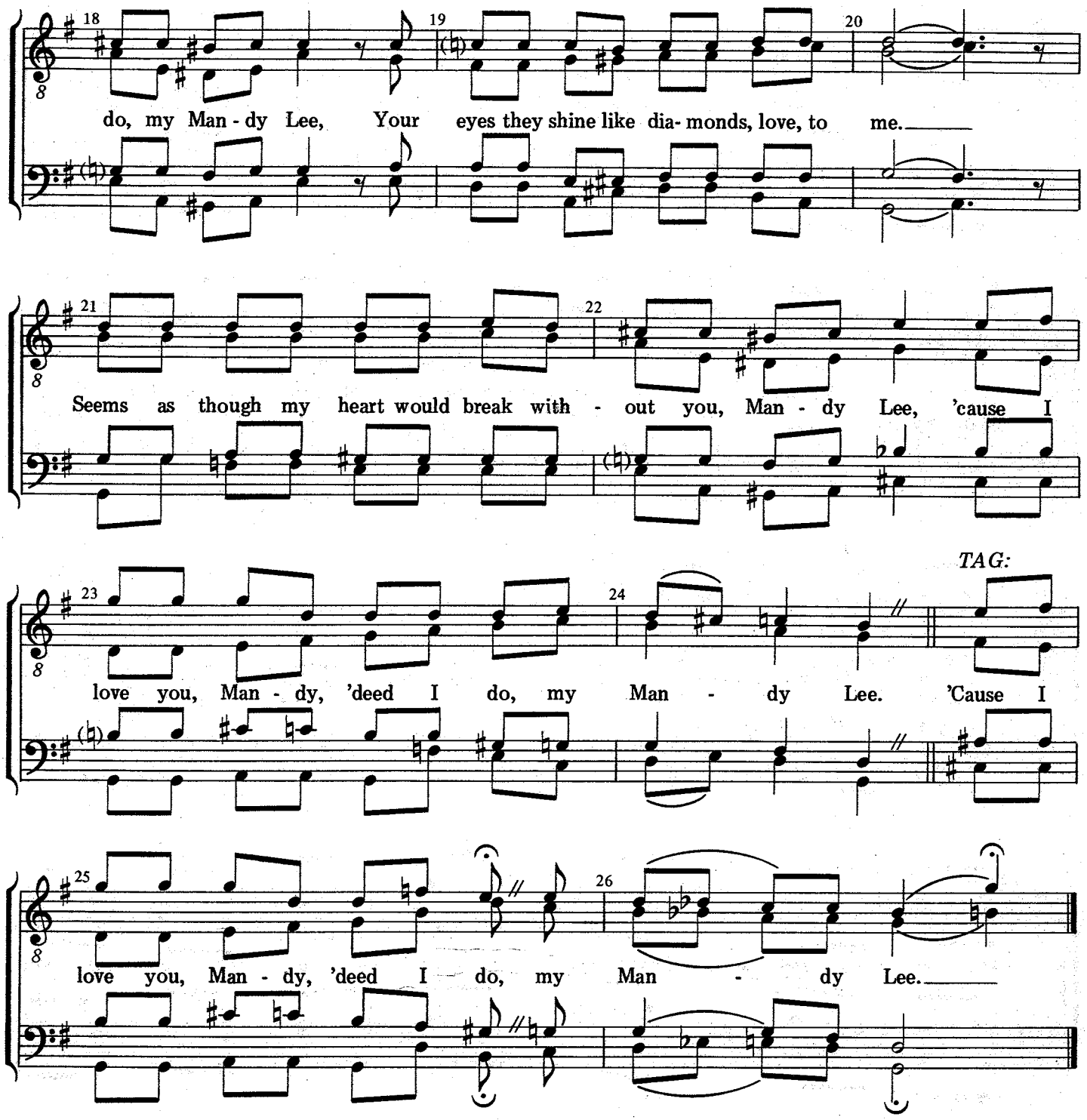

folks were gath - ered 'round, down the aisle I proud - ly walked with Man - dy
Man - dy Lee.
Lee. As we stood to - geth - er there a lit - tle sun-beam touched her hair Just as
Man - dy Lee.
if it loved her too, the same as I. as I. Then the par - son bowed his head, placed her head,
hand in mine and said, "Love and hon - or one an - oth - er till you
till you die."
die."
till you die."
CHORUS: freely
Man - dy Lee, I love you, 'deed I



Additional verse:

Tho' the years since that glad day have gone by the same old way,
Still your hand in mine is resting just as true,
While the children round us play, and the songs they sing, so gay,
Make me think of those I used to sing to you.

When the time comes we must part, Oh! What sadness fills my heart,
Just to think I can't go with you, Mandy Lee;
So I pray the Lord above to watch over you, my love,
And to leave you here and in your place take me.

MARY'S A GRAND OLD NAME

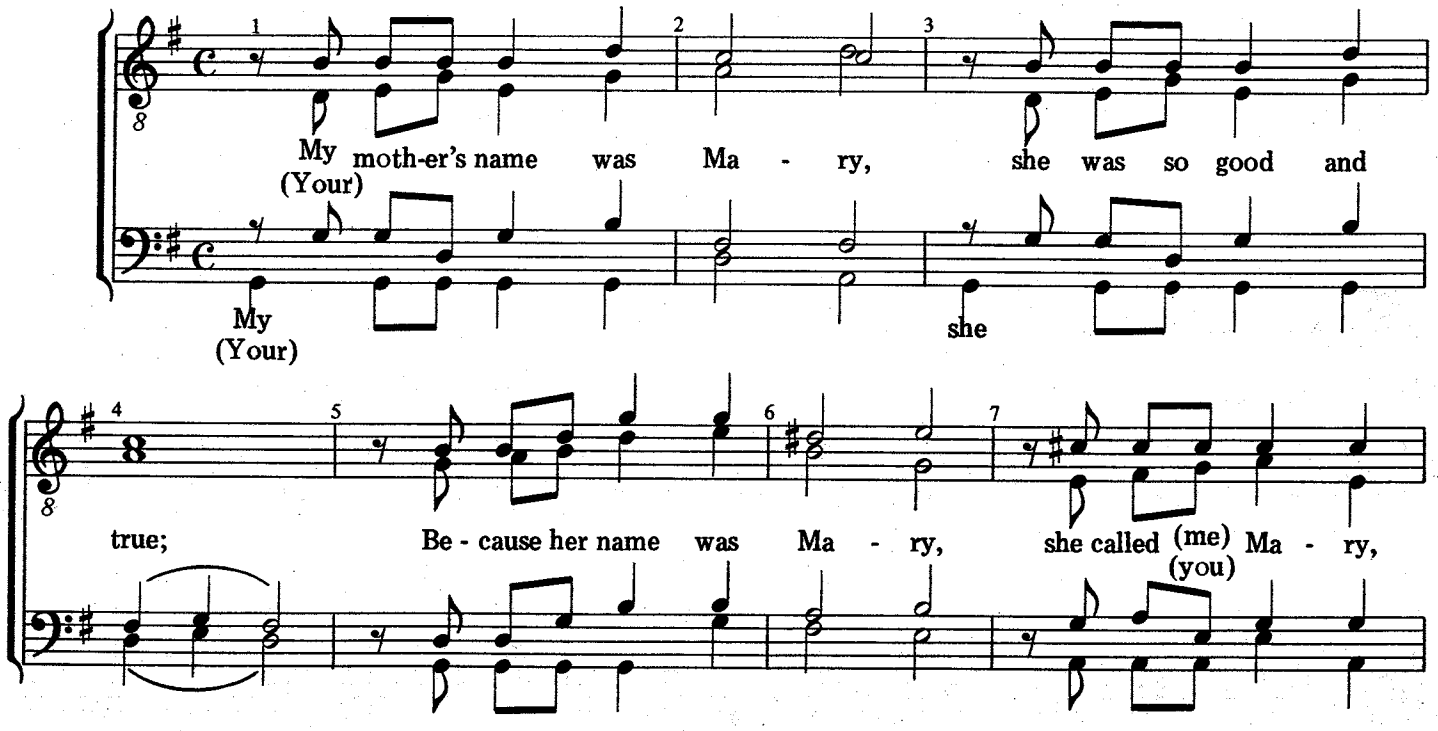
1905

Throughout his career, George M. Cohan disregarded the influence of the Viennese style of operetta writing with its elaborate costuming and elegant music which was quite popular at the time in the shows of Victor Herbert and, later, Sigmund Romberg. Instead, he turned toward themes and show material that were thoroughly American. He wanted his audiences to relate closely to the characters and plots of his stage shows. The wisdom of that decision has been proved many times over. It may be possible that Cohan could not have written a Victor Herbert kind of show, having been born and raised in a theatre atmosphere.

The show "45 Minutes From Broadway" was one of Cohan's early successes, and "Mary's A Grand Old Name" one of his earliest and best songs. The clever interplay of the names Mary and Marie may account for some of its success, but the general quality of its lyric and singability of its melody helped to create this standard of American show music.

By GEORGE M. COHAN
(1878-1942)

VERSE:



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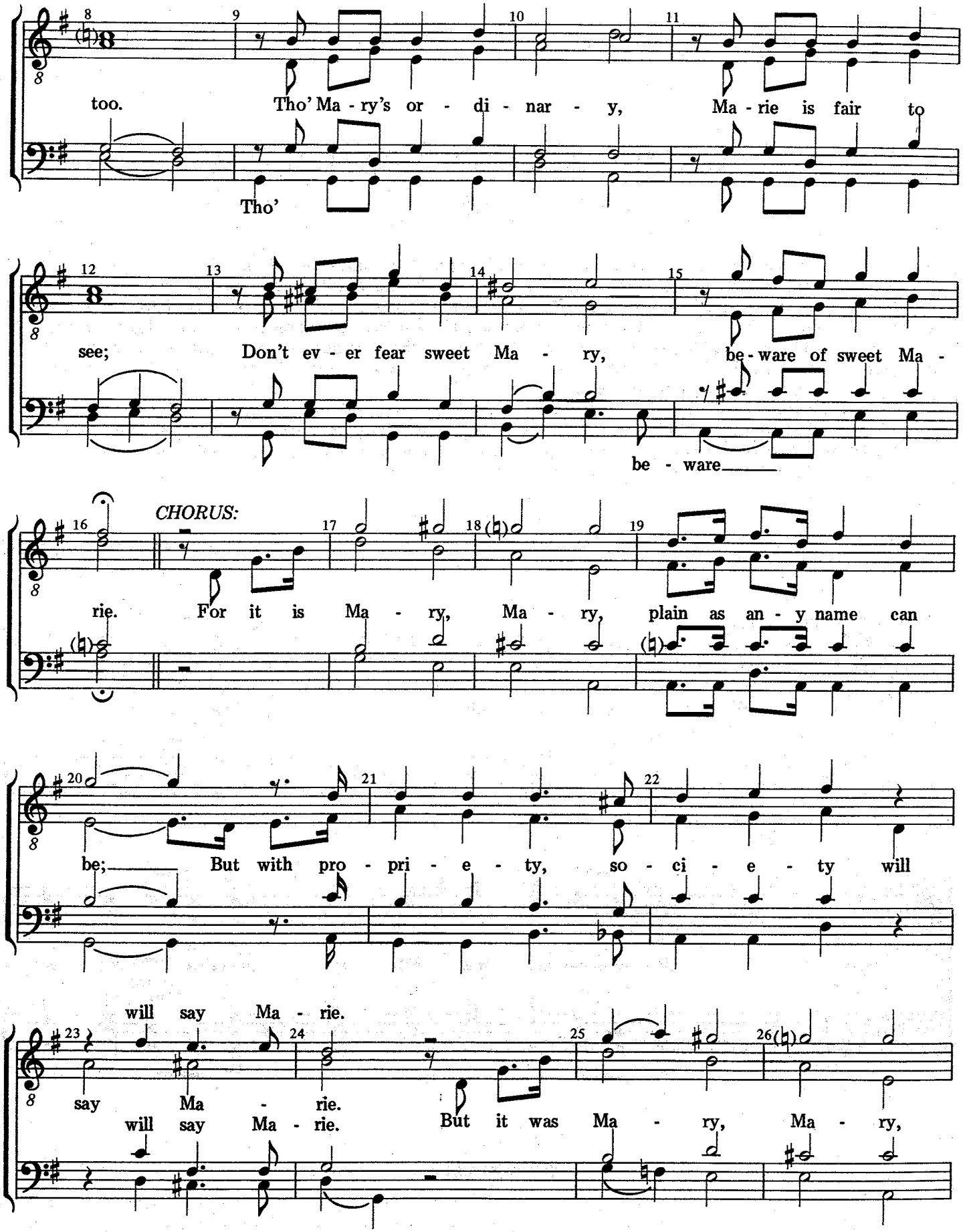
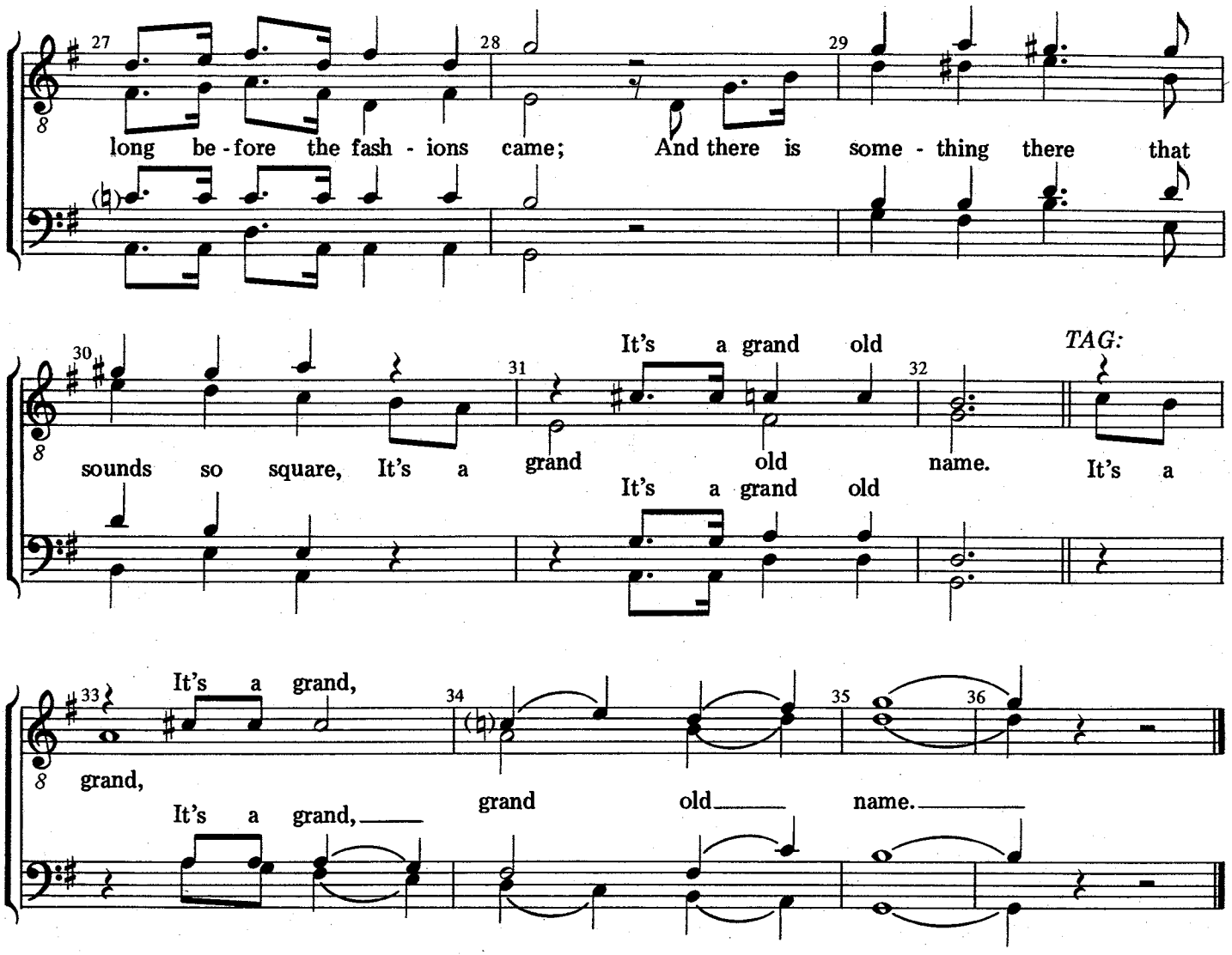

too.
Tho' Ma - ry's or - di - nar - y,
Ma - rie is fair to
Tho'
see;
Don't ev - er fear sweet Ma - ry,
be - ware of sweet Ma -
be - ware
CHORUS:
rie.
For it is Ma - ry, Ma - ry,
plain as an - y name can
be;
But with pro - pri - e - ty, so - ci - e - ty will
will say Ma - rie.
say Ma - rie.
will say Ma - rie.
But it was Ma - ry, Ma - ry,



Additional verse:

Now, when her name is Mary, there is no falseness there;
When to Marie she'll vary, she'll surely bleach her hair.
Though Mary's ordinary, Marie is fair to see;
Don't ever fear sweet Mary, beware of sweet Marie.

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS, LOUIS

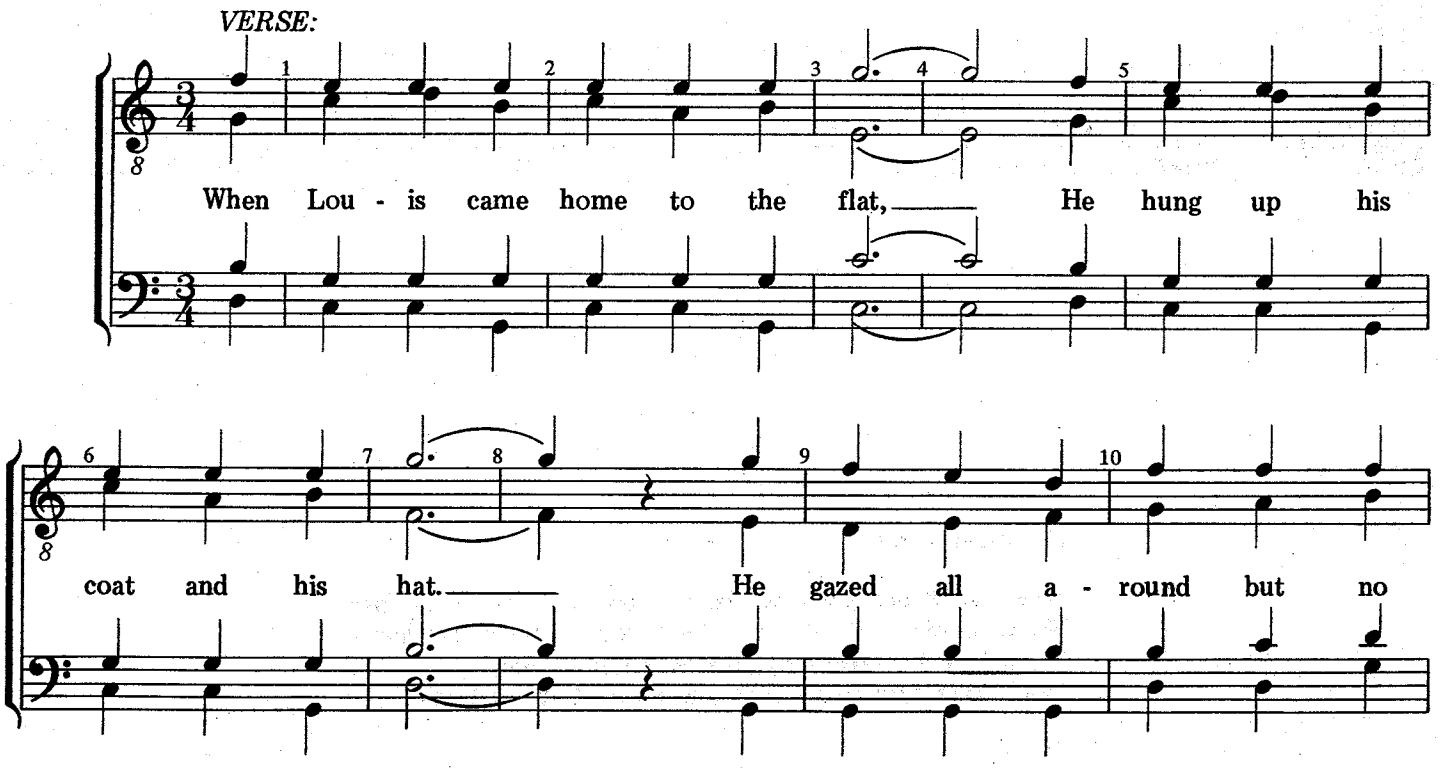
1904

The story goes that Andrew B. Sterling, a New Yorker, and Kerry Mills, a Philadelphian, while trying to make ends meet in New York City, hit upon the idea of composing a song to tie in with the St. Louis Exposition commemorating the 100th anniversary of the Louisiana Purchase. The Exposition was being publicized heavily around the U.S. The result of their effort was "Meet Me In St. Louis, Louis," and it was far more successful than either writer dreamed it could ever be. The song is bright and sassy, and the use of current slang made it all the more appealing and attractive. Its popularity has continued undiminished almost since the day it was written.

Sterling eventually composed many well-known songs and created special material for vaudeville acts, while Mills, whose real name was Frederick Allen, became a music publisher in New York. Prior to that, Allen/Mills, who had an extensive musical education, taught violin at the University of Michigan.

Words by ANDREW B. STERLING
(1874-1955)

Music by KERRY MILLS
(1869-1948)



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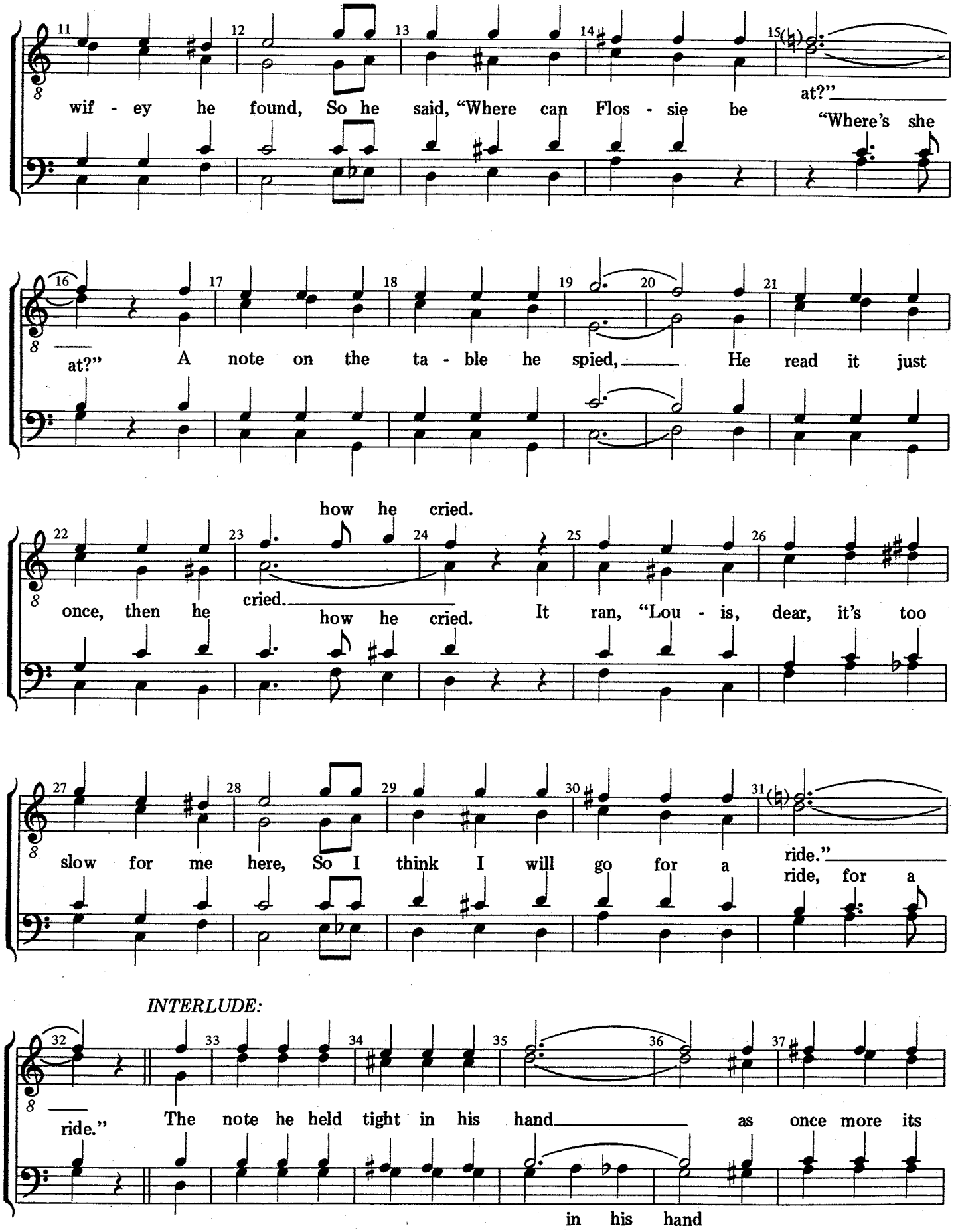
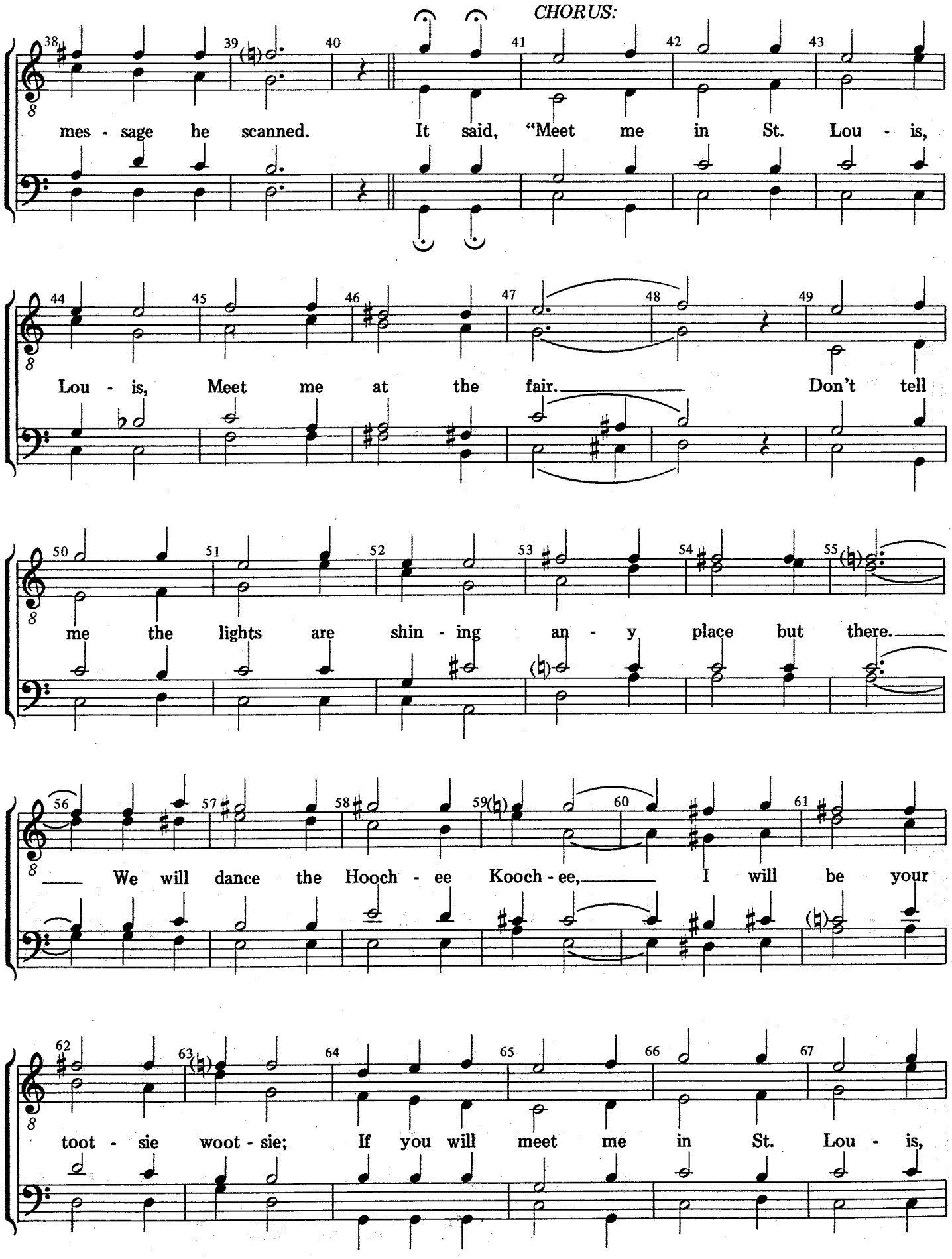
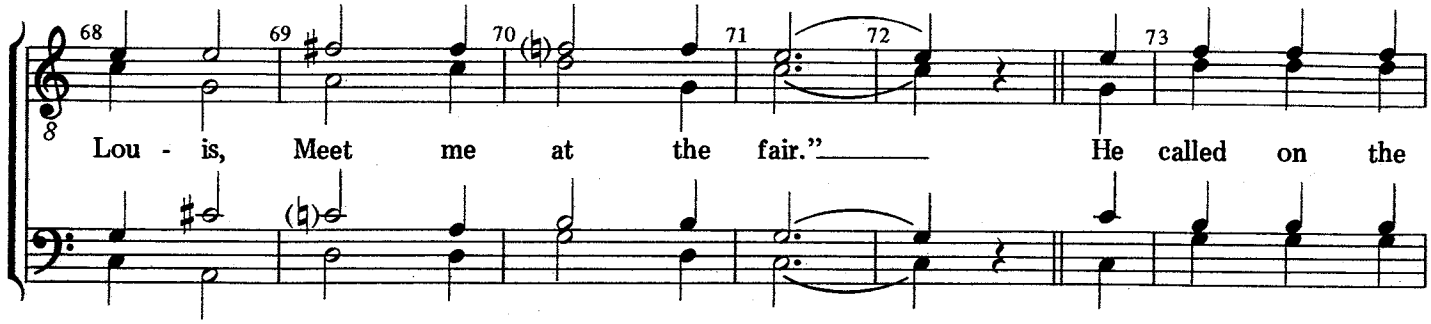
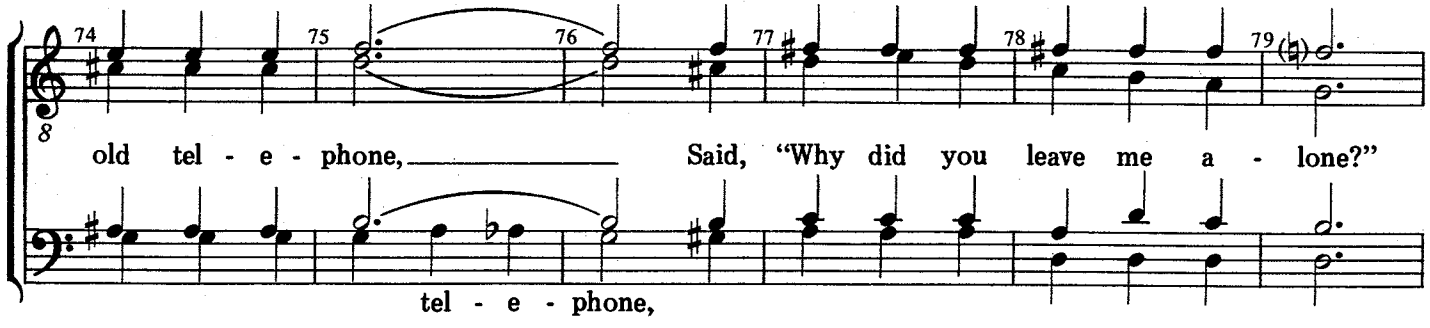

wif - ey he found, So he said, "Where can Flos - sie be at?"
"Where's she
at?" A note on the ta - ble he spied, He read it just
how he cried.
once, then he cried. how he cried. It ran, "Lou - is, dear, it's too
slow for me here, So I think I will go for a ride."
ride, for a
INTERLUDE:
ride." The note he held tight in his hand as once more its
in his hand

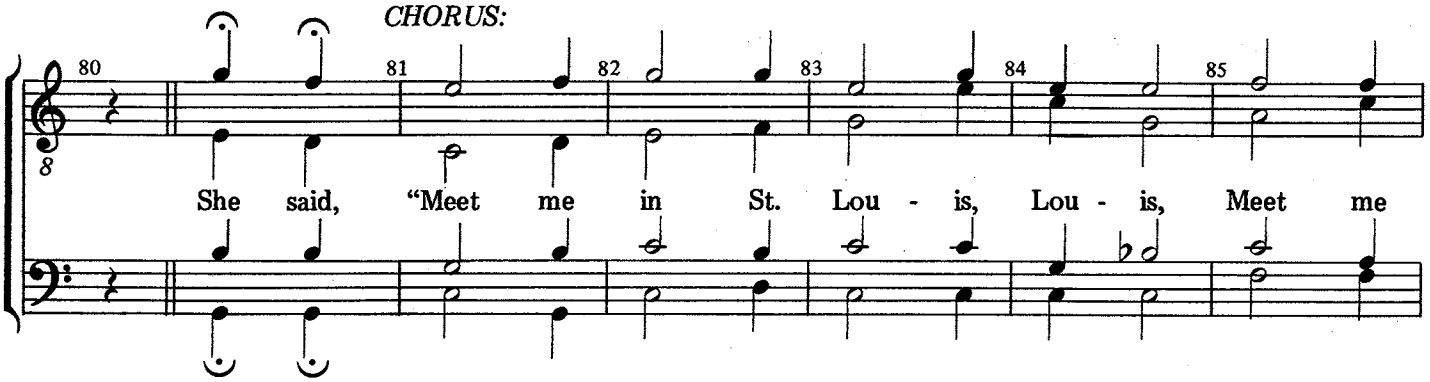

CHORUS:
mes - sage he scanned. It said, "Meet me in St. Lou - is,
Lou - is, Meet me at the fair. Don't tell
me the lights are shin - ing an - y place but there.
We will dance the Hooch - ee Kooch - ee, I will be your
toot - sie woot - sie; If you will meet me in St. Lou - is,

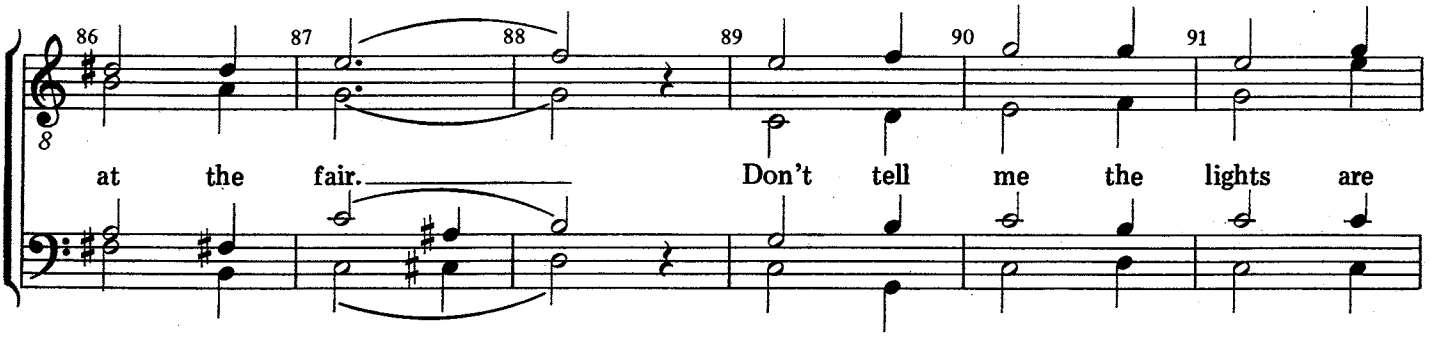
INTERLUDE:

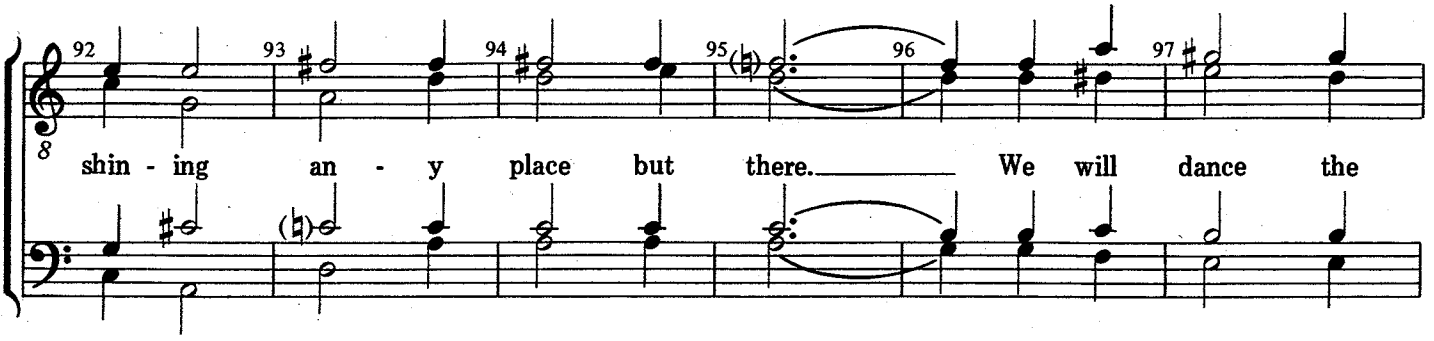


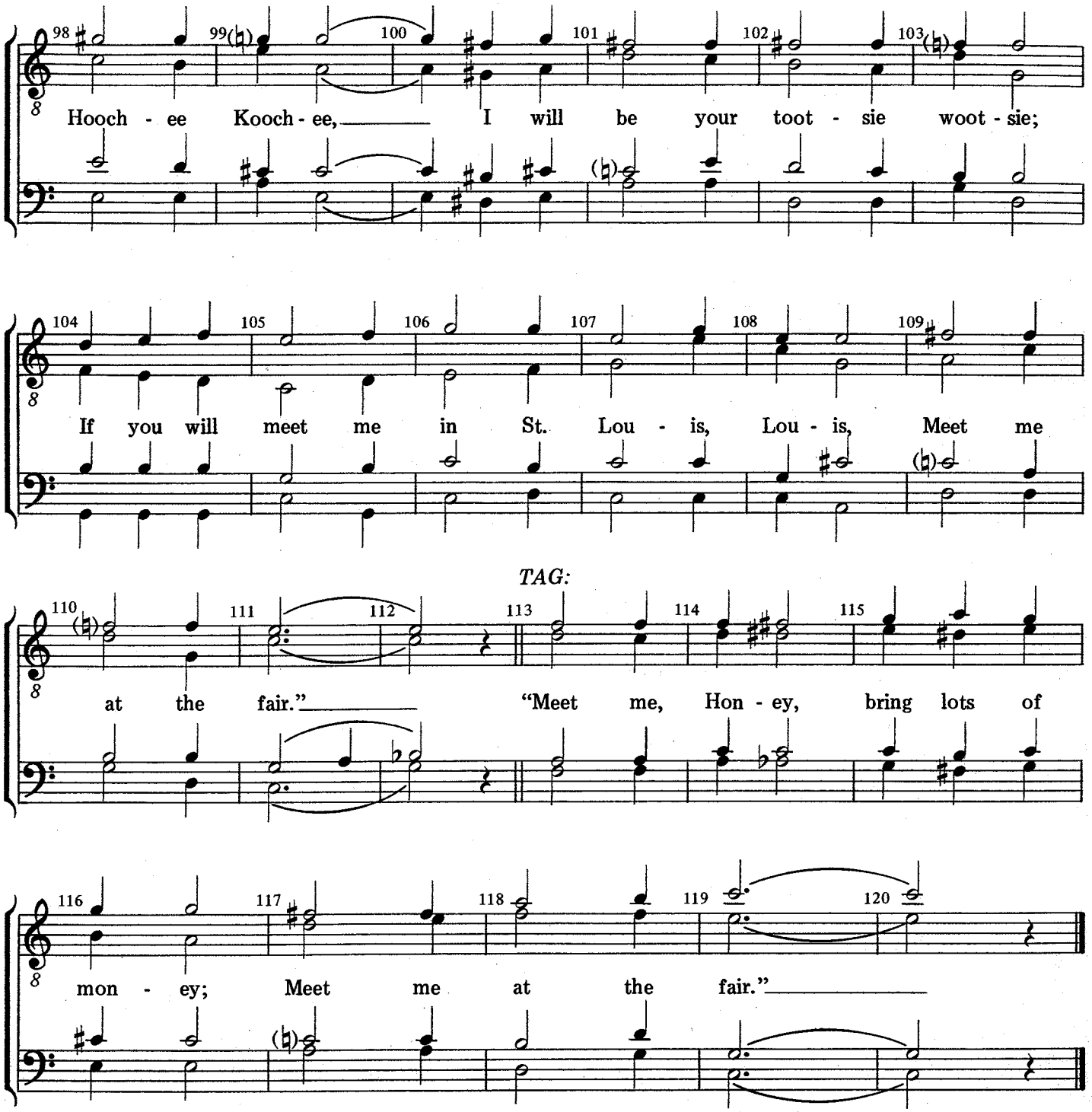


CHORUS:









Additional verse:

The dresses that hung in the hall were gone, she had taken them all;
She took all his rings and the rest of his things; the picture he missed from the wall.
"What! Moving!" the janitor said. "Your rent is paid three months ahead."
"What good is the flat?" said poor Louis, "Read that."
And the janitor smiled as he read.

MEET ME TONIGHT IN DREAMLAND

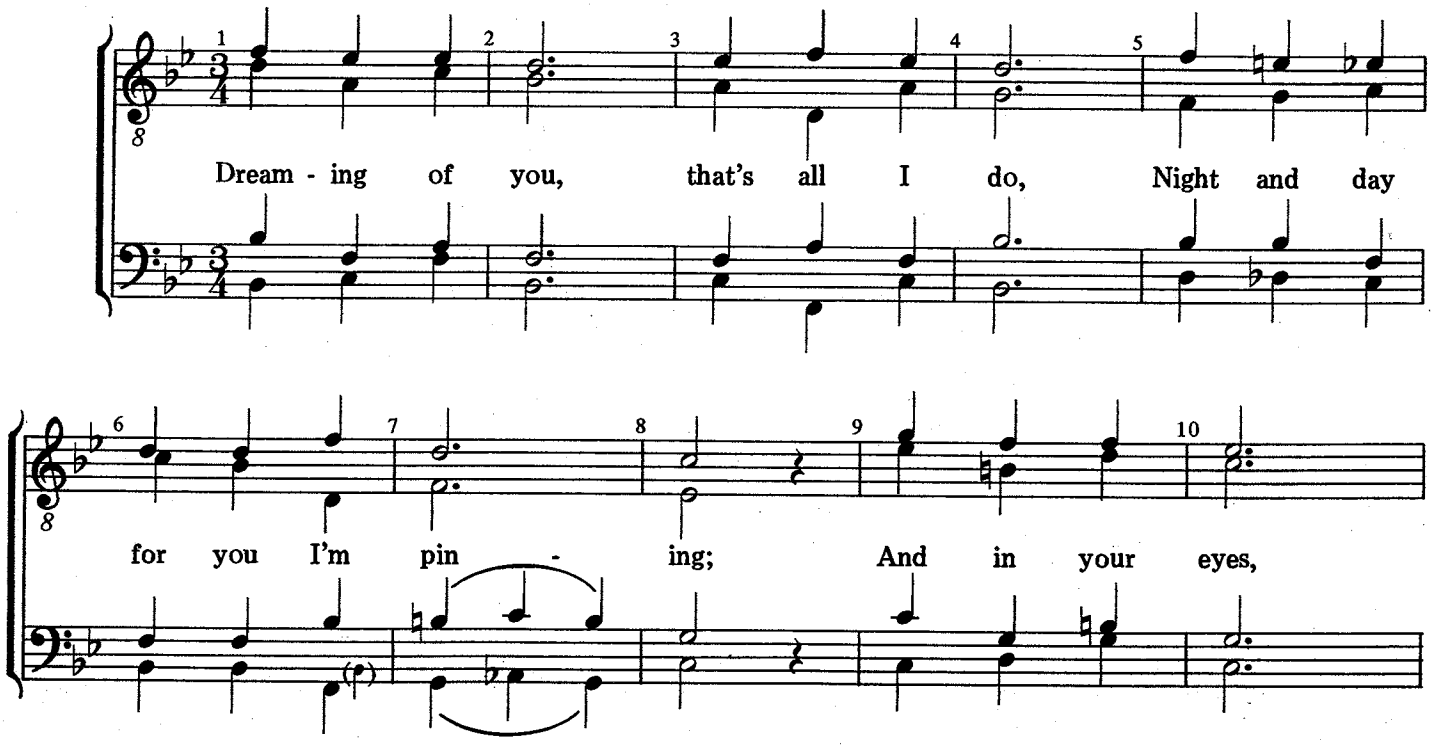
1909

Beth Slater Whitson was a magazine writer and poet when Leo Friedman, a composer in New York, read some of her poems. He liked one of them and set it to music. The result, "Meet Me Tonight In Dreamland," was not exactly a big hit, but it did establish the two writers in the popular song business. It sold 2,000,000 copies in a relatively short time. Just a year later, they composed "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," one of the most famous of all American popular songs. Of the numerous other songs bearing their names, none ever enjoyed the acceptance and popularity of their first two hits, although each continued writing for many years. Such are the unpredictability of musical taste and the luck of songwriters.

Words by BETH SLATER WHITSON
(1879-1930)

Music by LEO FRIEDMAN
(1869-1927)

VERSE:



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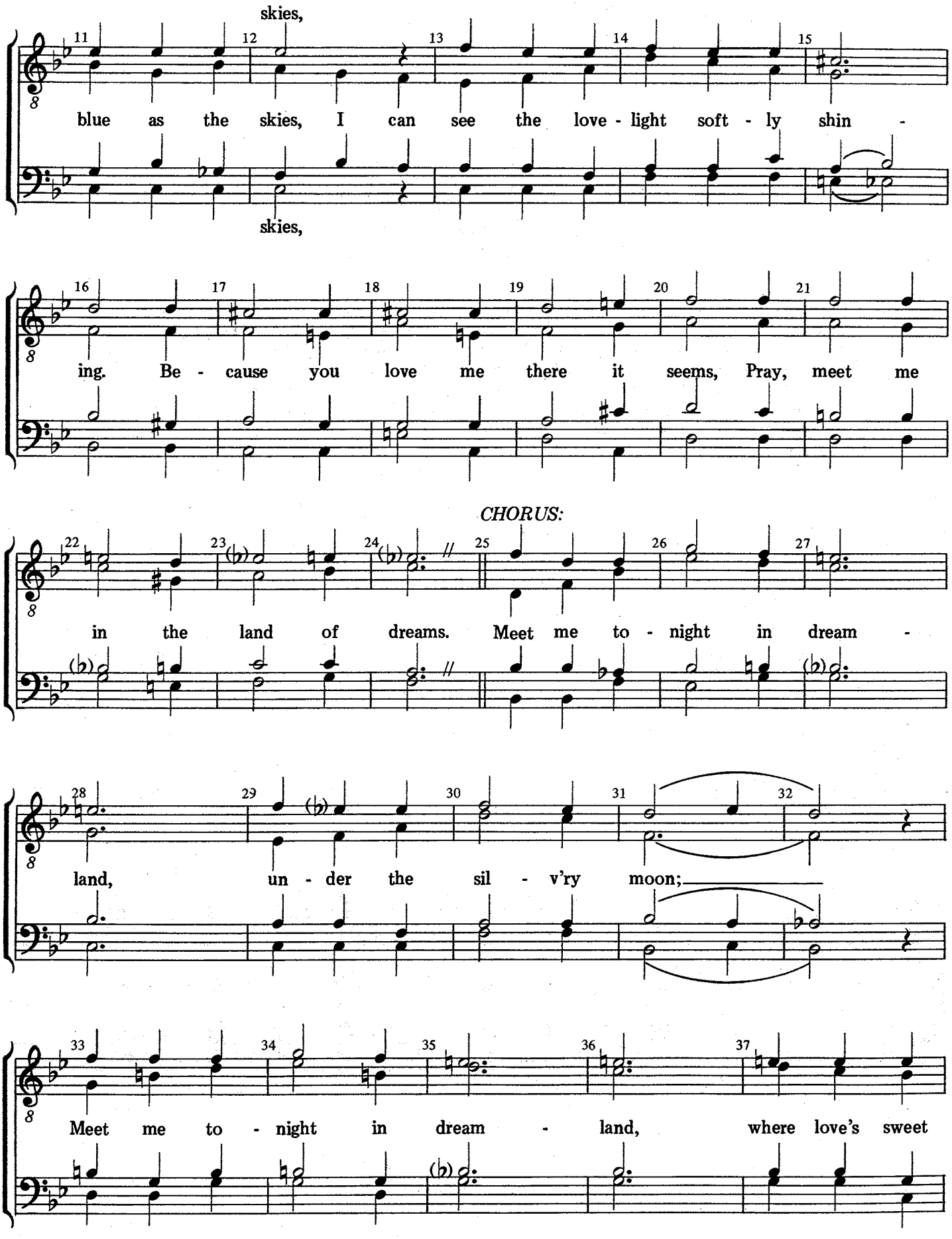
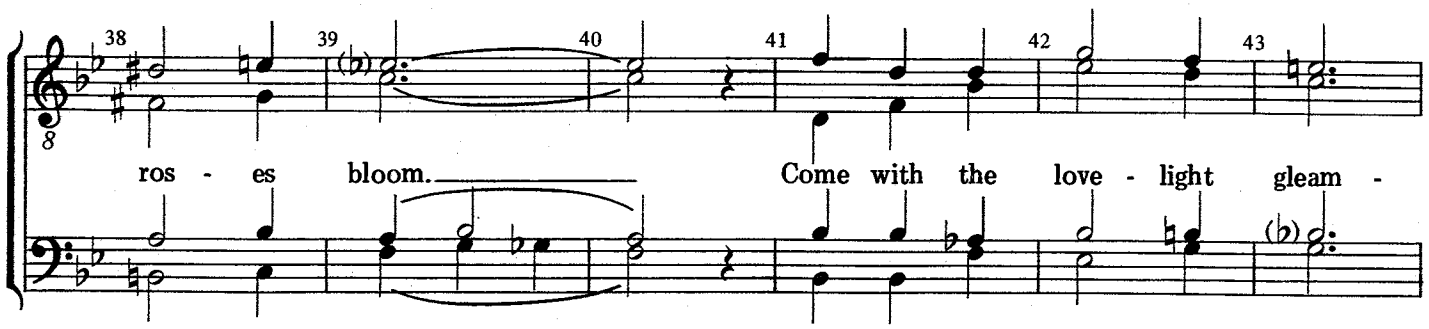
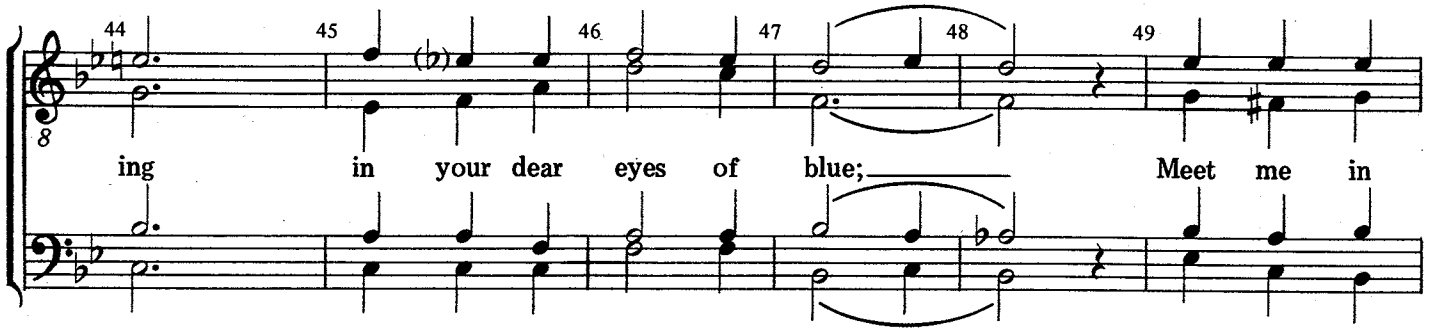
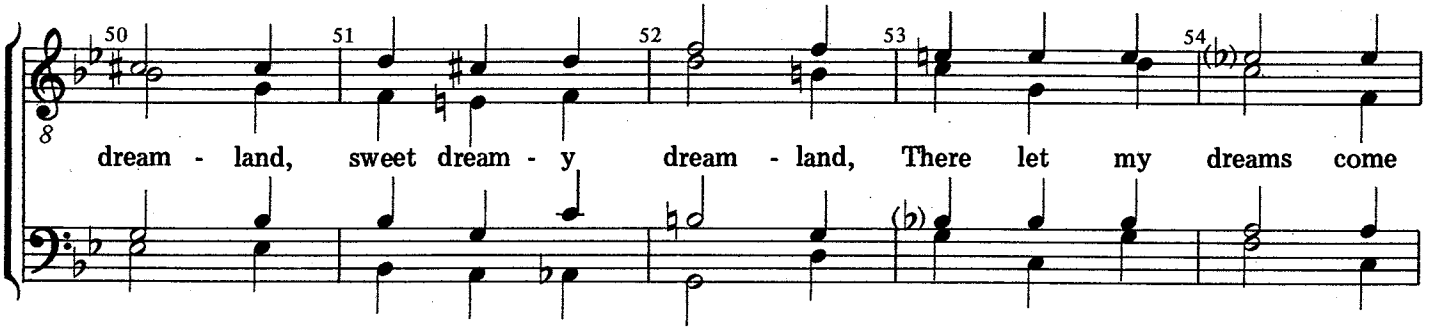
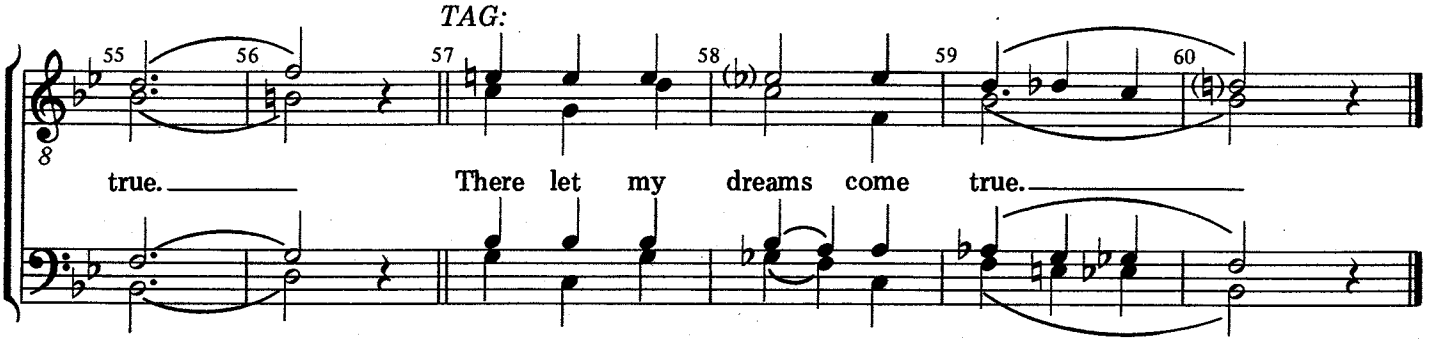

skies,
blue as the skies, I can see the love - light soft - ly shin -
skies,
ing. Be - cause you love me there it seems, Pray, meet me
CHORUS:
in the land of dreams. Meet me to - night in dream -
land, un - der the sil - v'ry moon;
Meet me to - night in dream - land, where love's sweet









Additional verse:

Sighing all day when you're away,
Longing for you, dear, you only;
In blissful dreams, sweetheart, it seems
One is never sad and never lonely;
And if you'll come with me to stay,
We'll live in dreamland night and day.

MOONLIGHT BAY

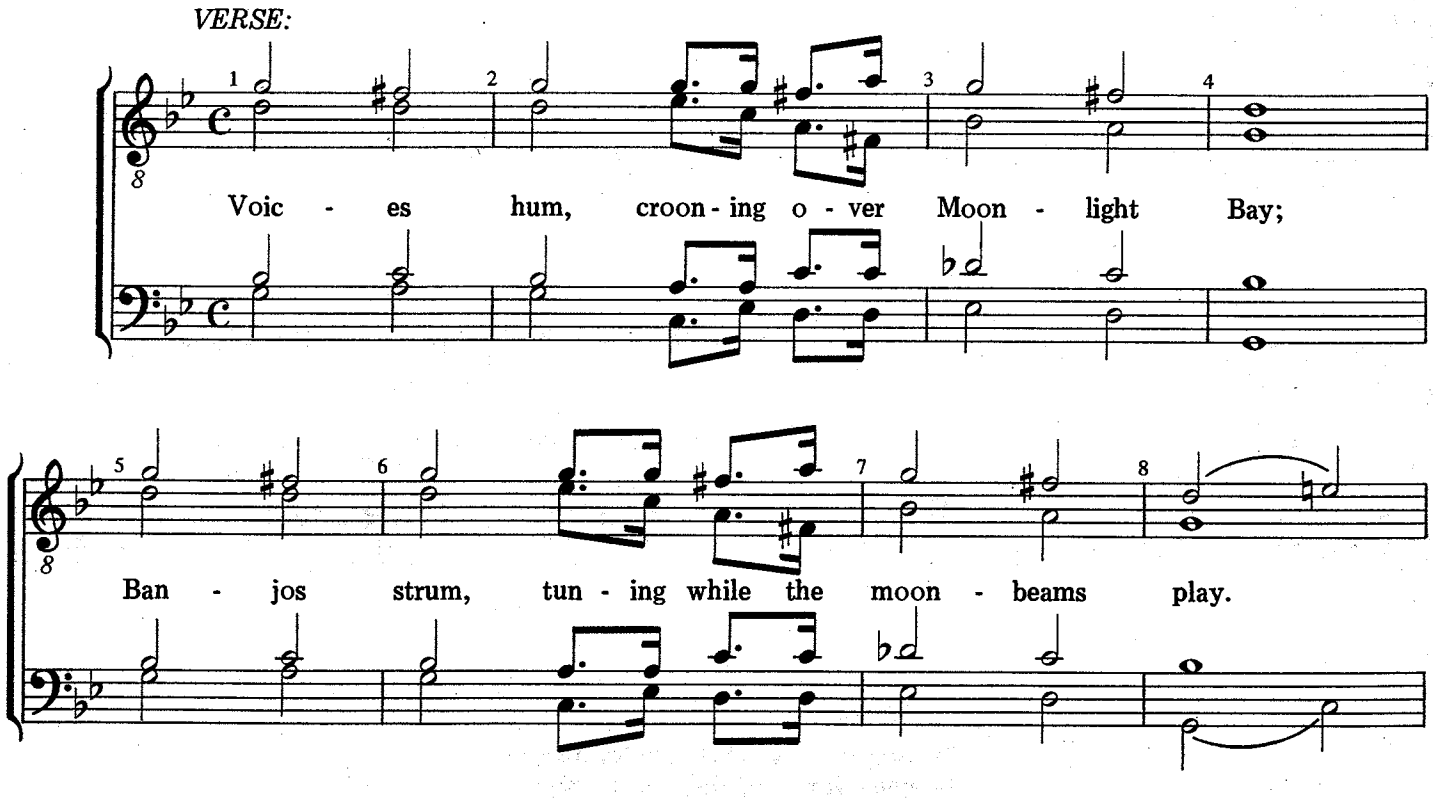
1912

Edward Madden was an experienced writer for Broadway shows and a creator of special material for singers when he joined with Percy Wenrich, an established composer and vaudeville performer, to write "Moonlight Bay." Wenrich had already written music for "Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet" (1909) but was yet to compose "When You Wore A Tulip" (1914). Although they collaborated on several other songs, "Moonlight Bay" is far and away their most famous. Is there anyone who hasn't harmonized this song around the piano or around the campfire?

Words by EDWARD MADDEN
(1878-1952)

Music by PERCY WENRICH
(1887-1952)

VERSE:



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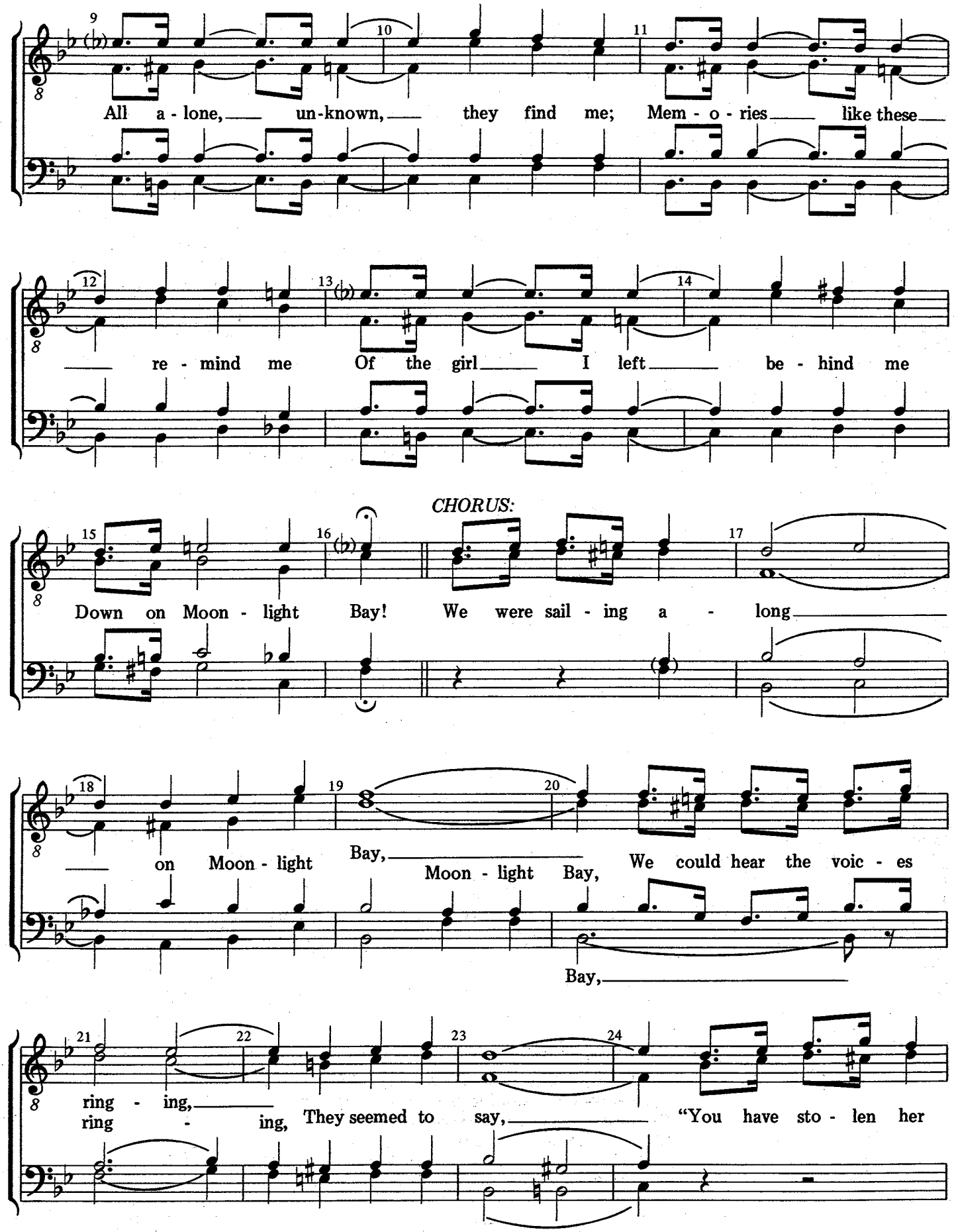
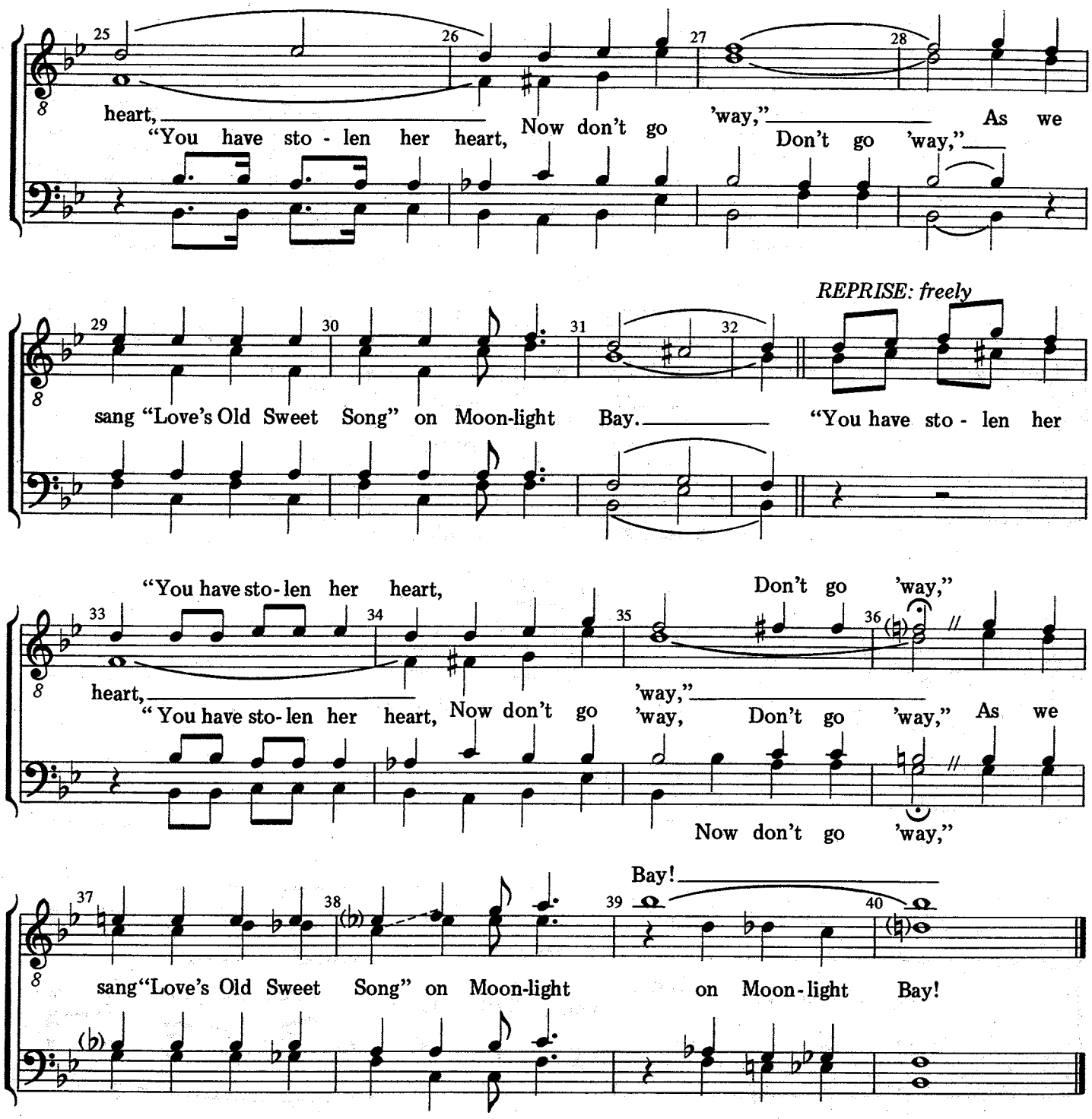

All a - lone, un-known, they find me; Mem - o - ries like these
re - mind me Of the girl I left be - hind me
CHORUS:
Down on Moon - light Bay! We were sail - ing a - long
on Moon - light Bay, Moon - light Bay, We could hear the voic - es
Bay,
ring - ing, ring - ing, They seemed to say, "You have sto - len her



Additional verse:

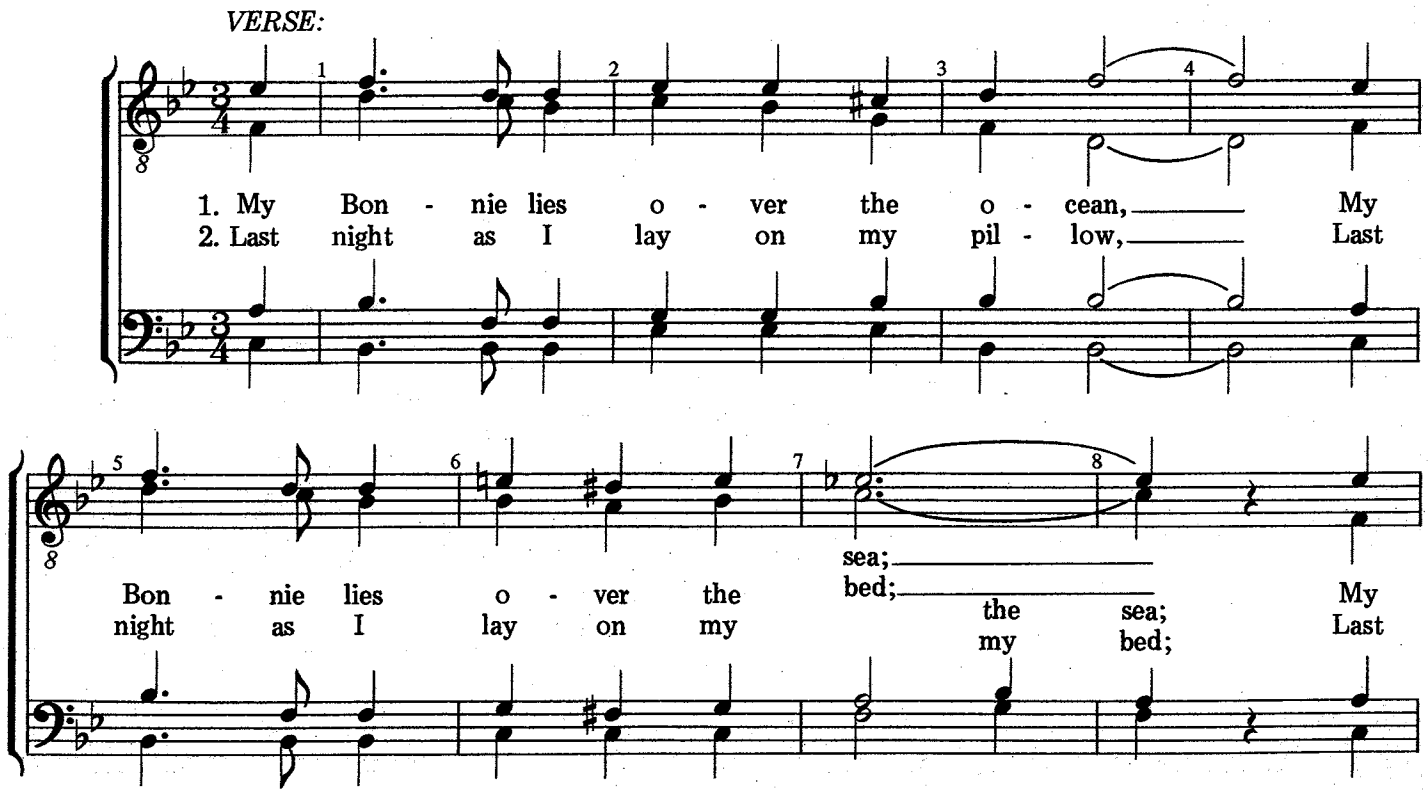
Candle lights gleaming on the silent shore;
Lonely nights, dreaming till we meet once more.
Far apart, her heart is yearning,
With a sigh for my returning,
With the light of love still burning,
As in days of yore.

MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN

1882

The origin of this song is cloaked in mystery. Although published in 1882 and listing H. J. Fulmer as the composer and J. T. Wood as the lyricist, the actual writer was probably Charles Pratt. It is very possible that a majority of his composition was borrowed from an old Scottish folk song, but no one seems to know for sure. Whatever the true story, the music has endured and probably will for another 100 years or more. Everybody knows the words and tune. It is a favorite of harmony singers everywhere.

Attributed to CHARLES PRATT
(18 -)



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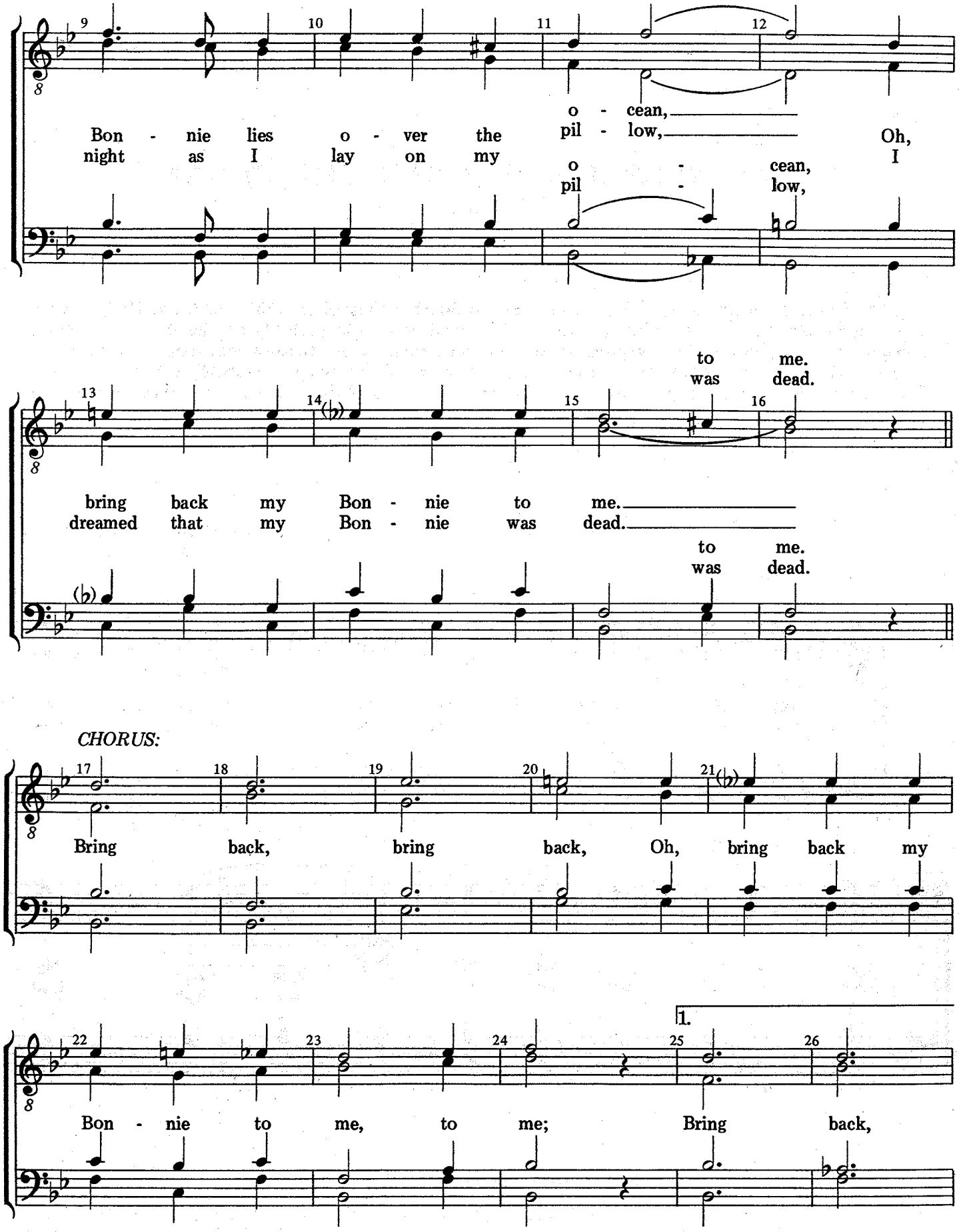
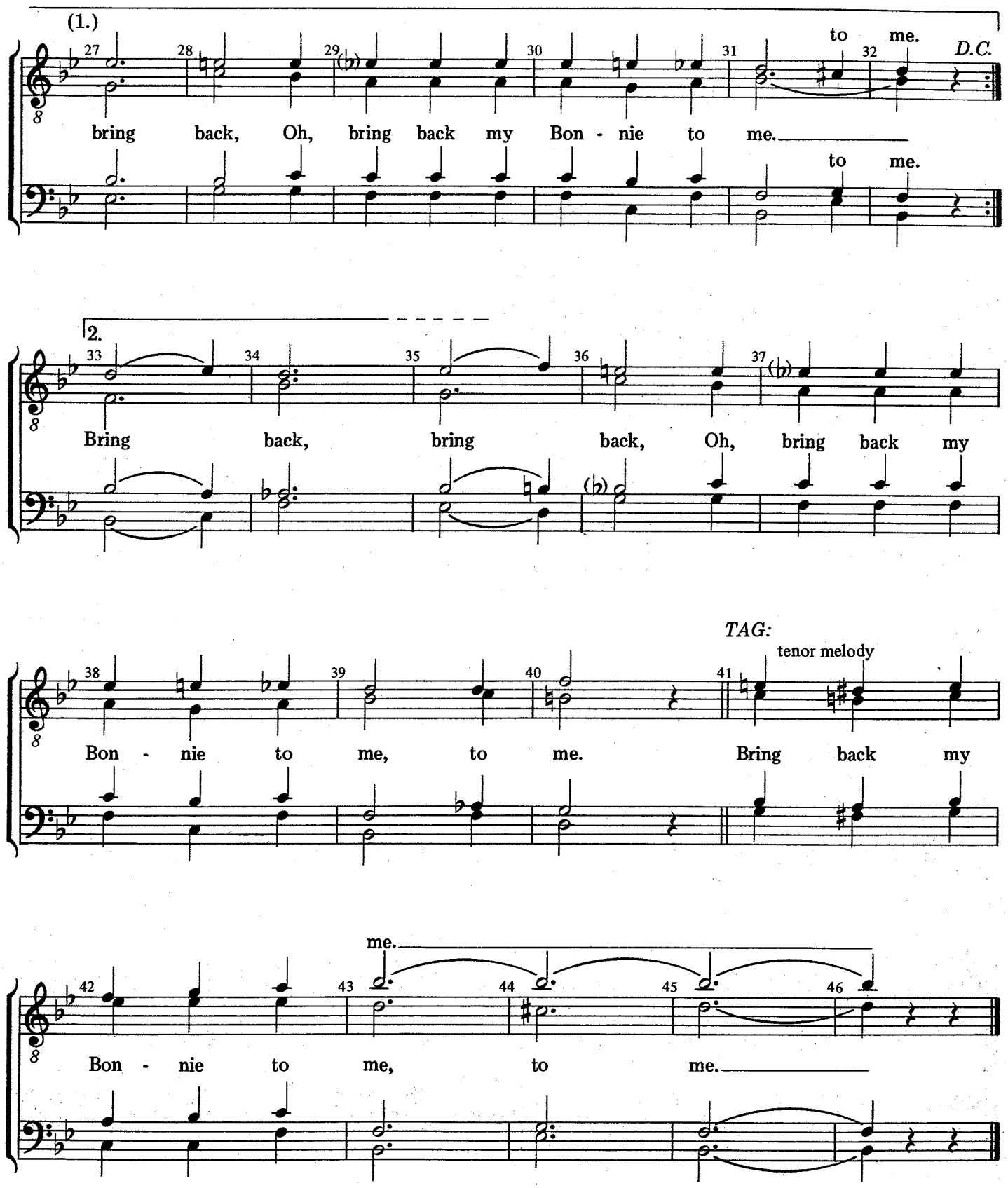

Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, Oh,
night as I lay on my pil - low, I
o - cean,
pil - low,
bring back my Bon - nie to me.
dreamed that my Bon - nie was dead.
to me.
was dead.
to me.
was dead.
CHORUS:
Bring back, bring back, Oh, bring back my
Bon - nie to me, to me;
1.
Bring back,


(1.)
bring back, Oh, bring back my Bon - nie to me.
to me.
D.C.
2.
Bring back, bring back, Oh, bring back my
TAG:
tenor melody
Bon - nie to me, to me.
Bring back my
me.
Bon - nie to me, to me.

MY GAL SAL

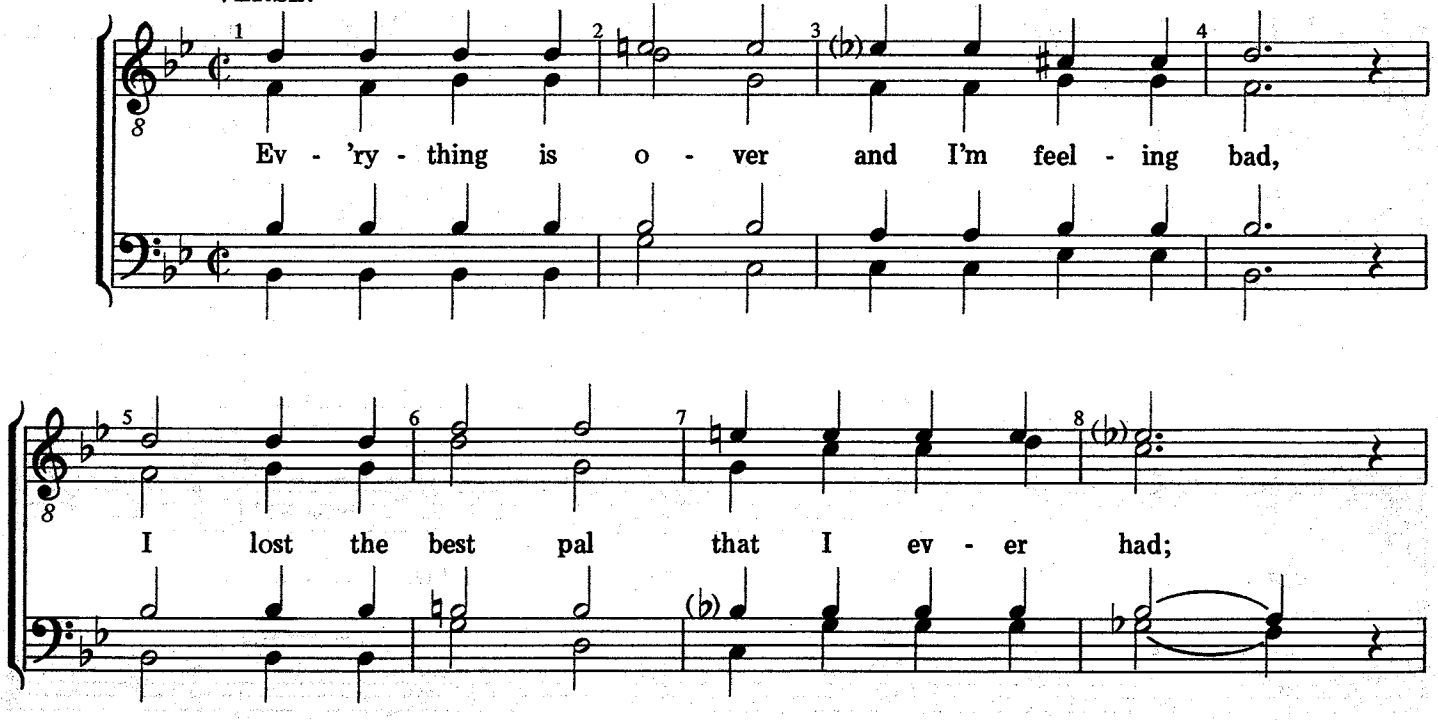
1905

Paul Dresser, born in Terre Haute, Indiana, was the older brother of the great American novelist, Theodore Dreiser. He changed the spelling of his name when he went to New York, where he became an actor, playwright, publisher and producer of plays and musical shows. Dresser gave "My Gal Sal" an unhappy ending, a not unusual feature of many of the favorite songs of the 1890s and 1900s. To us, almost a century later, these sentiments seem overly contrived and much too obvious; perhaps this is why the second verse of "My Gal Sal" is almost unknown today.

From 1895 to 1900 Dresser was at the top of his profession, successful in every way, known and loved from one end of Broadway to the other. His songs were innocent and sincere, touching the hearts of all who heard them. His "On The Banks Of The Wabash, Far Away," the state song of Indiana, is one of the best American songs. Success and fame were short-lived, however, as his gift for composing waned. Just before he died . . . his business a failure, his money gone, deserted by his friends . . . he composed what may be his greatest song, "My Gal Sal." Its bittersweet lyric may be a reflection of his own life story. He didn't live to enjoy its success.

By PAUL DRESSER
(1857-1906)

VERSE:



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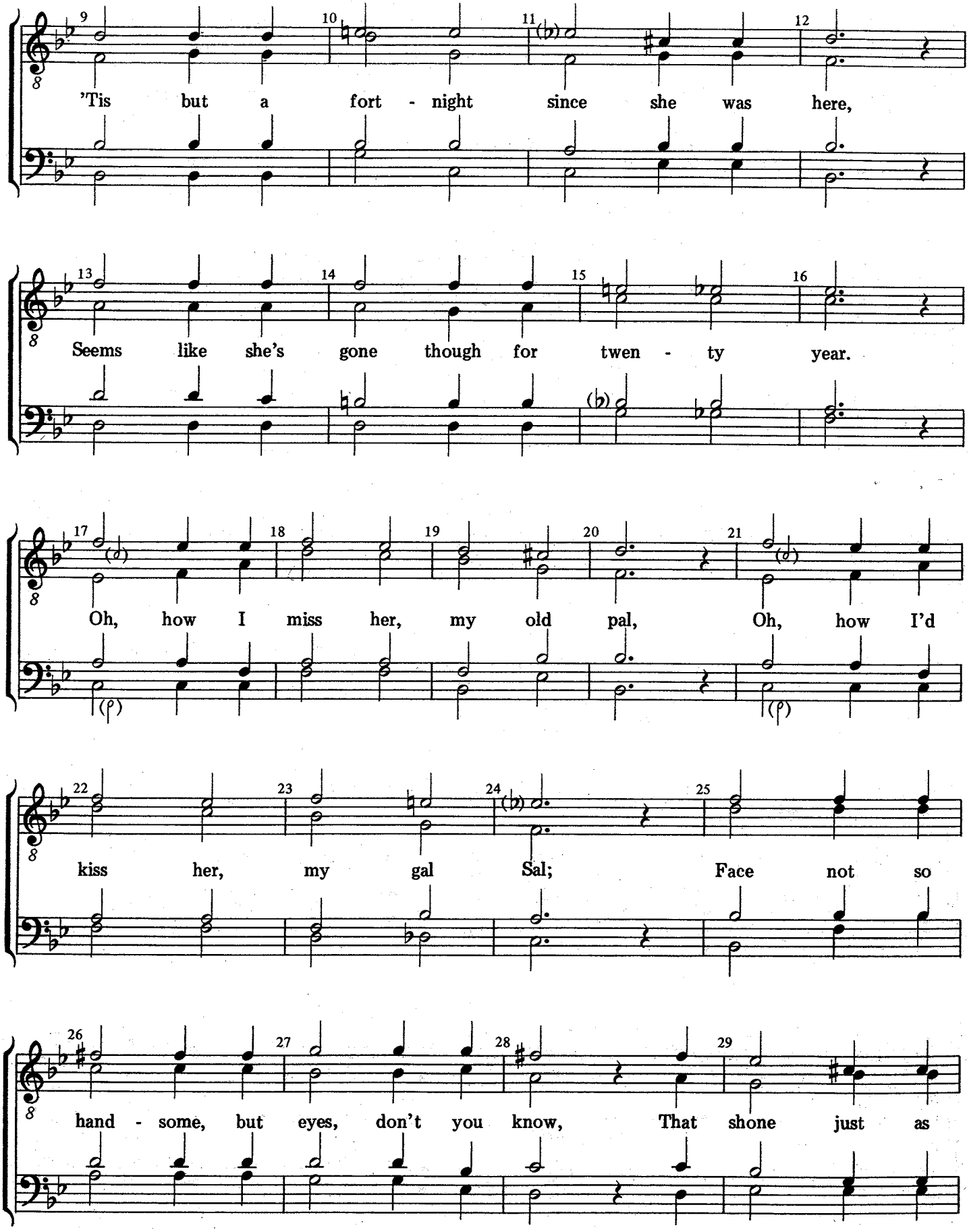
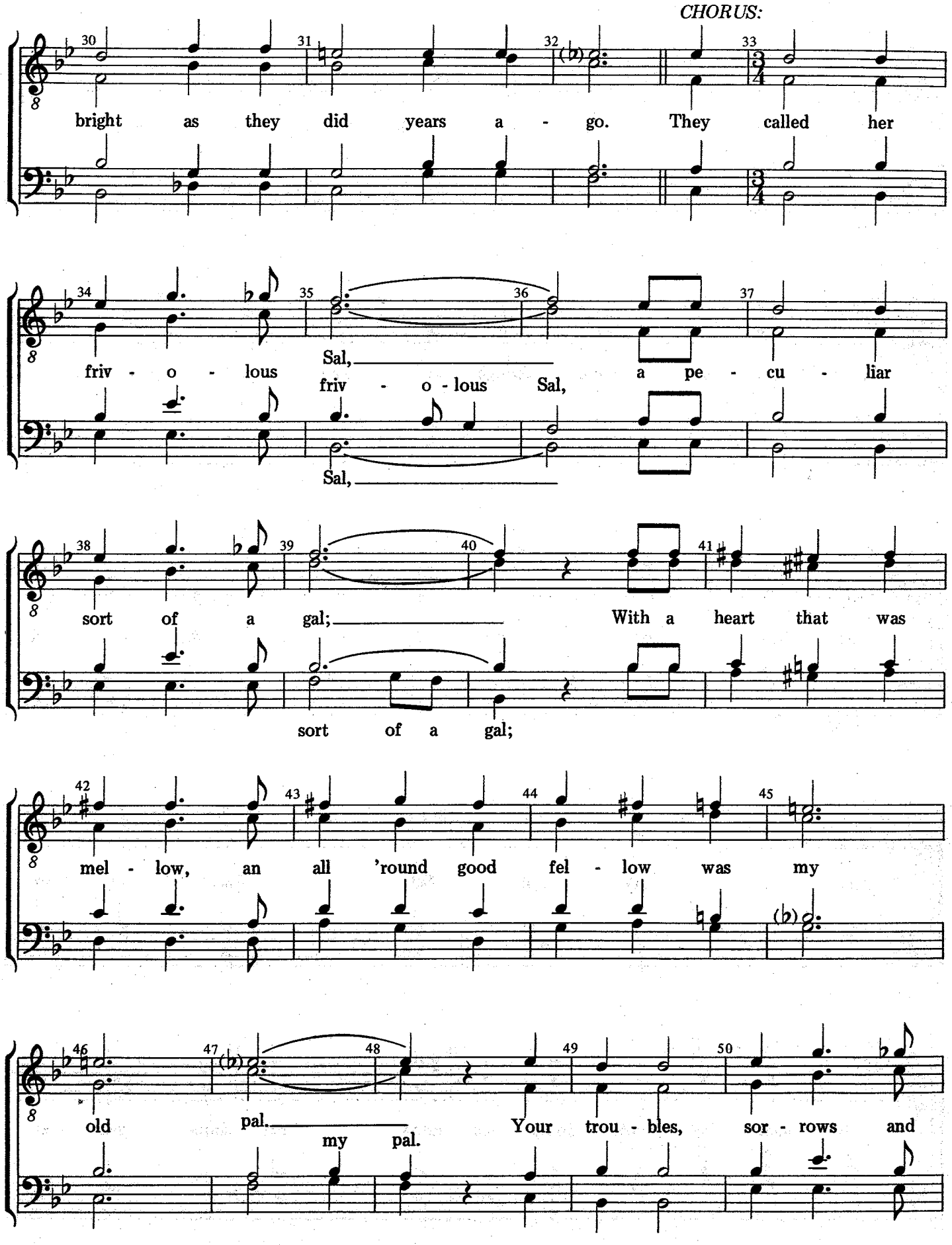
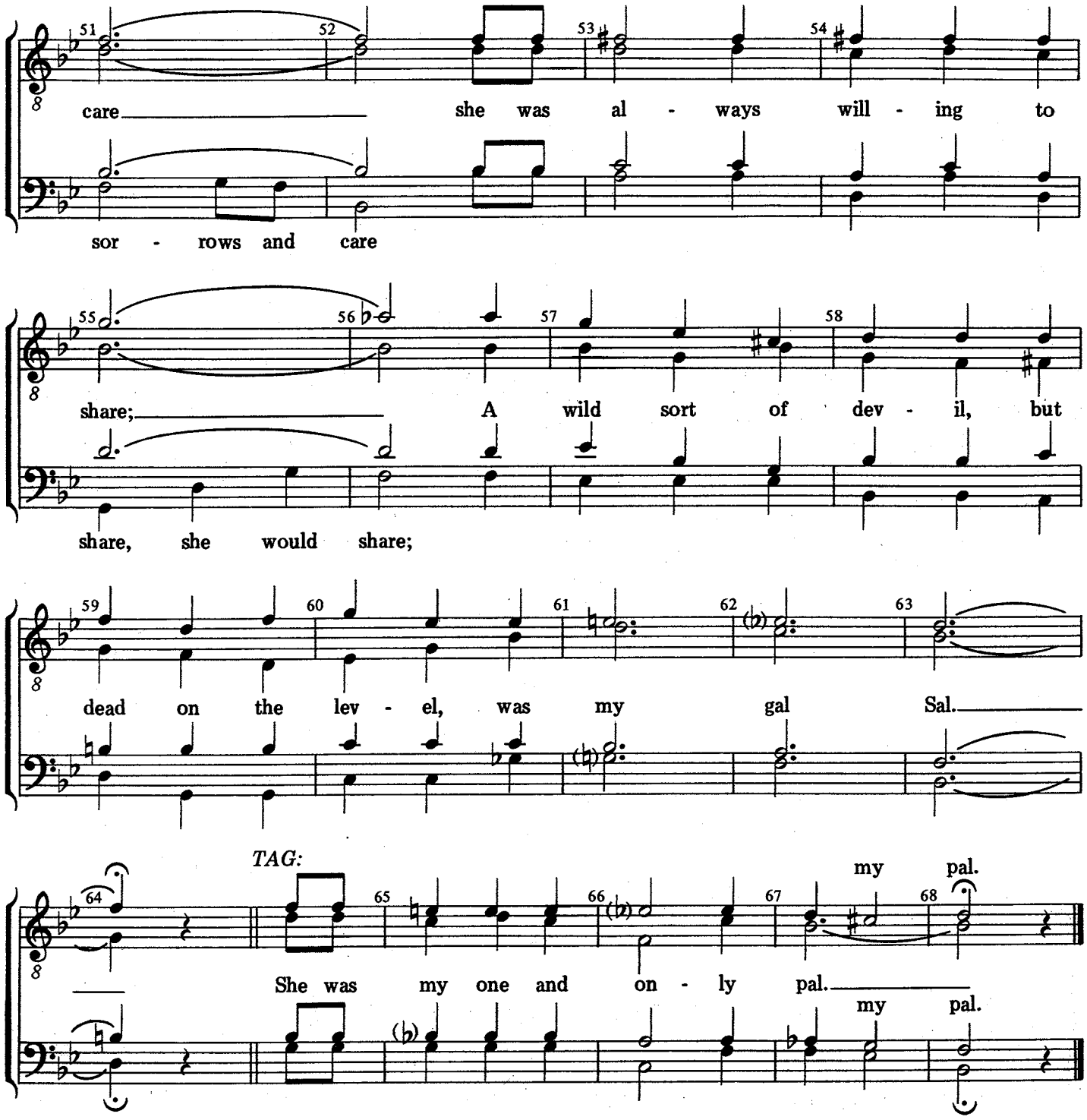

'Tis but a fort - night since she was here,
Seems like she's gone though for twen - ty year.
Oh, how I miss her, my old pal, Oh, how I'd
kiss her, my gal Sal; Face not so
hand - some, but eyes, don't you know, That shone just as


CHORUS:
bright as they did years a - go. They called her
friv - o - lous Sal, friv - o - lous Sal, a pe - cu - liar
Sal,
Sal,
sort of a gal; With a heart that was
sort of a gal;
mel - low, an all 'round good fel - low was my
old pal. my pal. Your trou - bles, sor - rows and



Additional verse:

Brought her little dainties just afore she died,
Promised she would meet me, on the other side;
Told her how I loved her; she said, "I know, Jim,"
Just do your best, leave the rest to Him.
Gently I pressed her to my breast,
Soon she would take her last long rest,
She looked at me and murmured "Pal,"
And softly I whispered, "Goodbye, Sal."

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD-NIGHT

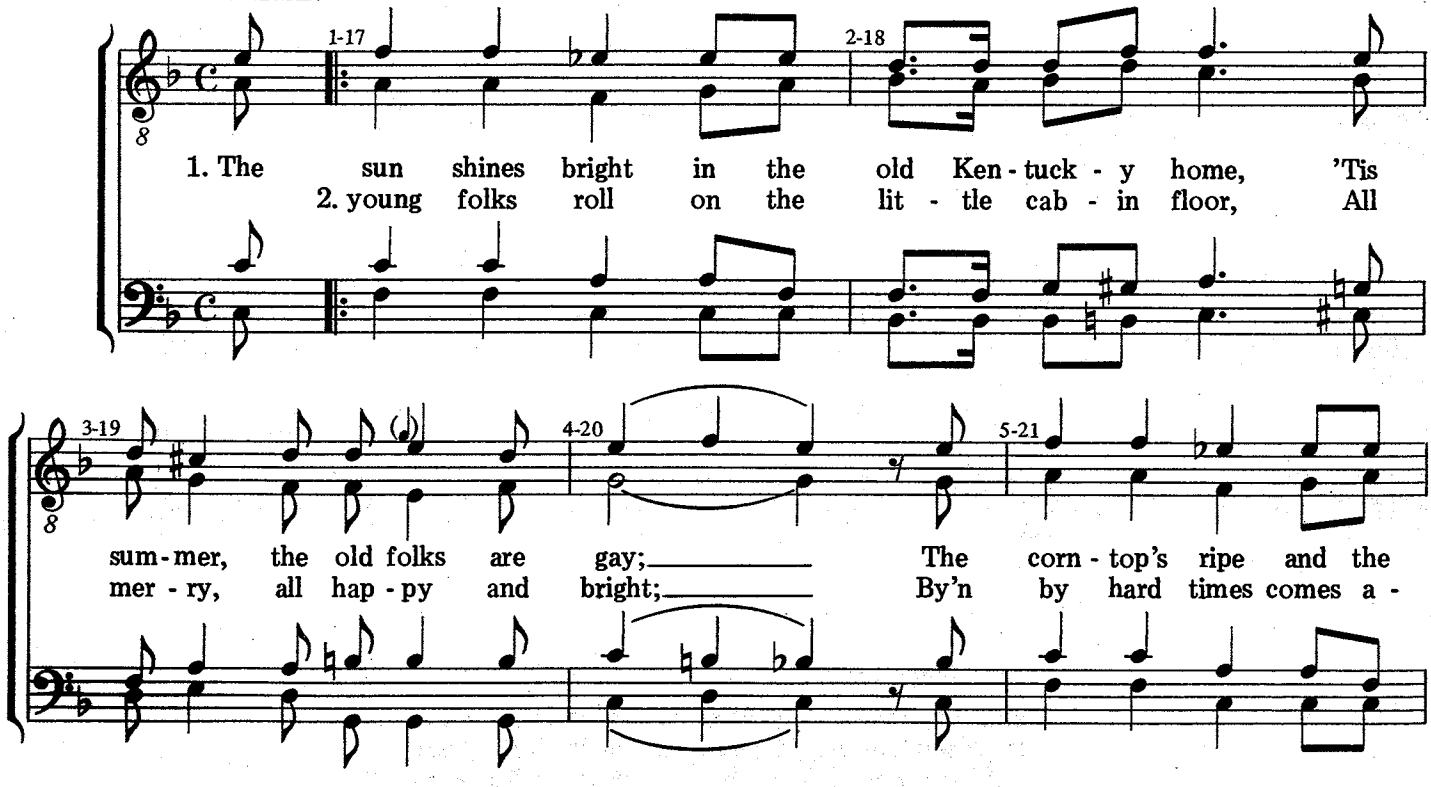
1853

Certainly one of the classics of American songwriting, "My Old Kentucky Home, Good-Night" was written when Pennsylvanian Stephen Foster was a young man of 25. He had an unusual gift for music and was largely self-taught. He published his first song at the age of 18 and went to work as a bookkeeper at age 20. Shortly thereafter he gave a group of his songs to a music publisher who published them very profitably but gave Foster little recognition and less money. At this point Foster decided he was a good enough songwriter to devote his life to composing. He was not a good businessman, however, and throughout his life he was taken advantage of by others. He died, practically penniless, in the charity ward of a New York hospital. He was 37 years old—a tragic end for one of America's greatest songwriters.

"My Old Kentucky Home, Good-Night" is not a product of Tin Pan Alley. It is more in the nature of a folk song. But it is representative of the songs composed in the years just before and after the Civil War and illustrates quite well the style and trend in American songwriting. In its own way it is a classic for all time.

By STEPHEN FOSTER
(1826-1864)

VERSE:



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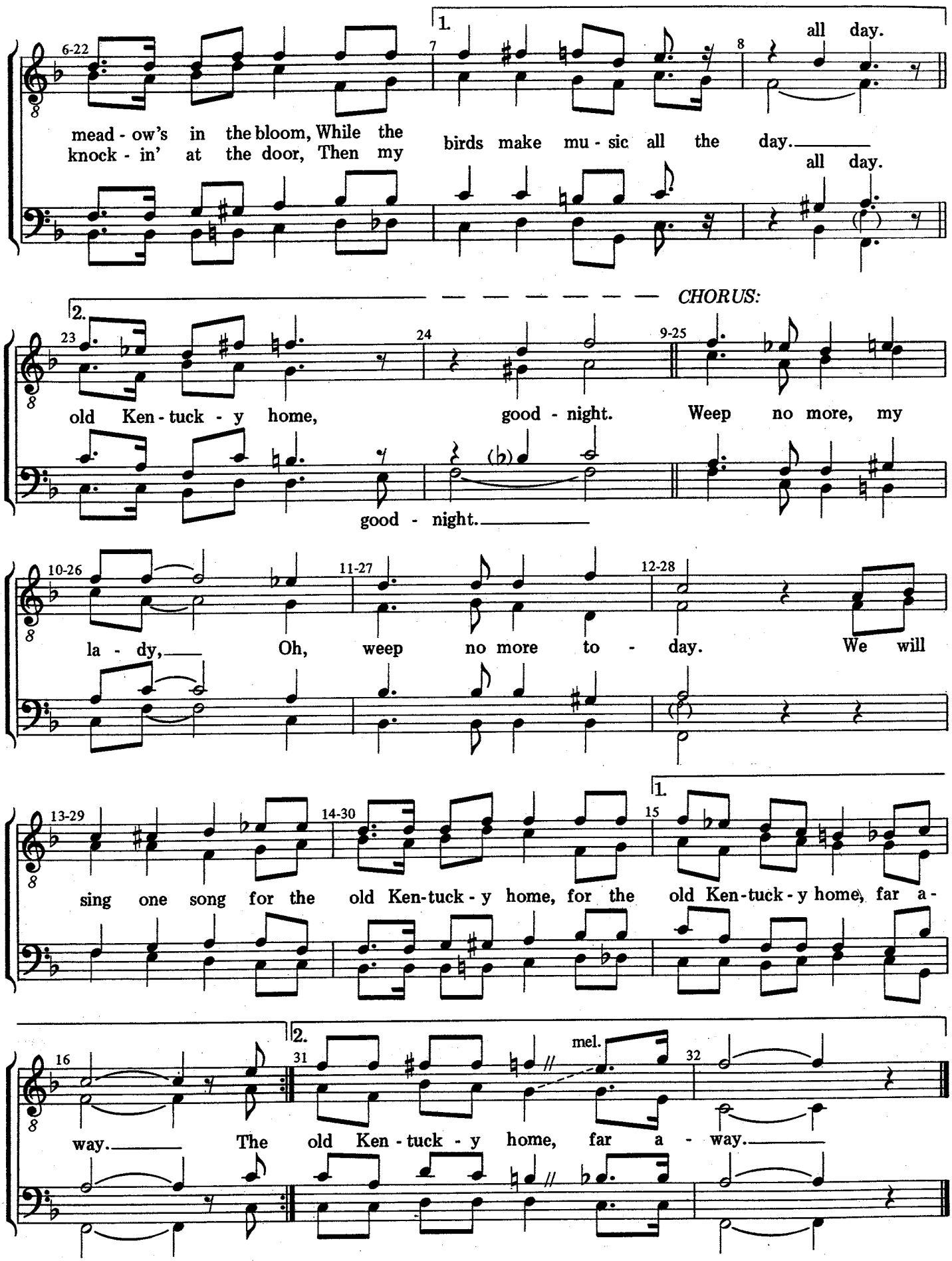

1.
all day.
6-22
7
8
mead - ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu - sic all the day.
knock - in' at the door, Then my
all day.
CHORUS:
2.
23
24
9-25
old Ken - tuck - y home, good - night. Weep no more, my
good - night.
10-26
11-27
12-28
la - dy, Oh, weep no more to - day. We will
13-29
14-30
15
1.
sing one song for the old Ken-tuck - y home, for the old Ken-tuck - y home, far a -
16
2.
31
mel.
32
way. The old Ken - tuck - y home, far a - way.

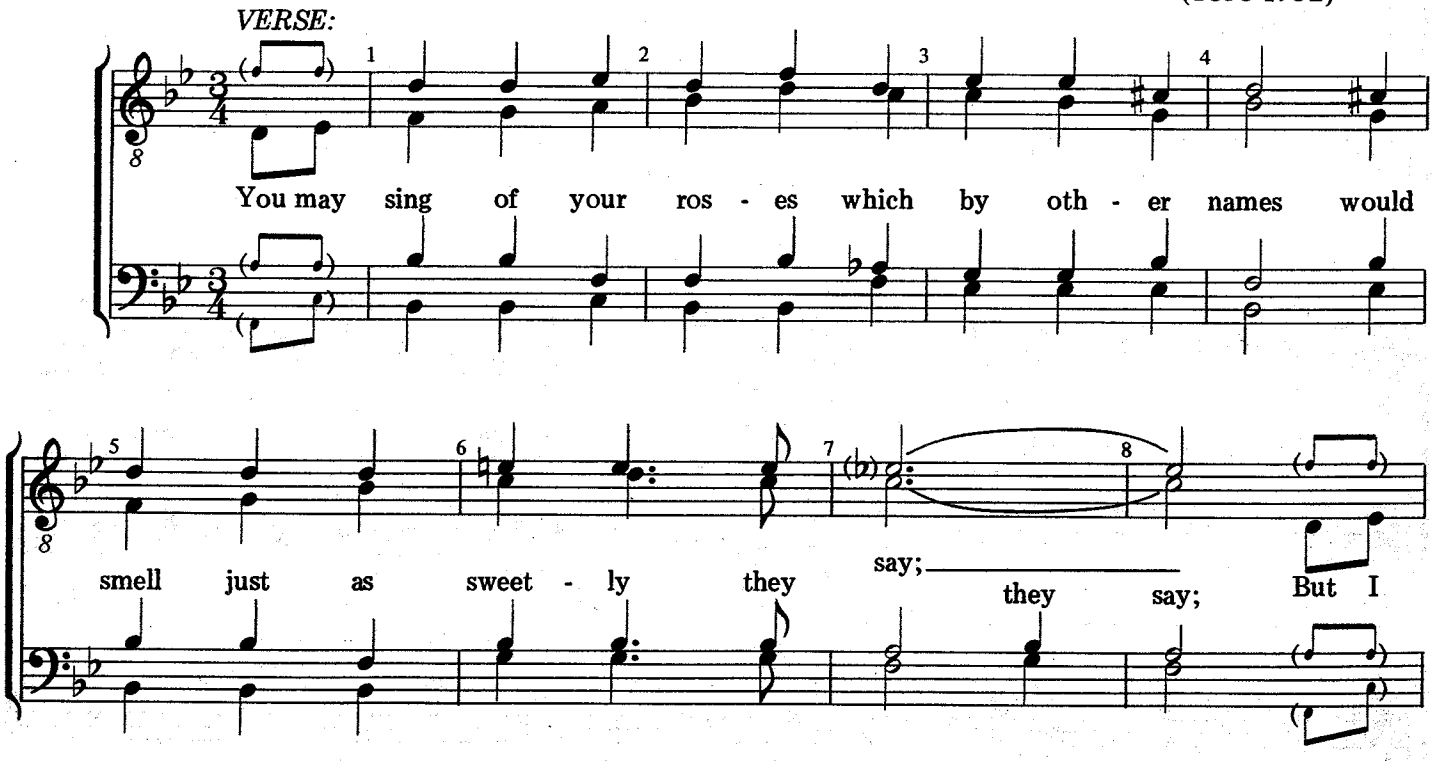
MY WILD IRISH ROSE

1899

Chauncey Olcott was a native of Buffalo (some say Providence) and one of the most celebrated artists and composers of his day. He performed as a blackface minstrel and sang tenor in light opera in America and England. He earned his greatest renown as an interpreter of Irish songs in the American musical theater.

One of the most enduring of close harmony songs, "My Wild Irish Rose" is loved and enjoyed by almost everyone. It's sure to be sung wherever harmonizers gather to sing a few of the old songs.

By CHAUNCEY OLCOTT
(1858-1932)



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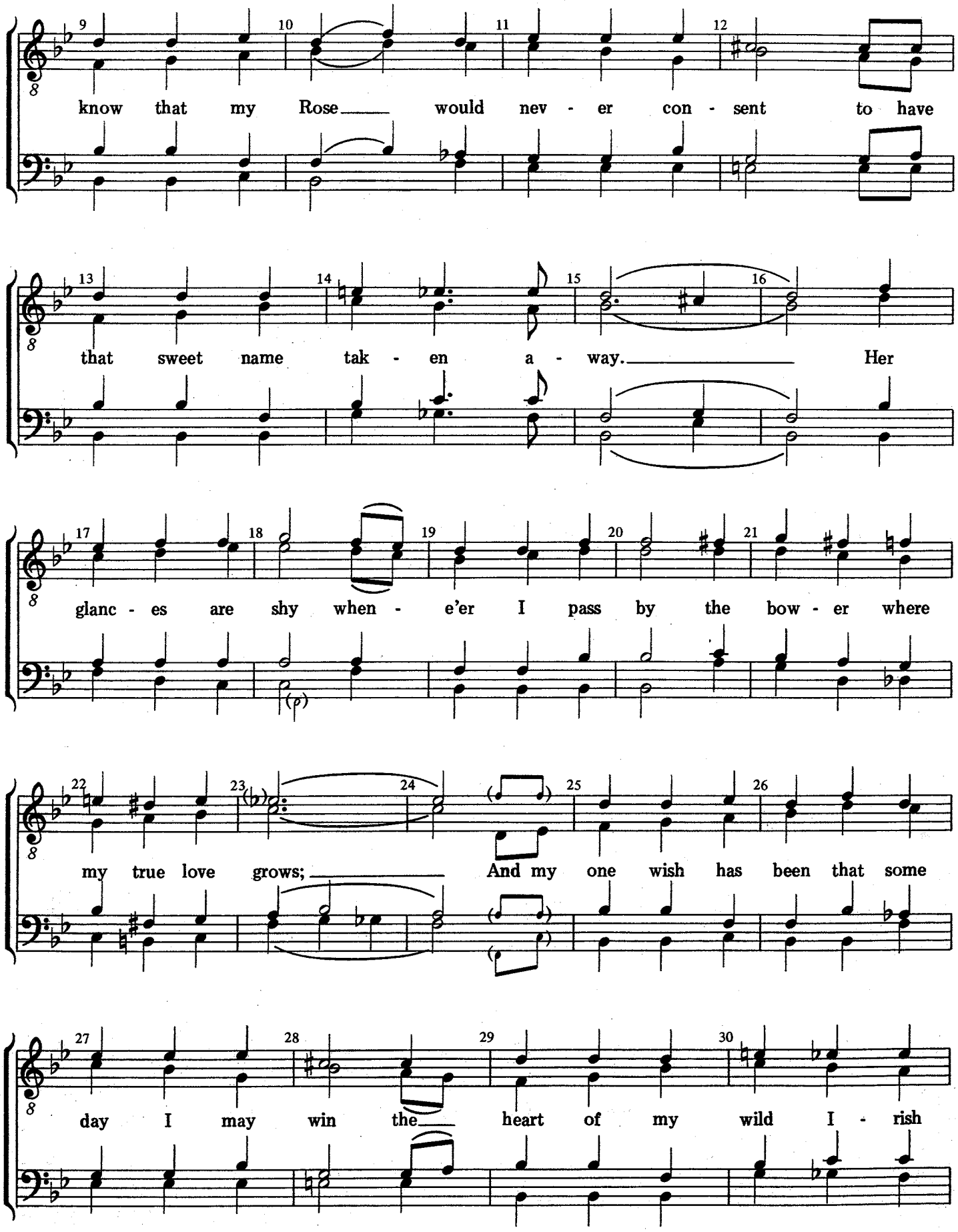
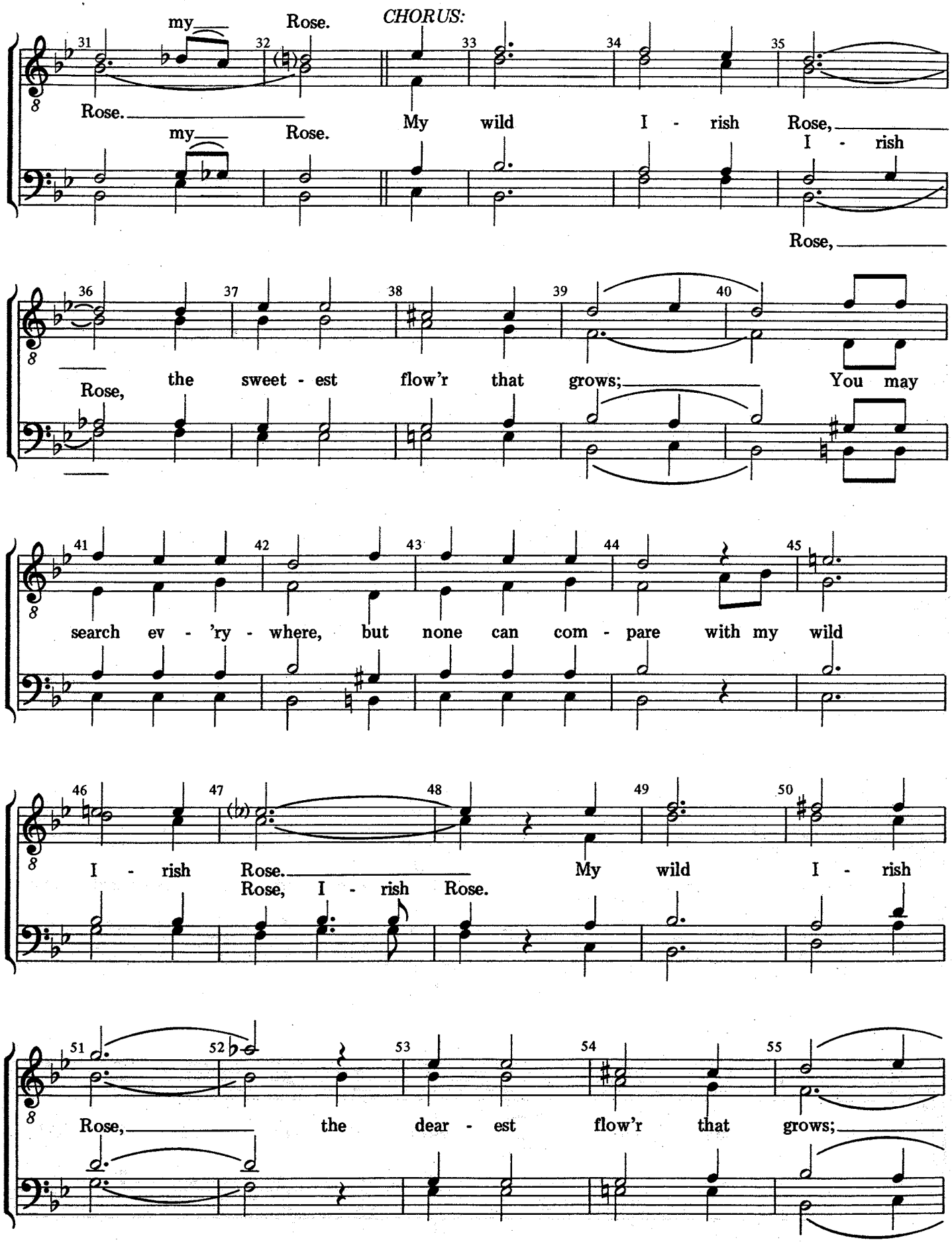
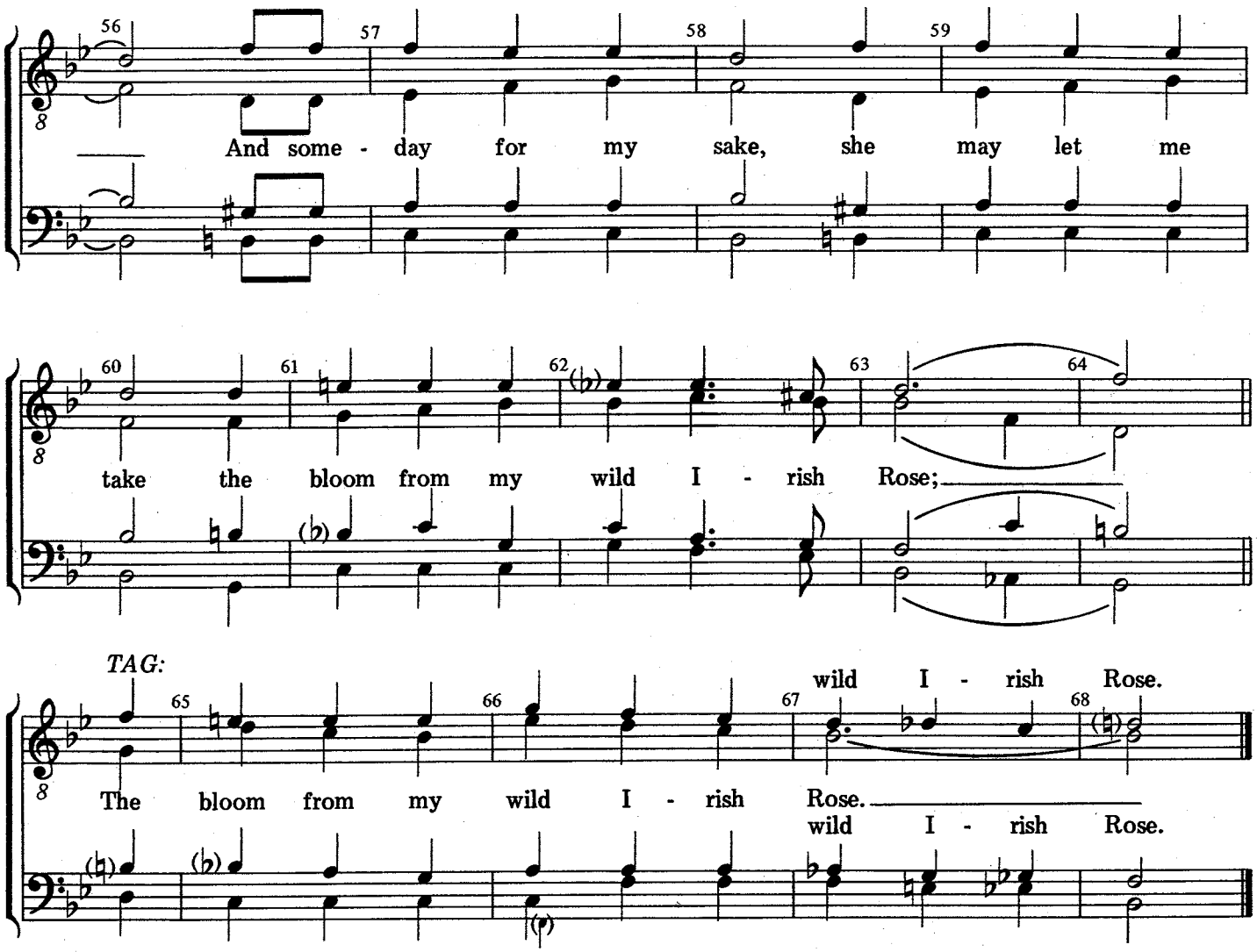

know that my Rose would nev - er con - sent to have
that sweet name tak - en a - way. Her
glanc - es are shy when - e'er I pass by the bow - er where
my true love grows; And my one wish has been that some
day I may win the heart of my wild I - rish


my Rose.
CHORUS:
Rose.
My wild I - rish Rose,
my Rose.
I - rish
Rose,
Rose, the sweet - est flow'r that grows; You may
search ev - 'ry - where, but none can com - pare with my wild
I - rish Rose.
My wild I - rish
Rose, I - rish Rose.
Rose, the dear - est flow'r that grows;



Additional verse:

If you listen I'll sing you a sweet little song,
Of a flower that's now drooped and dead;
Yet dearer to me, yes, than all of its mates,
Though each holds aloft its proud head.

'Twas given to me by a girl that I know,
Since we've met, faith, I've known no repose;
She is dearer by far than the world's brightest star,
And I call her my wild Irish Rose.

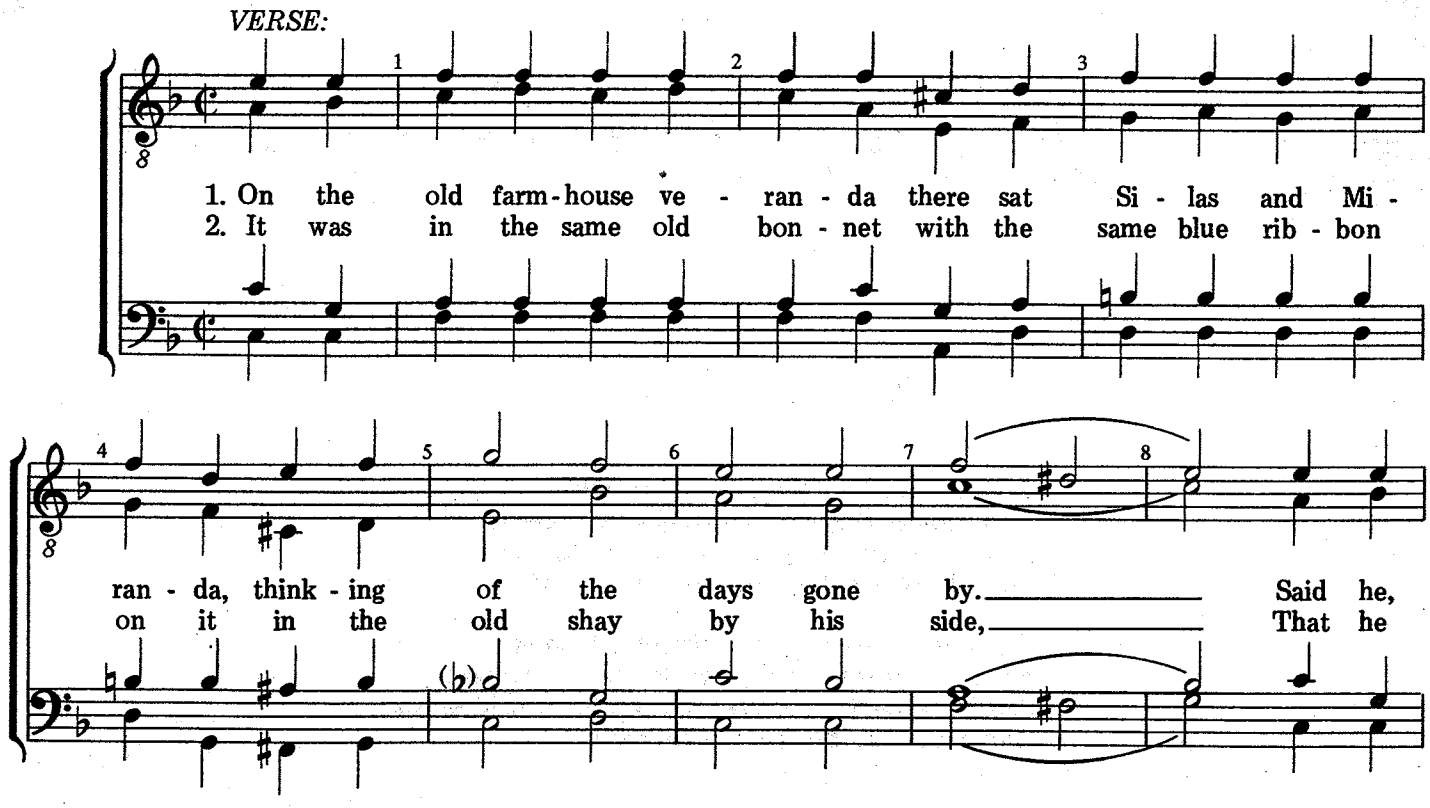
PUT ON YOUR OLD GREY BONNET

1909

Percy Wenrich, a native of Joplin, Missouri, enjoyed a long and distinguished career in show business as pianist, composer, and vaudevillian. He and his wife toured as a vaudeville team for 15 years. Stanley Murphy came to the U.S. from Dublin, Ireland and wrote the lyrics for many songs, collaborating with the finest composers of the time. But he never created another lyric to match that of "Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet," telling the pretty story of Silas and Miranda on their 50th wedding anniversary, and so skillfully set to music by Wenrich. This is another of those songs that's enjoyed by harmonizers whenever they get together.

Words by STANLEY MURPHY
(1875-1919)

Music by PERCY WENRICH
(1887-1952)



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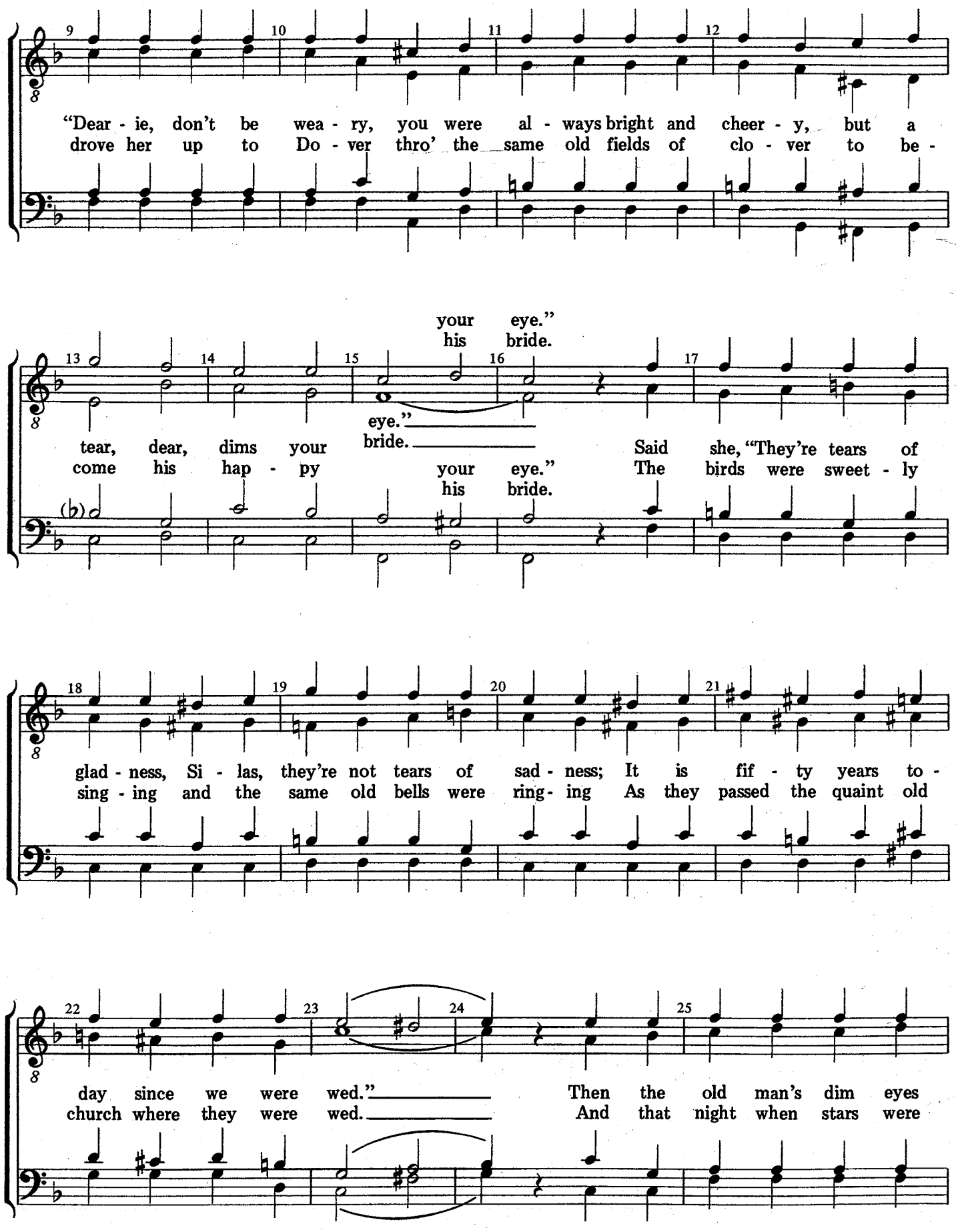
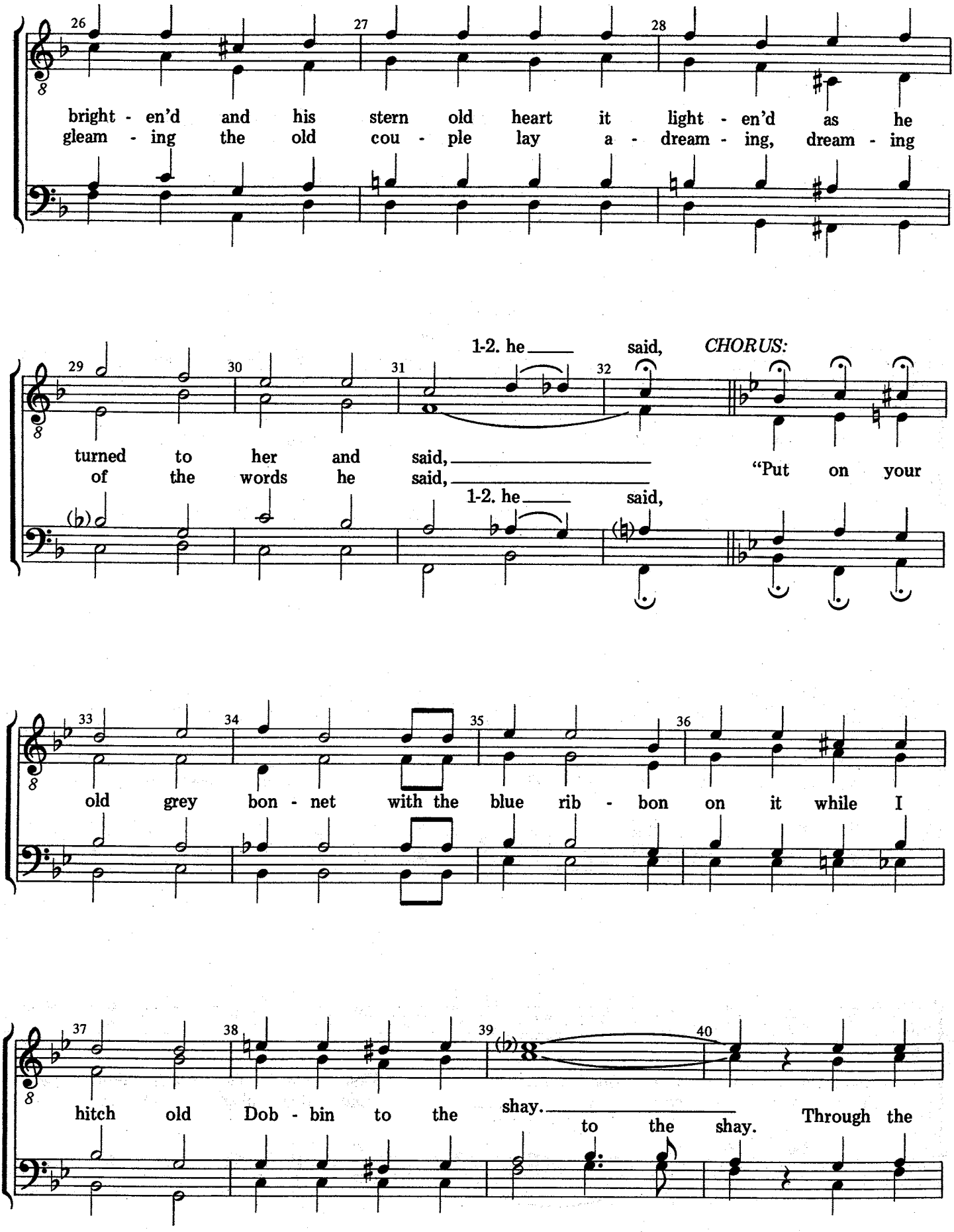
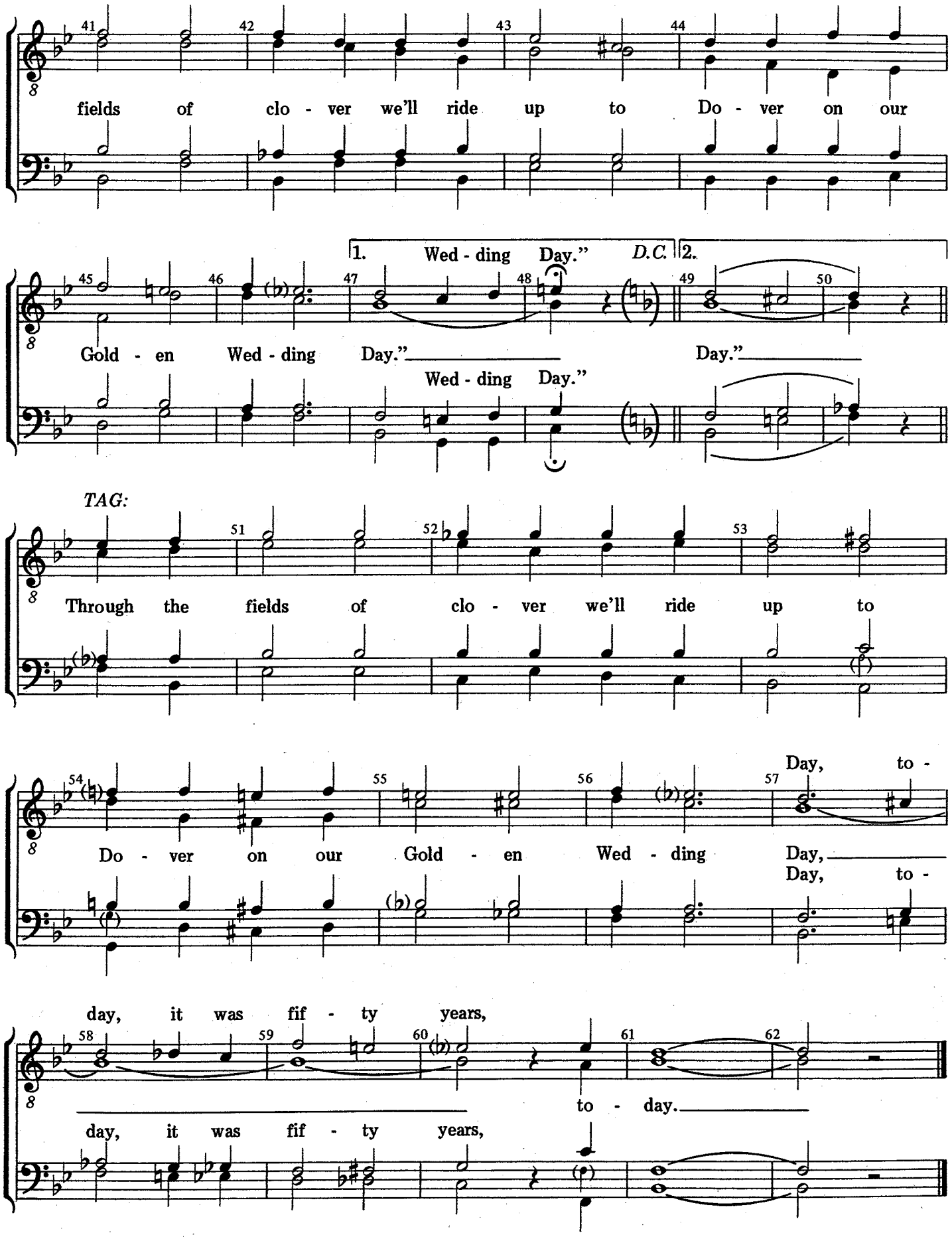

9 10 11 12
"Dear - ie, don't be wea - ry, you were al - ways bright and cheer - y, but a
drove her up to Do - ver thro' the same old fields of clo - ver to be -
your eye."
his bride.
13 14 15 16 17
eye."
tear, dear, dims your bride.
come his hap - py your eye."
his bride.
Said she, "They're tears of
The birds were sweet - ly
18 19 20 21
glad - ness, Si - las, they're not tears of sad - ness; It is fif - ty years to -
sing - ing and the same old bells were ring - ing As they passed the quaint old
22 23 24 25
day since we were wed."
church where they were wed.
Then the old man's dim eyes
And that night when stars were


26
27
28
bright - en'd and his stern old heart it light - en'd as he
gleam - ing the old cou - ple lay a - dream - ing, dream - ing
29
30
31
32
1-2. he____ said, CHORUS:
turned to her and said,_____
of the words he said,_____
1-2. he____ said,
"Put on your
33
34
35
36
old grey bon - net with the blue rib - bon on it while I
37
38
39
40
hitch old Dob - bin to the shay._____
to the shay.
Through the


fields of clo - ver we'll ride up to Do - ver on our
1. Wed - ding Day." D.C. 2.
Gold - en Wed - ding Day."
Wed - ding Day."
Day."
TAG:
Through the fields of clo - ver we'll ride up to
Do - ver on our Gold - en Wed - ding Day,
Day, to -
Day, to -
day, it was fif - ty years,
to - day.
day, it was fif - ty years,

PUT YOUR ARMS AROUND ME, HONEY

1910

The list of Albert Von Tilzer's songs is very long and contains many familiar titles. The only one that may be sung more often than "Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey" is "Take Me Out To The Ball Game," which he wrote with Jack Norworth.

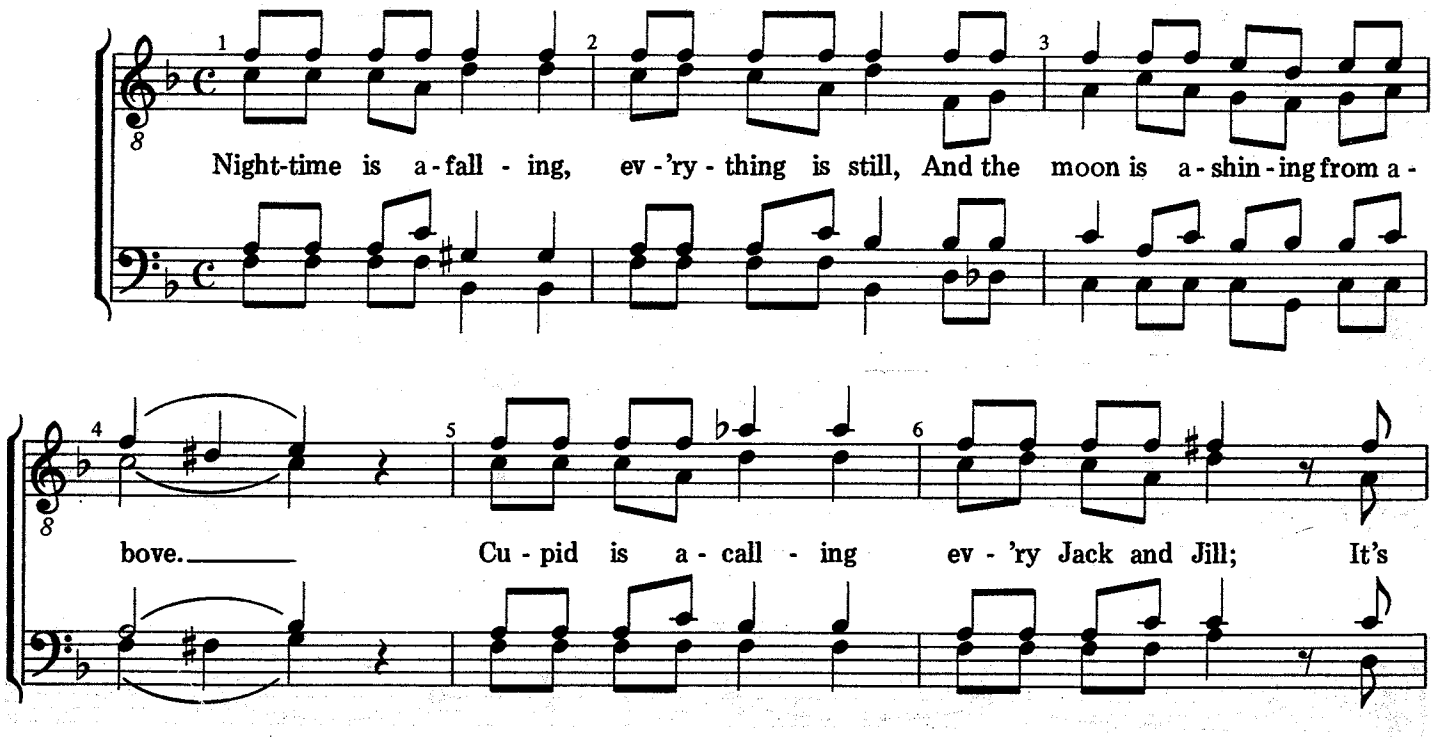
Junie McCree, from Toledo, Ohio, was an actor and singer in early Broadway musicals. He had been a circus performer in his younger days and later wrote book and lyrics for several Broadway musicals.

This song's rather calm and dreamy verse is ingeniously contrasted with the clever lyric and catchy chromatic melody of the chorus. The words are fresh; the music is lively. It's one of the happiest songs of the period.

Words by JUNIE McCREE
(1865-1918)

Music by ALBERT VON TILZER
(1878-1956)

VERSE:



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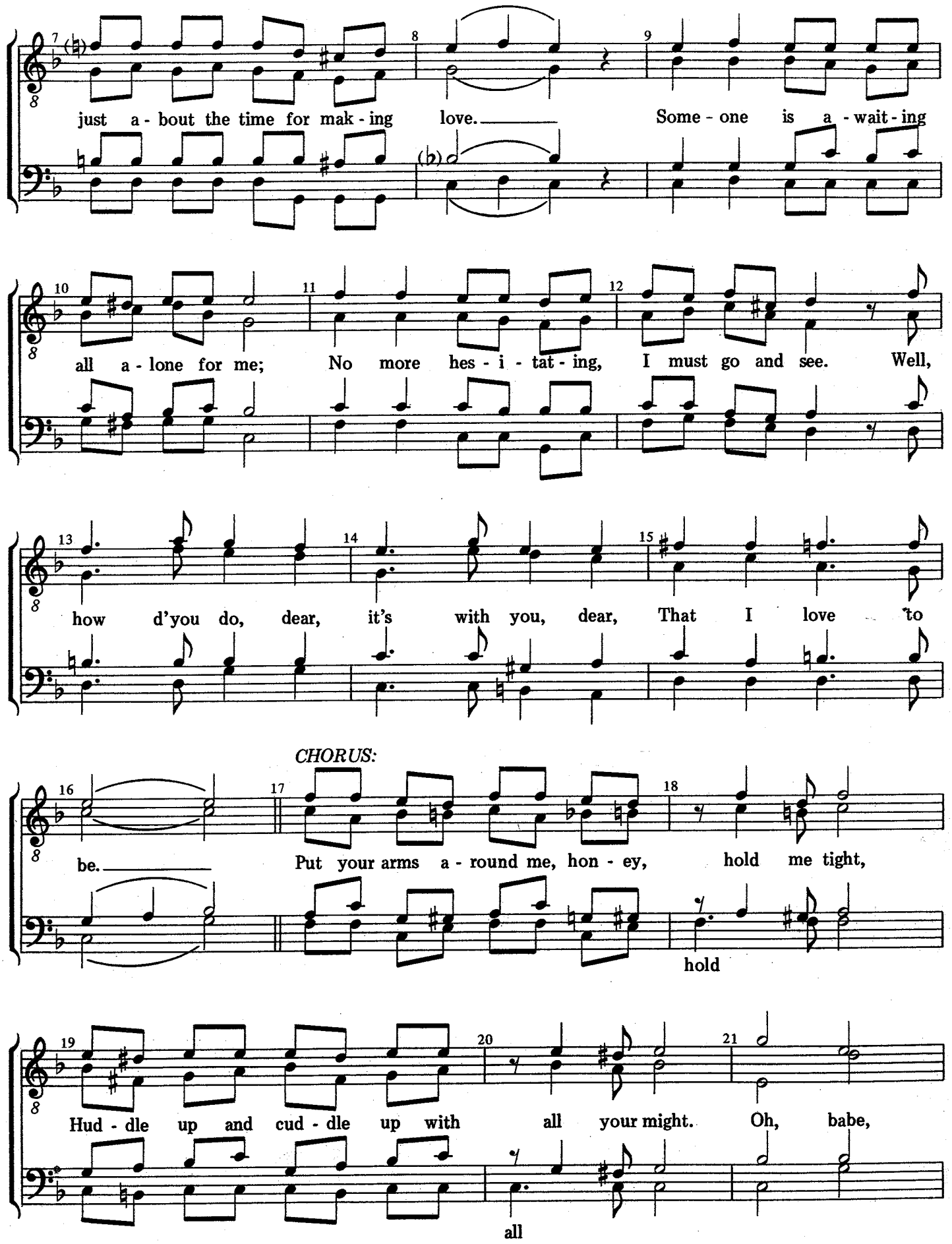
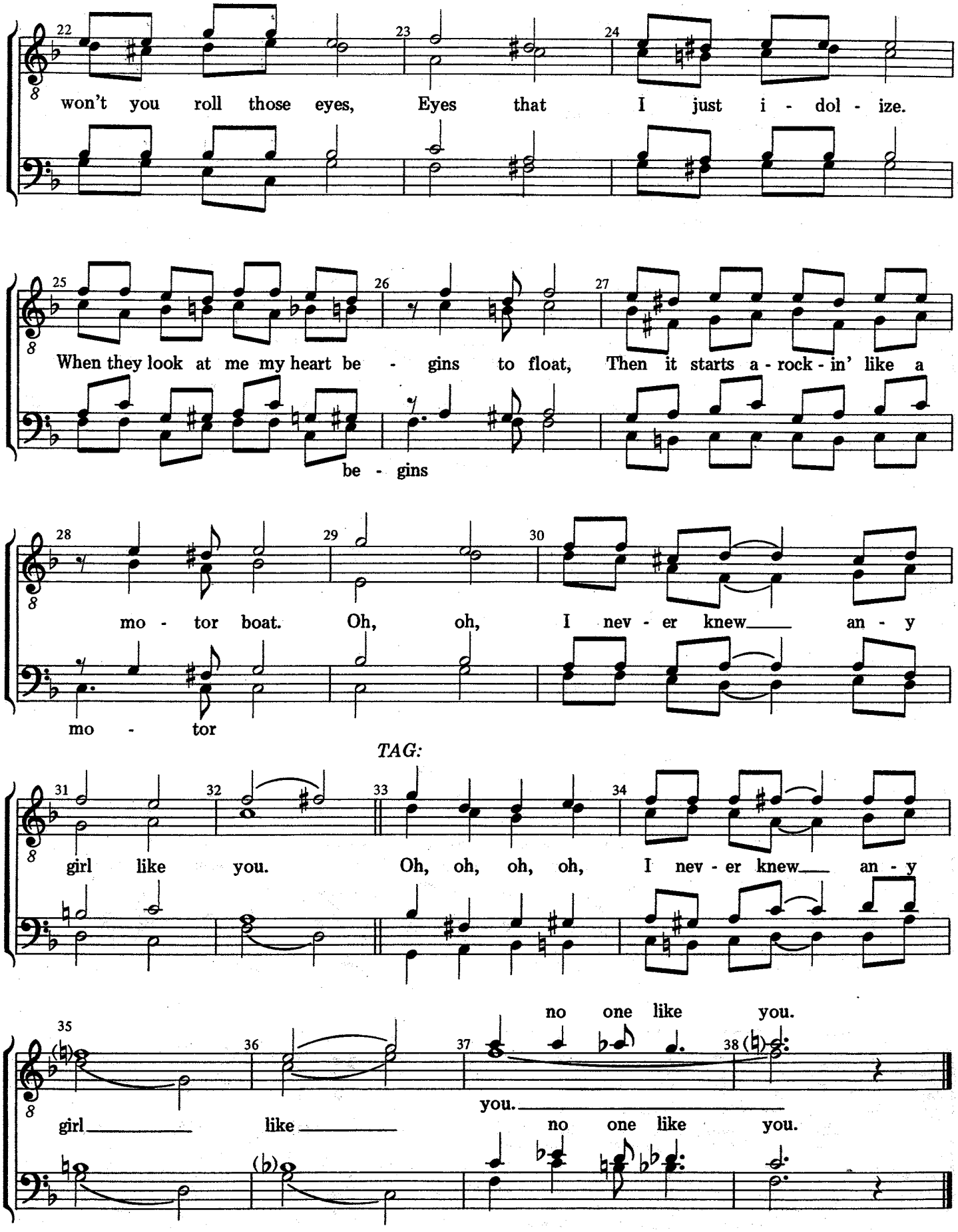

just a - bout the time for mak - ing love. Some - one is a - wait - ing
all a - lone for me; No more hes - i - tat - ing, I must go and see. Well,
how d'you do, dear, it's with you, dear, That I love to
CHORUS:
be. Put your arms a - round me, hon - ey, hold me tight,
hold
Hud - dle up and cud - dle up with all your might. Oh, babe,
all


won't you roll those eyes, Eyes that I just i - dol - ize.
When they look at me my heart be - gins to float, Then it starts a - rock - in' like a
be - gins
mo - tor boat. Oh, oh, I nev - er knew an - y
mo - tor
TAG:
girl like you. Oh, oh, oh, oh, I nev - er knew an - y
no one like you.
girl like you. no one like you.

ROW, ROW, ROW

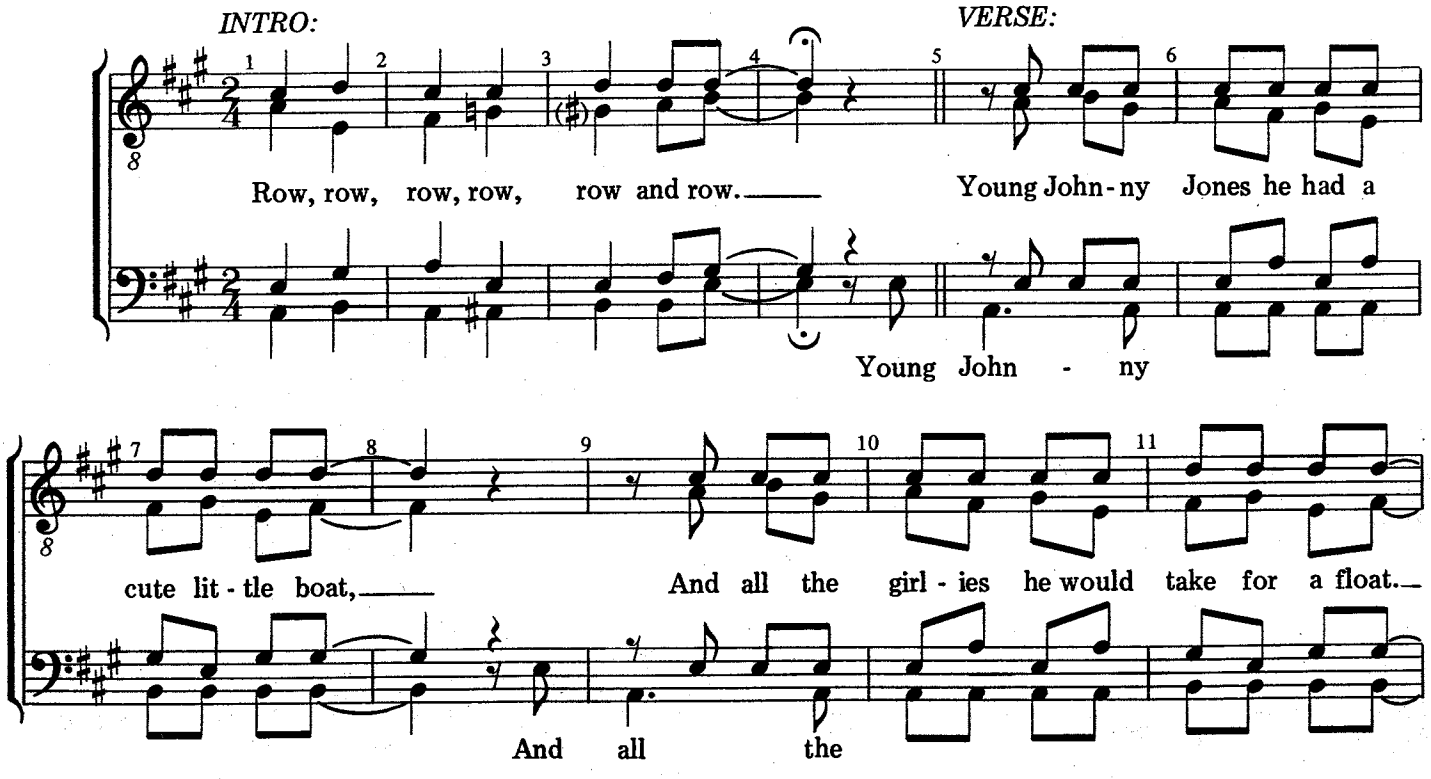
1912

William Jerome provided lyrics for composers from about 1890 through 1928, contributing poetry for most of the finest song writers. As a young man he performed in minstrel shows. James (Jimmie) Monaco came to the U.S. from Italy as a child of six. A self-taught pianist, he performed in night clubs at 17. In 1936 he went to Hollywood. He composed for many of the Bing Crosby movies in the 1930s and '40s. His long list of songs includes several great hits. "Row, Row, Row" is one of his earliest.

The catchy lyric is most appealing and accounts for as much of its success as its rollicking melody.

Words by WILLIAM JEROME
(1865-1932)

Music by JIMMIE V. MONACO
(1885-1945)



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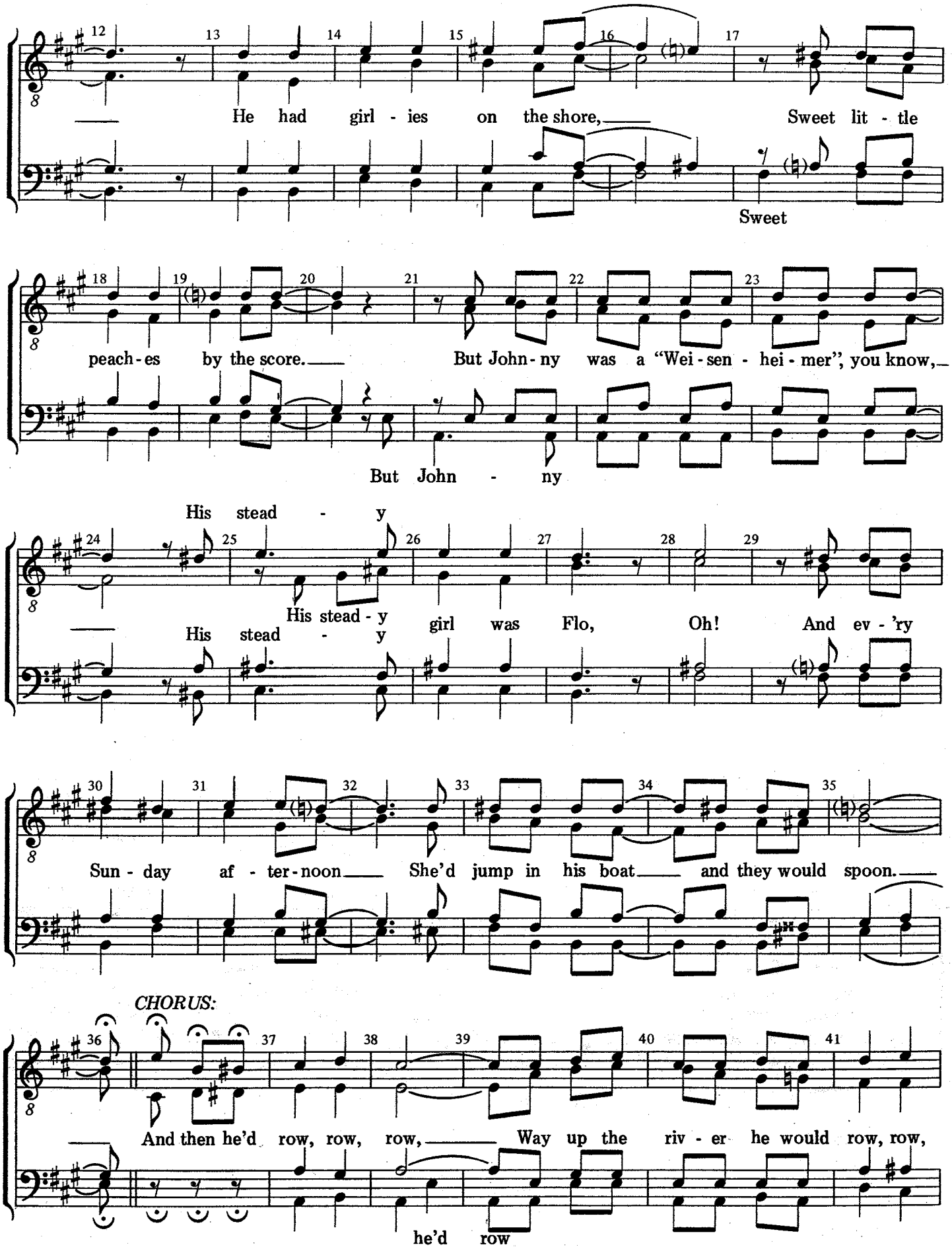
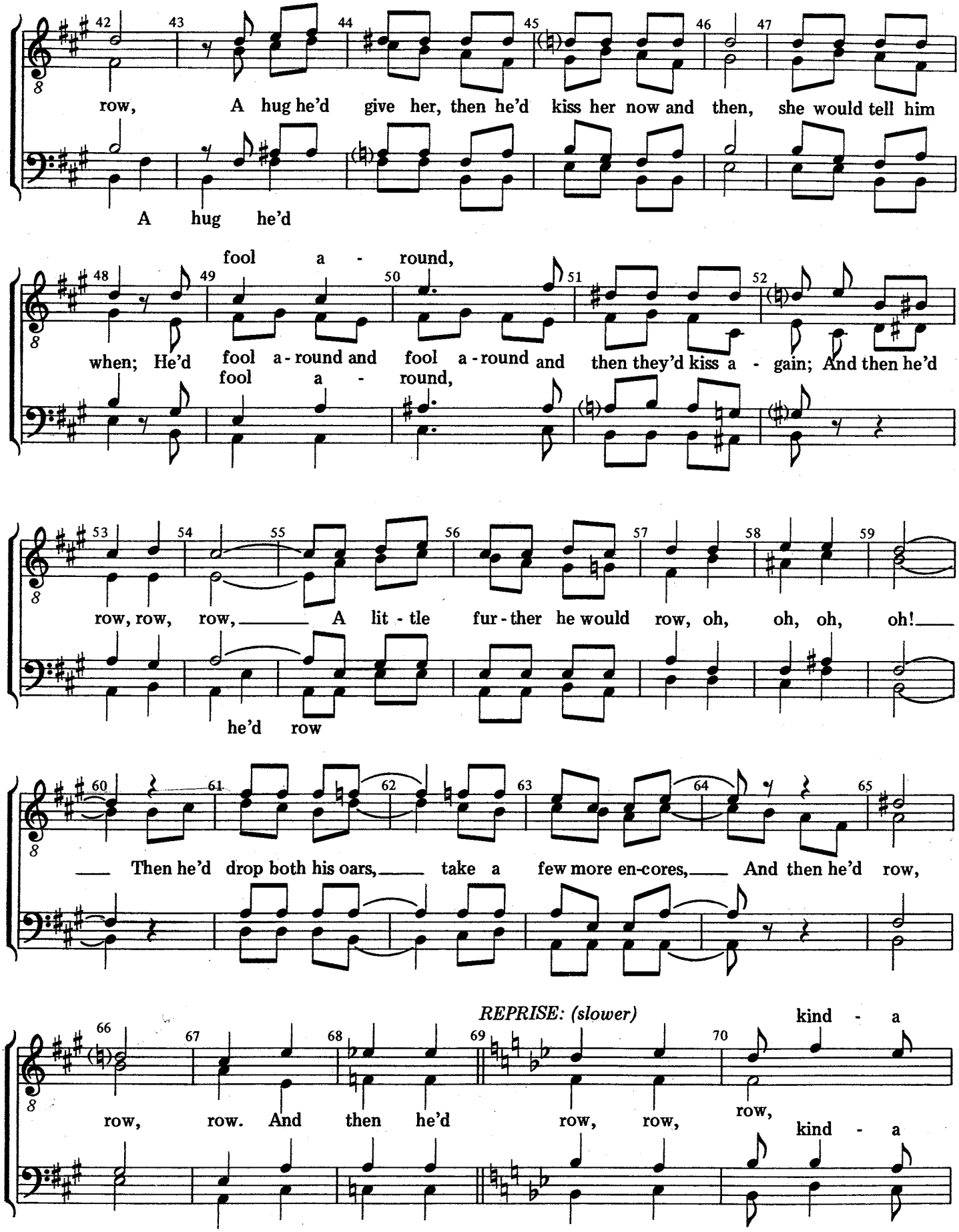
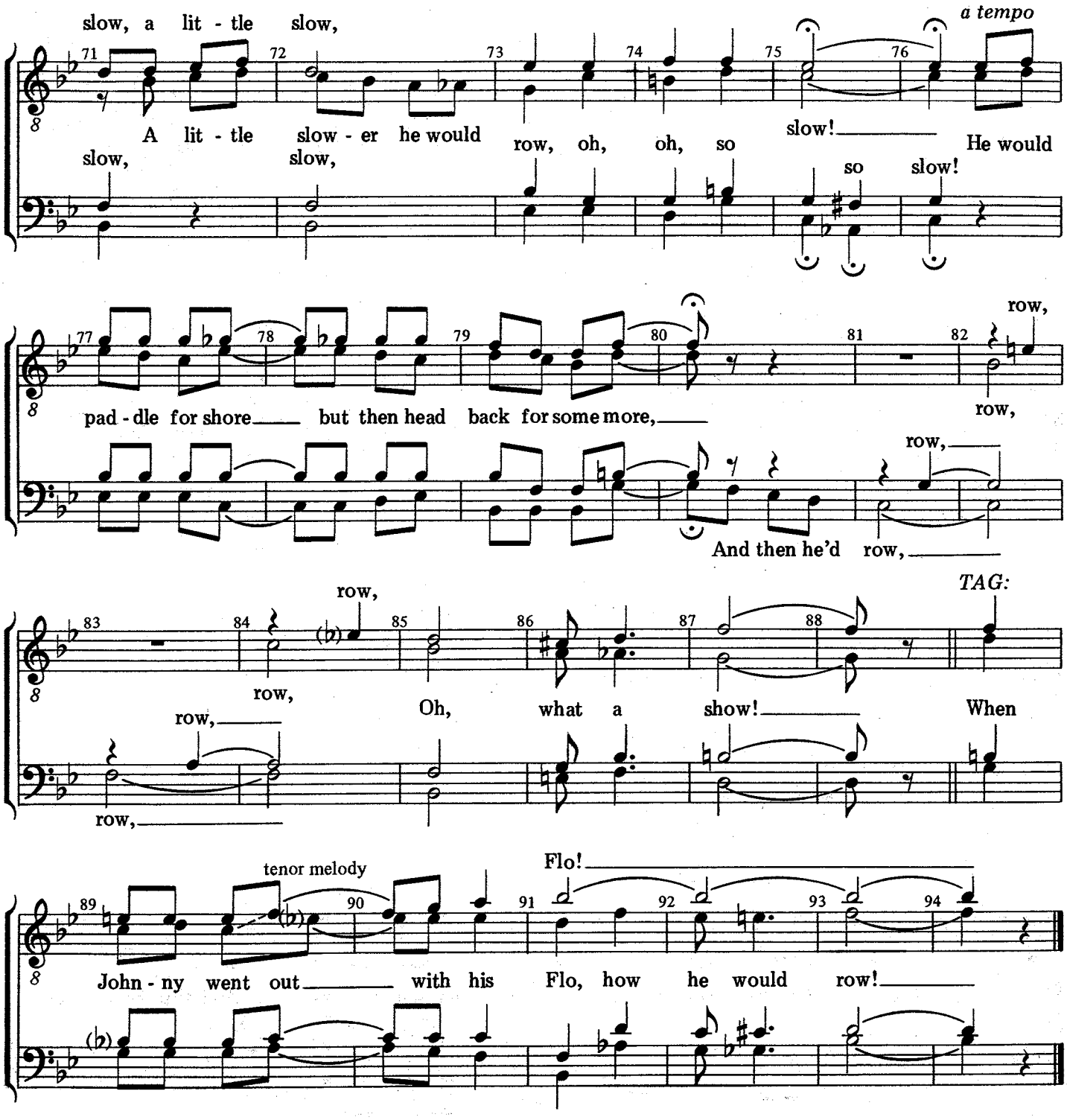

He had girl - ies on the shore, Sweet lit - tle
Sweet
peach - es by the score. But John - ny was a "Wei - sen - hei - mer", you know,
But John - ny
His stead - y
His stead - y
His stead - y girl was Flo, Oh! And ev - 'ry
Sun - day af - ter - noon She'd jump in his boat and they would spoon.
CHORUS:
And then he'd row, row, row, Way up the riv - er he would row, row,
he'd row


row, A hug he'd give her, then he'd kiss her now and then, she would tell him
A hug he'd fool a - round,
when; He'd fool a - round and fool a - round and then they'd kiss a - gain; And then he'd
fool a - round,
row, row, row, A lit - tle fur - ther he would row, oh, oh, oh, oh!
he'd row
Then he'd drop both his oars, take a few more en-cores, And then he'd row,
REPRISE: (slower)
kind - a
row, row. And then he'd row, row, row,
kind - a



Additional verse:

Right in his boat he had a cute little seat,
And ev'ry kiss he stole from Flo was so sweet.
And he knew just how to row,
He was a rowing Romeo.
He knew an island where the trees were so grand,
He knew just where to land; Oh!
Then tales of love he'd tell to Flo
Until it was time for them to go.

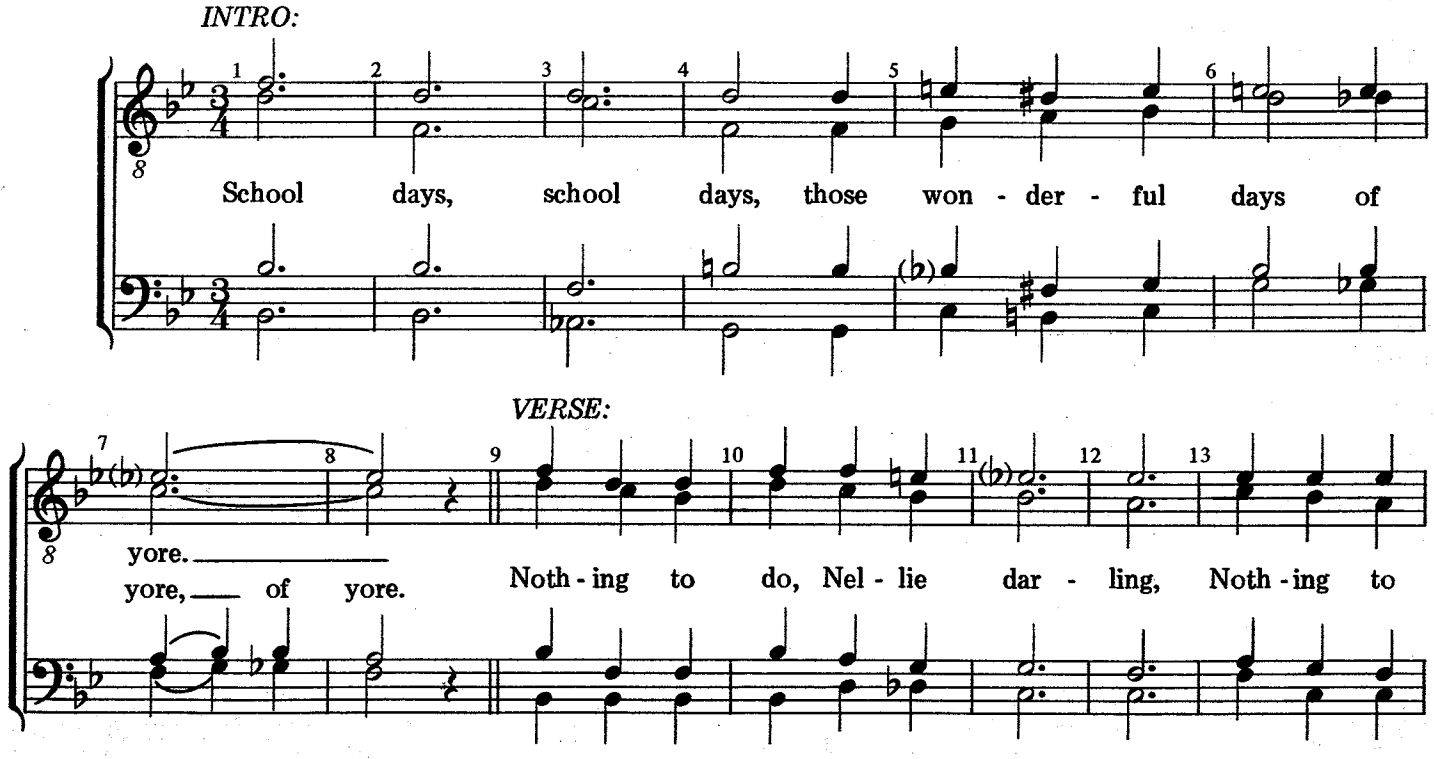
SCHOOL DAYS

1907

Gus Edwards, a German by birth, came to America as a boy of five and became involved in the music business at an early age. He had a knack for discovering young talent and introduced such young stars as Eddie Cantor, George Jessel, Sally Rand, Walter Winchell, Ray Bolger, Eleanor Powell and Groucho Marx. His stage show of 1908, "School Days," introduced one of his most famous songs. Lyricist Will Cobb, a Philadelphia native, contributed words to many of Edwards' songs. There seems to be an almost perfect marriage of words and melody in their immortal "School Days."

Words by WILL D. COBB
(1876-1930)

Music by GUS EDWARDS
(1879-1945)



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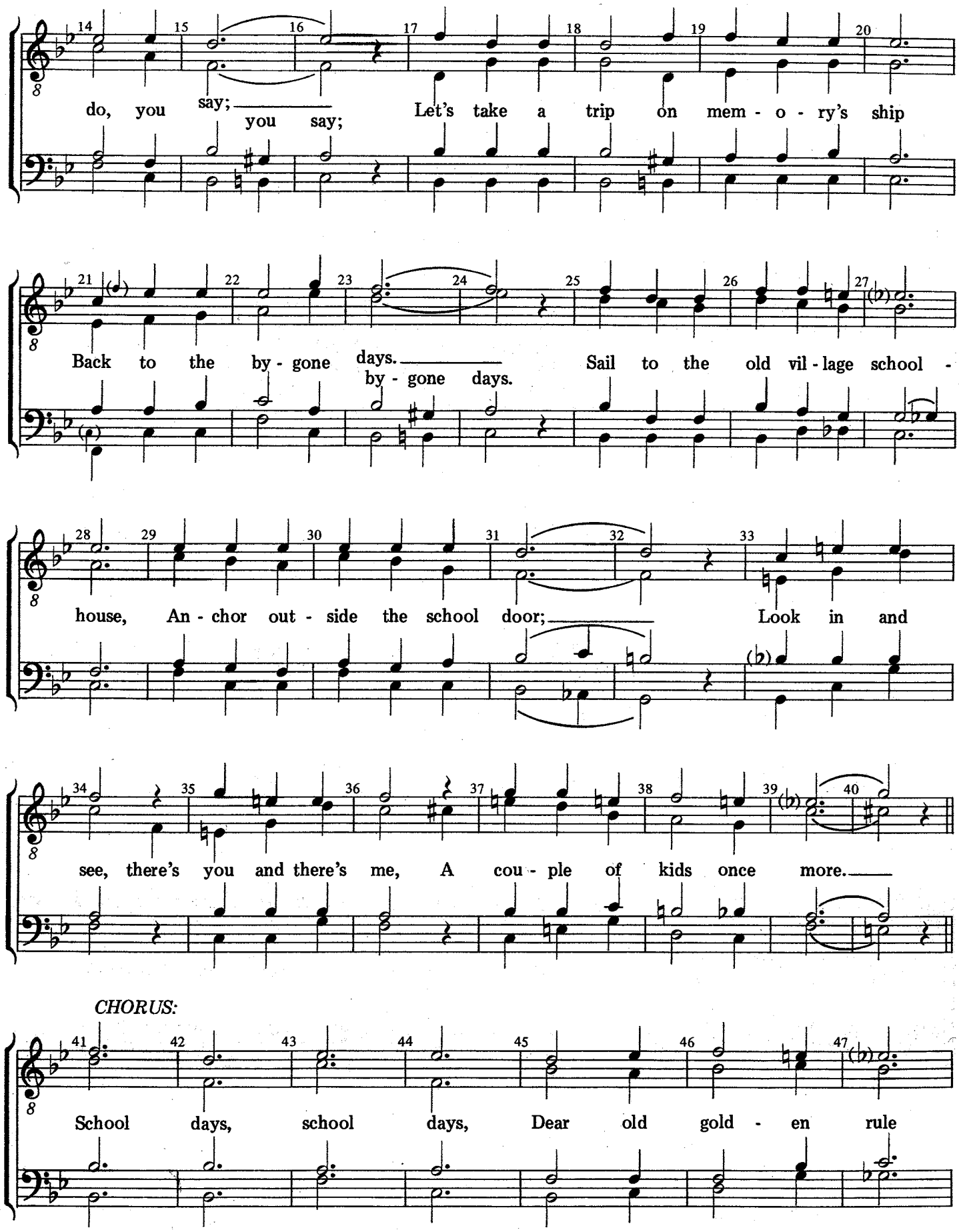
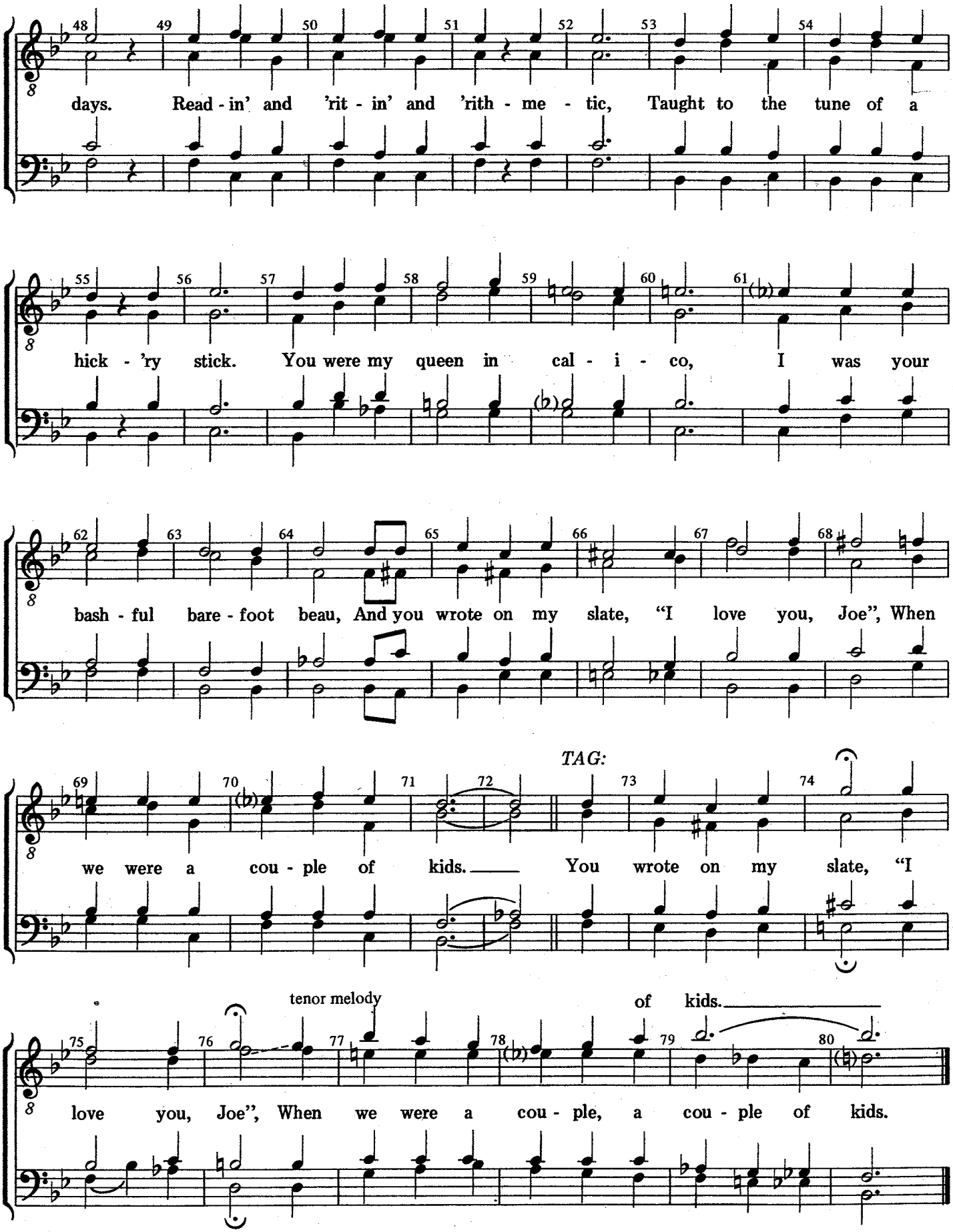

do, you say; you say; Let's take a trip on mem - o - ry's ship
Back to the by - gone days. by - gone days. Sail to the old vil - lage school -
house, An - chor out - side the school door; Look in and
see, there's you and there's me, A cou - ple of kids once more.
CHORUS:
School days, school days, Dear old gold - en rule


days. Read - in' and 'rit - in' and 'rith - me - tic, Taught to the tune of a
hick - 'ry stick. You were my queen in cal - i - co, I was your
bash - ful bare - foot beau, And you wrote on my slate, "I love you, Joe", When
TAG:
we were a cou - ple of kids. You wrote on my slate, "I
tenor melody
of kids.
love you, Joe", When we were a cou - ple, a cou - ple of kids.

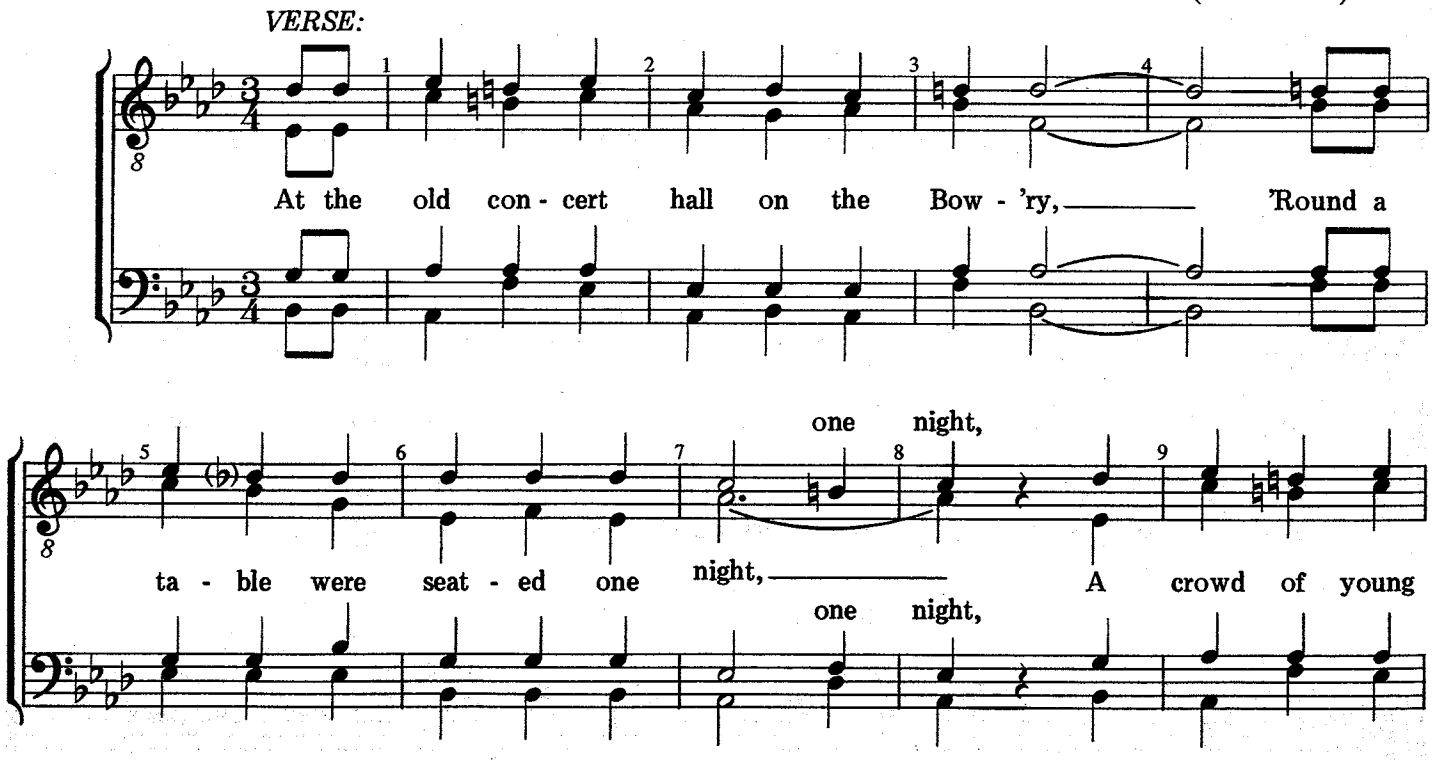
SHE IS MORE TO BE PITIED THAN CENSURED

1898

This late 19th century "pathetic" ballad contends with "She May Have Seen Better Days," "The Pardon Came Too Late," "The Picture That Is Turned Toward The Wall," and a host of others for the top tear-jerker award of the sentimental '90s. We may snicker at the lyrics of these songs today, but even so, there may be a grain or two of truth in their messages.

Little is known of William Gray except that he was a music publisher and song writer "whose compositions are sung in every civilized country on earth," or so it was claimed. Some of those songs are "Old Jim's Christmas Hymn," "Take Back The Engagement Ring" and "The Volunteer Organist."

By WILLIAM B. GRAY
(-1932)



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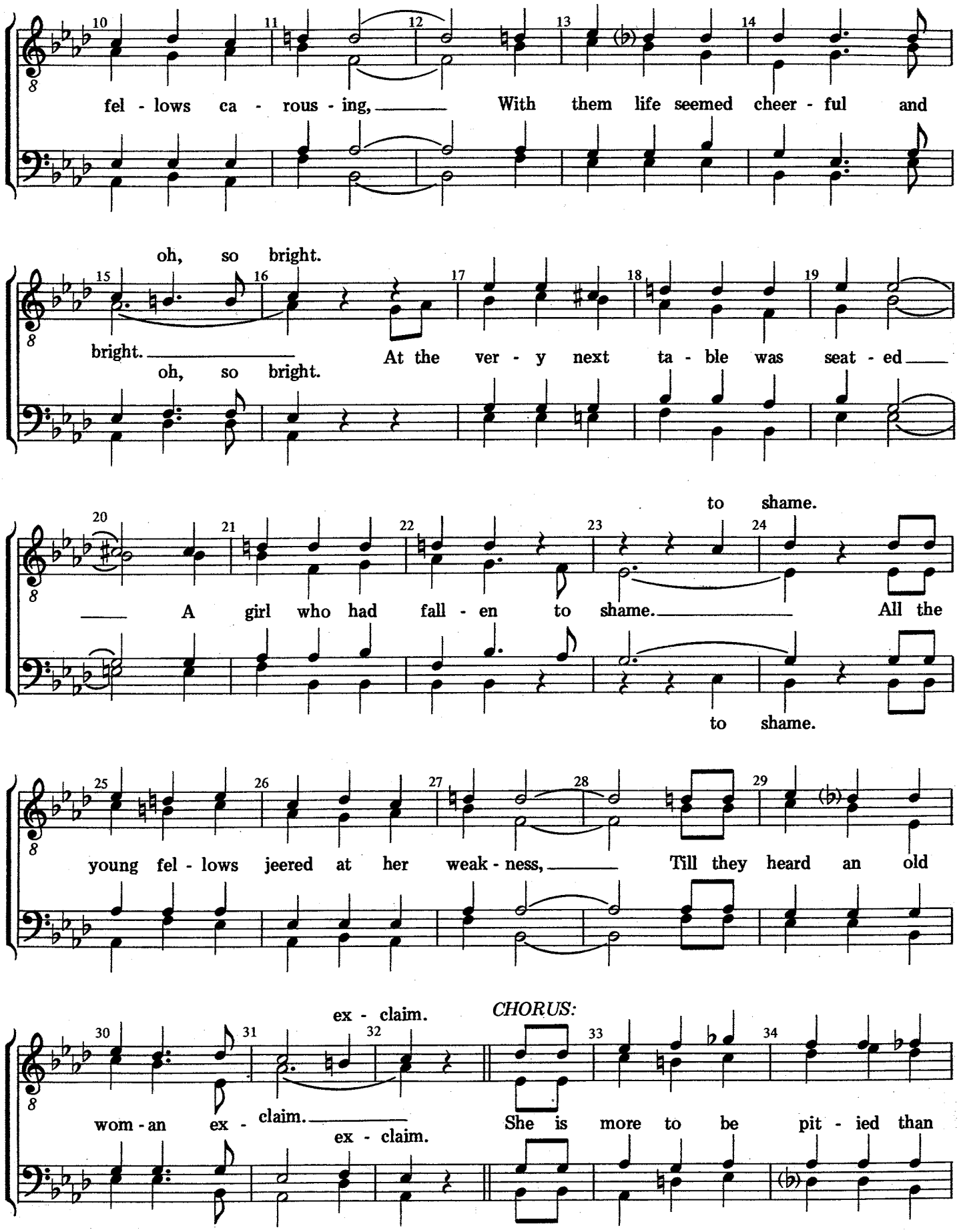
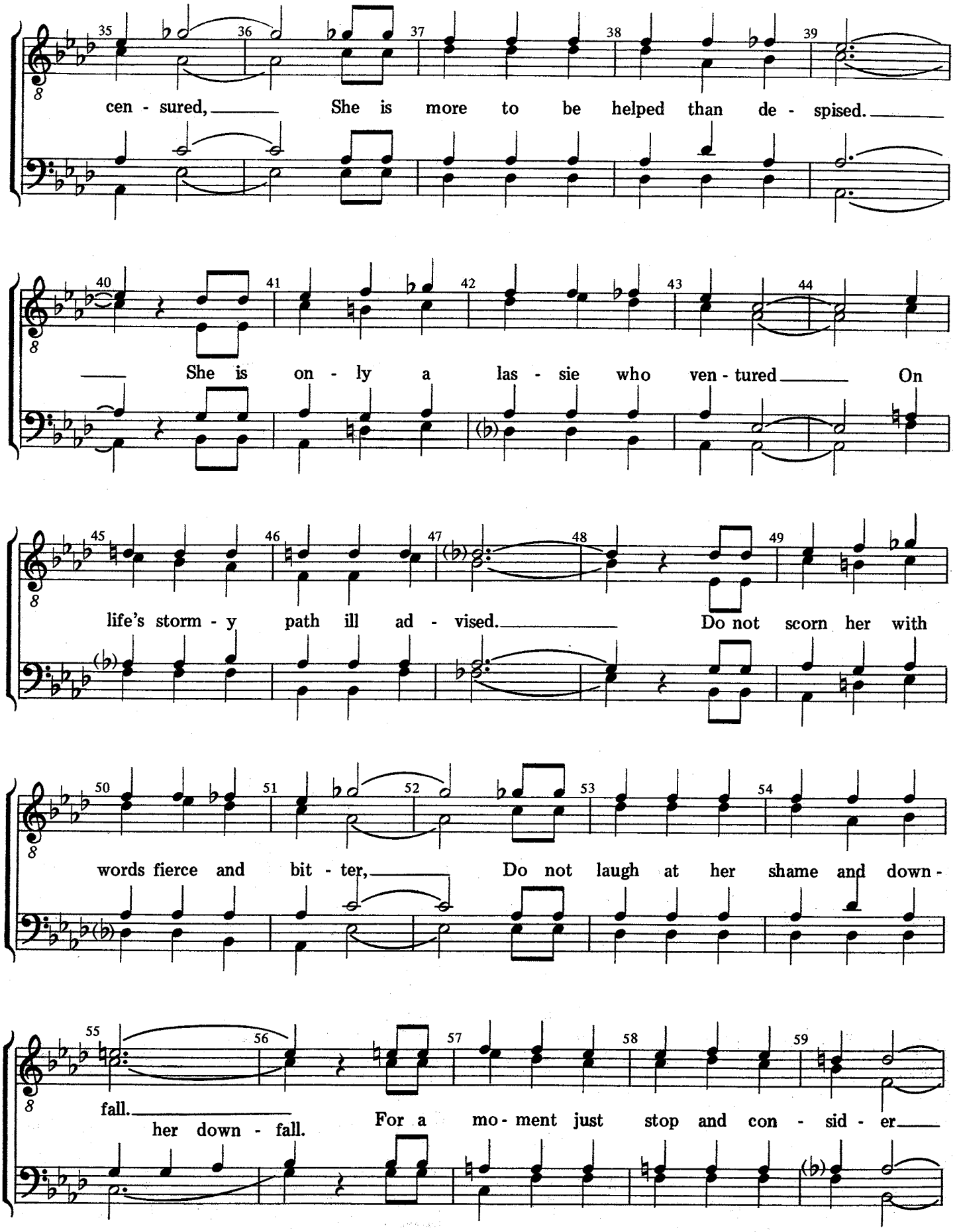
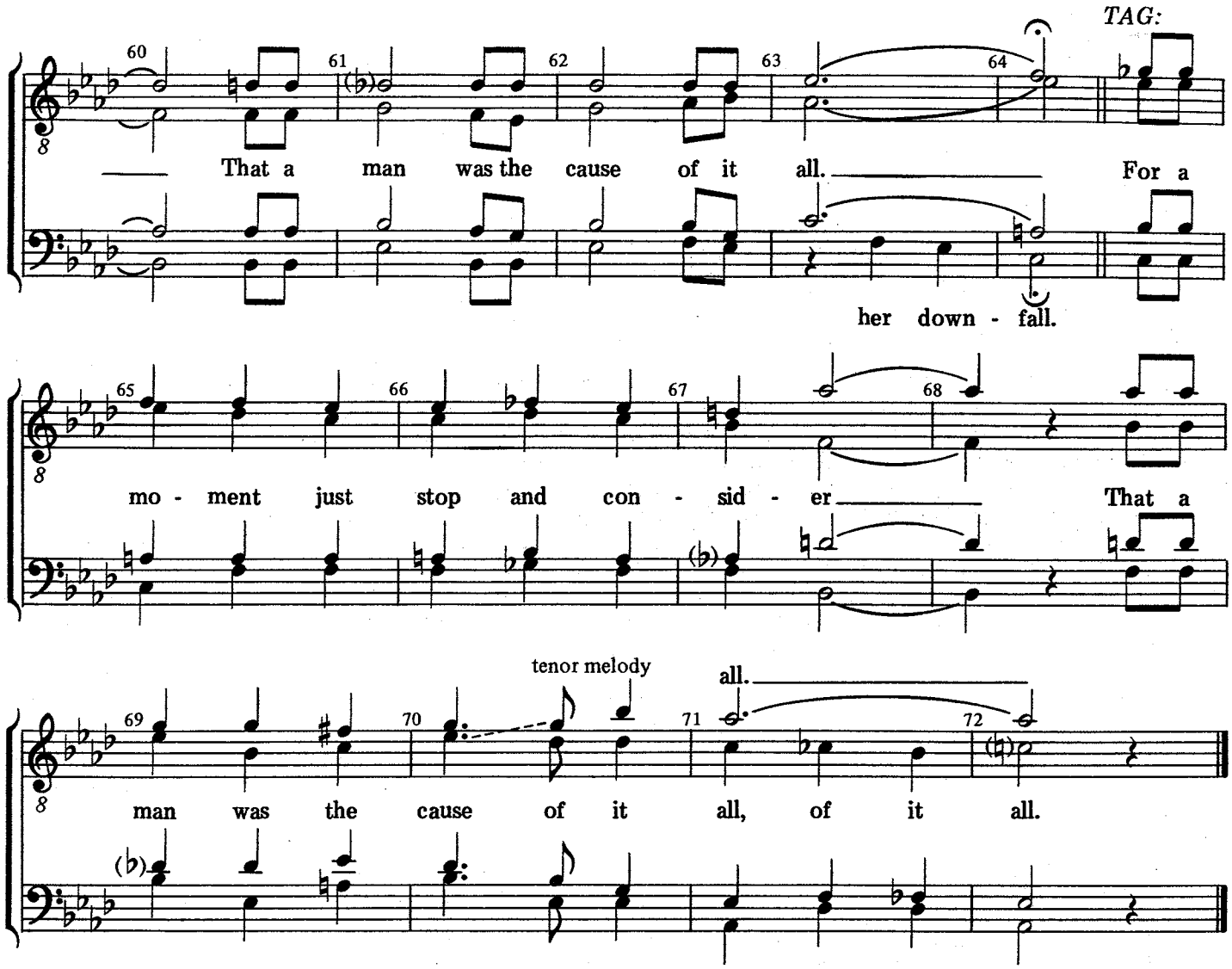

fel - lows ca - rous - ing, With them life seemed cheer - ful and
oh, so bright.
bright. oh, so bright. At the ver - y next ta - ble was seat - ed
to shame.
A girl who had fall - en to shame. All the
to shame.
young fel - lows jeered at her weak - ness, Till they heard an old
ex - claim.
CHORUS:
wom - an ex - claim. ex - claim. She is more to be pit - ied than


cen - sured, She is more to be helped than de - spised.
She is on - ly a las - sie who ven - tured On
life's storm - y path ill ad - vised. Do not scorn her with
words fierce and bit - ter, Do not laugh at her shame and down -
fall. her down - fall. For a mo - ment just stop and con - sid - er



Additional verse:

There's an old-fashioned church 'round the corner
Where the neighbors all gathered one day,
While the parson was preaching a sermon
O'er a soul that had just passed away.
'Twas this same wayward girl from the Bow'ry
Who a life of adventure had led;
Did the clergyman jeer at her downfall?
No, he asked for God's mercy and said:

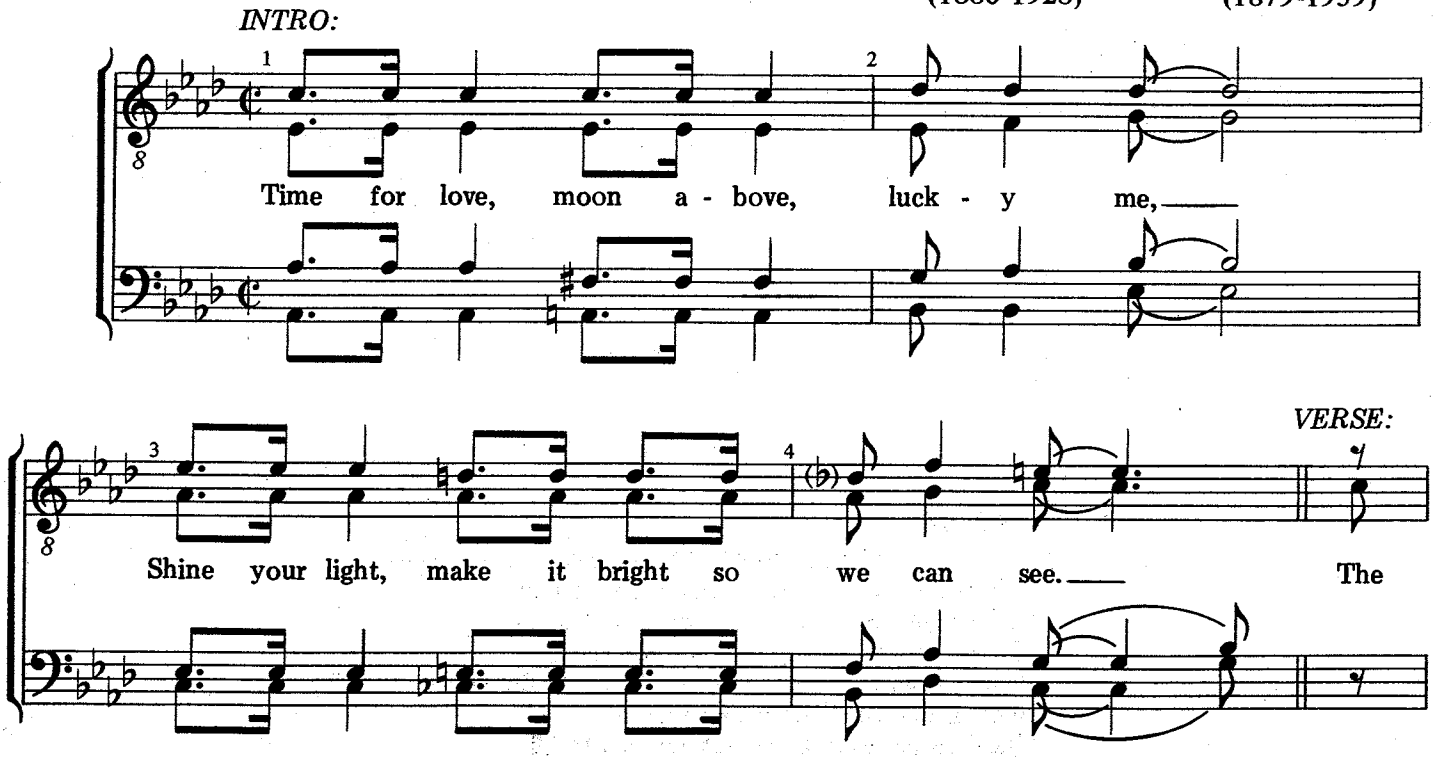
SHINE ON, HARVEST MOON

1908

Jack Norworth and Nora Bayes were one of the most successful husband and wife teams in the history of show business. As a teenager, Nora started her career as a chorus girl at the old Chicago Opera House. Later she was to appear in all the major theaters on Broadway and in London. When she joined the Zeigfeld Follies in 1907, she was already a star performer and remained so until her death. She made numerous phonograph recordings between 1910 and 1922, some with her husband. Jack Norworth was a blackface comedian in minstrel shows and an early vaudeville entertainer. With his wife, Nora, he appeared in many Broadway shows, including the Zeigfeld Follies of 1908 and 1909. He wrote lyrics for several composers, including Albert Von Tilzer.

Here is another of those happy pairings of words and melody which makes for easy harmonizing. The verse is not as well-known as the chorus, but with its contrasting minor key, perfectly prepares the way for the high-spirited chorus.

By NORA BAYES and JACK NORWORTH
(1880-1928) (1879-1959)



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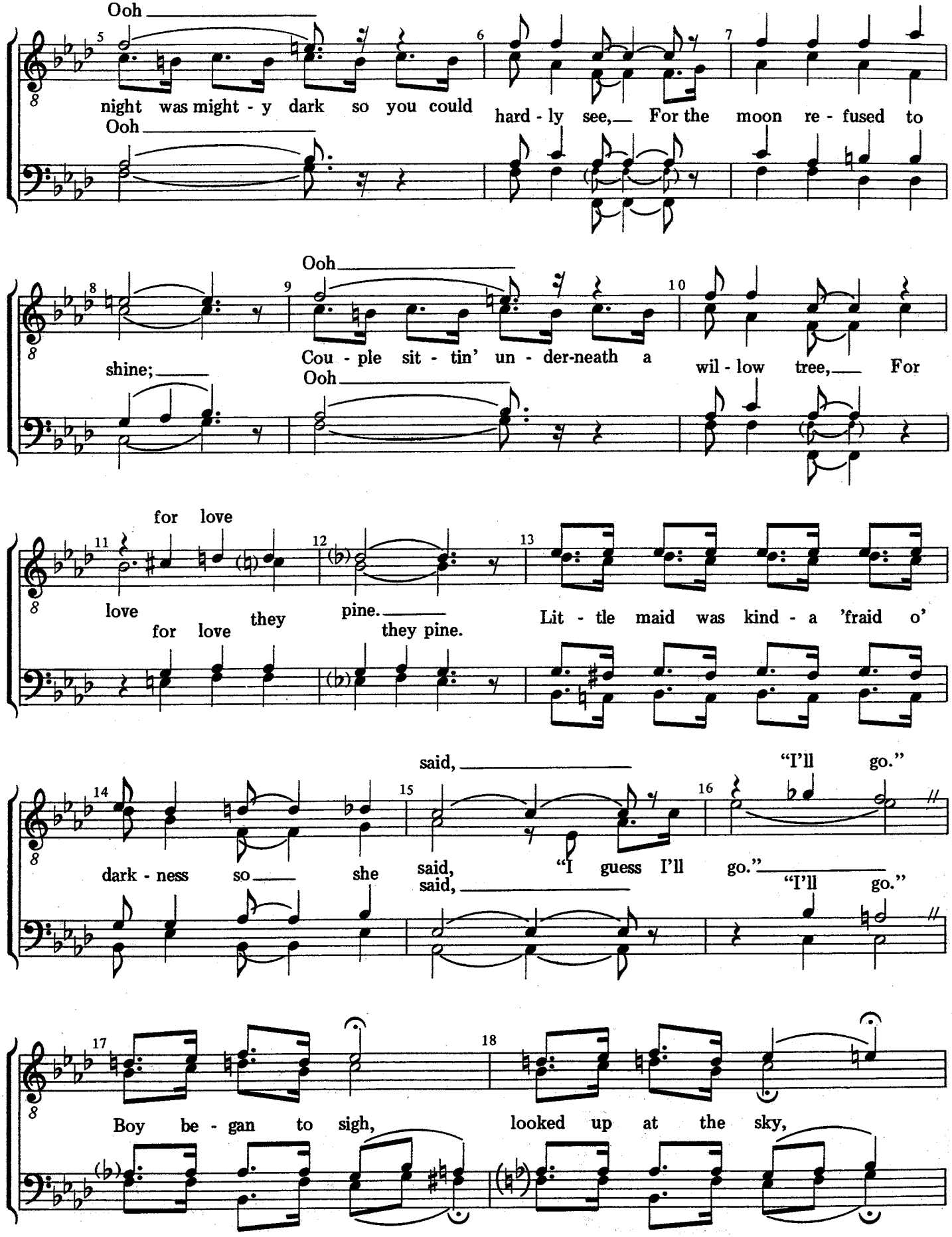
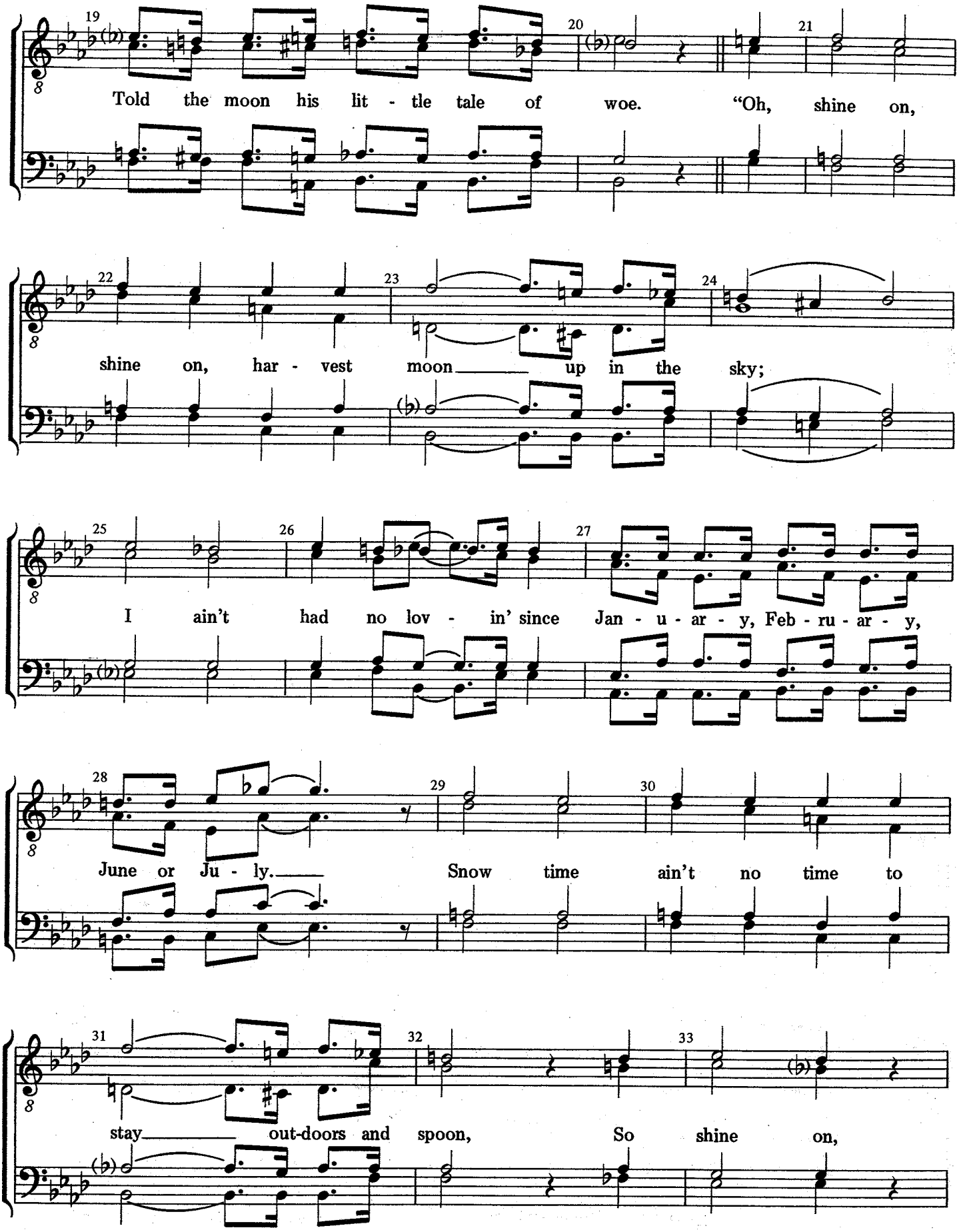
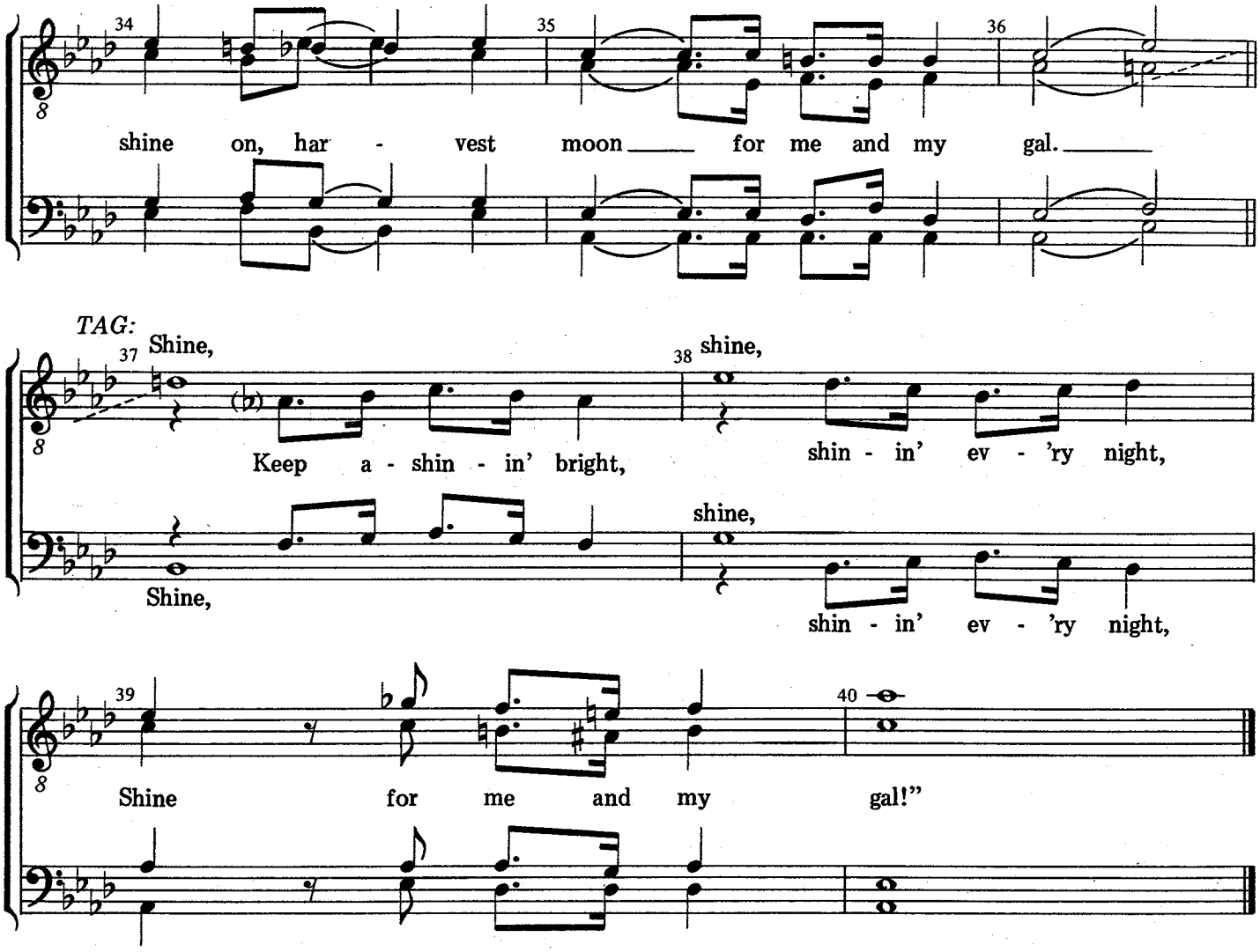

Ooh
night was might - y dark so you could
hard - ly see, For the moon re - fused to
Ooh
Ooh
Cou - ple sit - tin' un - der-neath a
shine;
wil - low tree, For
Ooh
for love
love
for love they pine.
they pine.
Lit - tle maid was kind - a 'fraid o'
said, "I'll go."
dark - ness so she said, "I guess I'll go."
said, "I'll go."
Boy be - gan to sigh, looked up at the sky,

CHORUS:


19
20
21
Told the moon his lit - tle tale of woe. "Oh, shine on,
22
23
24
shine on, har - vest moon up in the sky;
25
26
27
I ain't had no lov - in' since Jan - u - ar - y, Feb - ru - ar - y,
28
29
30
June or Ju - ly. Snow time ain't no time to
31
32
33
stay out-doors and spoon, So shine on,



Additional verse:

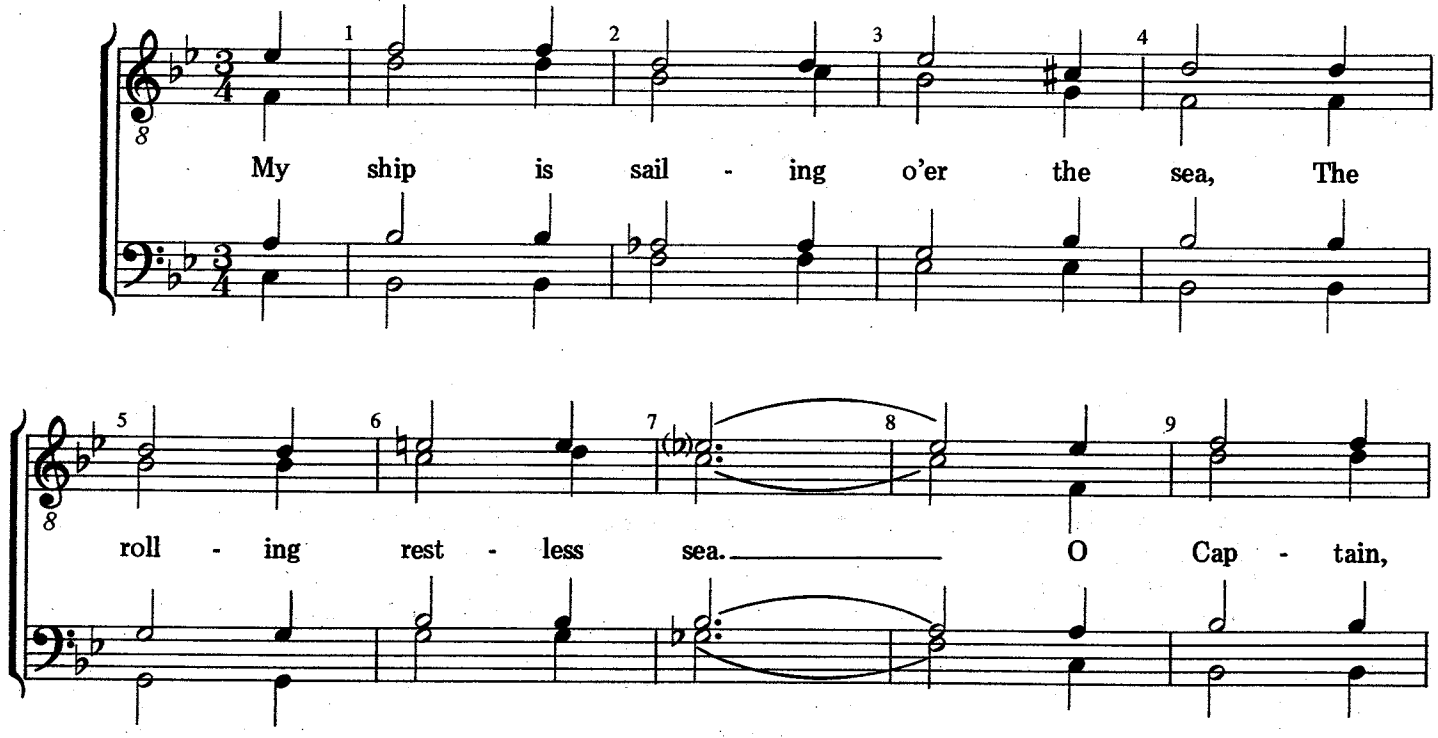
I can't see why a boy should sigh when by his side is the girl he loves so true;
All he has to say is, "Won't you be my bride? For I love you.
Why should I be tellin' you this secret when I know that you can guess?"
Harvest moon will smile, shine on all the while, if the little girl should answer, "Yes."

SHINE ON ME

None of the publications of this old hymn identify a composer of either words or melody. Whether it originated as a Southern spiritual, or is of folk origin, it certainly is one of the mainstays of the barbershop singer's repertoire.

VERSE:

Traditional



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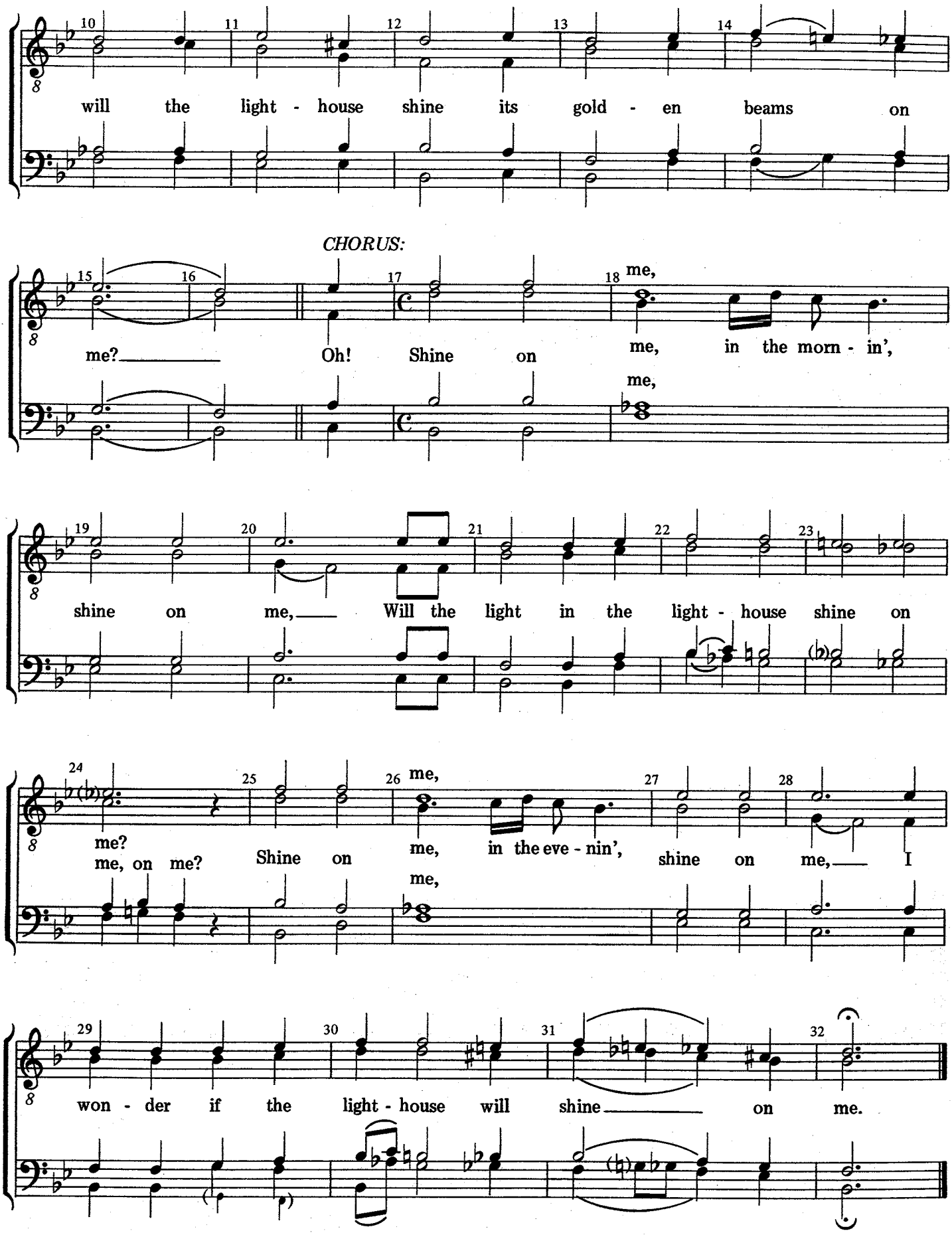

will the light - house shine its gold - en beams on
CHORUS:
me?
Oh! Shine on me, in the morn - in',
me,
shine on me, Will the light in the light - house shine on
me?
me, on me?
Shine on me, in the eve - nin', shine on me, I
won - der if the light - house will shine on me.

THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

1894

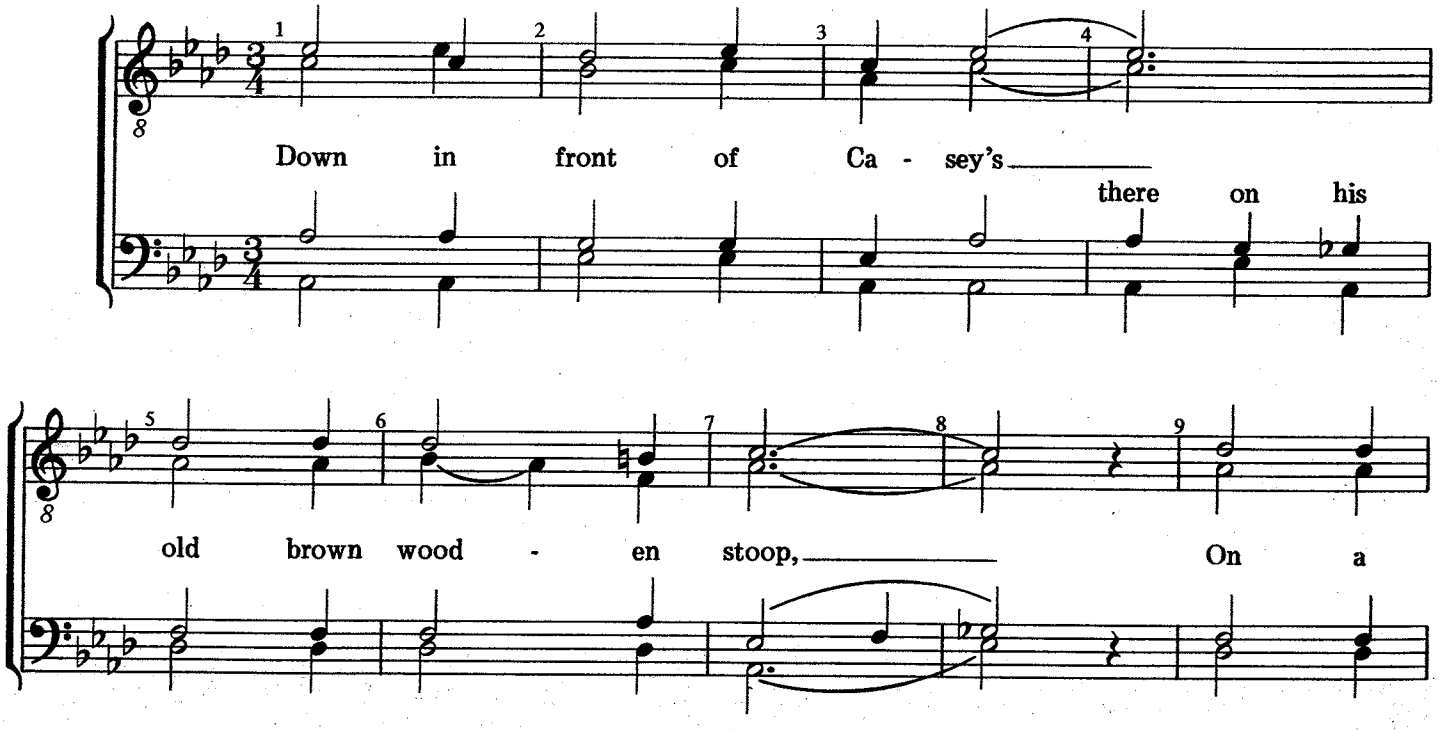
Charles Lawlor, from Dublin, Ireland, was a vaudeville singer in New York when he asked his friend, native New Yorker, hat salesman, and part-time lyricist James Blake, to write some words for a melody he had composed. He asked for "something about New York." The result was what is perhaps the best known song about the city. Other songs about the famous city are "The Bowery," "In Old New York" and "The Streets Of New York," but none of these was as successful as "The Sidewalks Of New York."

The lyric of the song gives a brief glimpse into the everyday life of the big city in 1894 and remains as popular today as it was when it was composed almost 100 years ago.

Words by JAMES W. BLAKE
(1862-1935)

Music by CHARLES B. LAWLOR
(1852-1925)

VERSE:



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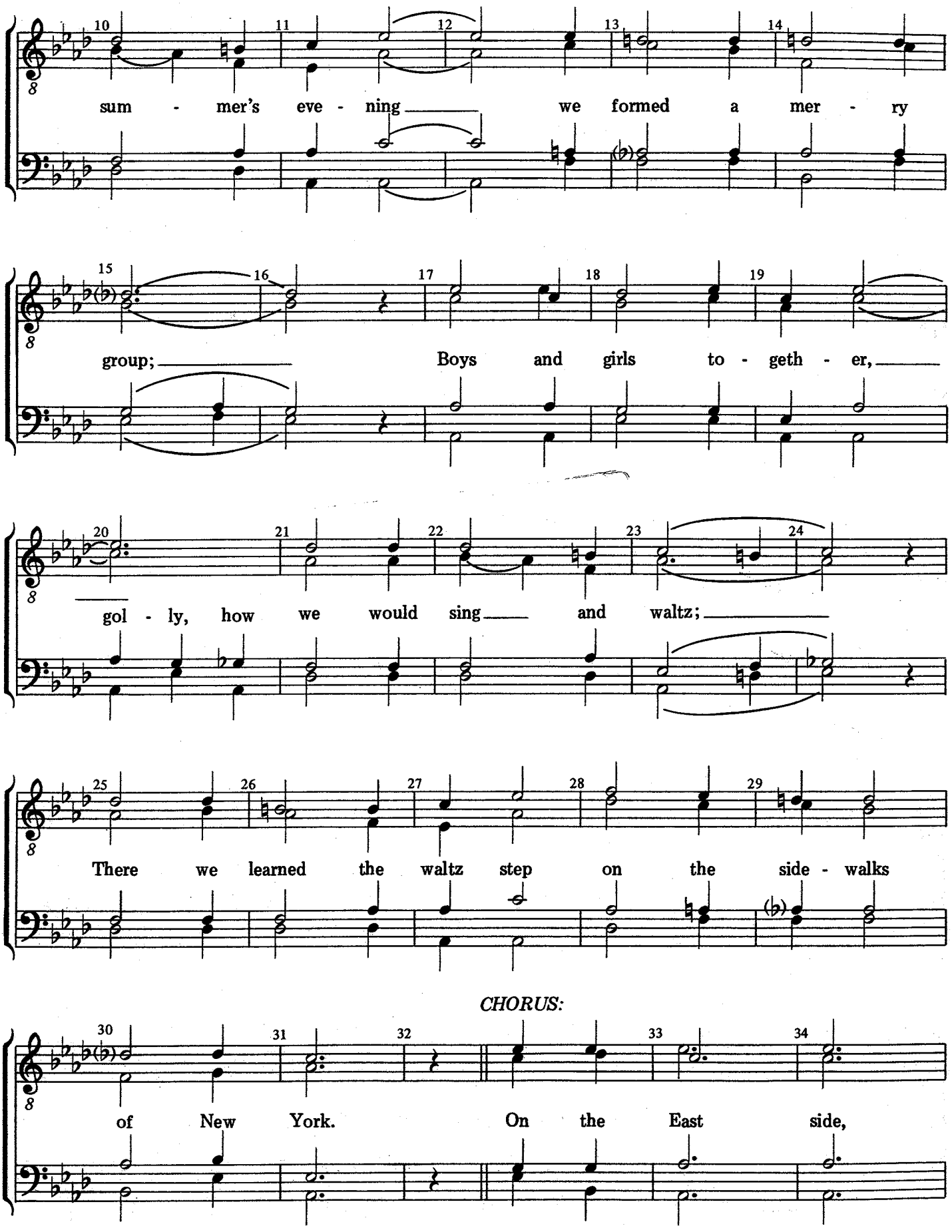
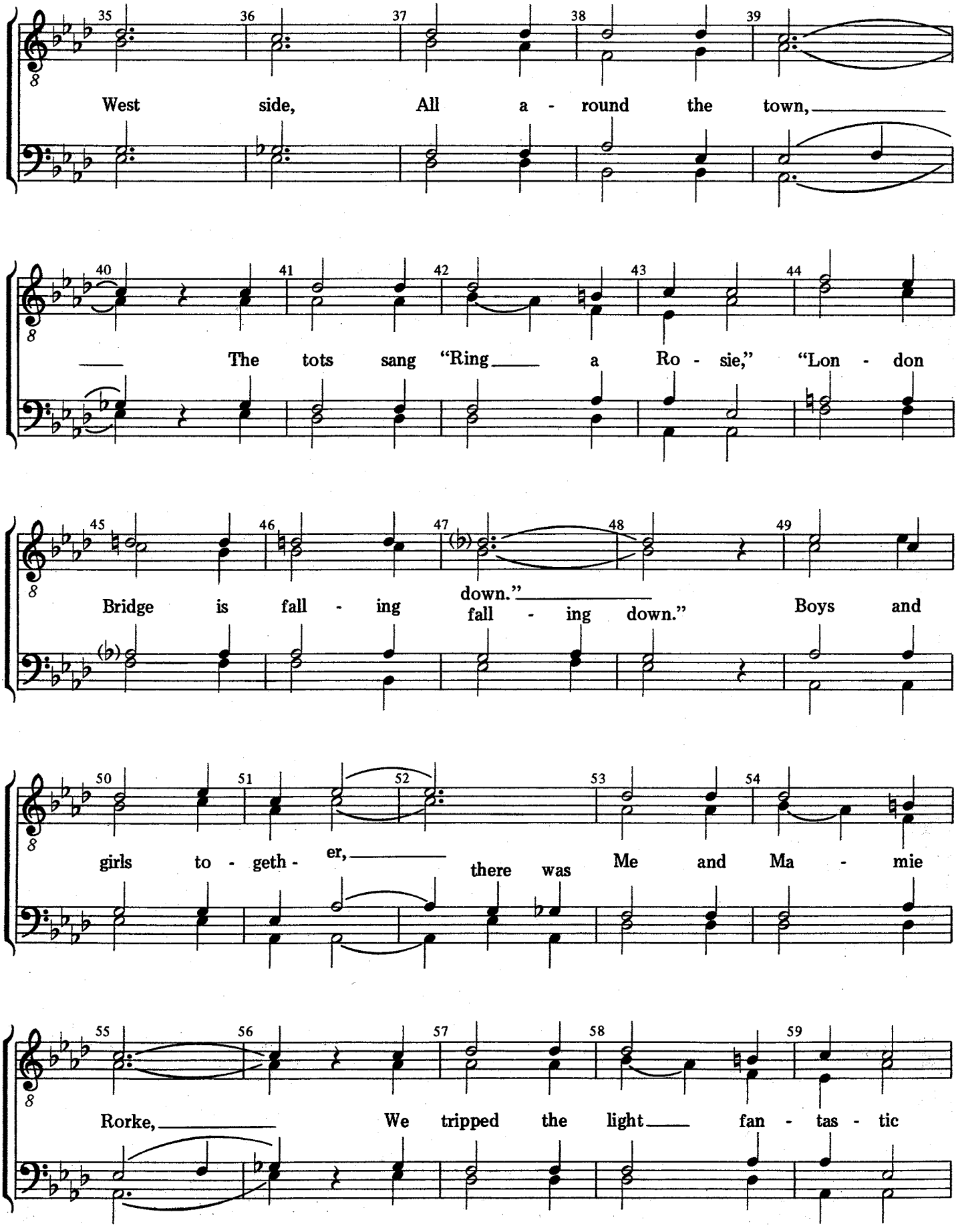
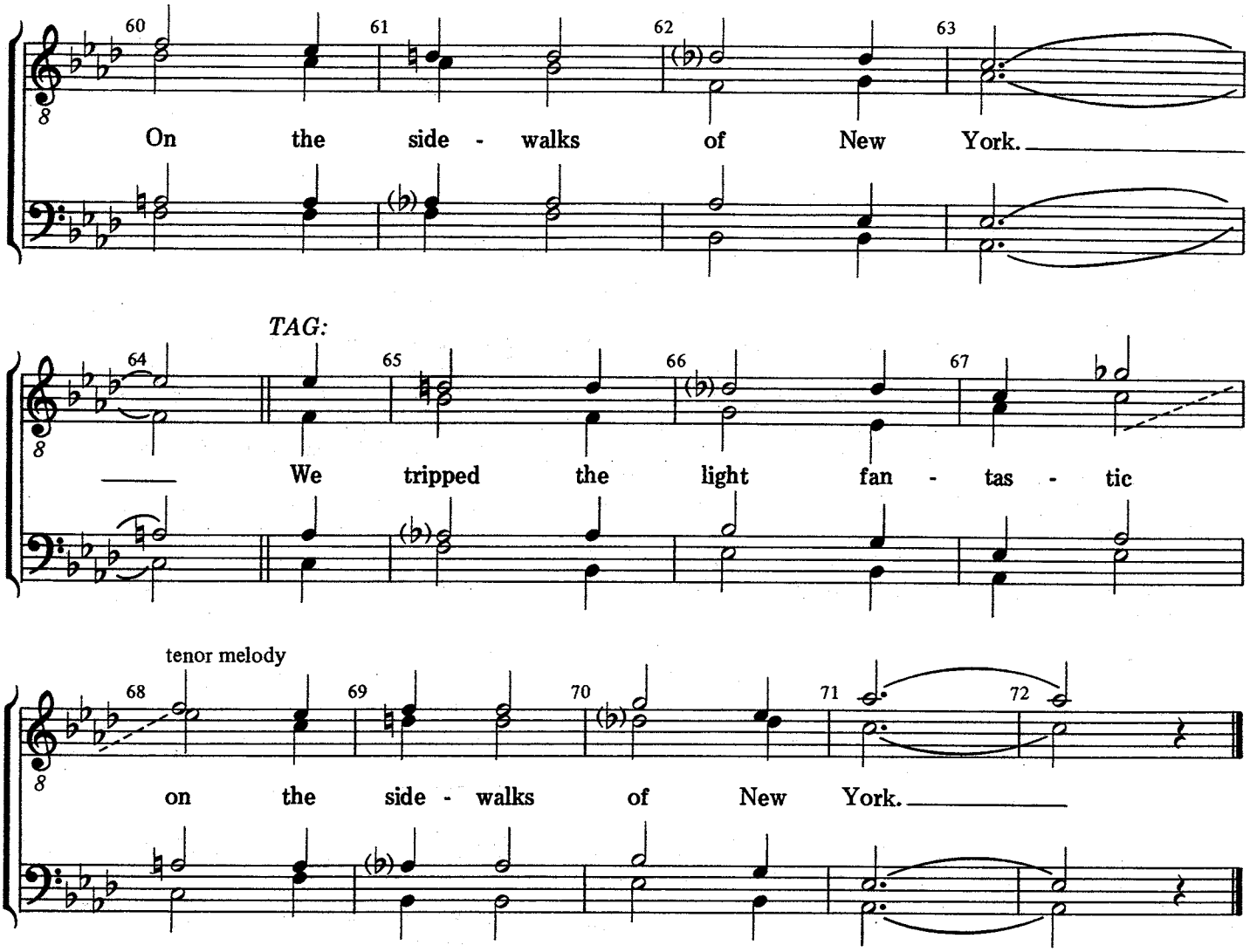

sum - mer's eve - ning we formed a mer - ry
group; Boys and girls to - geth - er,
gol - ly, how we would sing and waltz;
There we learned the waltz step on the side - walks
CHORUS:
of New York. On the East side,


35 36 37 38 39
West side, All a - round the town,
40 41 42 43 44
The tots sang "Ring a Ro - sie," "Lon - don
45 46 47 48 49
Bridge is fall - ing down." fall - ing down." Boys and
50 51 52 53 54
girls to - geth - er, there was Me and Ma - mie
55 56 57 58 59
Rorke, We tripped the light fan - tas - tic



Additional verses:

That's where Johnny Casey and little Jimmy Crowe,
With Jakey Krause, the baker, who always had the dough,
Pretty Nelly Shannon, with a dude as light as cork,
First picked up the waltz step on the sidewalks of New York.

Things have changed since those times, some are up in "G,"
Others they are wanderers, but they all feel just like me.
They would part with all they've got could they but once more walk
With their best girl and have a twirl on the sidewalks of New York.

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

1873

Hart Pease Danks of New Haven, Connecticut was already an experienced composer of sacred songs, singer and conductor, when he spotted a poem in a Wisconsin farm journal edited by Eben Rexford, an authority on gardening and floriculture. Rexford was in the habit of writing poems as space fillers in his magazine. He sold a group of poems to Danks, and one of them was "Silver Threads Among The Gold." The rest, as they say, is history. The song sold over two million copies in the 19th century alone and perhaps more in this century.

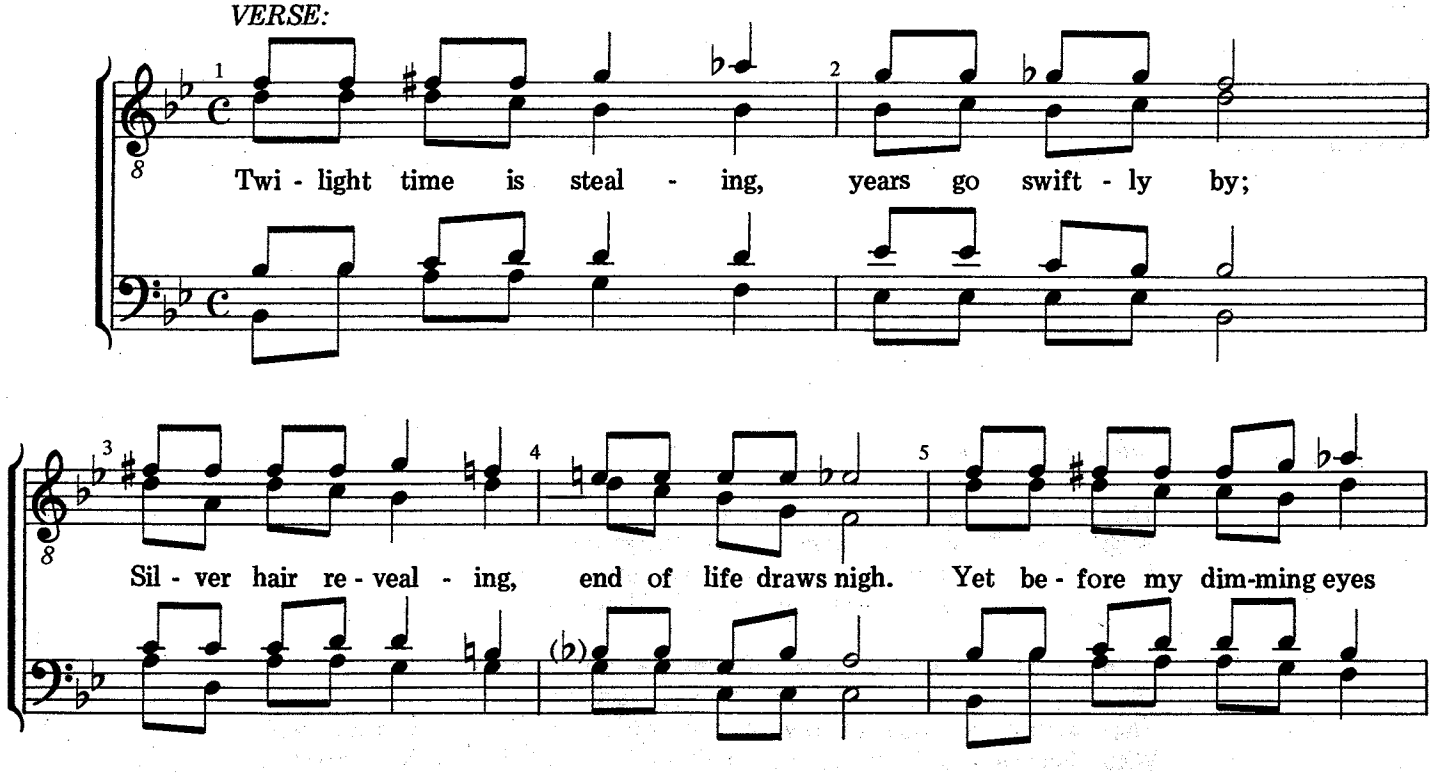
Joe Liles, a Texan, a barbershop singer and writer of songs in several styles, felt that such a beautiful chorus needed an appropriate verse. He composed both words and music.

Danks composed over 1,200 songs but died alone and in poverty in Philadelphia. He and Rexford are remembered today only by this song. Joe Liles lives in Kenosha, Wisconsin and is an active member of SPEBSQSA, Inc.

Words by EBEN E. REXFORD and JOE LILES
(1846-1916) (1930-)

Music by H. P. DANKS and JOE LILES
(1834-1903) (1930-)

VERSE:



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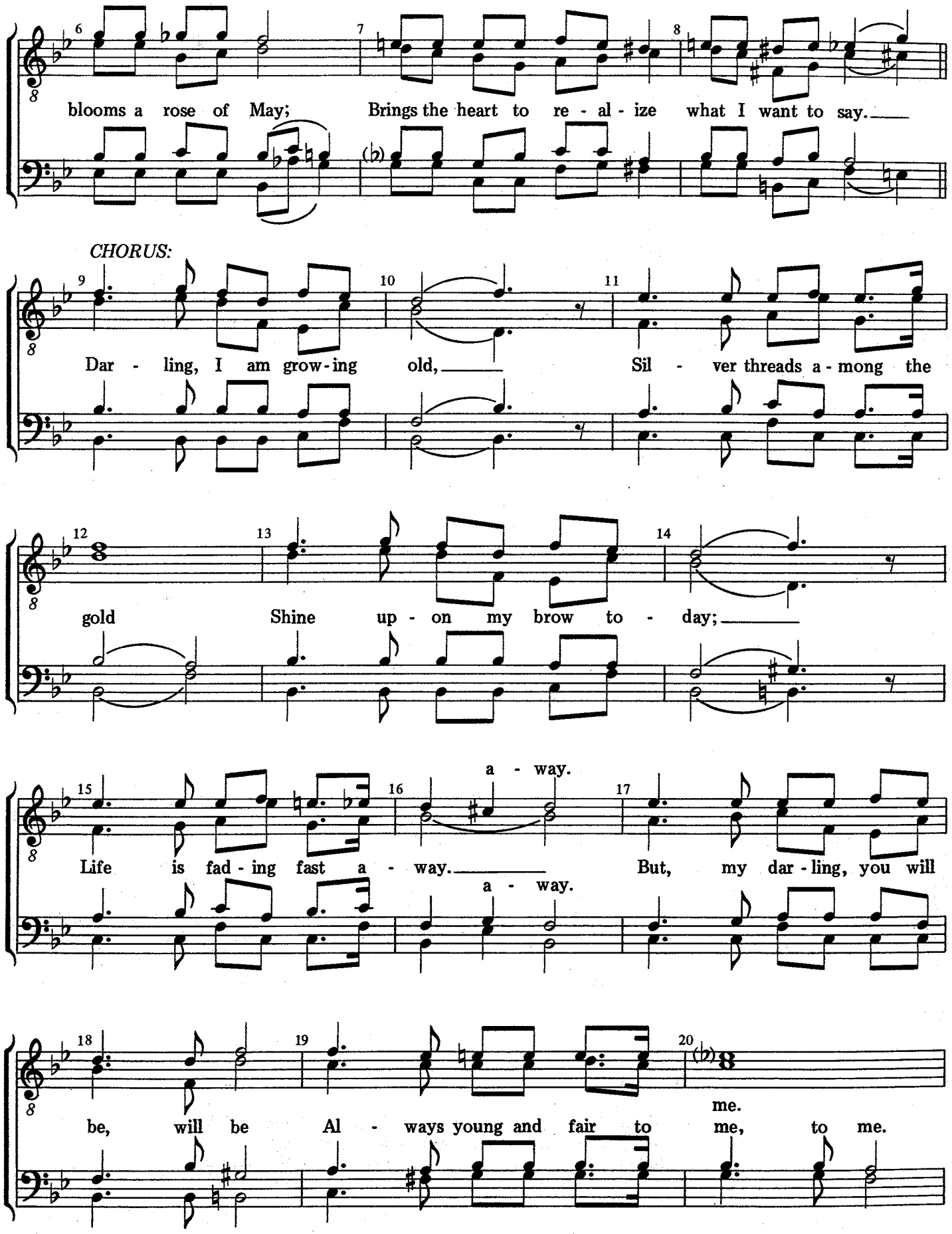
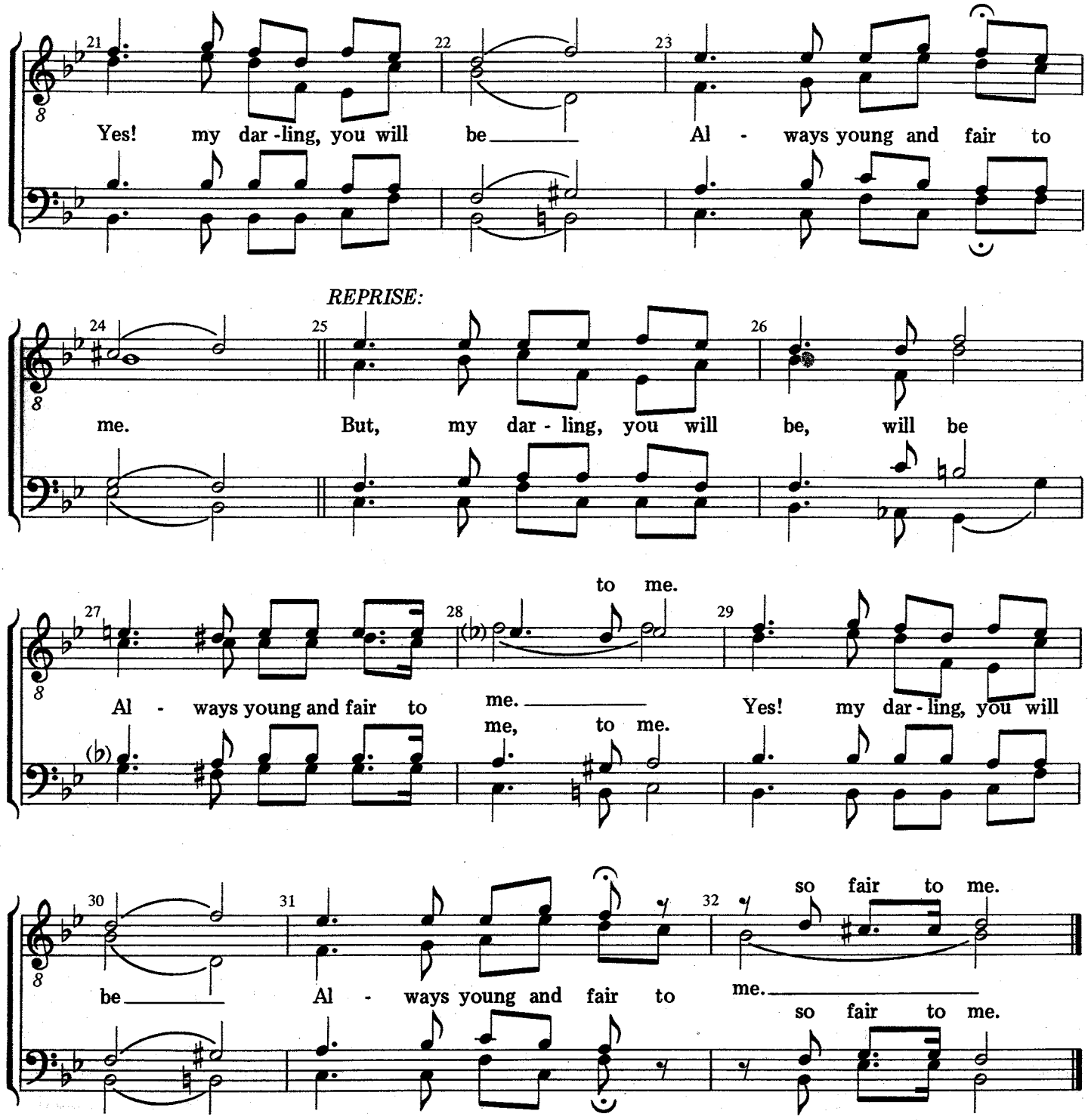

blooms a rose of May; Brings the heart to re - al - ize what I want to say.
CHORUS:
Dar - ling, I am grow-ing old, Sil - ver threads a - mong the
gold Shine up - on my brow to - day;
a - way.
Life is fad - ing fast a - way. But, my dar - ling, you will
a - way.
be, will be Al - ways young and fair to me, to me.
me.



Additional chorus:

When your hair is silver white and your cheeks no longer bright
With the roses of the May, I will kiss your lips and say:
Oh! My darling, mine alone, alone, you have never older grown;
Yes! My darling, mine alone, you have never older grown.

THE STORY OF THE ROSE

(HEART OF MY HEART)

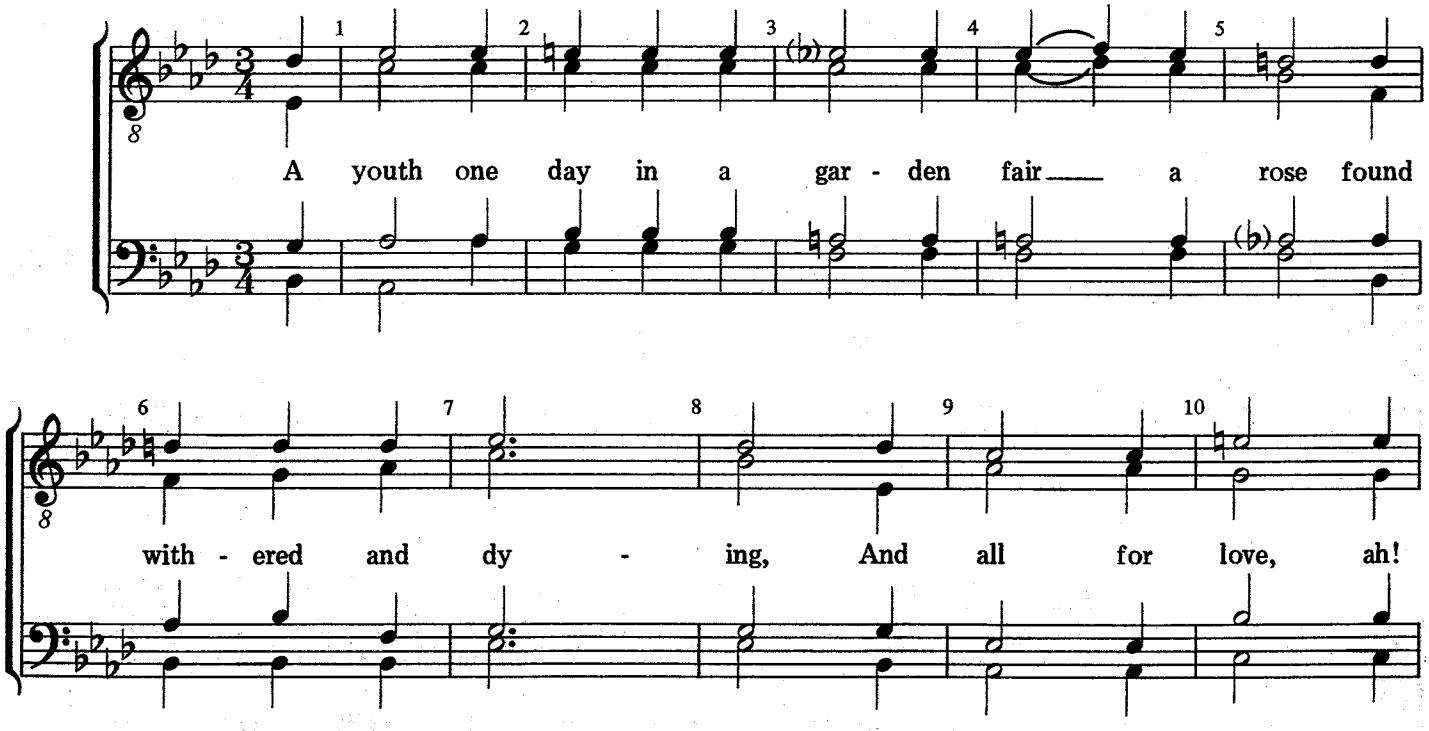
1899

The true identity of "Alice" remains a mystery, and little more is known about the composer, Andrew Mack, except that he was an Irish tenor and actor in New York City. The chorus of the song, also known as "Heart Of My Heart," is practically an anthem for barbershop singers. Our version includes the seldom heard verses, which tell the pretty love story in metaphorical terms, a lyric device which enjoyed some favor in the 1890s and early 1900s. The song was immortalized in 1926 by one of the few songs that contains a song title within its title, "The Gang That Sang 'Heart Of My Heart' ," another favorite among four-part harmonizers.

Words by "ALICE"
(-)

Music by ANDREW MACK
(1863-1931)

VERSE 1:



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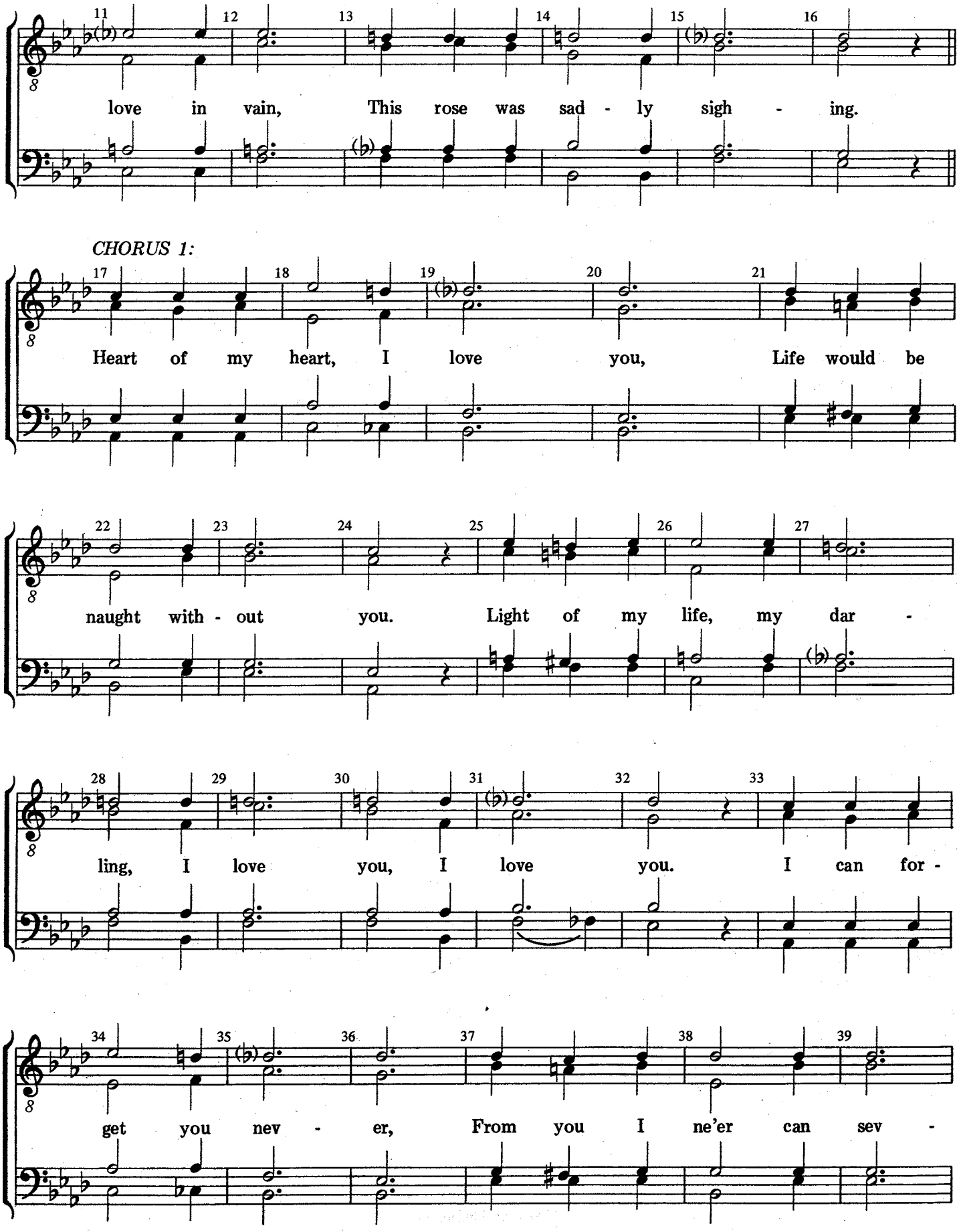
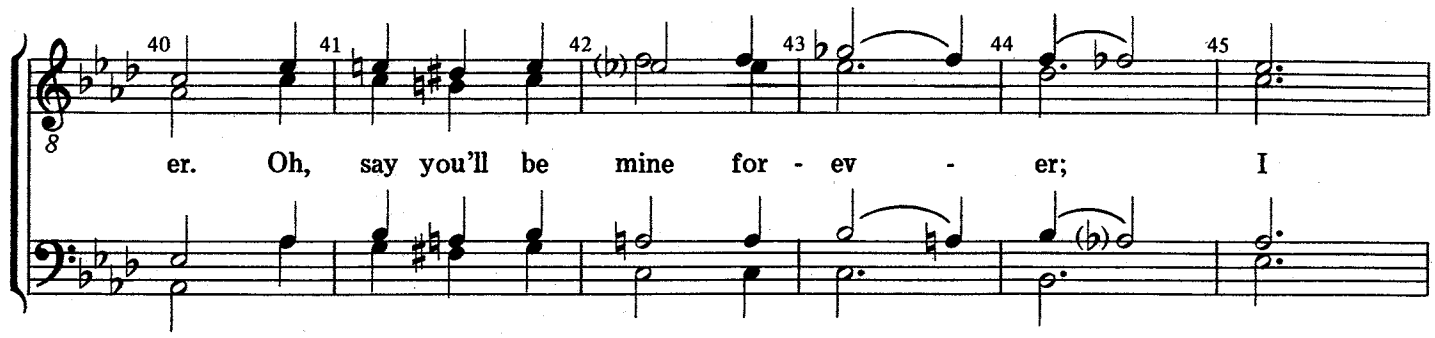
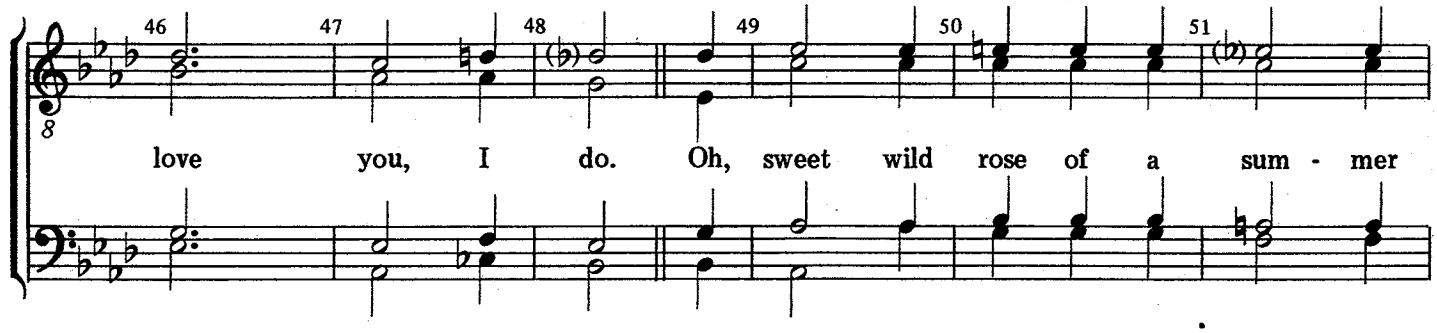
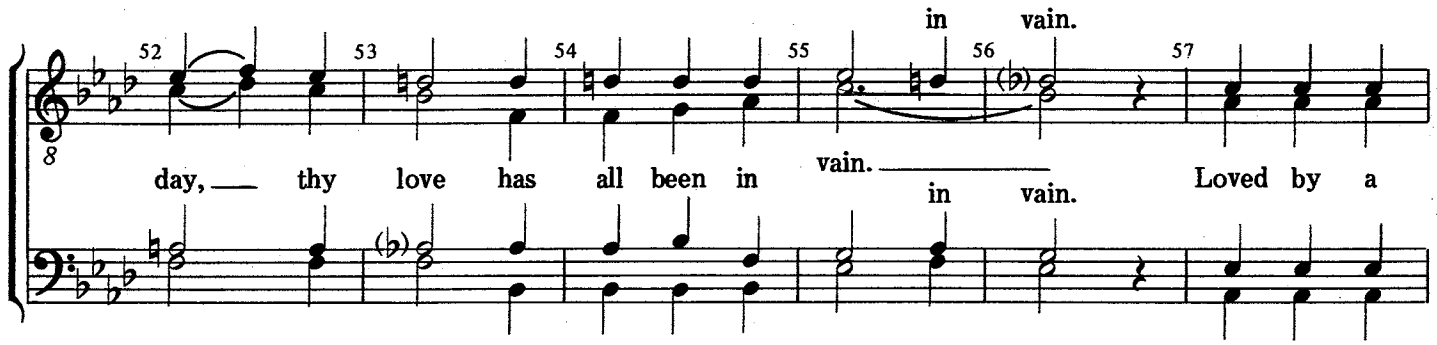
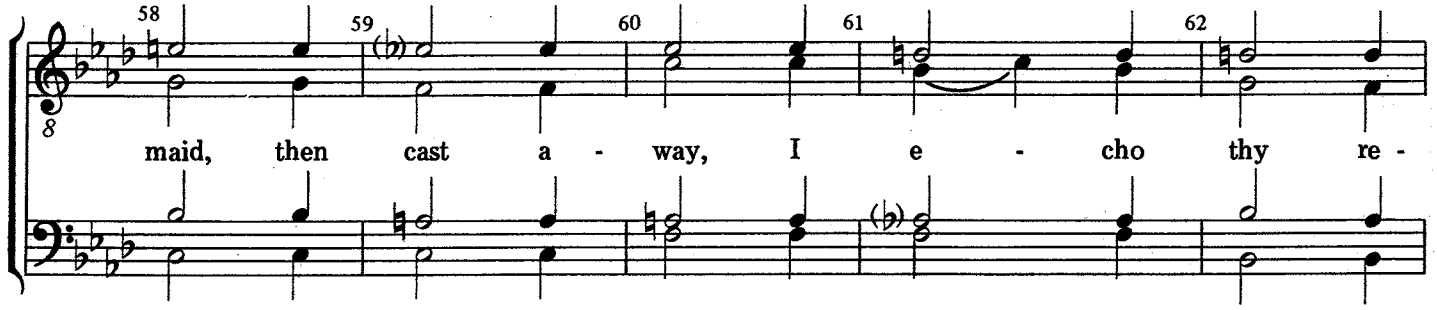

11 12 13 14 15 16
love in vain, This rose was sad - ly sigh - ing.
CHORUS 1:
17 18 19 20 21
Heart of my heart, I love you, Life would be
22 23 24 25 26 27
naught with - out you. Light of my life, my dar -
28 29 30 31 32 33
ling, I love you, I love you. I can for -
34 35 36 37 38 39
get you nev - er, From you I ne'er can sev -



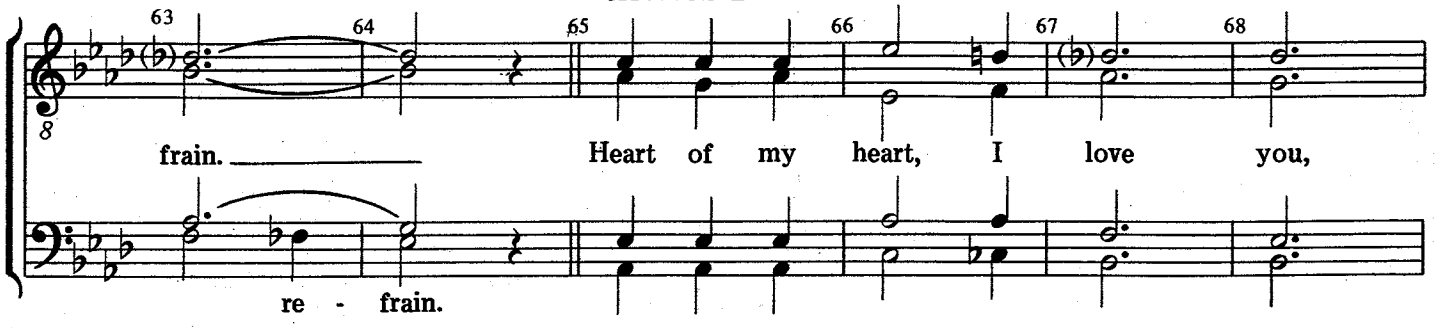
VERSE 2:

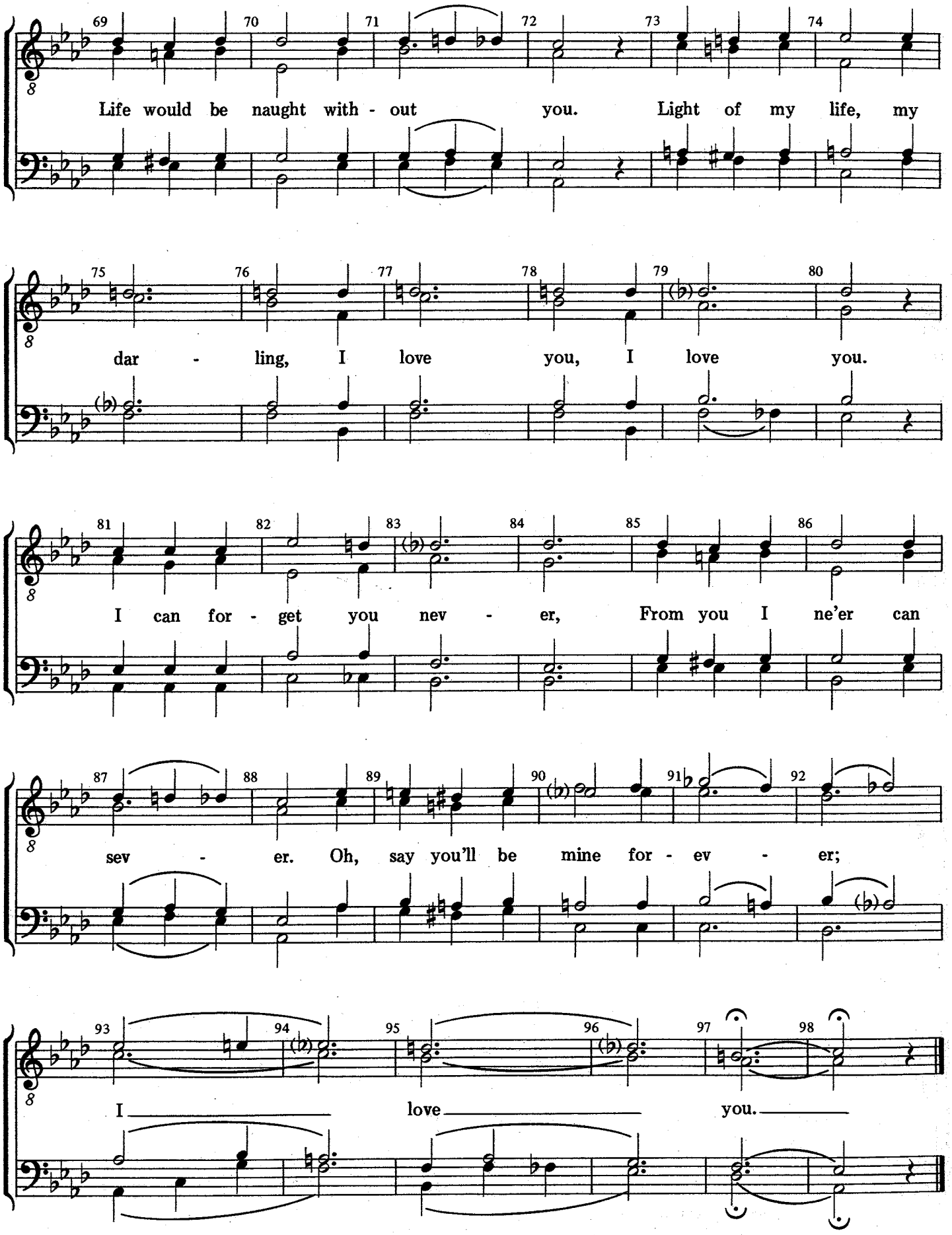






CHORUS 2:




69 70 71 72 73 74
Life would be naught with - out you. Light of my life, my
75 76 77 78 79 80
dar - ling, I love you, I love you.
81 82 83 84 85 86
I can for - get you nev - er, From you I ne'er can
87 88 89 90 91 92
sev - er. Oh, say you'll be mine for - ev - er;
93 94 95 96 97 98
I love you.

SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY

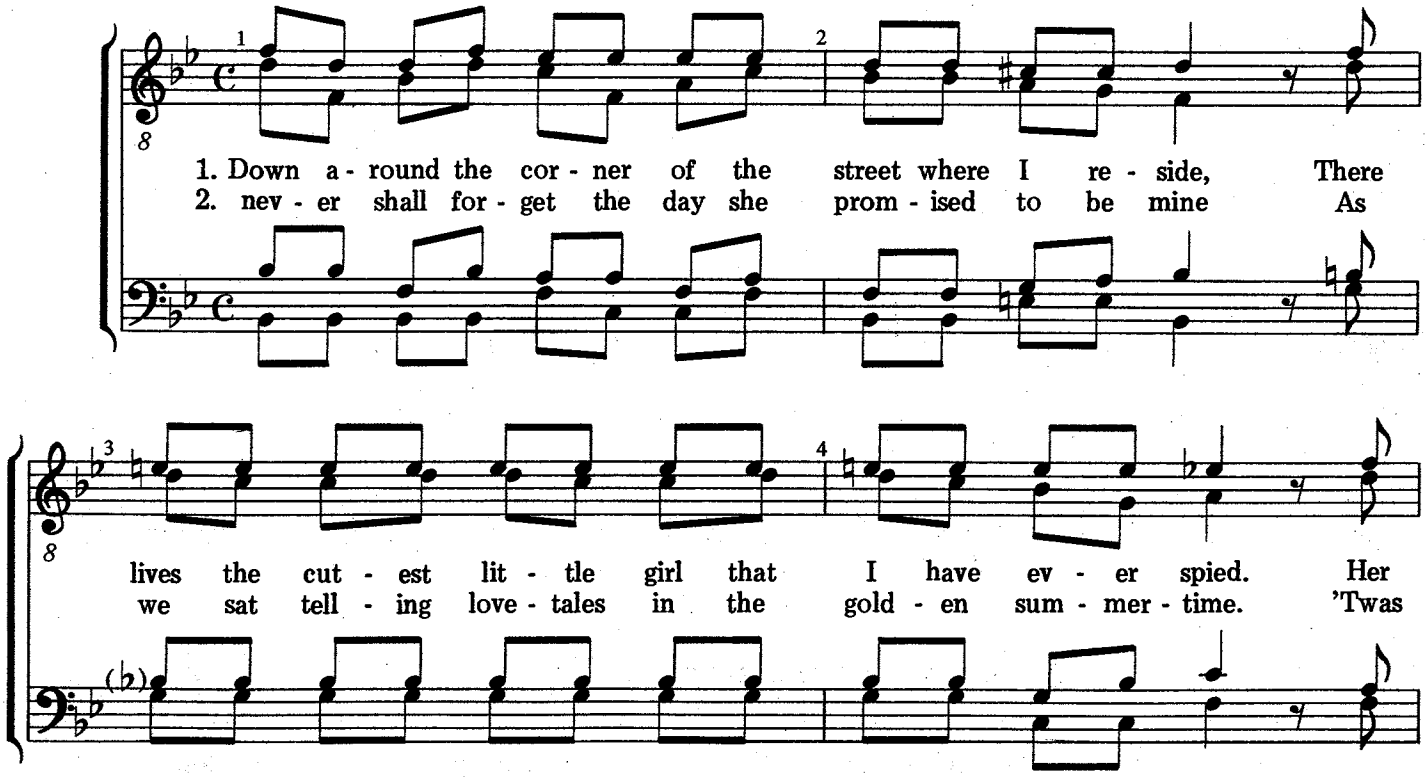
1896

Maude Nugent was born in Brooklyn and was an actress, singer and dancer in New York when she composed "Sweet Rosie O'Grady." She was unable to find a publisher for it or anyone to sing it, so she herself introduced it from the stage of the theater where she was performing. It was a hit, of course, and she sold the song outright to a major publisher for a few hundred dollars. Naturally, the publisher made a fortune on the song. Incidentally, Maude Nugent became the wife of William "Billy" Jerome, one of the most successful songwriters of the time.

The success of "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" has been attributed to its folk-like qualities of simplicity and naturalness. It was only one of many songs such as "Little Annie Rooney" and "Daisy Bell," titled after women's names.

By MAUDE NUGENT
(1877-1958)

VERSE: freely



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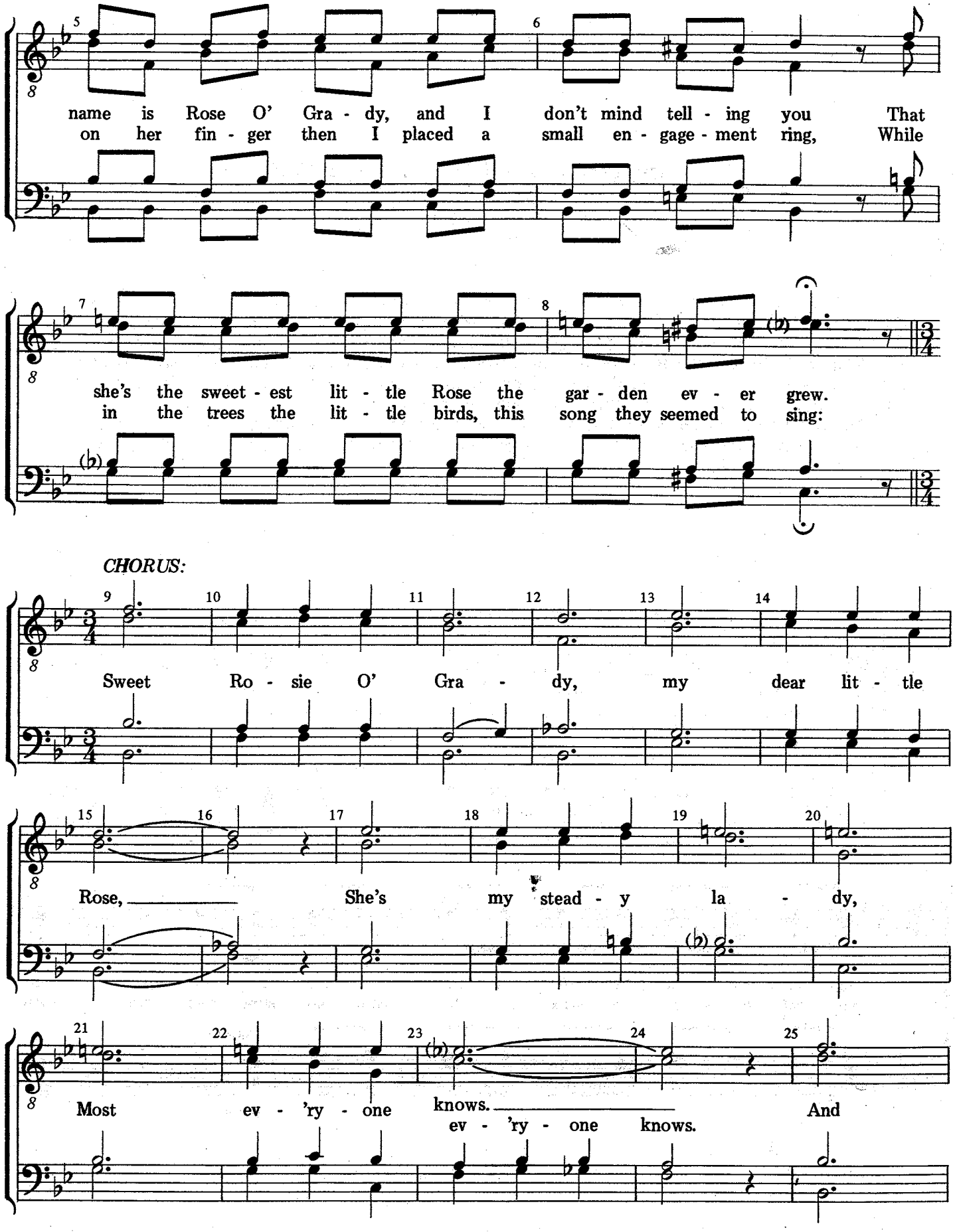
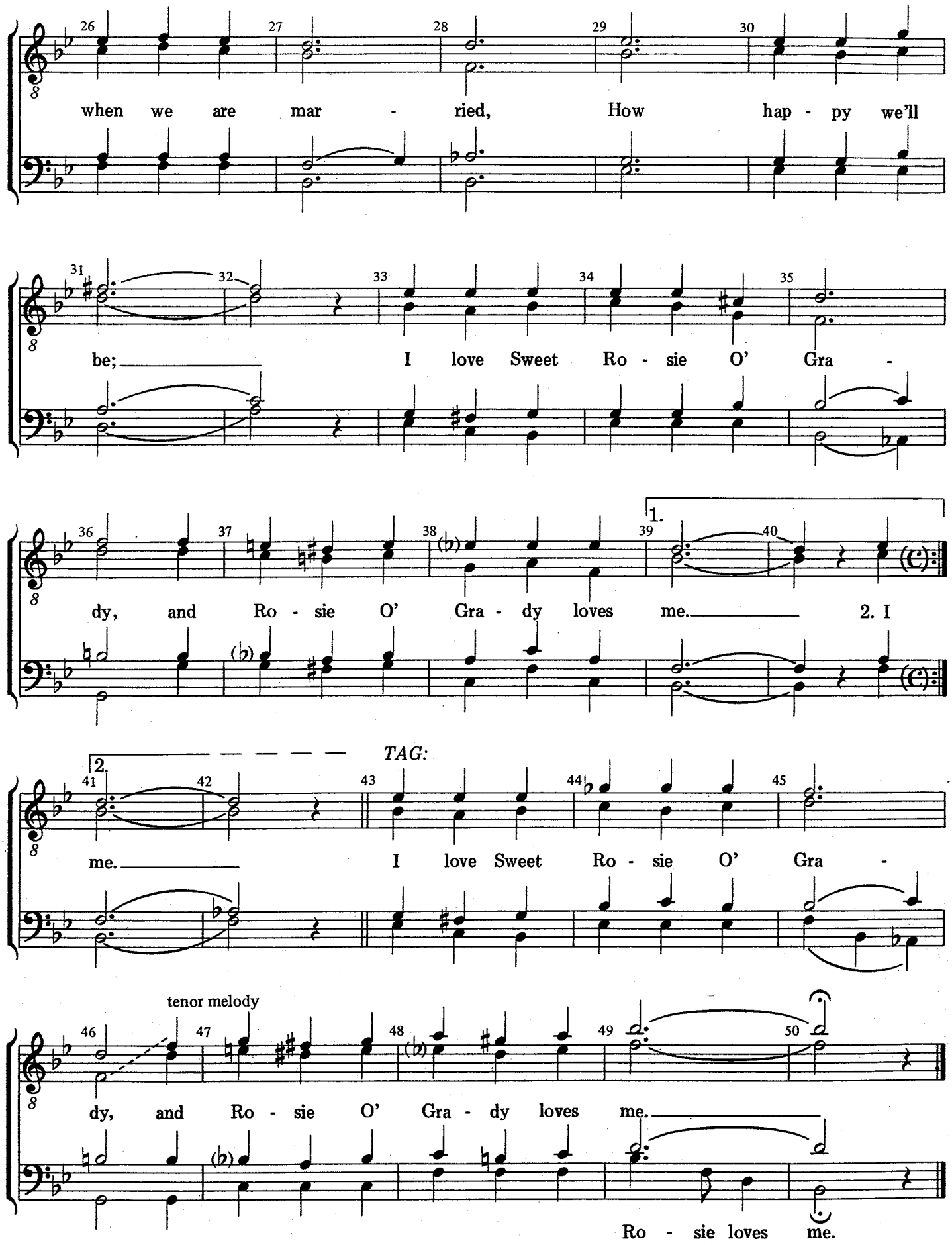

name is Rose O' Gra - dy, and I don't mind tell - ing you That
on her fin - ger then I placed a small en - gage - ment ring, While
she's the sweet - est lit - tle Rose the gar - den ev - er grew.
in the trees the lit - tle birds, this song they seemed to sing:
CHORUS:
Sweet Ro - sie O' Gra - dy, my dear lit - tle
Rose, She's my stead - y la - dy,
Most ev - 'ry - one knows. And
ev - 'ry - one knows.


when we are mar - ried, How hap - py we'll
be; I love Sweet Ro - sie O' Gra -
dy, and Ro - sie O' Gra - dy loves me.
1.
2. I
2.
me.
TAG:
I love Sweet Ro - sie O' Gra -
tenor melody
dy, and Ro - sie O' Gra - dy loves me.
Ro - sie loves me.

THE SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI

1911

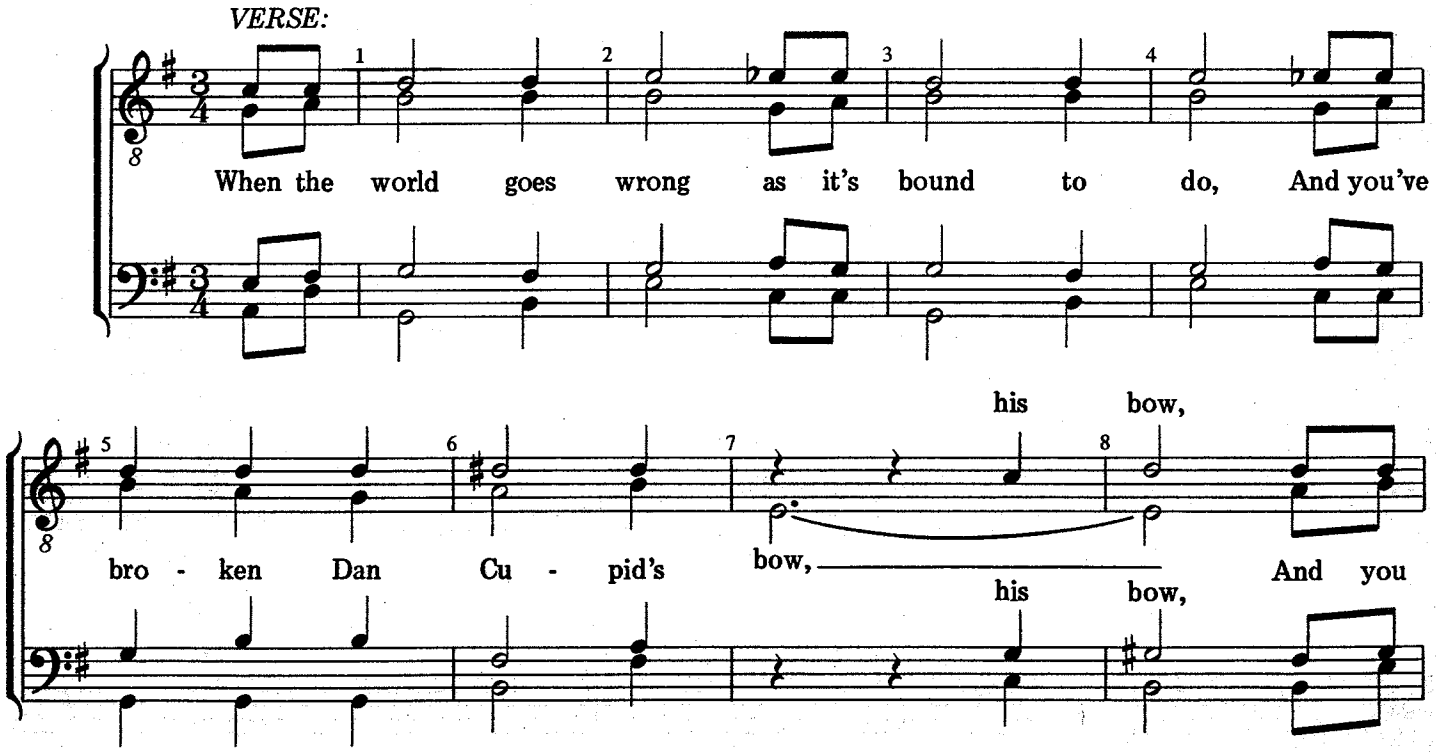
In Old South Hall at Albion College in Michigan, there is a historical plaque which states that the song "The Sweetheart Of Sigma Chi" was composed there by two students in the year 1911. F. Dudleigh Vernor was a freshman student from Detroit, while Byron D. Stokes came from Jackson, Michigan. Vernor went on to become an organist, teacher of organ, and church choir director in both Jackson and Detroit. Stokes pursued a career in advertising.

The haunting melody and nostalgic lyric have kept the song on the popular music hit parade for decades, and there is no reason to suspect that its popularity will ever fade.

Words by BYRON D. STOKES
(1886-1974)

Music by F. DUDLEIGH VERNOR
(1892-1946)

VERSE:



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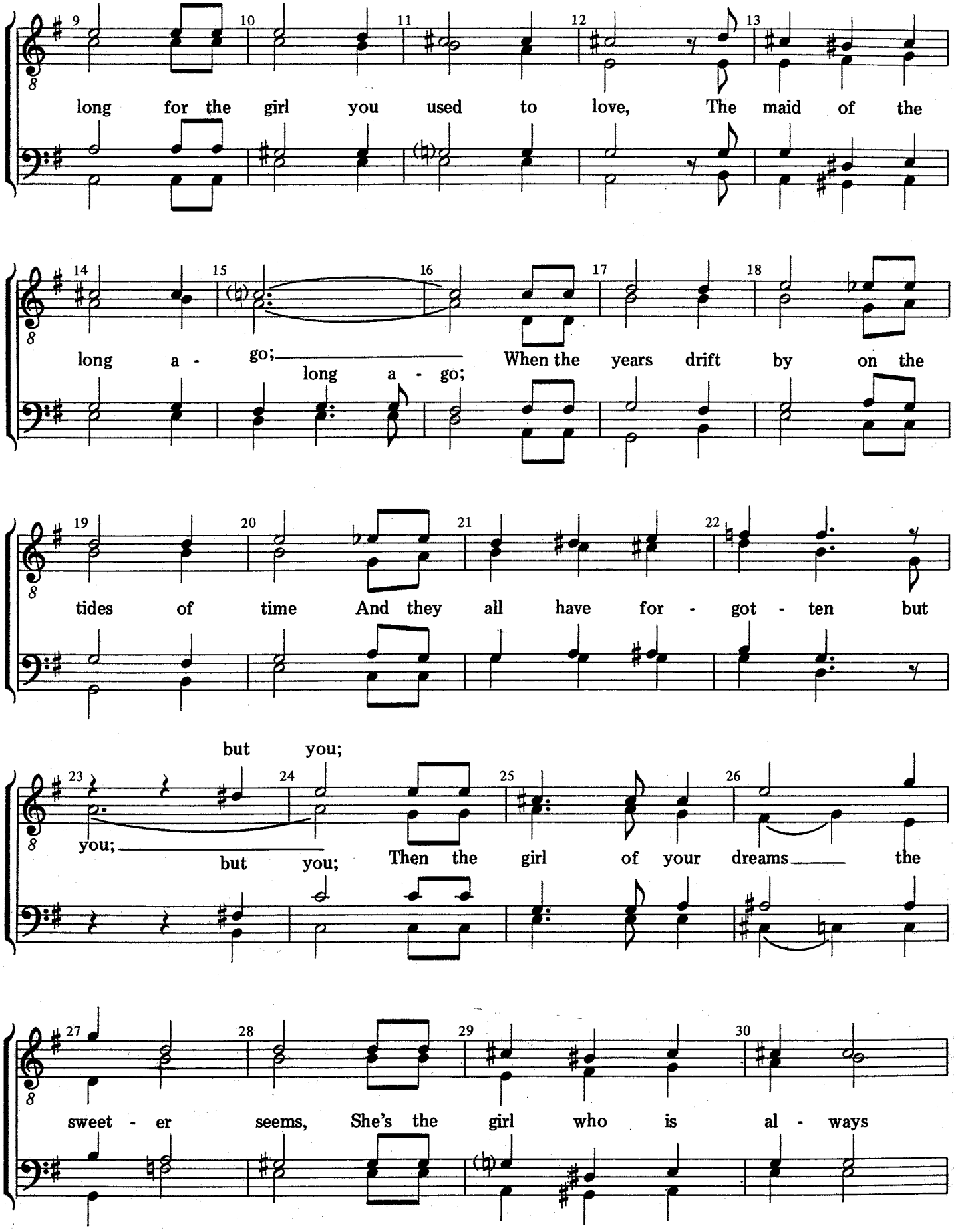
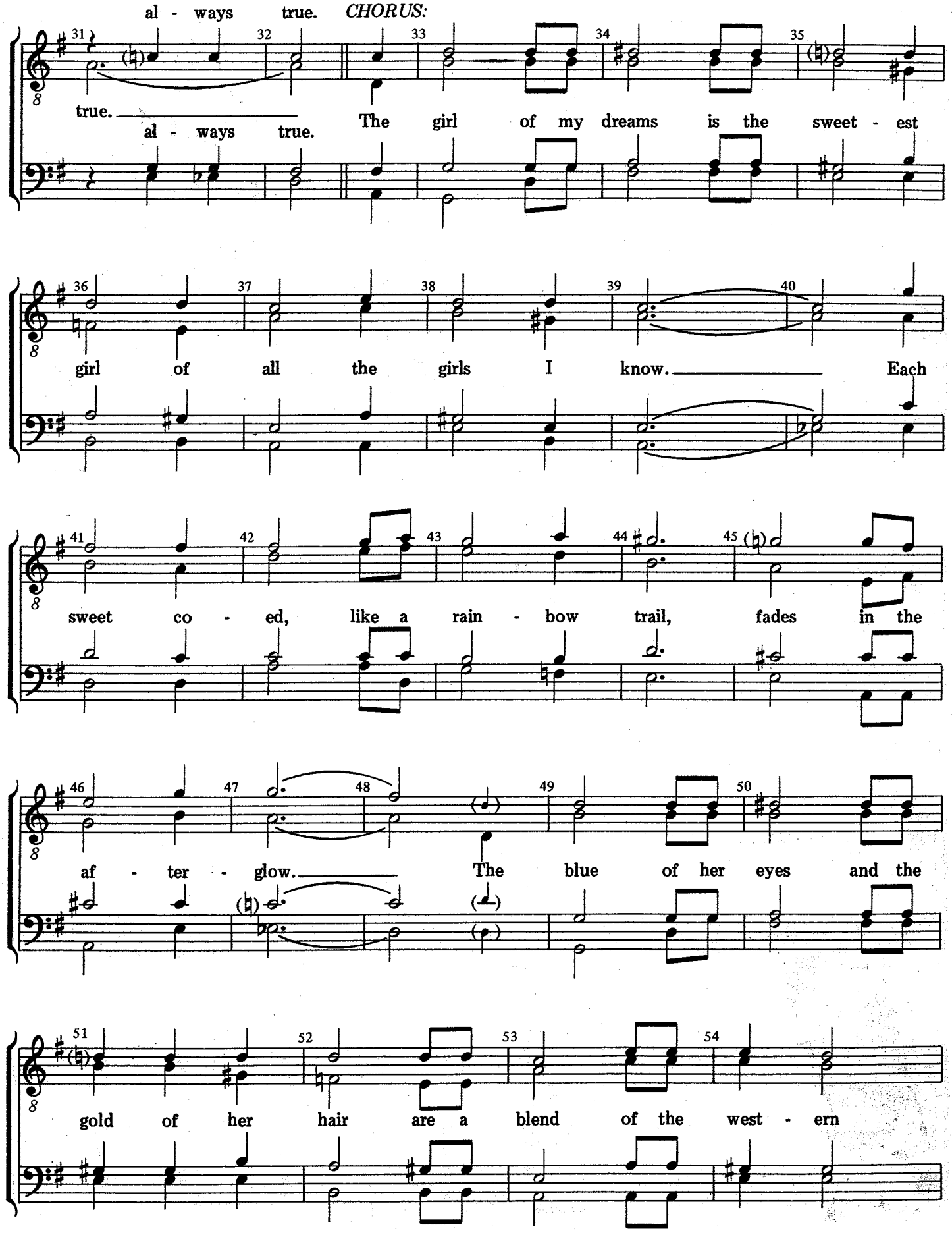
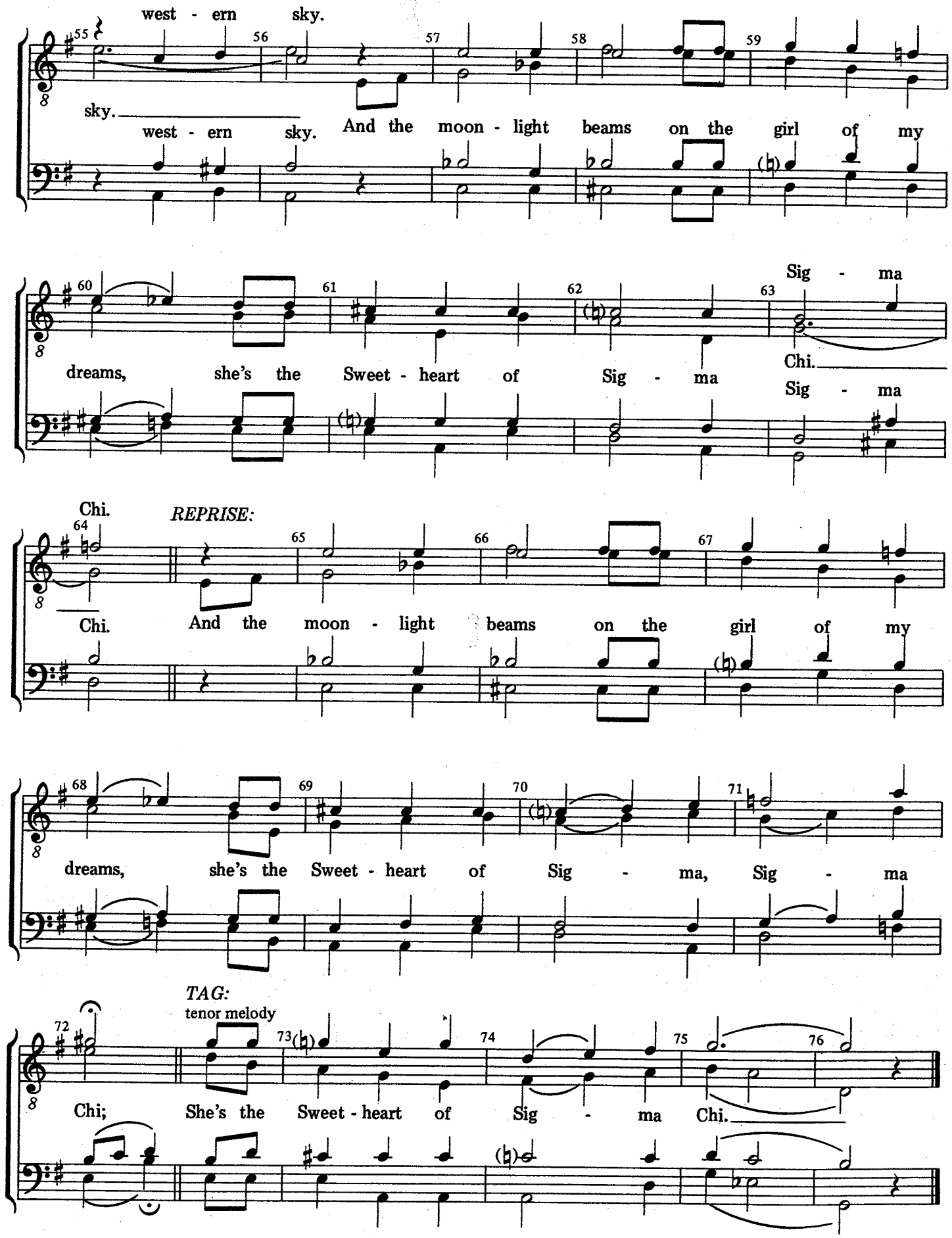

long for the girl you used to love, The maid of the
long a - go; When the years drift by on the
long a - go;
tides of time And they all have for - got - ten but
but you;
you;
but you; Then the girl of your dreams the
sweet - er seems, She's the girl who is al - ways


al - ways true. CHORUS:
true. al - ways true. The girl of my dreams is the sweet - est
girl of all the girls I know. Each
sweet co - ed, like a rain - bow trail, fades in the
af - ter - glow. The blue of her eyes and the
gold of her hair are a blend of the west - ern


west - ern sky.
sky.
west - ern sky. And the moon - light beams on the girl of my
dreams, she's the Sweet - heart of Sig - ma
Sig - ma
Chi.
Sig - ma
Chi.
REPRISE:
Chi. And the moon - light beams on the girl of my
dreams, she's the Sweet - heart of Sig - ma, Sig - ma
TAG:
tenor melody
Chi; She's the Sweet - heart of Sig - ma Chi.

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME

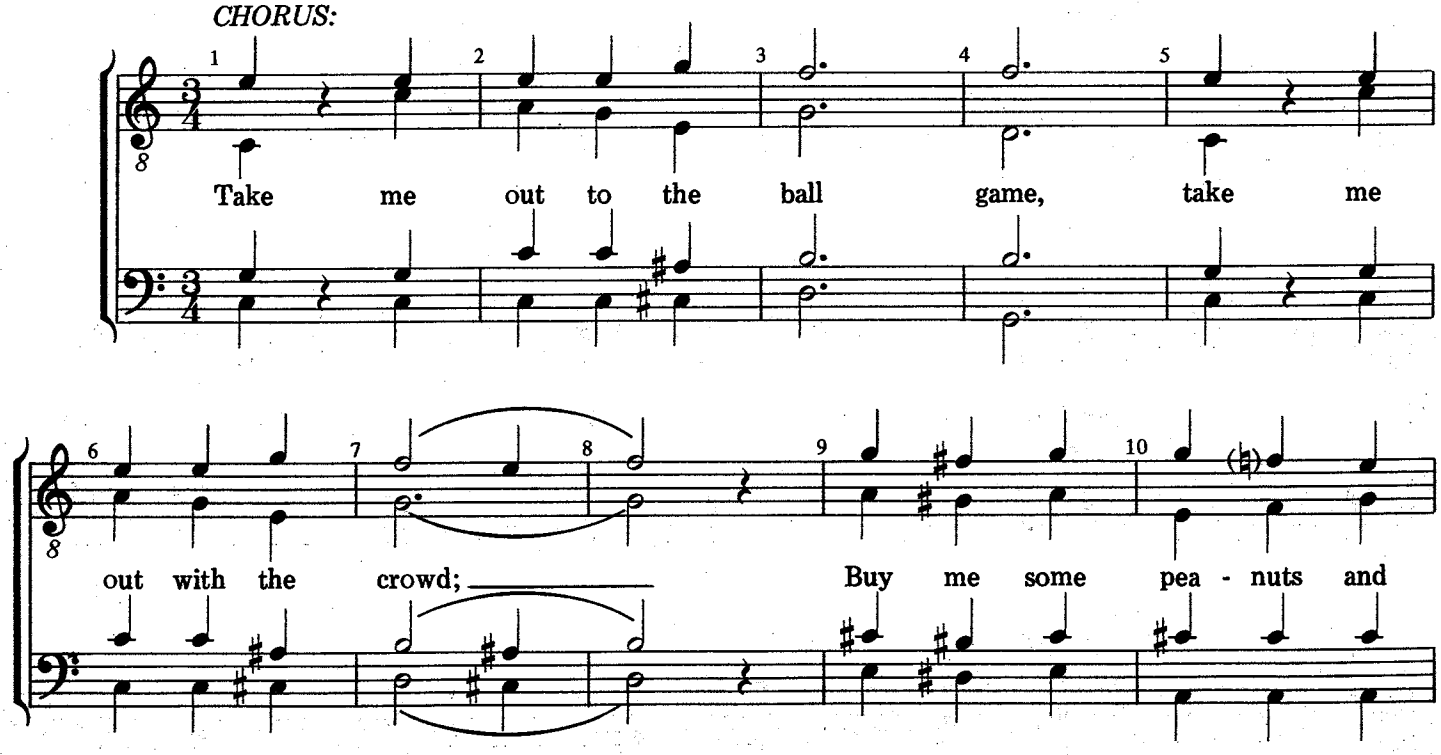
1908

Two of the biggest names on Broadway, Jack Norworth and Albert Von Tilzer, are responsible for what may be the popular song sung by more people every year than any other. It was one of very few songs that these writers composed together, and it has become the unofficial national anthem of the sport of baseball.

Words by JACK NORWORTH
(1879-1959)

Music by ALBERT VON TILZER
(1878-1956)

CHORUS:



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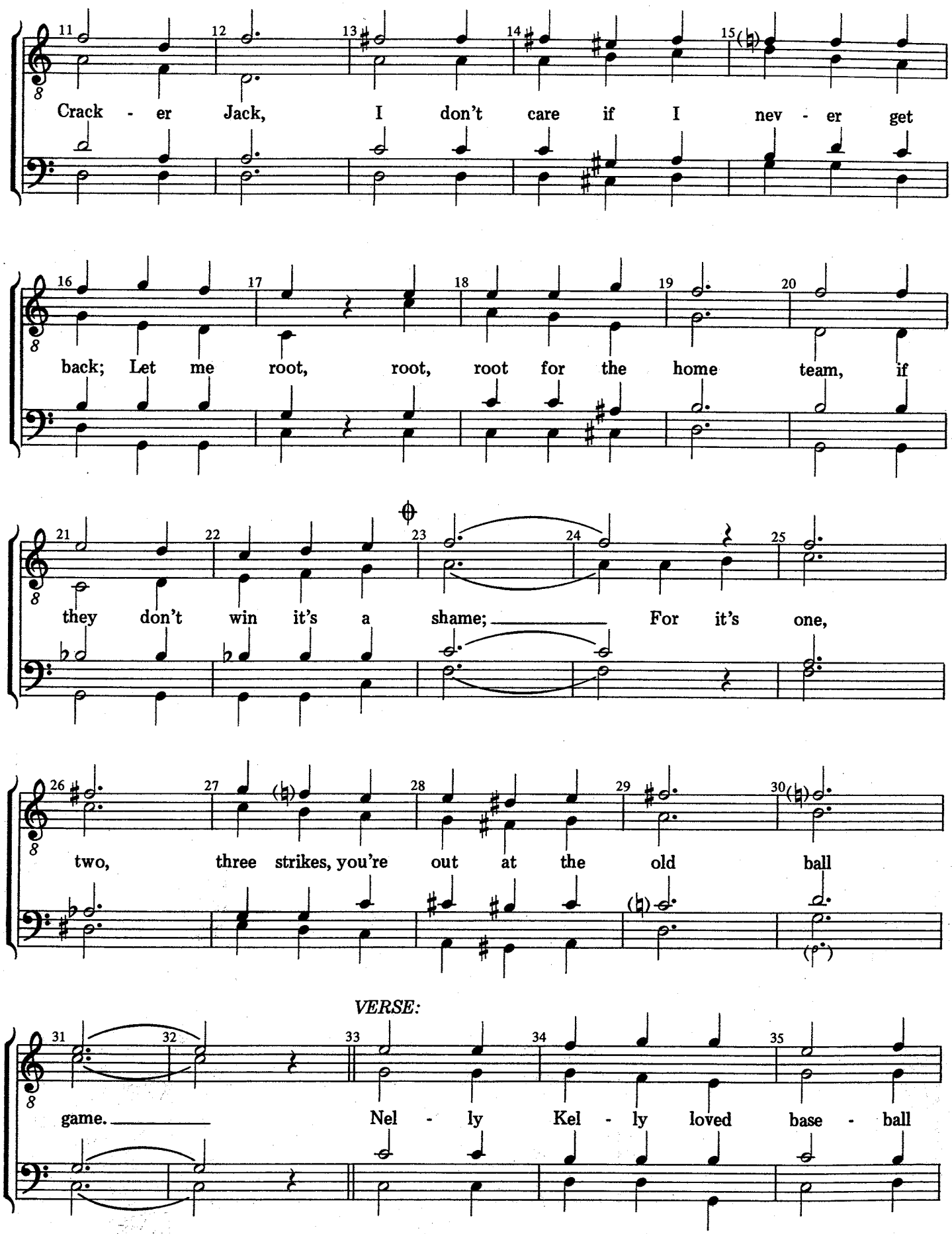
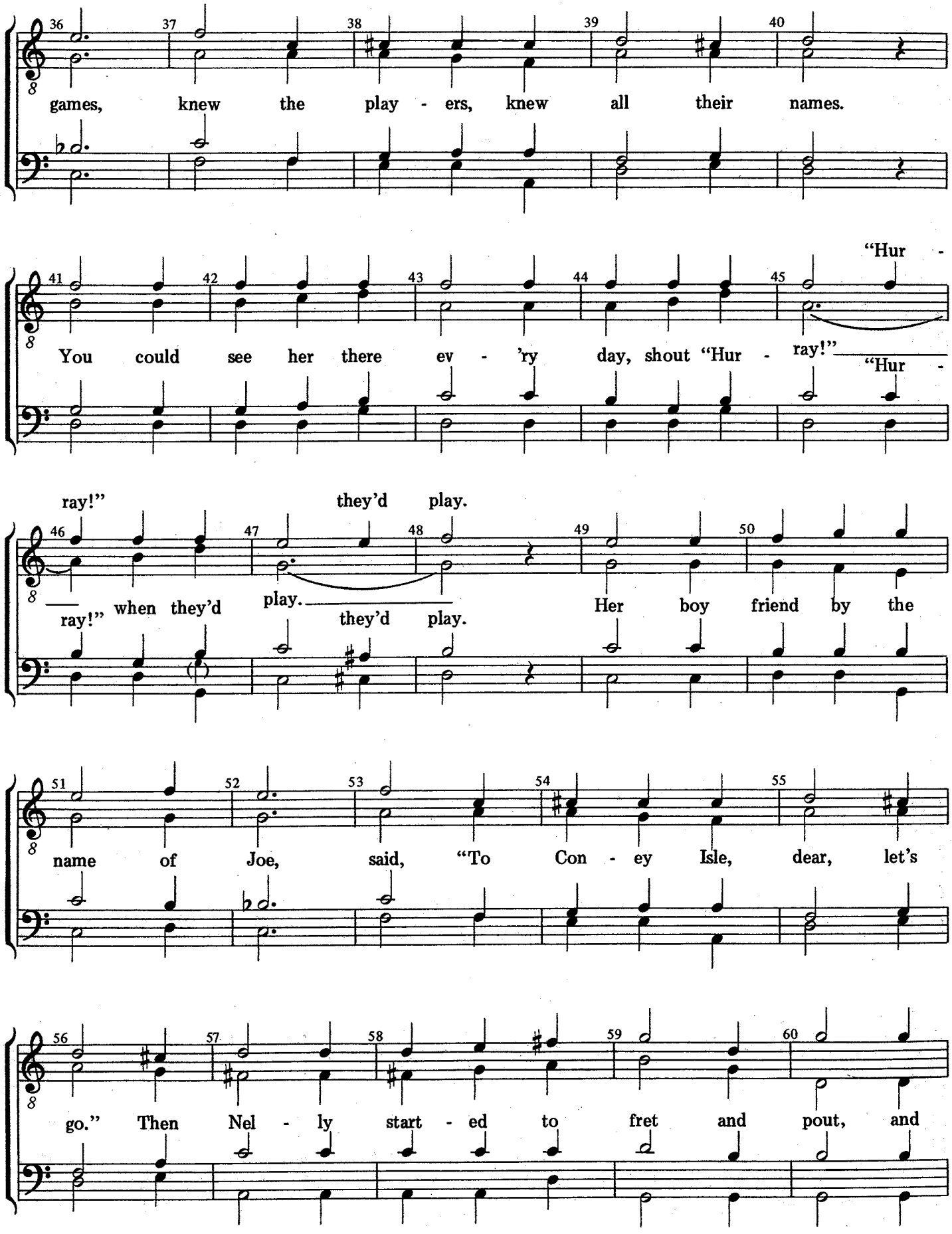
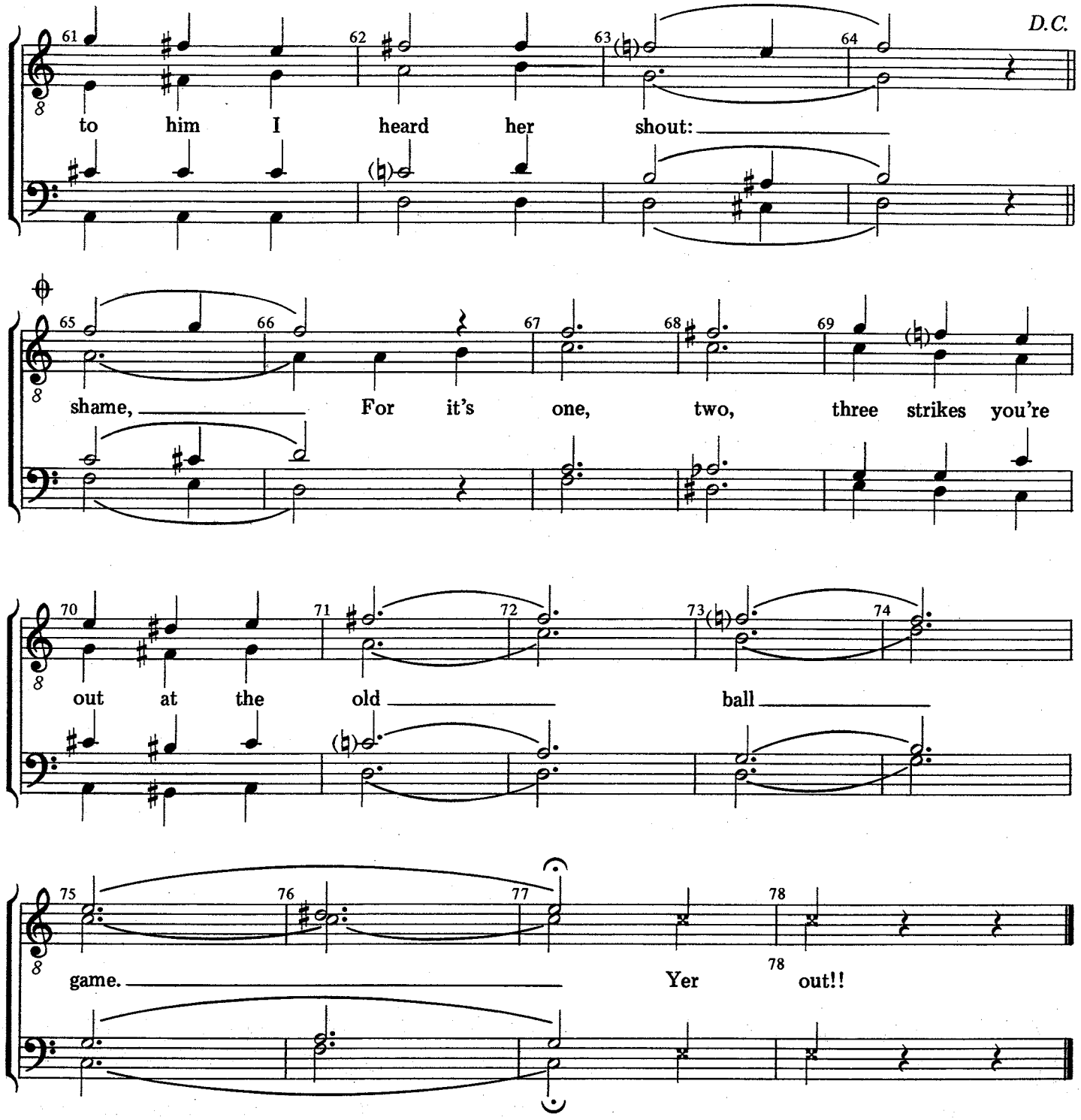

Crack - er Jack, I don't care if I nev - er get
back; Let me root, root, root for the home team, if
they don't win it's a shame; For it's one,
two, three strikes, you're out at the old ball
VERSE:
game. Nel - ly Kel - ly loved base - ball


games, knew the play - ers, knew all their names.
You could see her there ev - 'ry day, shout "Hur - ray!"
"Hur -
ray!" when they'd play.
"Hur - ray!" they'd play.
they'd play.
Her boy friend by the
name of Joe, said, "To Con - ey Isle, dear, let's
go." Then Nel - ly start - ed to fret and pout, and



Additional verse:

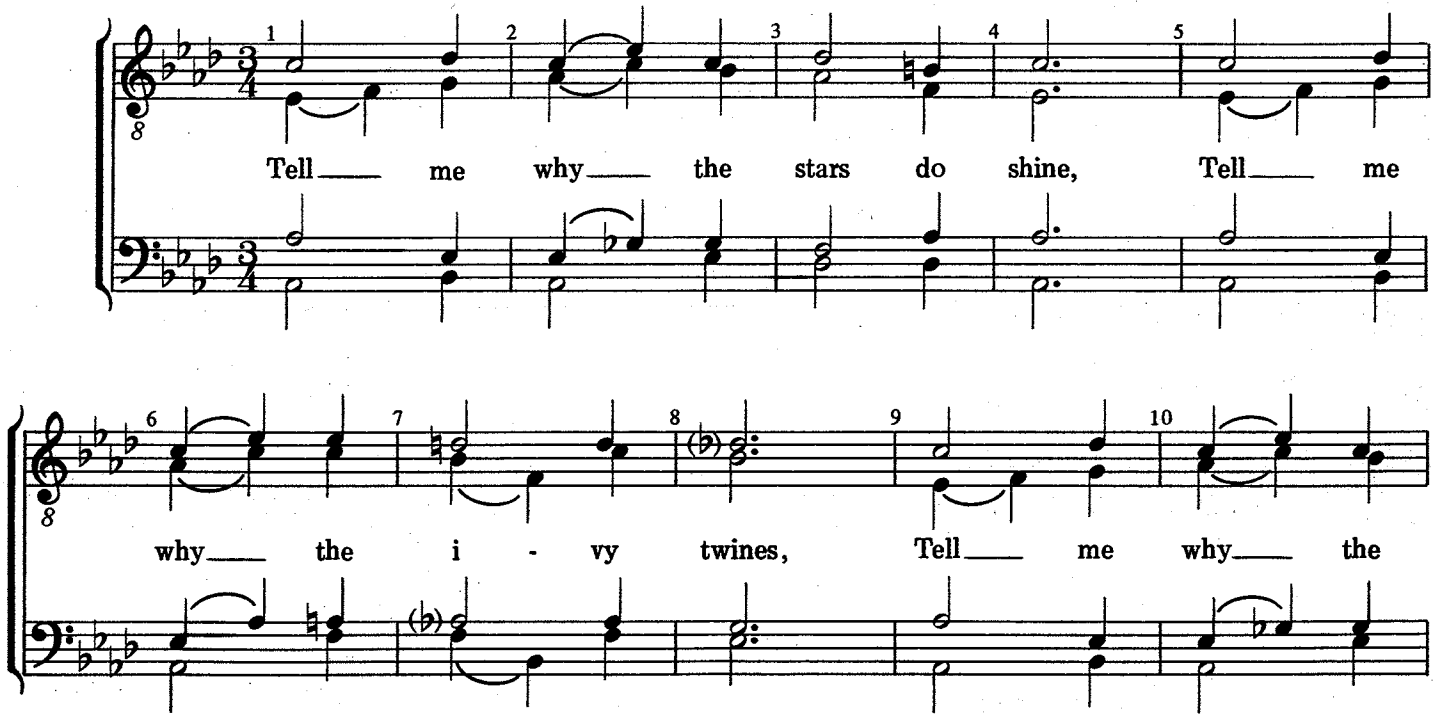
Nelly Kelly was sure some fan, she would root just like any man,
Told the Umpire he was wrong, all along, good and strong.
When the score was just two to two, Nelly Kelly knew what to do.
Just to cheer up the boys she knew, she made the gang sing this song.

TELL ME WHY

The origins of this lovely song are lost in the mists of time. No composers' names seem to be associated with it. The music has been known for decades and frequently appears in folios of college songs, usually described as a traditional melody.

Several features contribute to its enduring popularity. The easily singable melody allows natural harmonization, even by unskilled singers. The words carry their meaning with artful tenderness and simplicity. No wonder "Tell Me Why" has been such a longtime favorite.

CHORUS I: **Traditional**



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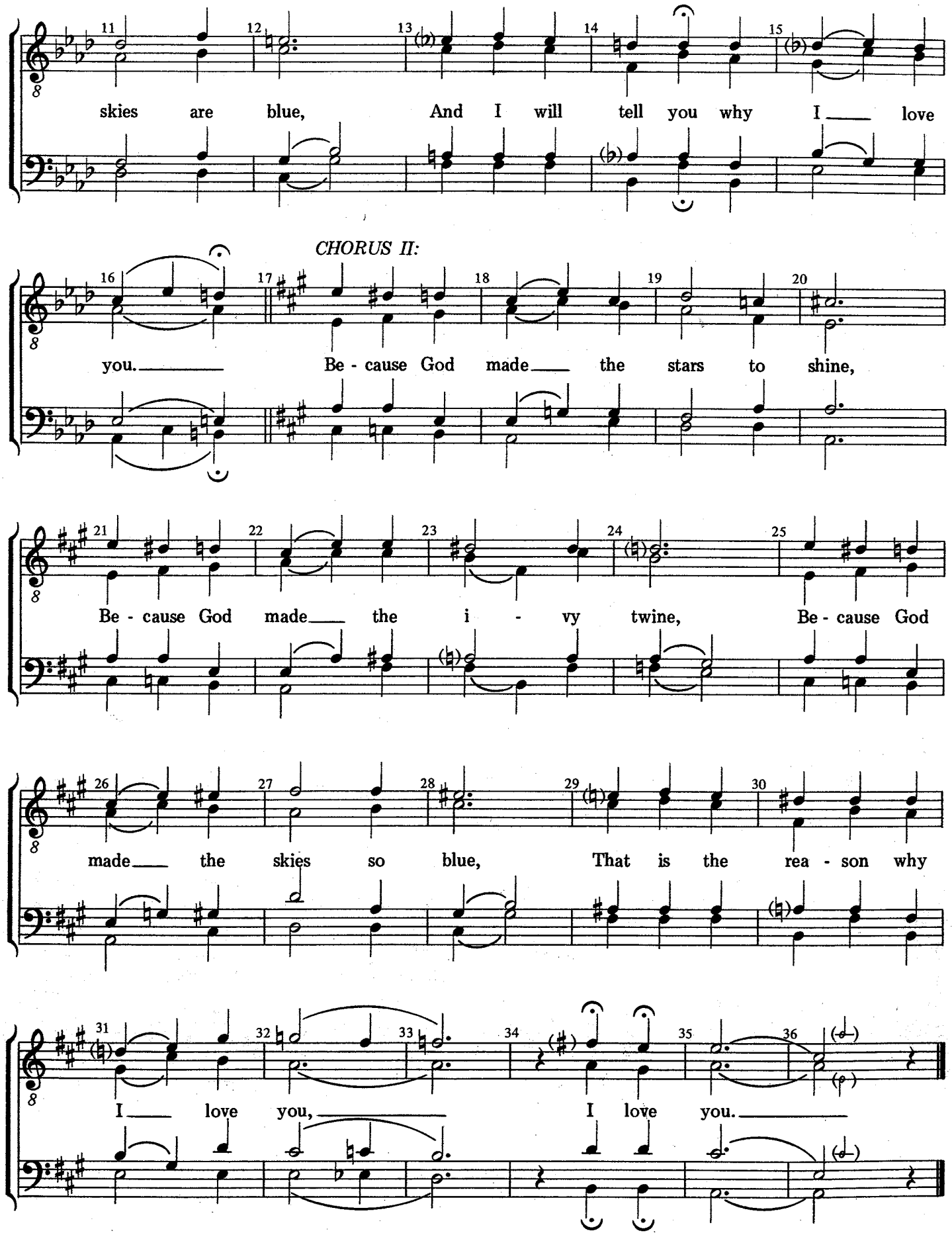

skies are blue, And I will tell you why I love
CHORUS II:
you. Be - cause God made the stars to shine,
Be - cause God made the i - vy twine, Be - cause God
made the skies so blue, That is the rea - son why
I love you, I love you.

WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES, NELLIE

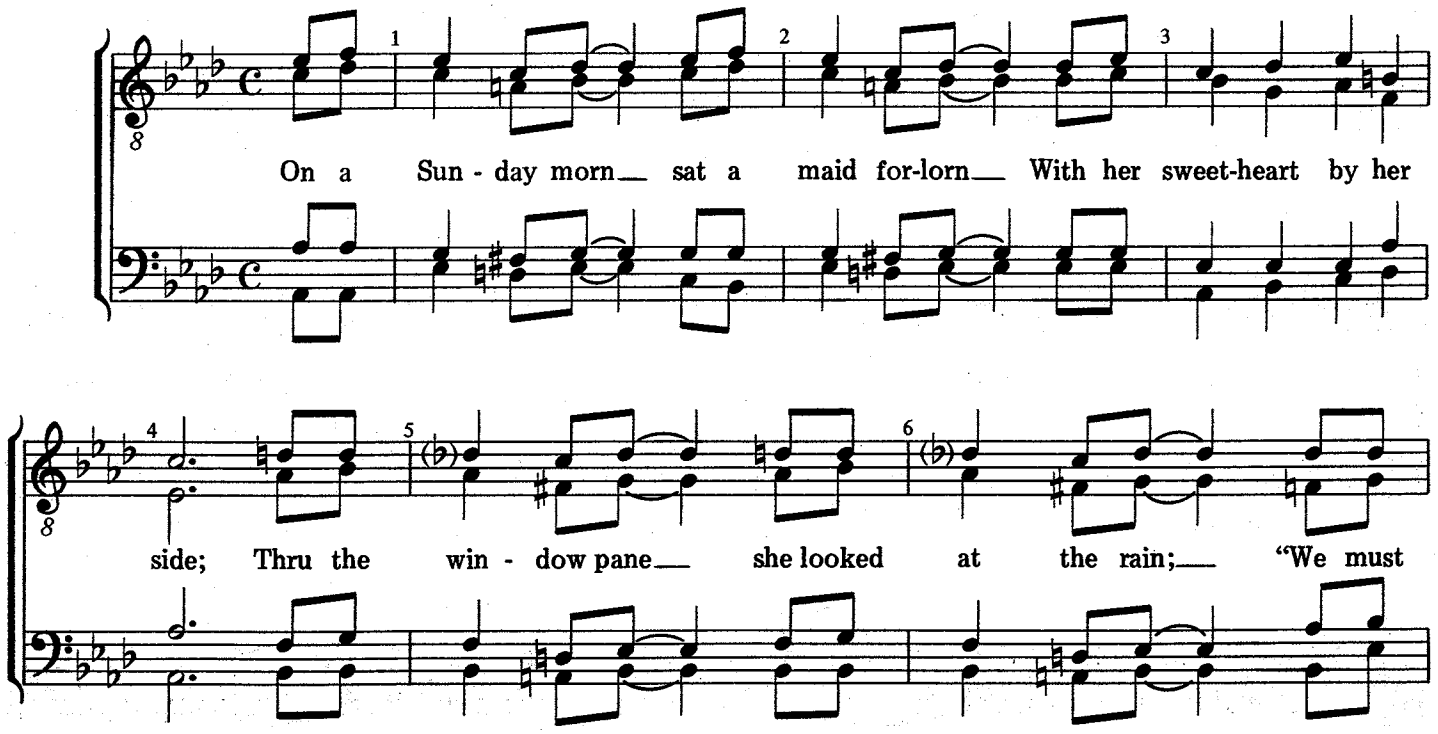
1905

The composers of this popular classic, Andrew B. Sterling and Harry Von Tilzer, were two of the premier songwriters of the early 20th Century. Sterling, a native of New York City, began his career by writing parodies on popular songs of the day and continued writing special music for vaudeville acts throughout his long career. Harry Von Tilzer grew up in Indianapolis, Indiana and was the brother of Albert Von Tilzer; also a successful songwriter and a music publisher. Harry toured with a circus at age 14 and with burlesque and stock theater companies. In 1902 he started his own very successful music publishing company.

There is a certain folk quality about this song, a reminder that simplicity and naturalness are part of the secret to successful songwriting. "Wait Till The Sun Shines, Nellie" is certainly near the top of the list of all-time favorite barbershop harmony songs.

By ANDREW B. STERLING and HARRY VON TILZER
(1874-1955) (1872-1946)

VERSE:



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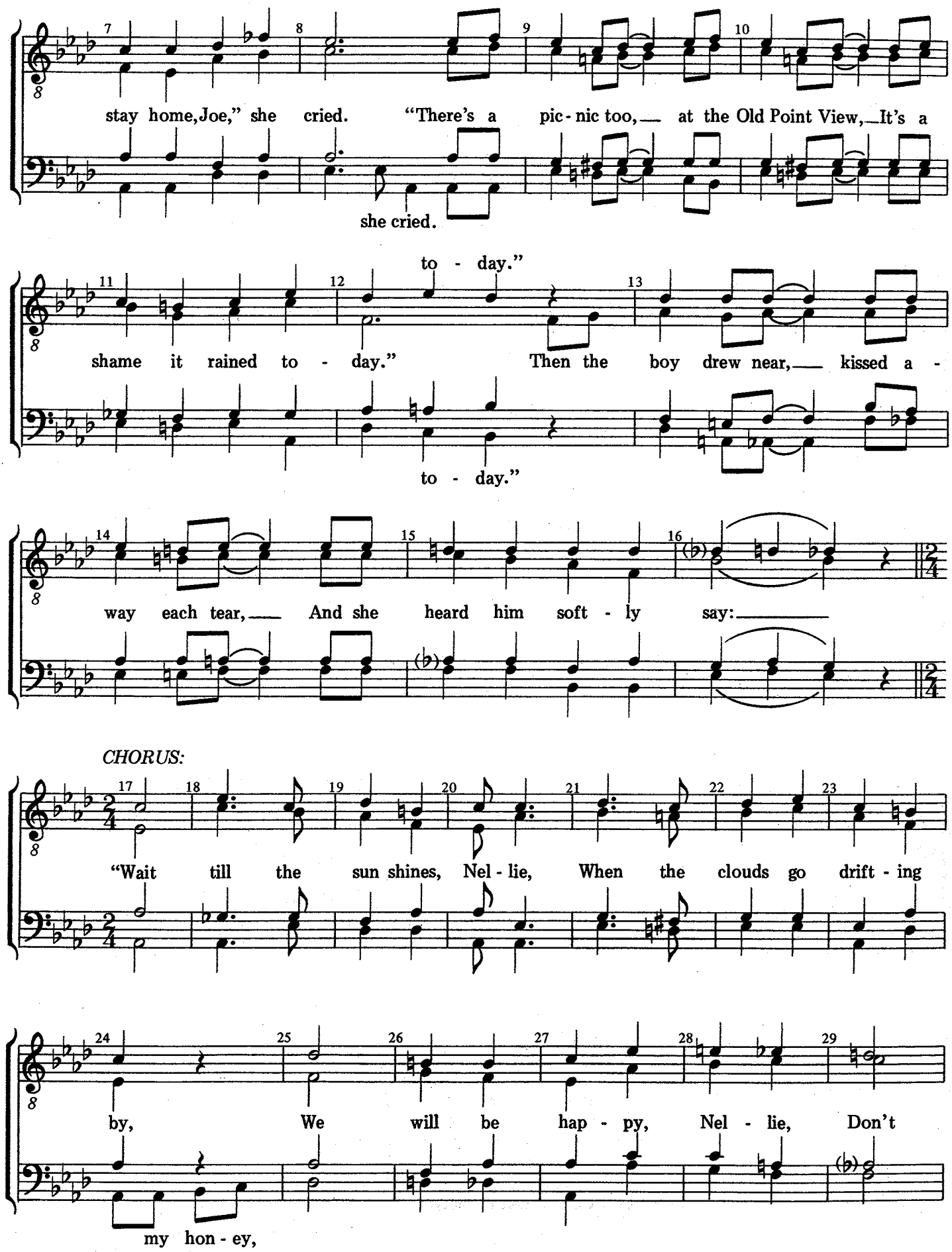
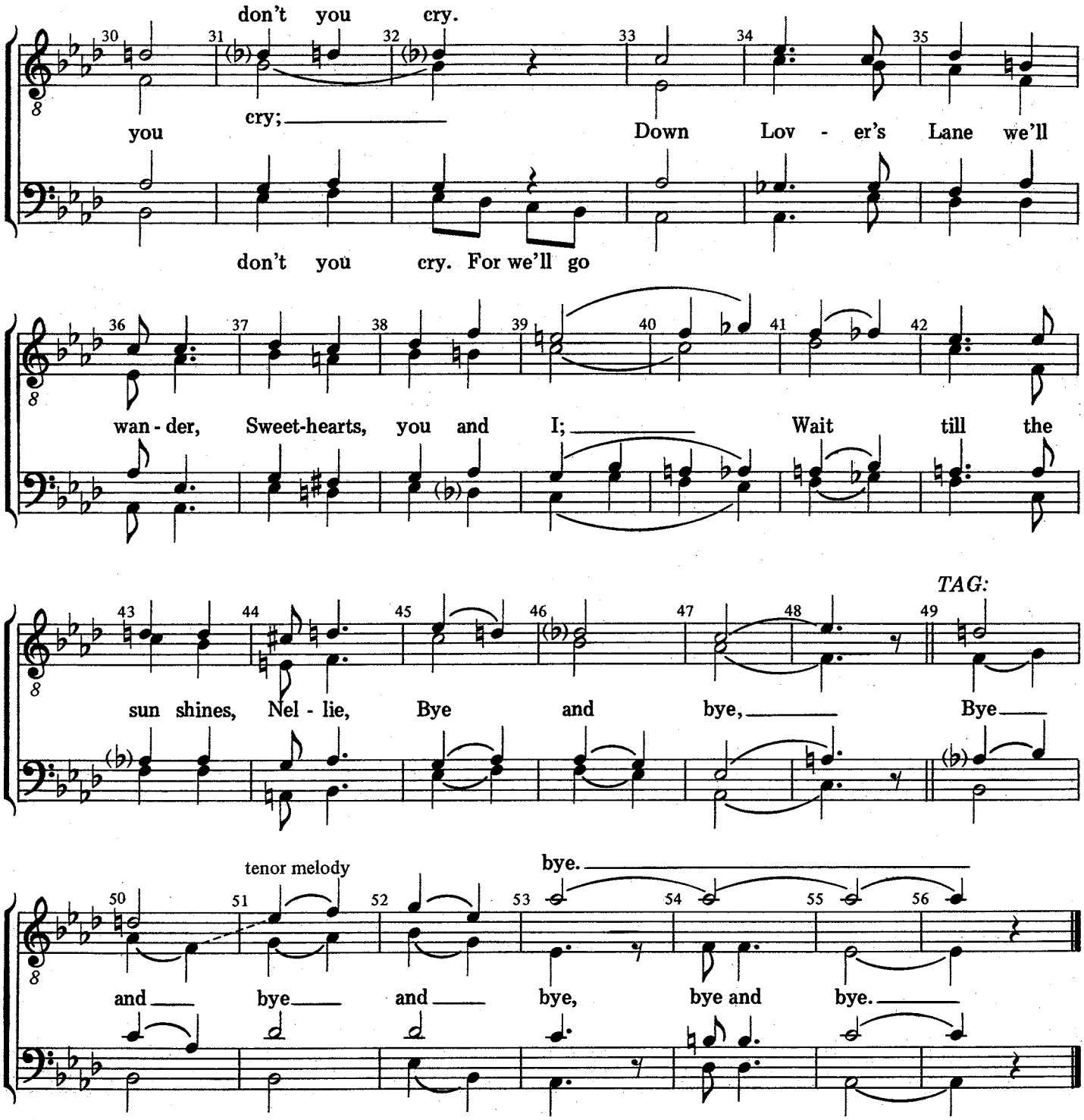

stay home, Joe," she cried. "There's a pic - nic too, at the Old Point View, It's a
she cried.
to - day."
shame it rained to - day." Then the boy drew near, kissed a -
to - day."
way each tear, And she heard him soft - ly say:
CHORUS:
"Wait till the sun shines, Nel - lie, When the clouds go drift - ing
by, We will be hap - py, Nel - lie, Don't
my hon - ey,



Additional verse:

"How I long," she sighed, "for a trolley ride
Just to show my brand new gown."
Then she gazed on high with a gladsome cry
For the sun came shining down.
And she looked so sweet on the big front seat
As the car sped on its way;
And she whispered low, "Say, you're all right, Joe;
You just won my heart today."

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

1912

Which is the best known Irish song? Is it "My Wild Irish Rose" or "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling"? Take your pick. Each one is well known to almost everyone and is perfect for spontaneous harmonizing, especially around March 17.

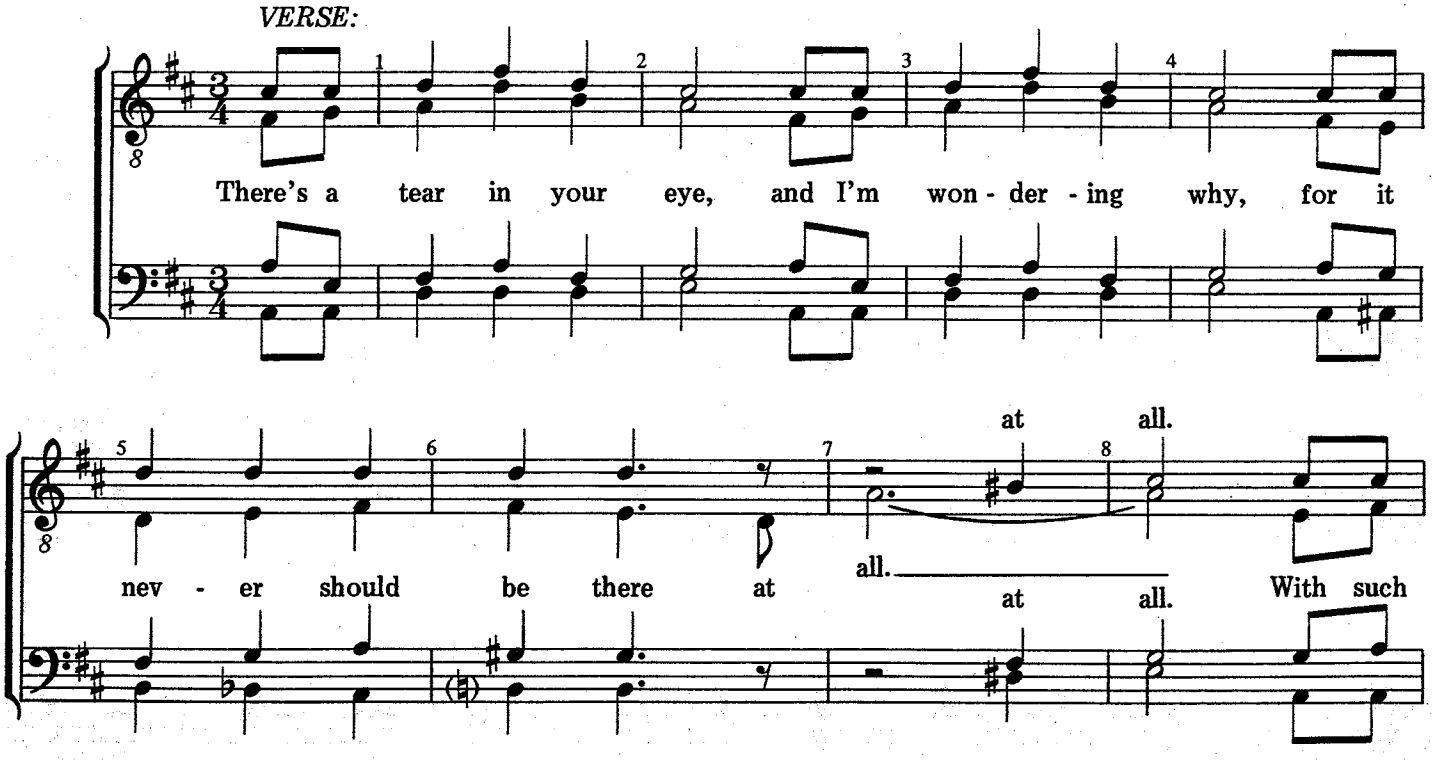
George Graff, a New Yorker, wrote lyrics for many songwriters of the time, but, interestingly, he made his living in a business unrelated to music. It is said that the idea for this song was suggested by Chauncey Olcott, one of the greatest interpreters of Irish songs. Ernest Ball contributed music for many great songs, including "Will You Love Me In December As You Do In May?" "Love Me And The World Is Mine," "Mother Machree," "Dear Little Boy Of Mine" and "Let The Rest Of The World Go By."

As long as there is a March 17, we will be hearing this fine Irish song.

Words by GEORGE GRAFF, Jr. and CHAUNCEY OLCOTT
(1886-) (1858-1932)

Music by ERNEST R. BALL
(1878-1927)

VERSE:



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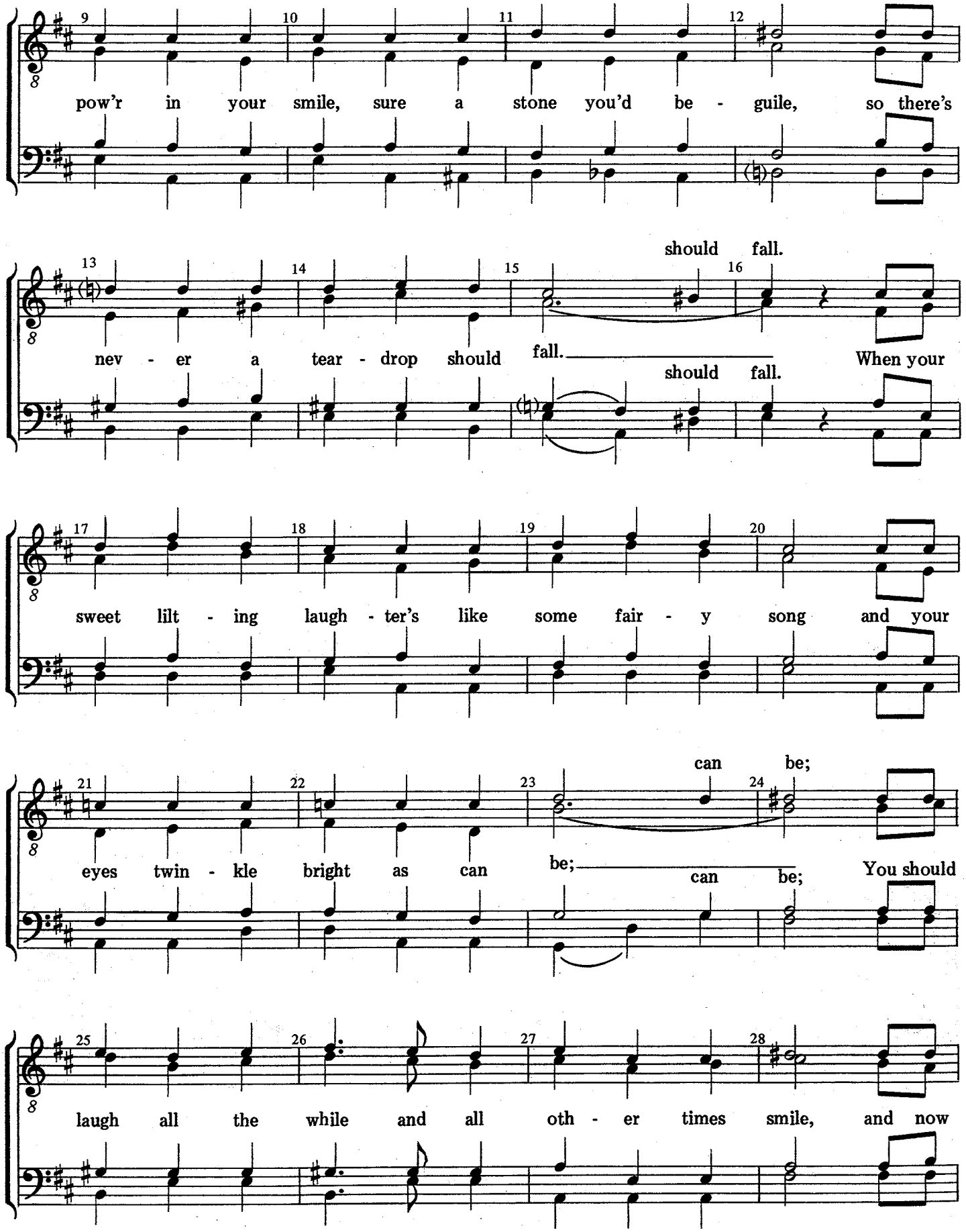
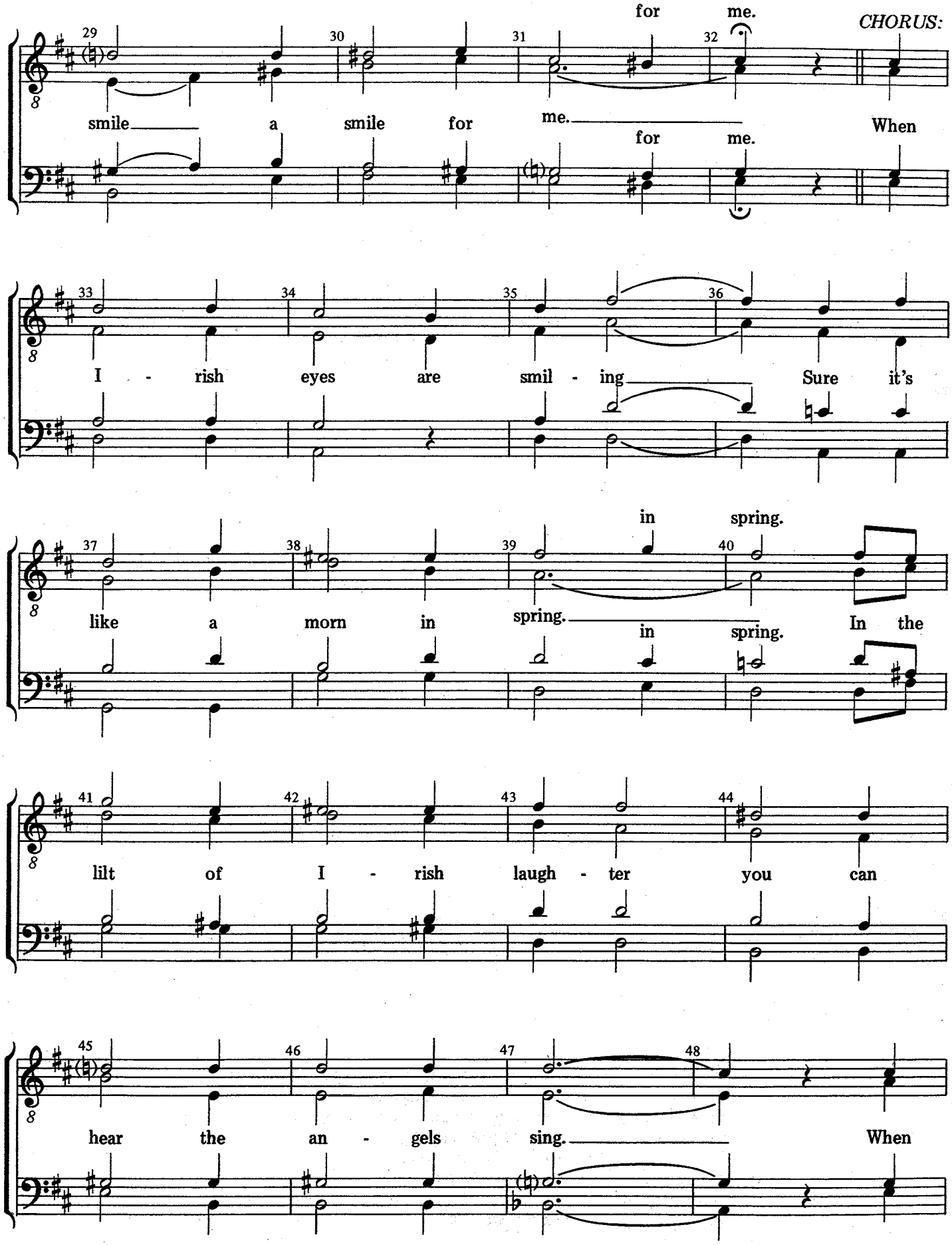
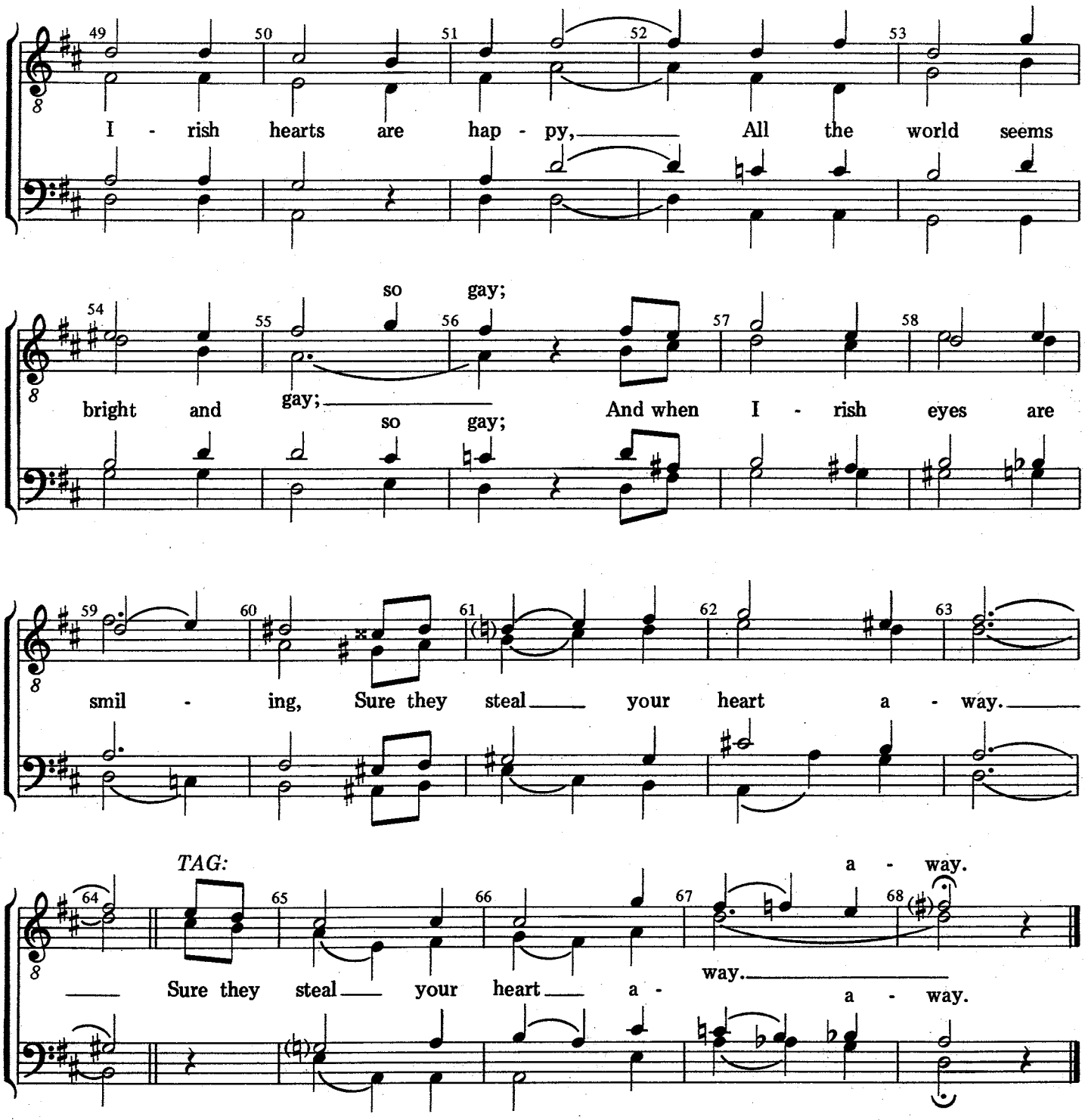

pow'r in your smile, sure a stone you'd be - guile, so there's
nev - er a tear - drop should fall.
should fall.
should fall.
When your
sweet lilt - ing laugh - ter's like some fair - y song and your
eyes twin - kle bright as can be;
can be;
can be;
You should
laugh all the while and all oth - er times smile, and now


for me.
CHORUS:
smile a smile for me. When
for me.
I - rish eyes are smil - ing Sure it's
in spring.
like a morn in spring. In the
in spring.
lilt of I - rish laugh - ter you can
hear the an - gels sing. When



Additional verse:

For your smile is a part of the love in your heart,
And it makes even sunshine more bright.
Like the linnet's sweet song, crooning all the day long,
Comes your laughter so tender and light.
For the springtime of life is the sweetest of all;
There is ne'er a real care or regret;
And while springtime is ours throughout all of youth's hours,
Let us smile each chance we get.

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE

1866

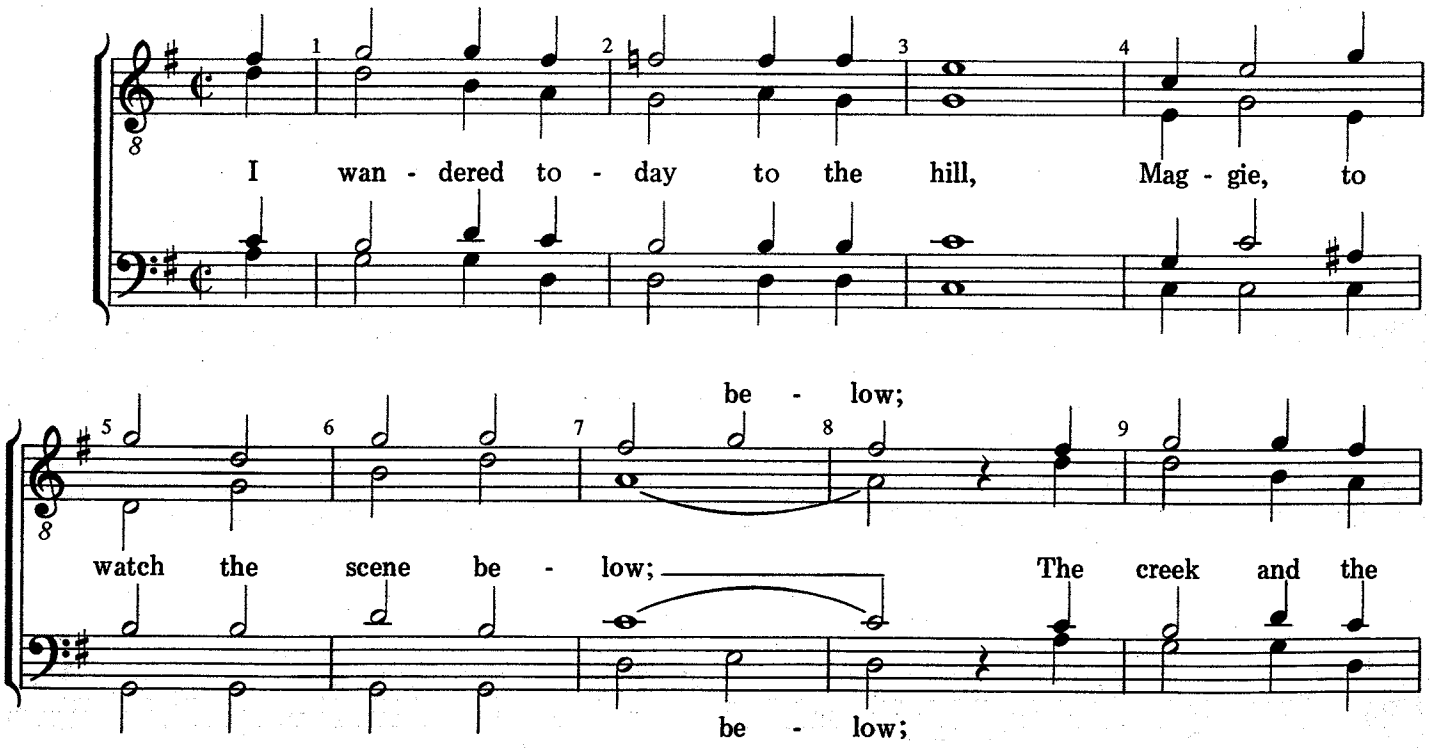
George Johnson, a Canadian schoolteacher, had written a poem, "When You And I Were Young," to express his love for Maggie Clark, one of his students, and the hope of a long life together. The poem was published in Canada in a collection entitled "Maple Leaves." James Butterfield, who had come to America from England as a teenager, was a well trained musician, singer and violinist who started a music publishing business in Indianapolis. He read the poem, liked it, and set it to music. Johnson came to the United States with Maggie, now his bride, and settled in Cleveland, Ohio in 1865 where, tragically, Maggie died before the year had ended.

Johnson returned to Canada and became a Professor of Languages at the University of Toronto. Butterfield continued to compose and publish, but "When You And I Were Young, Maggie" is the only one of his songs remembered today. Whether the two ever met is not known. Their memories, and the memory of Maggie, live on in the simple, unpretentious music of one of the 19th century's finest songs.

Words by GEORGE JOHNSON
(1839-1917)

Music by JAMES A. BUTTERFIELD
(1837-1891)

VERSE:



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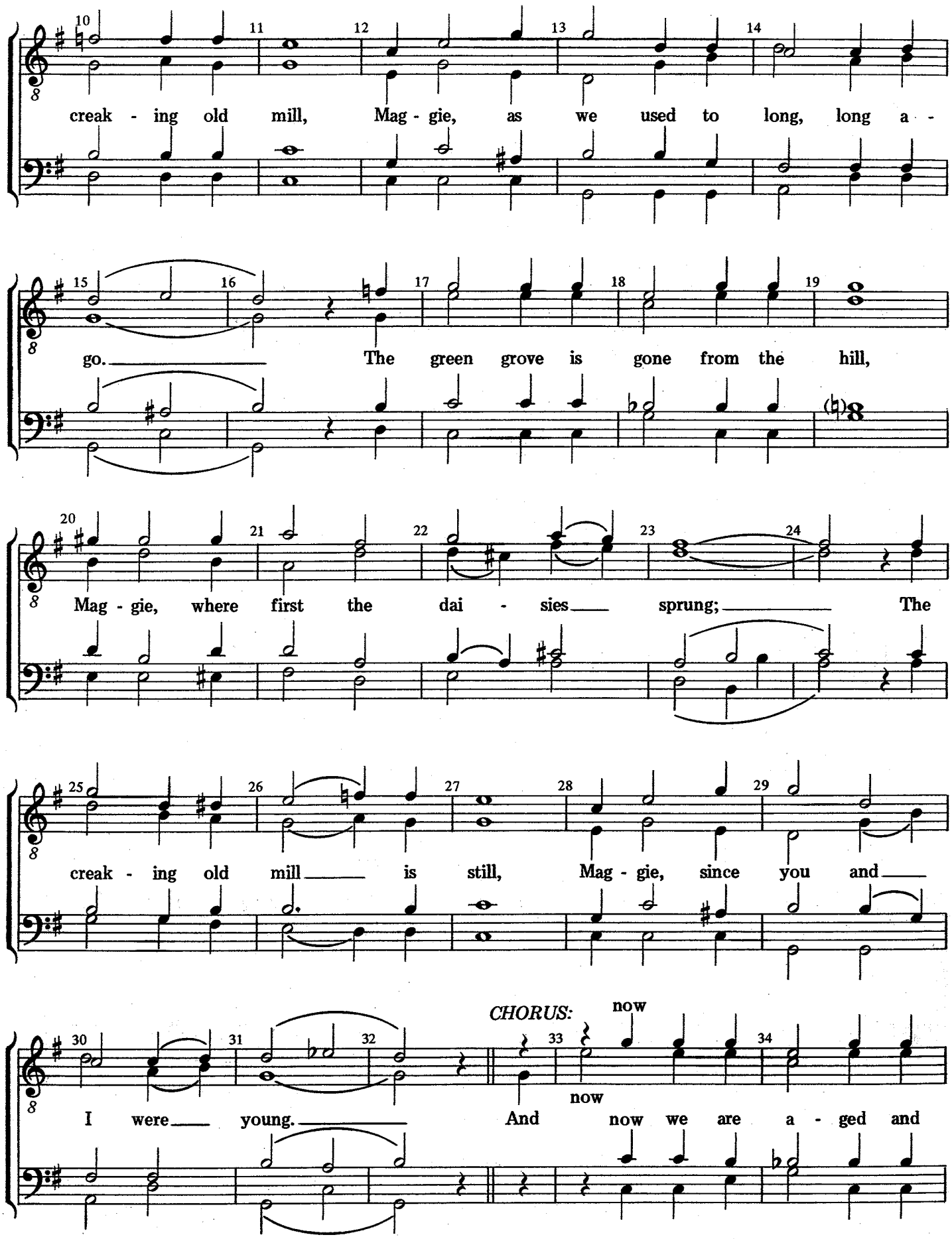
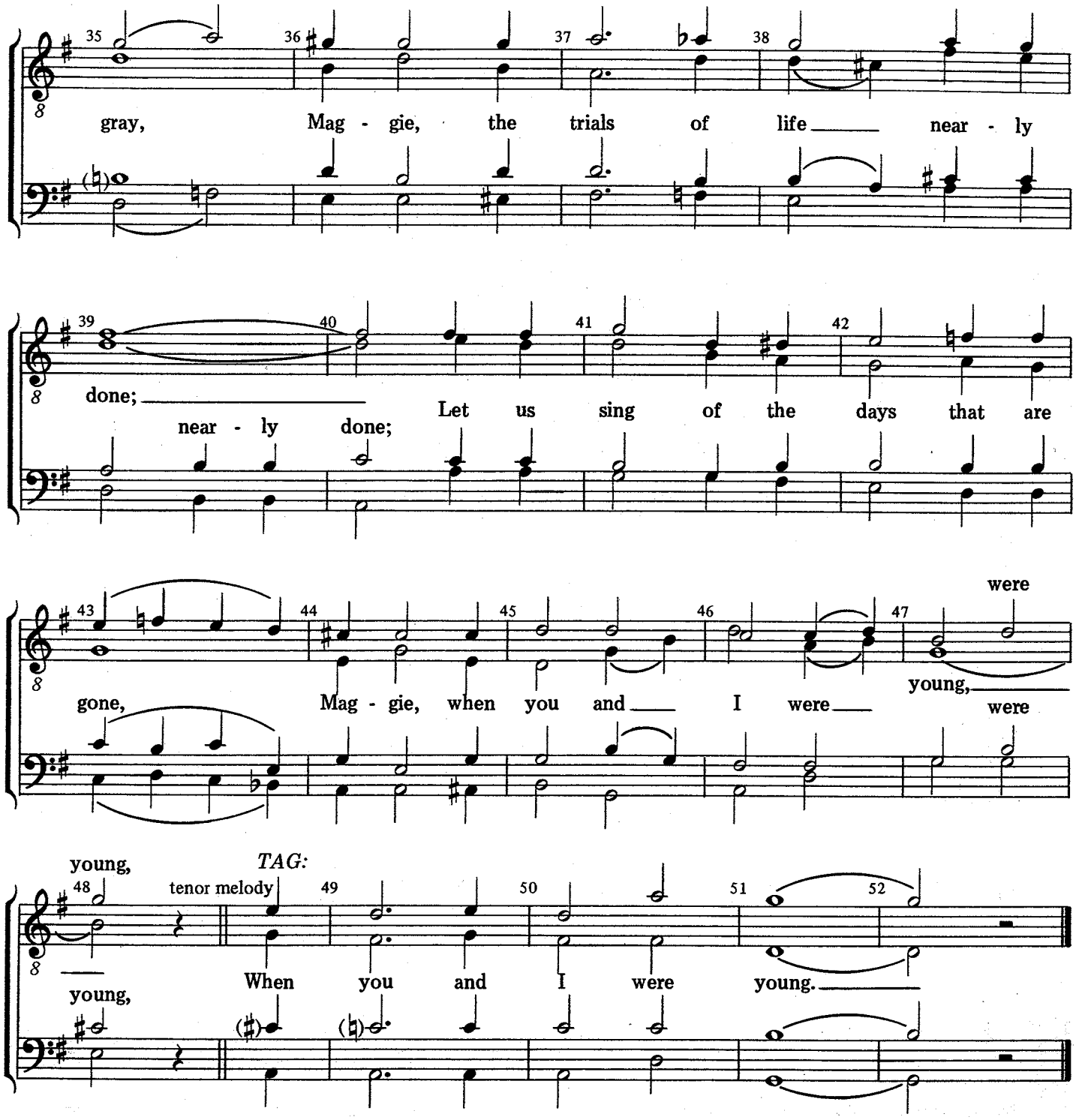

creak - ing old mill, Mag - gie, as we used to long, long a -
go. The green grove is gone from the hill,
Mag - gie, where first the dai - sies sprung; The
creak - ing old mill is still, Mag - gie, since you and
CHORUS:
now
I were young.
now
And now we are a - ged and



Additional chorus:

They say we are aged and gray, Maggie,
As sprays by the white breakers flung;
But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

WHEN YOU WERE SWEET SIXTEEN

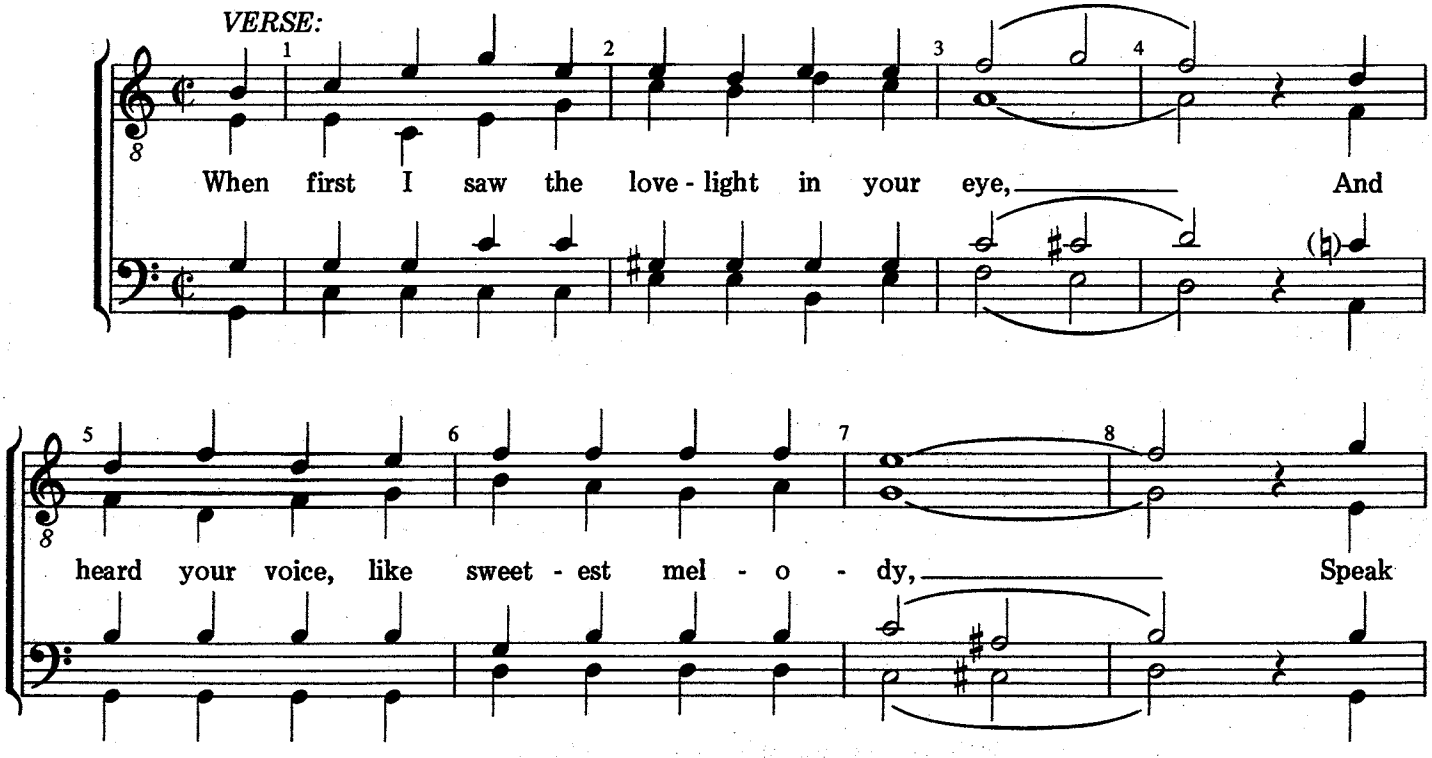
1898

James Thornton came to America from Liverpool, England before he was ten years old. He worked as a singing waiter in Boston and New York City, and for 50 years performed on the vaudeville stage as a singer and comedian. He also wrote special material for other performers. His wife, Bonnie, was one of the best known singers of her time.

Thornton was one of the leading songwriters of his day, but few of his songs are remembered now. Among them are "My Sweetheart's The Man In The Moon" and "She May Have Seen Better Days."

"When You Were Sweet Sixteen" has enjoyed tremendous popularity with barbershop quartets since vaudeville days. The chorus is usually sung as a solo, with harmonizing voices joining in on the last words of each phrase.

By JAMES THORNTON
(1861-1938)



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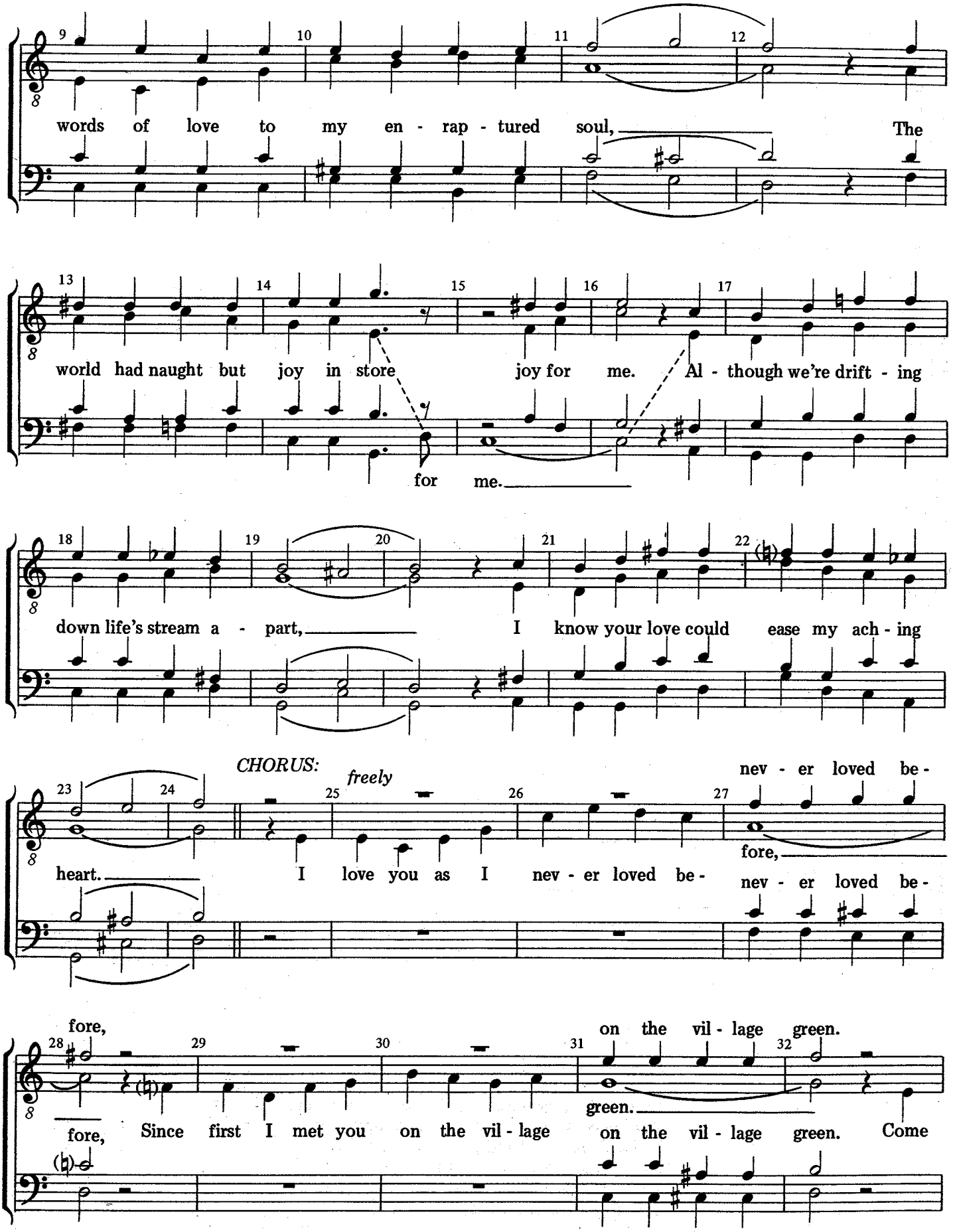
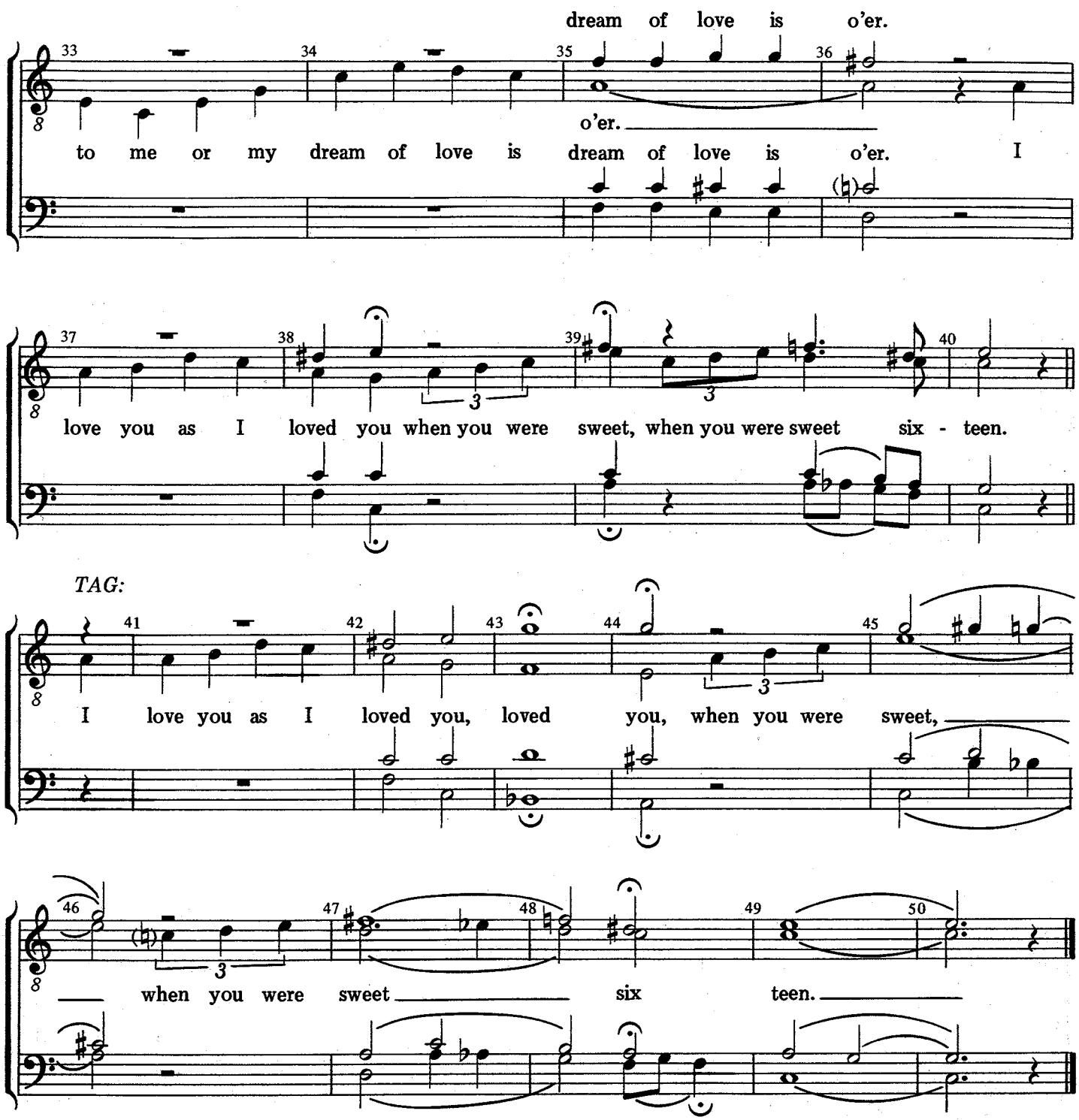

words of love to my en - rap - tured soul, The
world had naught but joy in store joy for me. Al - though we're drift - ing
for me.
down life's stream a - part, I know your love could ease my ach - ing
CHORUS:
freely
nev - er loved be -
heart. I love you as I nev - er loved be - nev - er loved be -
fore,
fore, on the vil - lage green.
fore, Since first I met you on the vil - lage on the vil - lage green. Come



Additional verse:

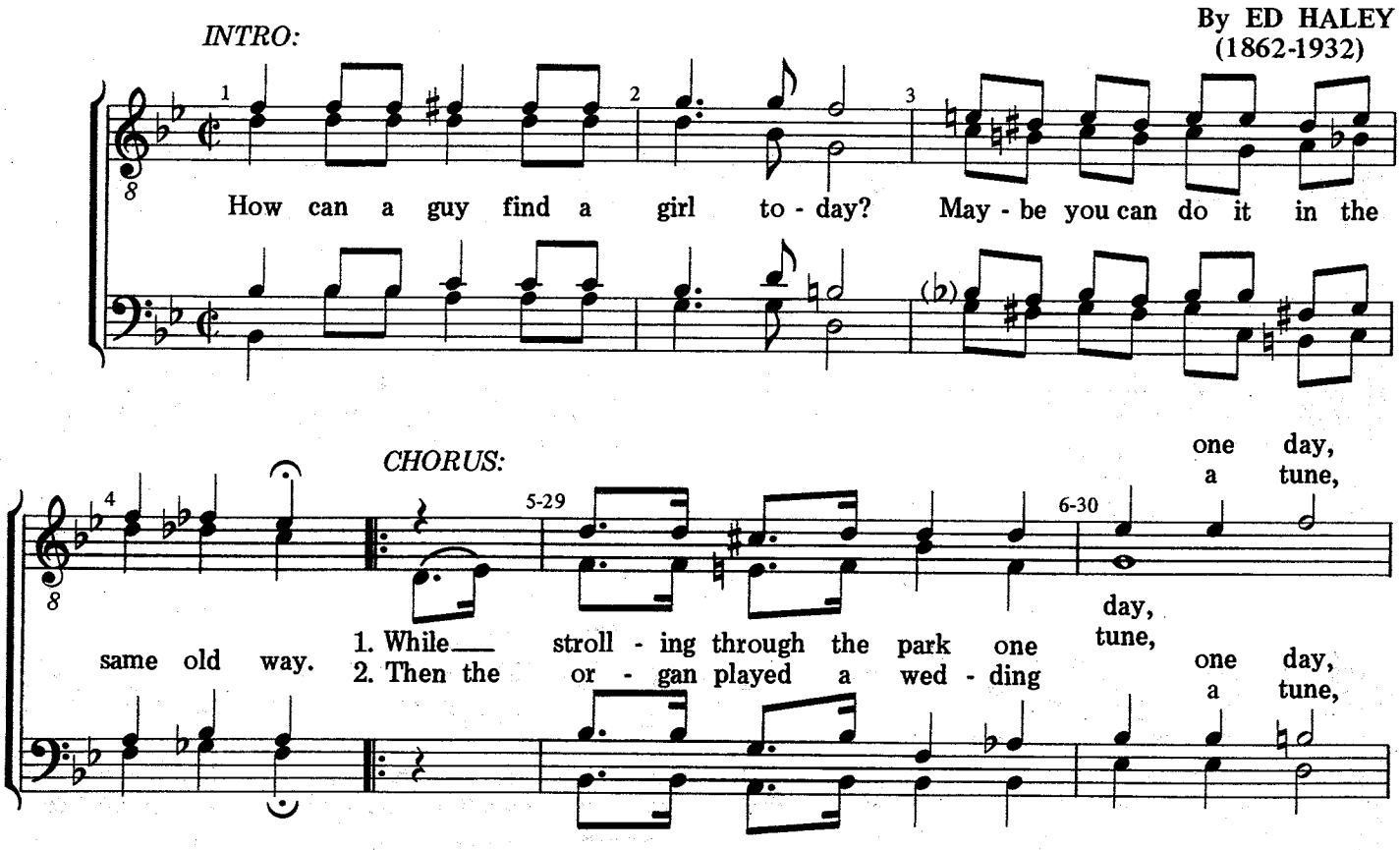
Last night I dreamt I held your hand in mine,
And once again you were my happy bride.
I kissed you as I did in Auld Lang Syne,
As to the church we wandered side by side.
Without you I had rather not been born;
I love you as the sunshine loves the morn.

WHILE STROLLING THROUGH THE PARK ONE DAY

1884

The actual title of this song is "The Fountain In The Park," and the real name of the composer was Robert Keiser, who changed his name to Robert King. He published songs under several assumed names, including Ed Haley, R. A. Wilson, and Mrs. Ravenhall, in addition to his own name, Robert Keiser/Robert King. His other great successful song, "Beautiful Ohio," was published under the pseudonym Mary Earl.

It is said that Robert Keiser/Robert King could imitate any style of composition and that he composed excellent songs with amazing speed. He wrote songs, often anonymously, for many publishers, but not one of them ever surpassed this one for popularity. Perhaps its slightly naughty (in 1884) lyric has something to do with its durability.



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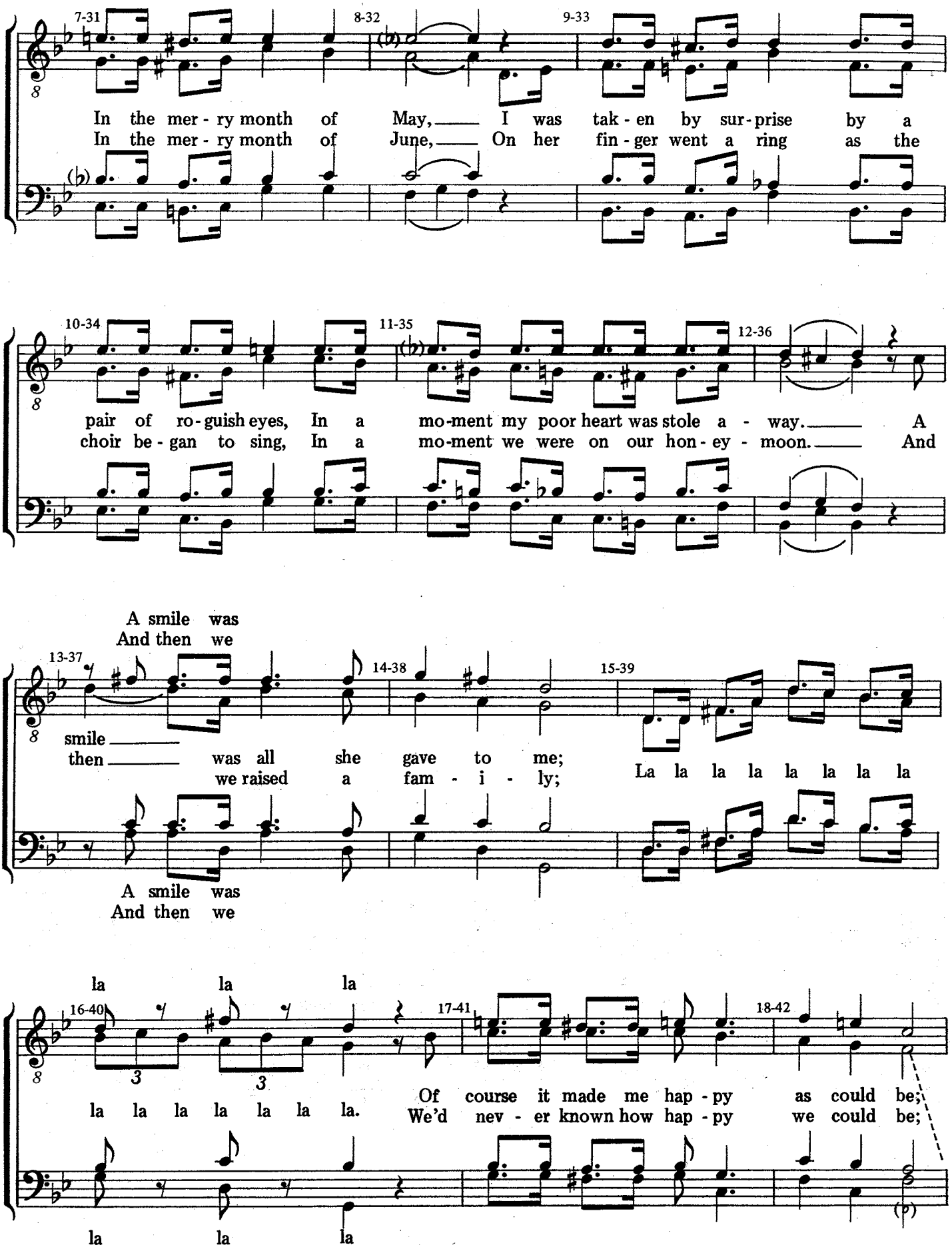
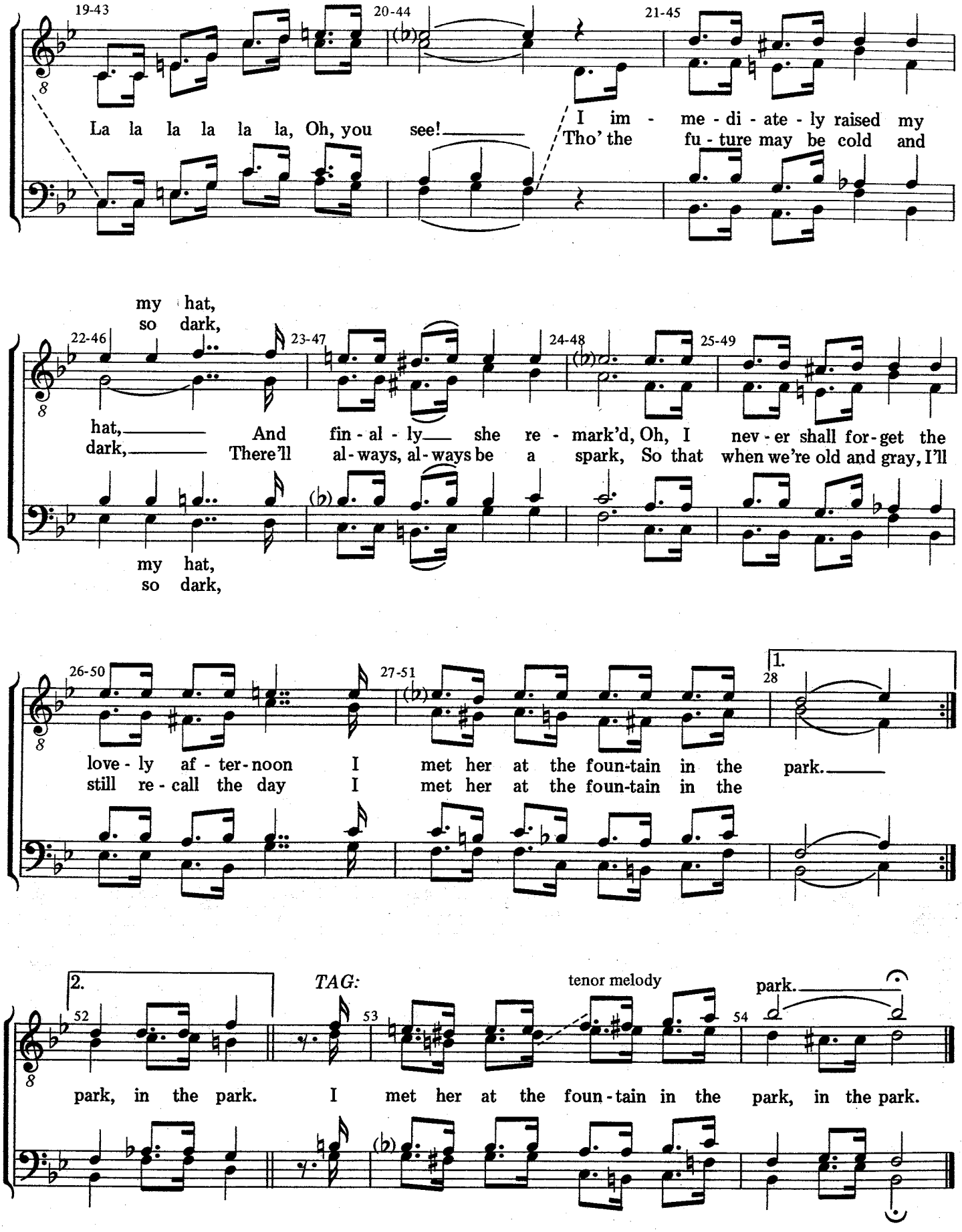

7-31
8-32
9-33
In the mer - ry month of May, I was tak - en by sur - prise by a
In the mer - ry month of June, On her fin - ger went a ring as the
10-34
11-35
12-36
pair of ro - guish eyes, In a mo - ment my poor heart was stole a - way. A
choir be - gan to sing, In a mo - ment we were on our hon - ey - moon. And
A smile was
And then we
13-37
14-38
15-39
smile
then was all she gave to me;
we raised a fam - i - ly;
La la la la la la la la
A smile was
And then we
la la la
16-40
17-41
18-42
la la la la la la la.
Of course it made me hap - py as could be;
We'd nev - er known how hap - py we could be;
la la la


19-43
20-44
21-45
La la la la la la, Oh, you see!
I im - me - di - ate - ly raised my
Tho' the fu - ture may be cold and
my hat,
so dark,
22-46
23-47
24-48
25-49
hat, And fin - al - ly she re - mark'd, Oh, I nev - er shall for - get the
dark, There'll al - ways, al - ways be a spark, So that when we're old and gray, I'll
my hat,
so dark,
26-50
27-51
1.
28
love - ly af - ter - noon I met her at the foun-tain in the park.
still re - call the day I met her at the foun-tain in the
2.
52
TAG:
53
tenor melody
54
park.
park, in the park. I met her at the foun - tain in the park, in the park.

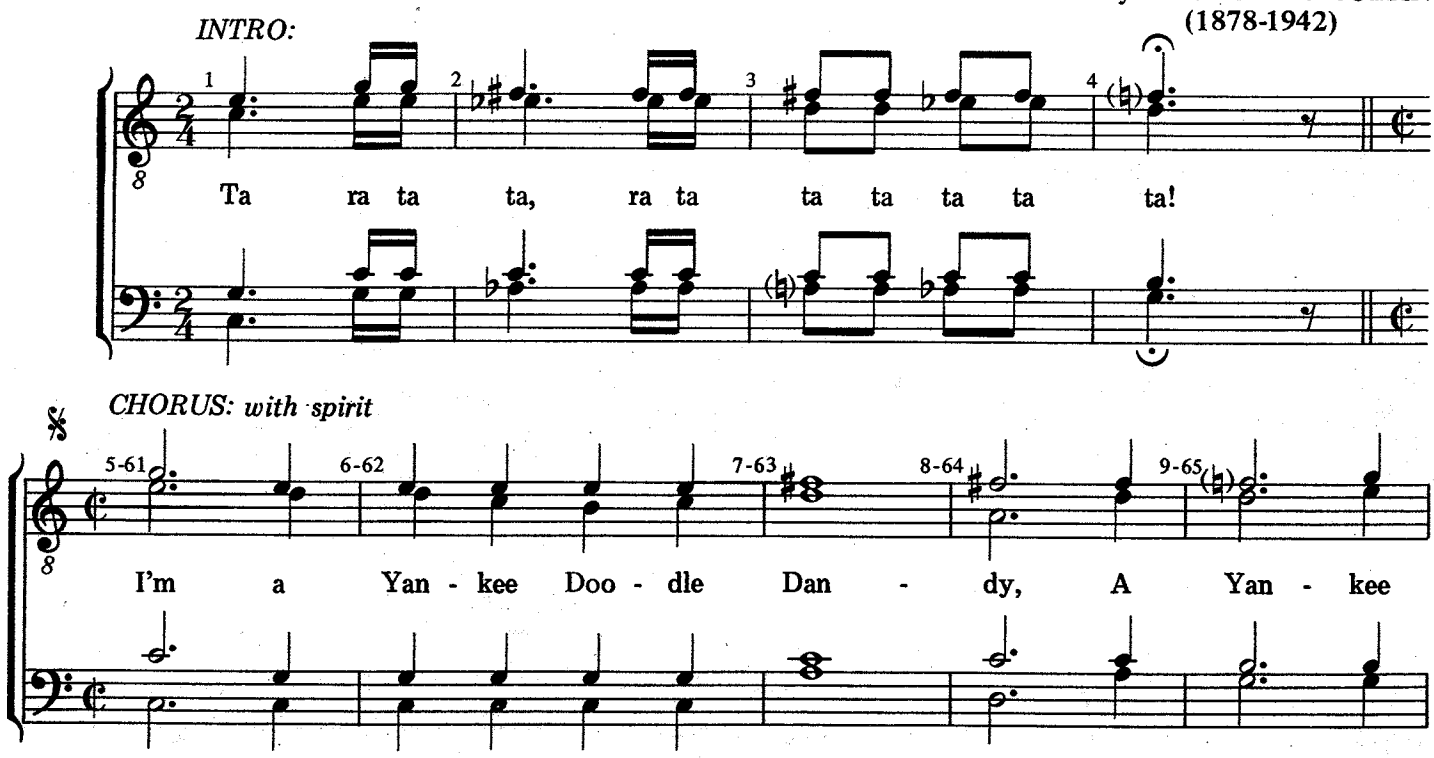
THE YANKEE DOODLE BOY

1904

Breathes there a man, or woman, who hasn't sung this classic of the American musical theater, this bold and brash flag-waving paean of patriotism? It was a stroke of genius that Cohan took the title of a song well-known from Colonial times in America, and incorporated it into the title of one of the hit songs from his musical play "Little Johnny Jones." Cohan also appropriated parts of the melody of "Yankee Doodle" in the verse of "The Yankee Doodle Boy." There was instant recognition, instant communication, and instant success.

"Little Johnny Jones" was Cohan's first smash hit show and helped to establish him as the leading figure of Broadway and the musical stage.

By GEORGE M. COHAN
(1878-1942)



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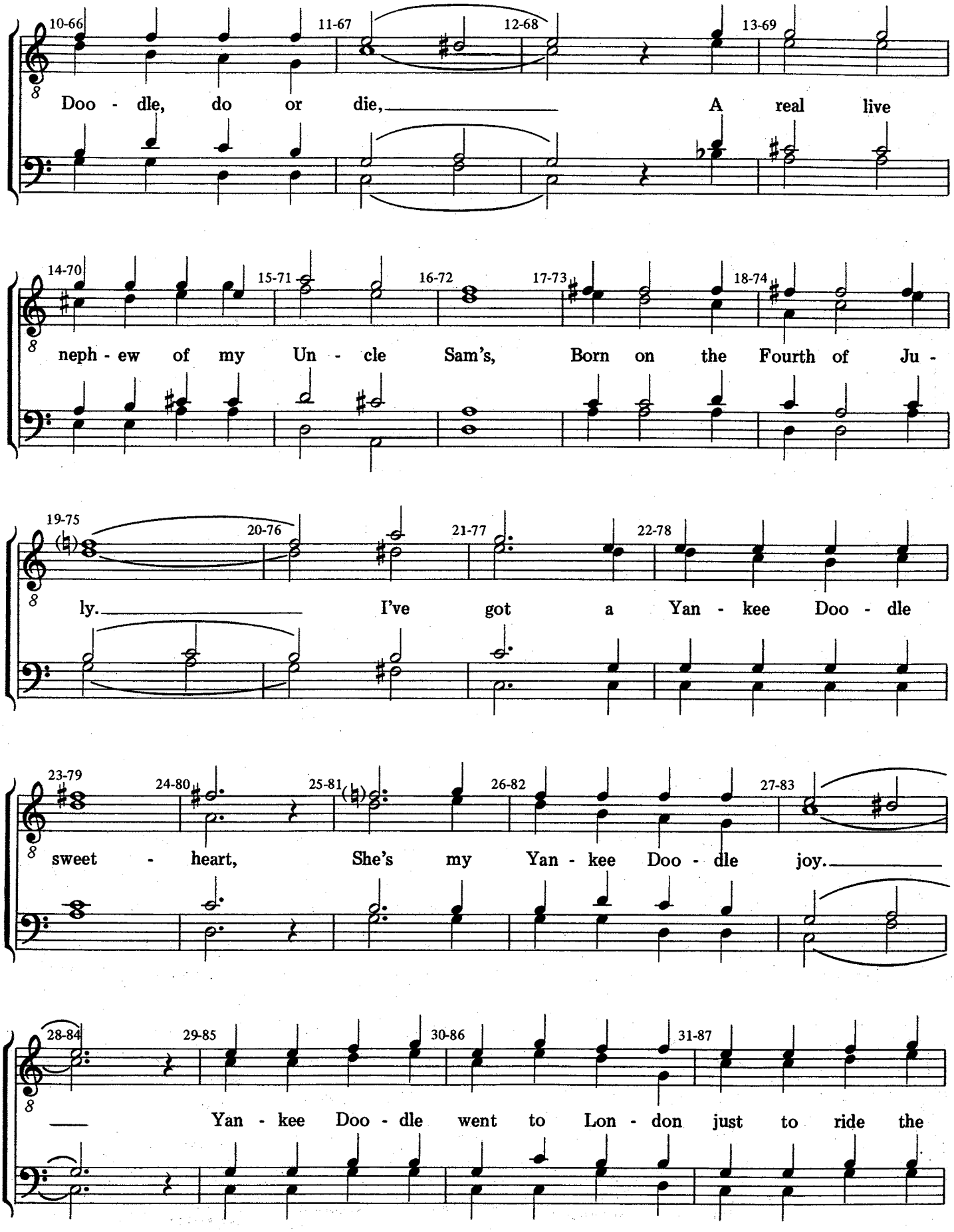
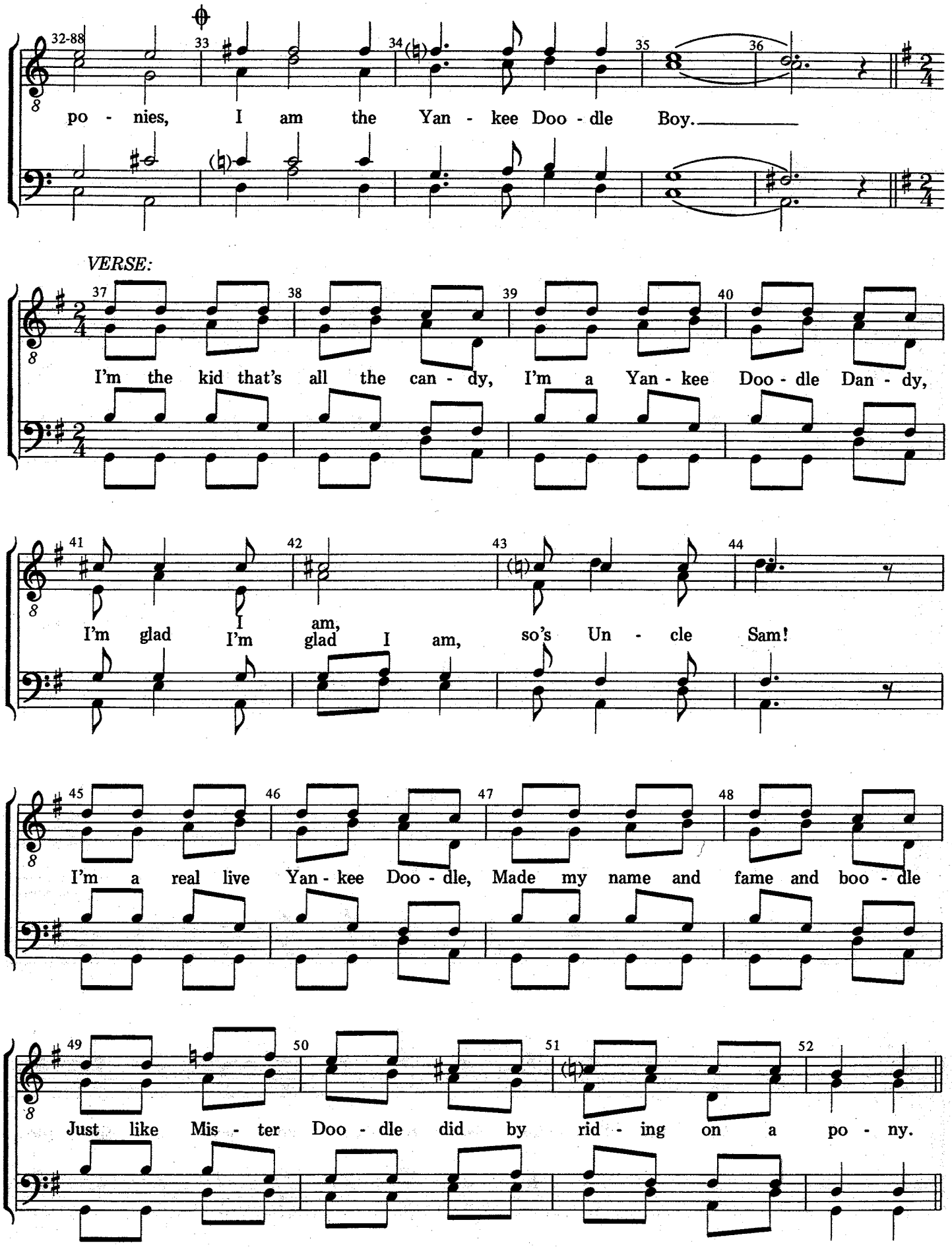
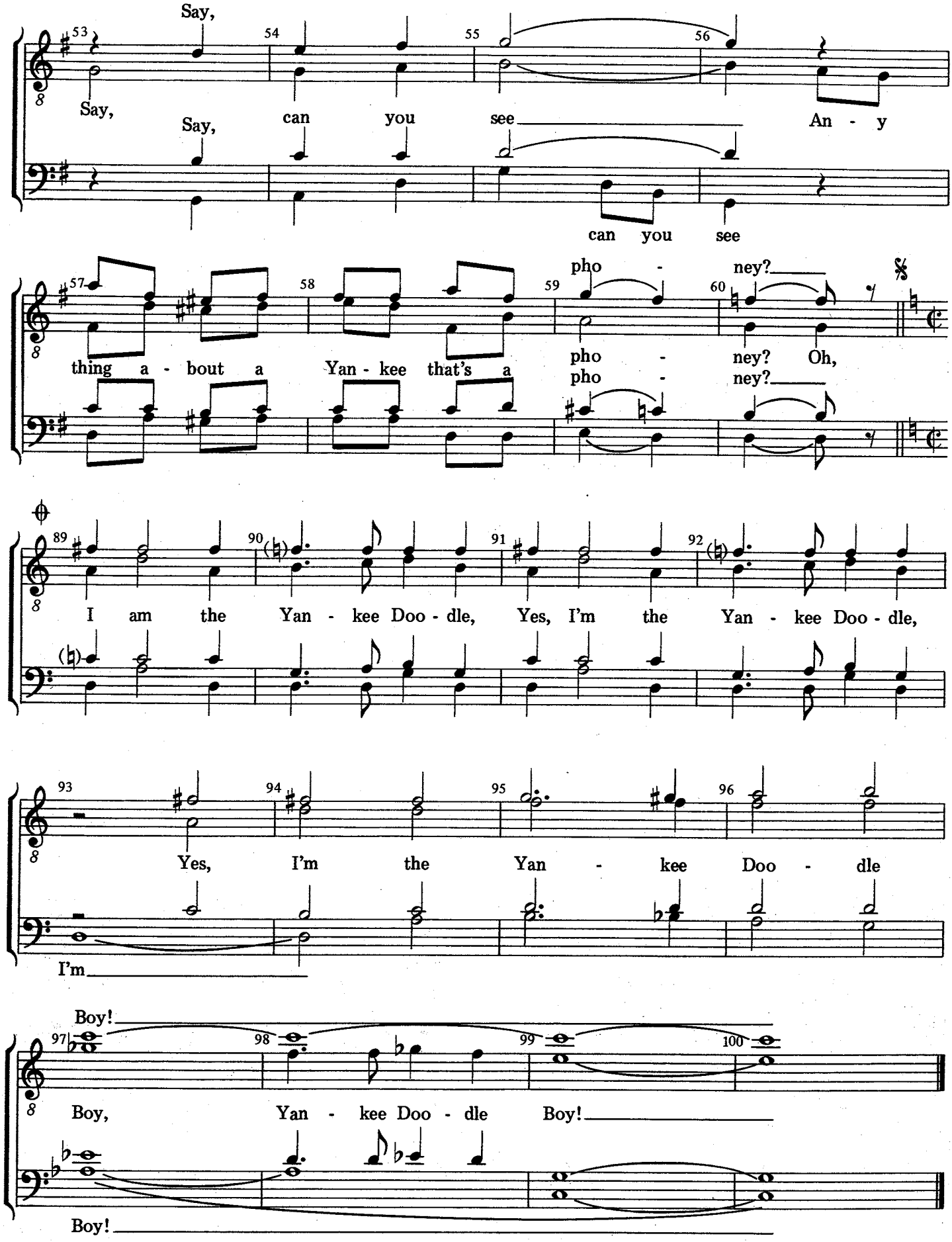

10-66
11-67
12-68
13-69
Doo - dle, do or die, A real live
14-70
15-71
16-72
17-73
18-74
neph - ew of my Un - cle Sam's, Born on the Fourth of Ju -
19-75
20-76
21-77
22-78
ly. I've got a Yan - kee Doo - dle
23-79
24-80
25-81
26-82
27-83
sweet - heart, She's my Yan - kee Doo - dle joy.
28-84
29-85
30-86
31-87
Yan - kee Doo - dle went to Lon - don just to ride the


32-88
33
34
35
36
po - nies, I am the Yan - kee Doo - dle Boy.
VERSE:
37
38
39
40
I'm the kid that's all the can - dy, I'm a Yan - kee Doo - dle Dan - dy,
41
42
43
44
I'm glad I am, I'm glad I am, so's Un - cle Sam!
45
46
47
48
I'm a real live Yan - kee Doo - dle, Made my name and fame and boo - dle
49
50
51
52
Just like Mis - ter Doo - dle did by rid - ing on a po - ny.


Say,
Say,
Say,
can you see An - y
can you see
thing a - bout a Yan - kee that's a pho - ney?
pho - ney? Oh,
pho - ney?
I am the Yan - kee Doo - dle, Yes, I'm the Yan - kee Doo - dle,
Yes, I'm the Yan - kee Doo - dle
I'm
Boy!
Boy, Yan - kee Doo - dle Boy!
Boy!

YOU TELL ME YOUR DREAM

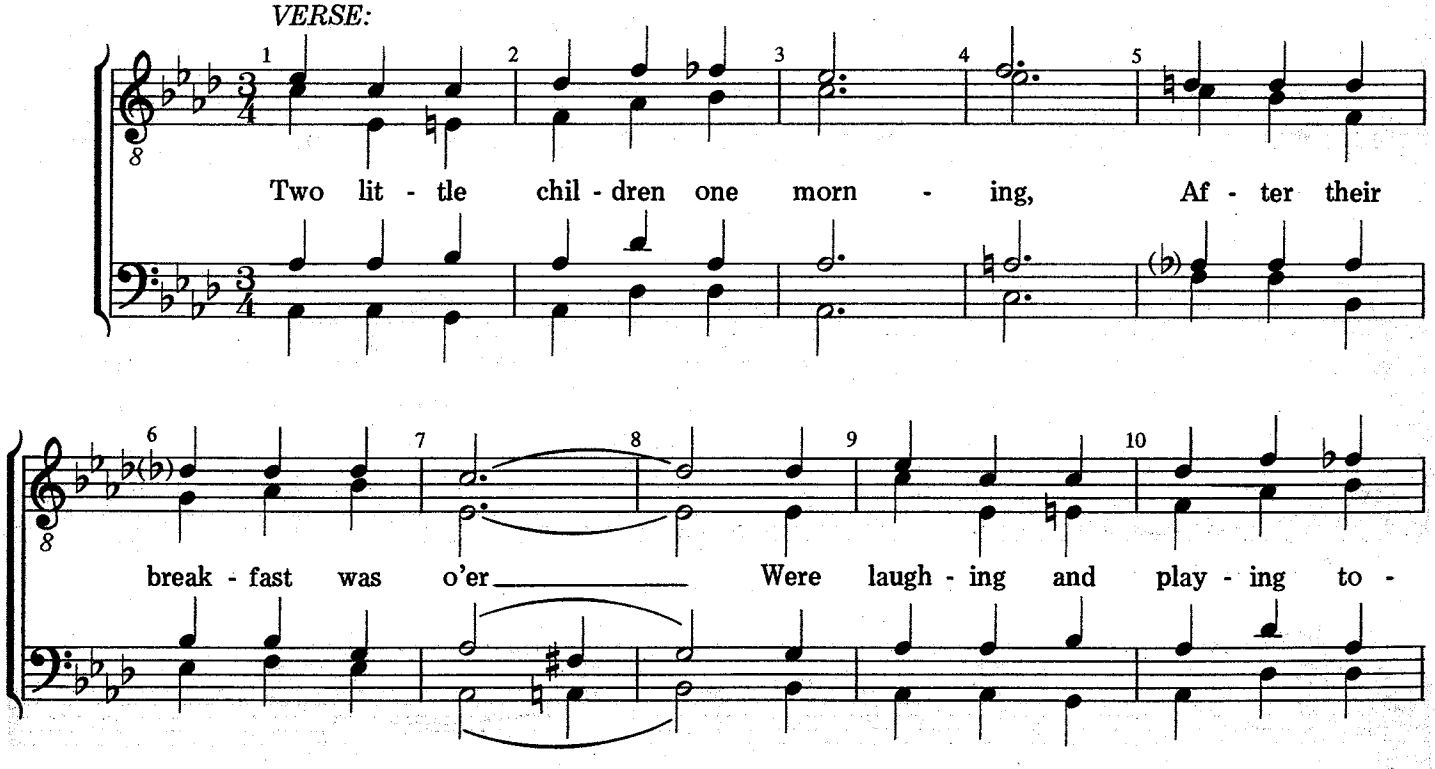
1899

This song, often called "I Had A Dream, Dear," is still a close-harmony favorite after almost 100 years. Very little is known about the writers, except that Charles Daniels came from Leavenworth, Kansas, but they were probably vaudeville performers and most certainly composed music for other performers as well. Charles Daniels composed most of his songs under the pseudonym Neil Moret, and these include "Mickey," "Moonlight And Roses," "Chloe" and many others. It is interesting to note that this tremendously popular song was written by three composers who never again collaborated on another song to equal its success.

Words by SEYMOUR A. RICE and ALBERT H. BROWN
(-) (-)

Music by CHARLES DANIELS
(1878-1943)

VERSE:



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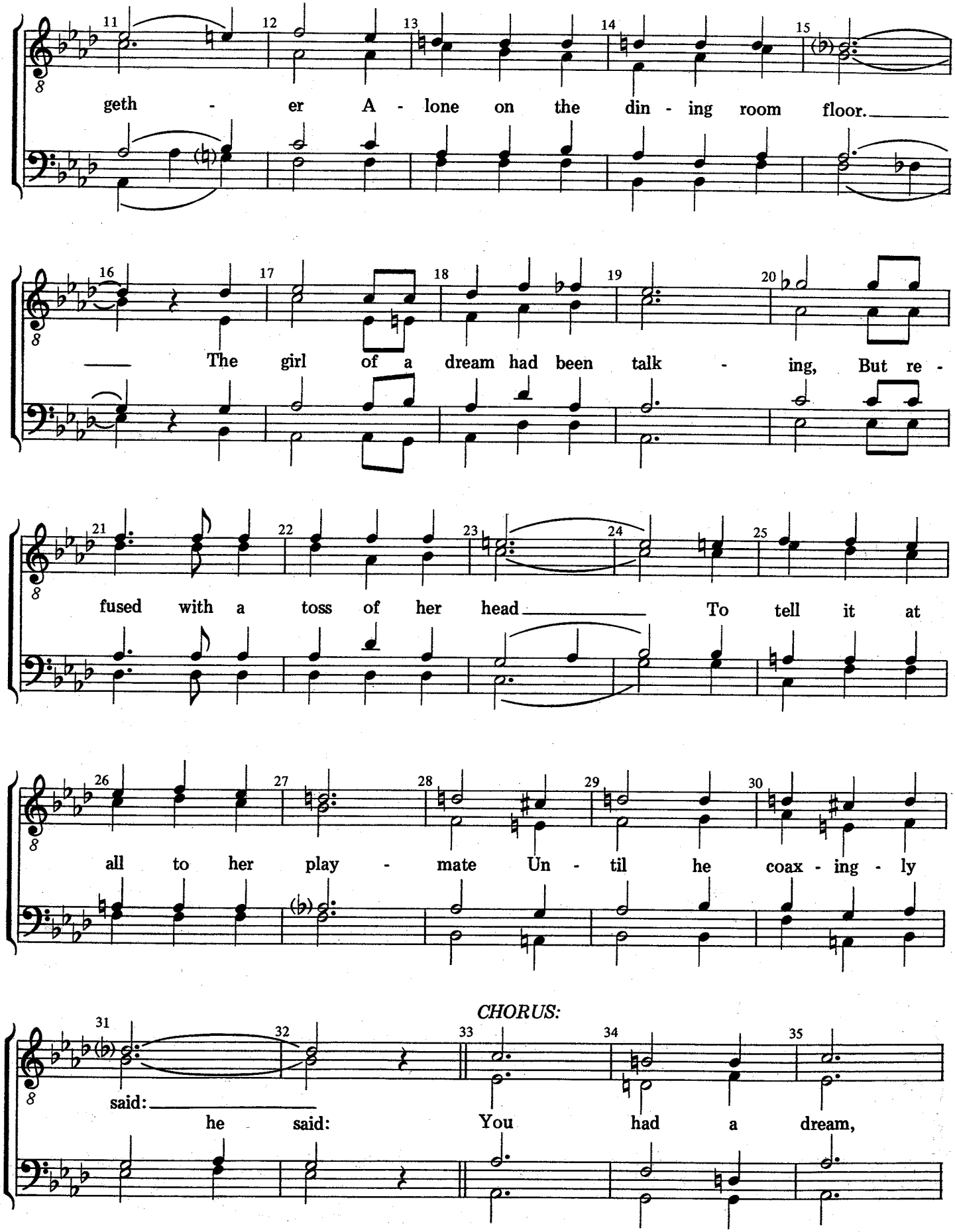
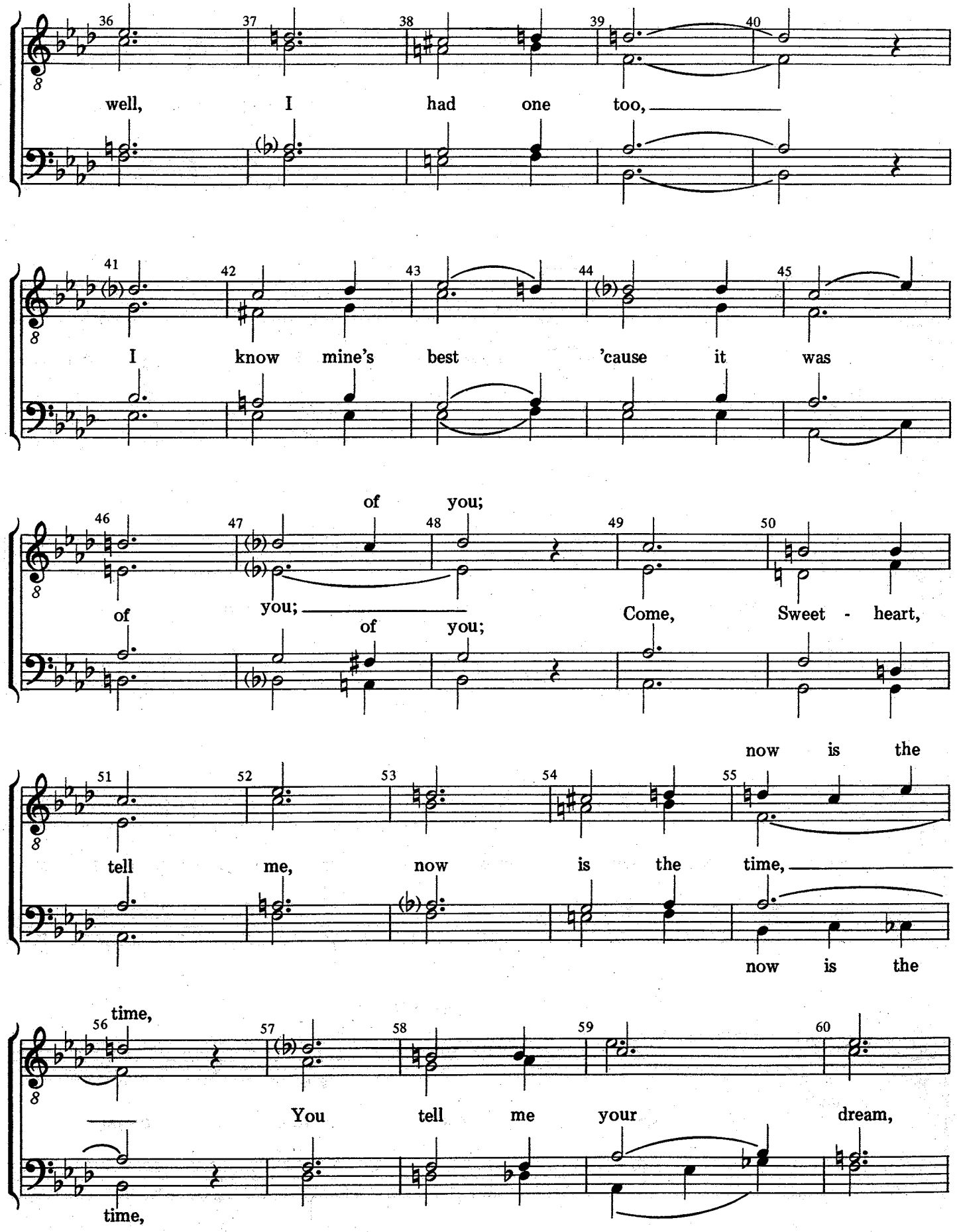
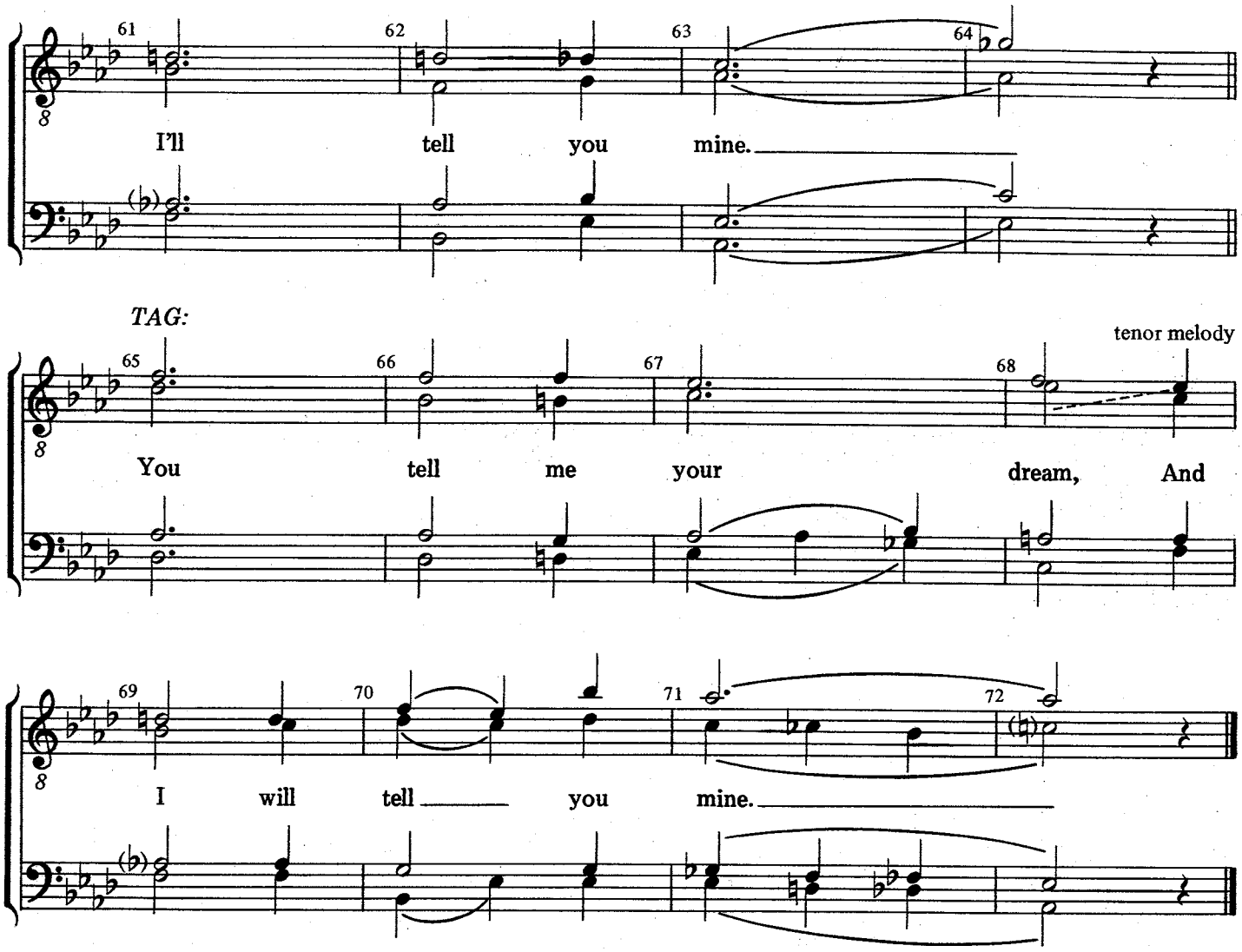

geth - er A - lone on the din - ing room floor.
The girl of a dream had been talk - ing, But re -
fused with a toss of her head To tell it at
all to her play - mate Un - til he coax - ing - ly
CHORUS:
said:
he said: You had a dream,


36 37 38 39 40
well, I had one too,
41 42 43 44 45
I know mine's best 'cause it was
of you;
46 47 48 49 50
of you; Come, Sweet - heart,
of you;
now is the
51 52 53 54 55
tell me, now is the time,
now is the
time,
56 57 58 59 60
You tell me your dream,
time,



Additional verses:

Tom said, "I dreamed you had promised that someday we should be wed."
"Why, that's just exactly like my dream," Mary then blushingly said.
Time, they say, brings many changes, but their love no change ever knew.
And so they were happily married; the dream of their childhood came true.

Sadness has entered the household where happiness once reigned supreme.
The sunshine of life now has vanished; grief has dispelled their bright dream.
For Mary, his kind loving helpmate, had yesterday passed away,
And in sorrow Tom thinks of the morning when in childhood to her he did say.

YOU'RE A GRAND OLD FLAG

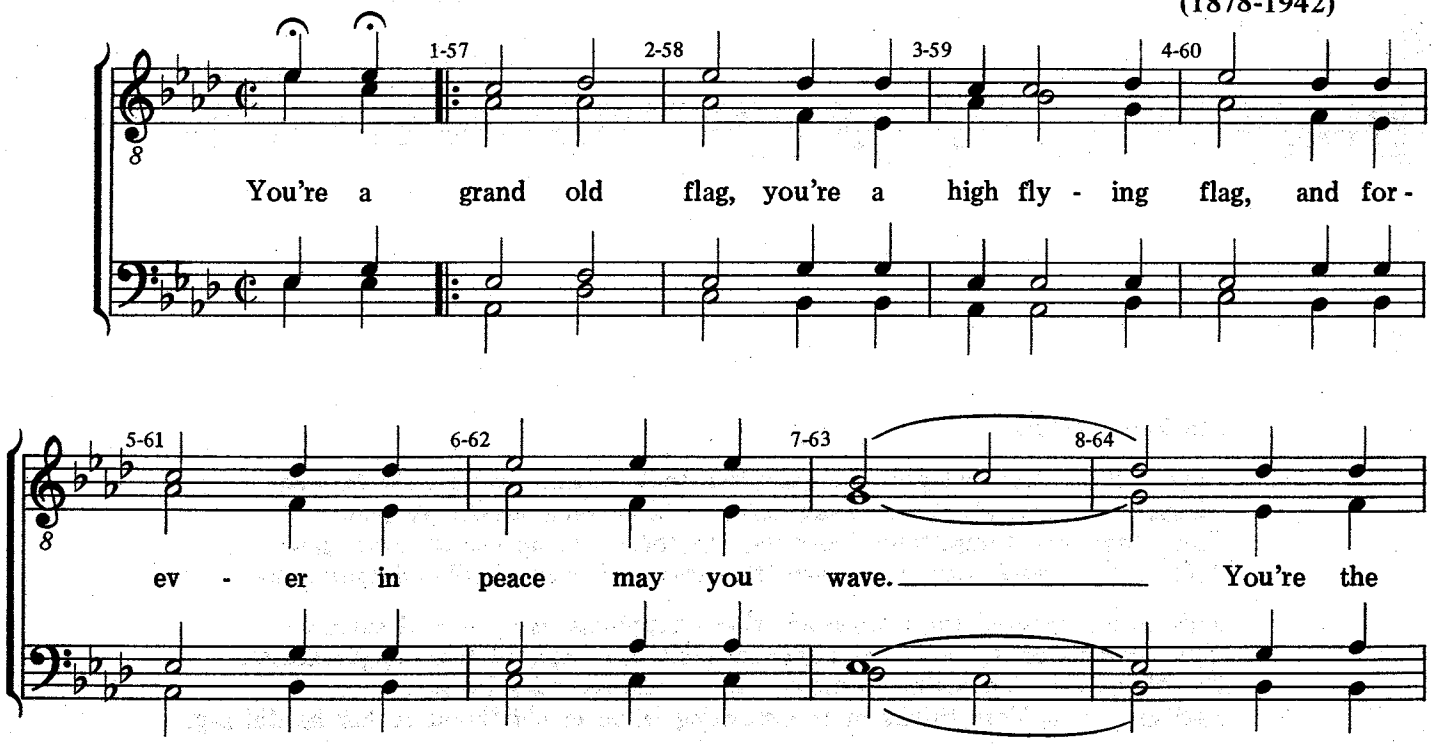
1906

It is difficult to guess which of the two patriotic Cohan songs, "The Yankee Doodle Boy" or "You're A Grand Old Flag," is better known. Just two years following the success of "Little Johnny Jones" came the show "George Washington, Jr.," which introduced "You're A Grand Old Flag" (originally, "You're A Grand Old Rag") to Cohan's adoring public. Still tremendously popular today, it rarely fails to elicit a standing ovation from an audience when performed in appropriate costume and with flags flying. A classic? Most definitely.

Although Cohan's career lasted through the 1930s, he made very few recordings and did not record either of his biggest hits.

CHORUS: with spirit

By GEORGE M. COHAN
(1878-1942)



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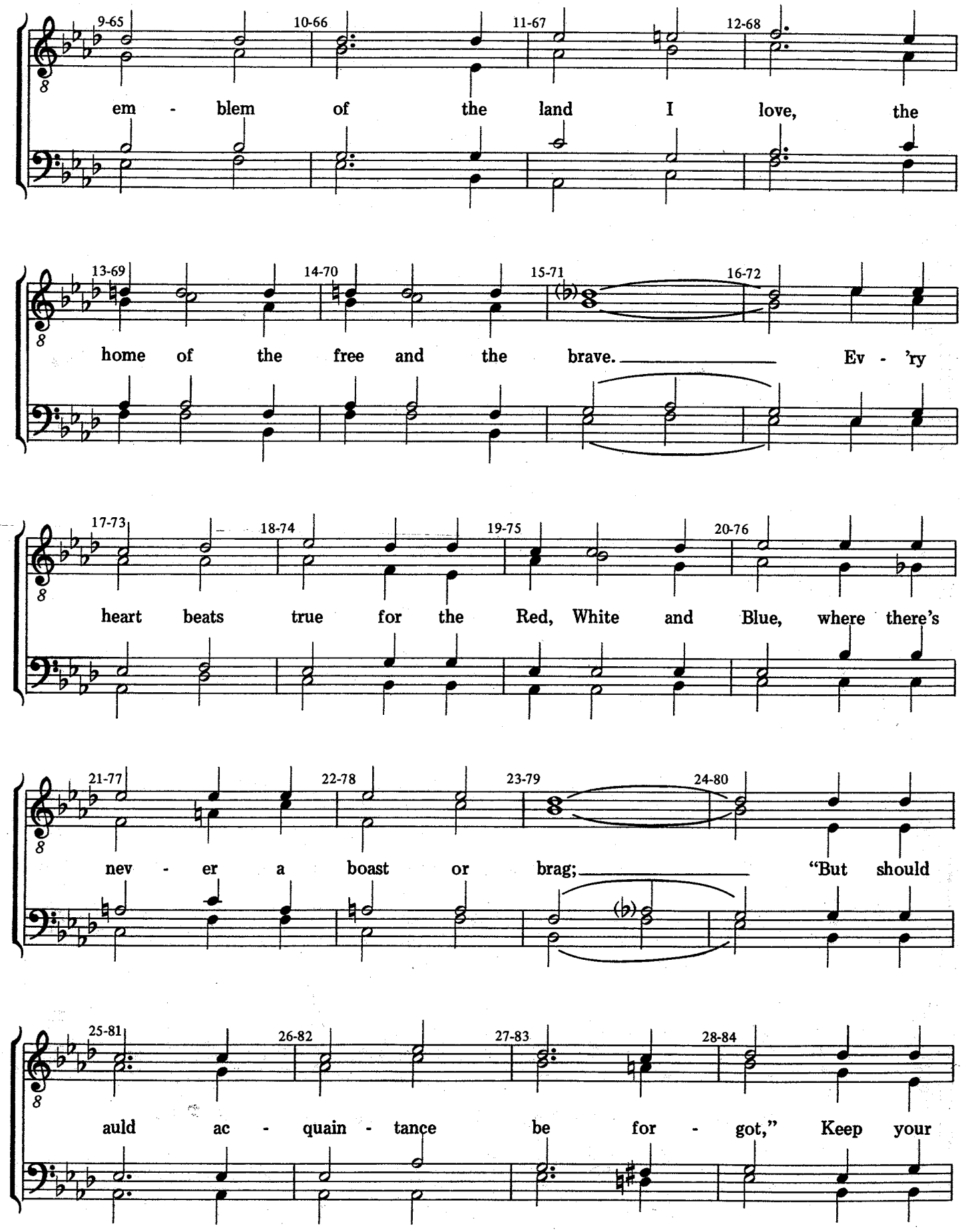
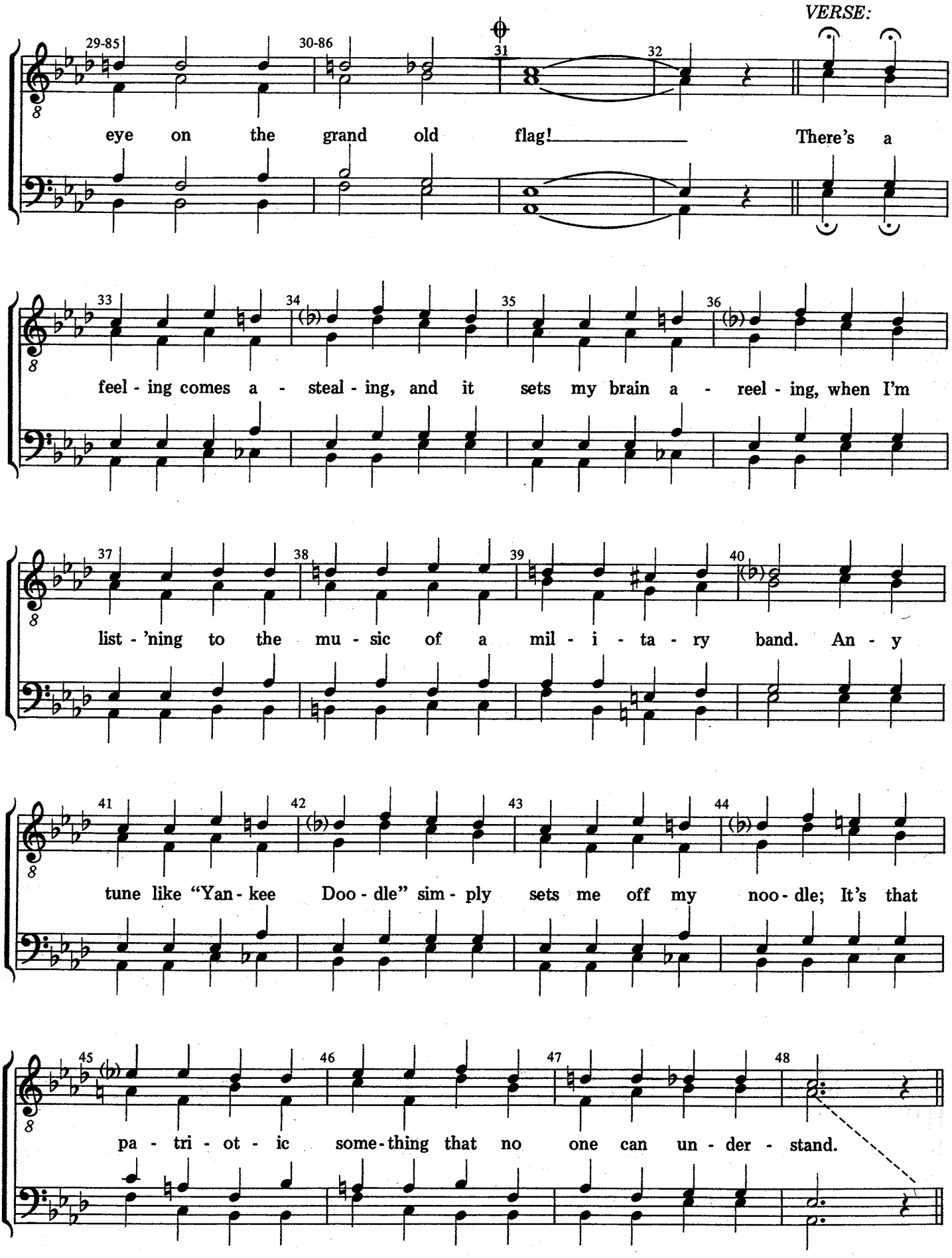
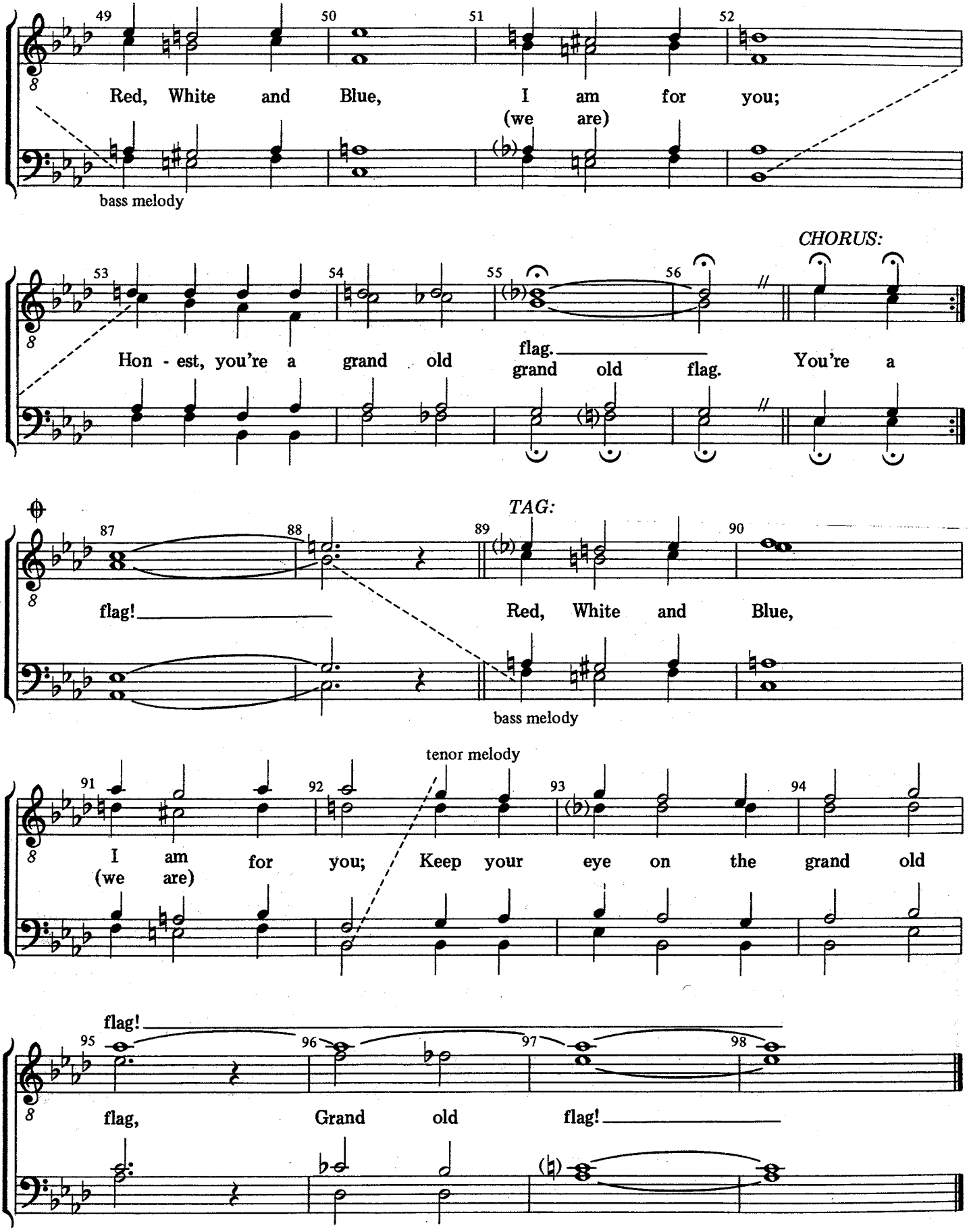

9-65
10-66
11-67
12-68
em - blem of the land I love, the
13-69
14-70
15-71
16-72
home of the free and the brave. Ev - 'ry
17-73
18-74
19-75
20-76
heart beats true for the Red, White and Blue, where there's
21-77
22-78
23-79
24-80
nev - er a boast or brag; "But should
25-81
26-82
27-83
28-84
auld ac - quain - tance be for - got," Keep your


VERSE:
29-85
30-86
31
32
eye on the grand old flag! There's a
33
34
35
36
feel - ing comes a - steal - ing, and it sets my brain a - reel - ing, when I'm
37
38
39
40
list - 'ning to the mu - sic of a mil - i - ta - ry band. An - y
41
42
43
44
tune like "Yan - kee Doo - dle" sim - ply sets me off my noo - dle; It's that
45
46
47
48
pa - tri - ot - ic some - thing that no one can un - der - stand.


49
50
51
52
Red, White and Blue, I am for you;
(we are)
bass melody
CHORUS:
53
54
55
56
Hon - est, you're a grand old flag.
grand old flag. You're a
TAG:
87
88
89
90
flag!
Red, White and Blue,
bass melody
tenor melody
91
92
93
94
I am for you; Keep your eye on the grand old
(we are)
flag!
95
96
97
98
flag, Grand old flag!

YOU'RE THE FLOWER OF MY HEART, SWEET ADELINE

1903

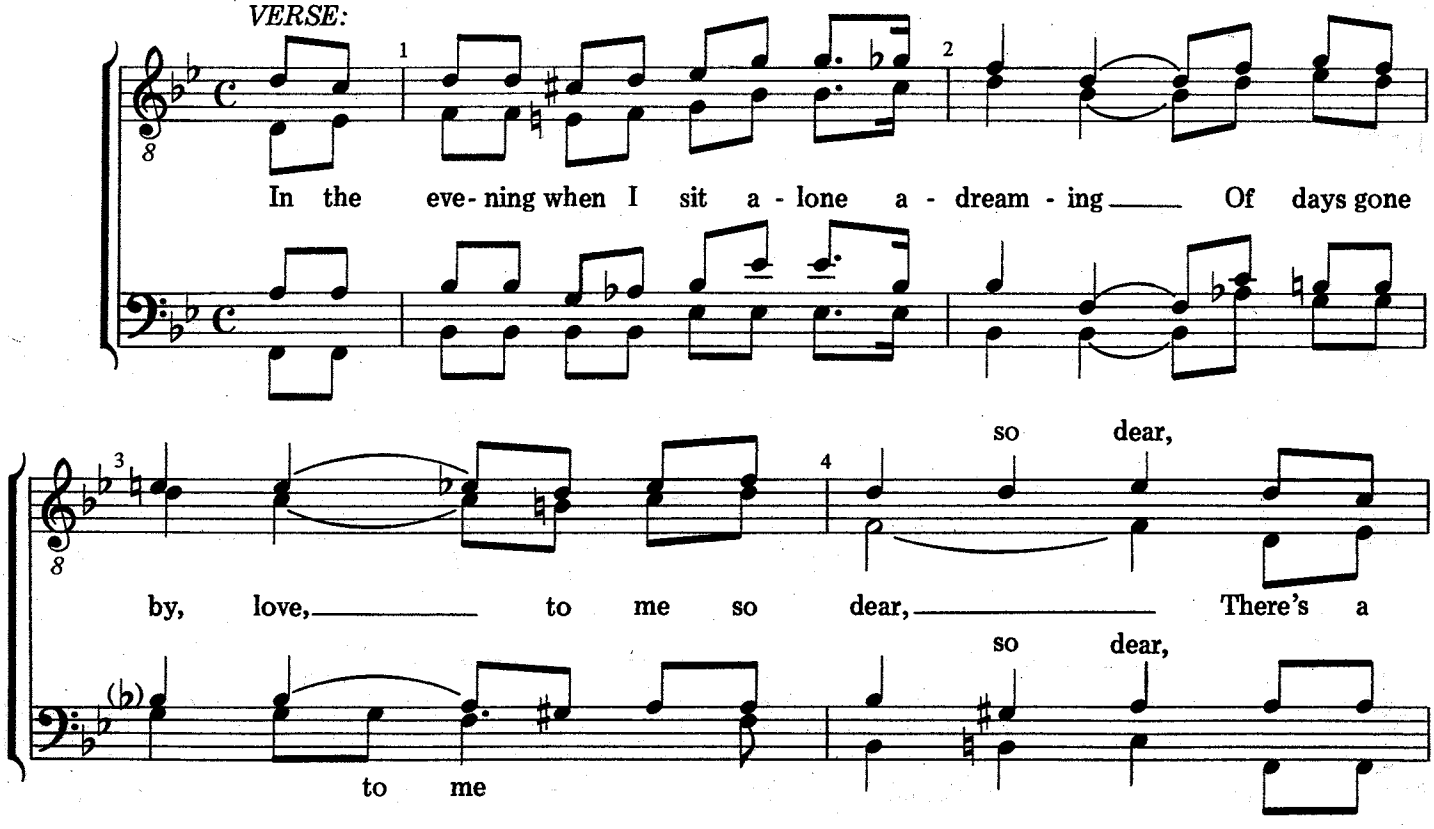
There is "Sweet Genevieve," there is "Sweet Sue," and there is "Sweet Rosie O'Grady." But without doubt, the best known, best loved, and most often sung of the songs with similar titles is "Sweet Adeline," whose complete title is "You're The Flower Of My Heart, Sweet Adeline." Harry Armstrong had composed the melody in 1896 and titled it "My Old New England Home," while Richard Gerard's lyric was originally titled "Sweet Rosalie." The two writers were introduced by Jimmie Walker, a lyricist (later to be mayor of New York), and they combined efforts, changing a few melody notes and words. "Rosalie" became "Adeline," supposedly suggested by an advertisement for the great Italian opera singer, Adelina Patti, who was appearing in New York City.

The song, especially the chorus, with its harmonizing voices echoing the solo part, has been a standard, almost the national anthem, of barbershop singers.

Words by **RICHARD H. GERARD**
(1876-1948)

Music by **HARRY ARMSTRONG**
(1879-1951)

VERSE:



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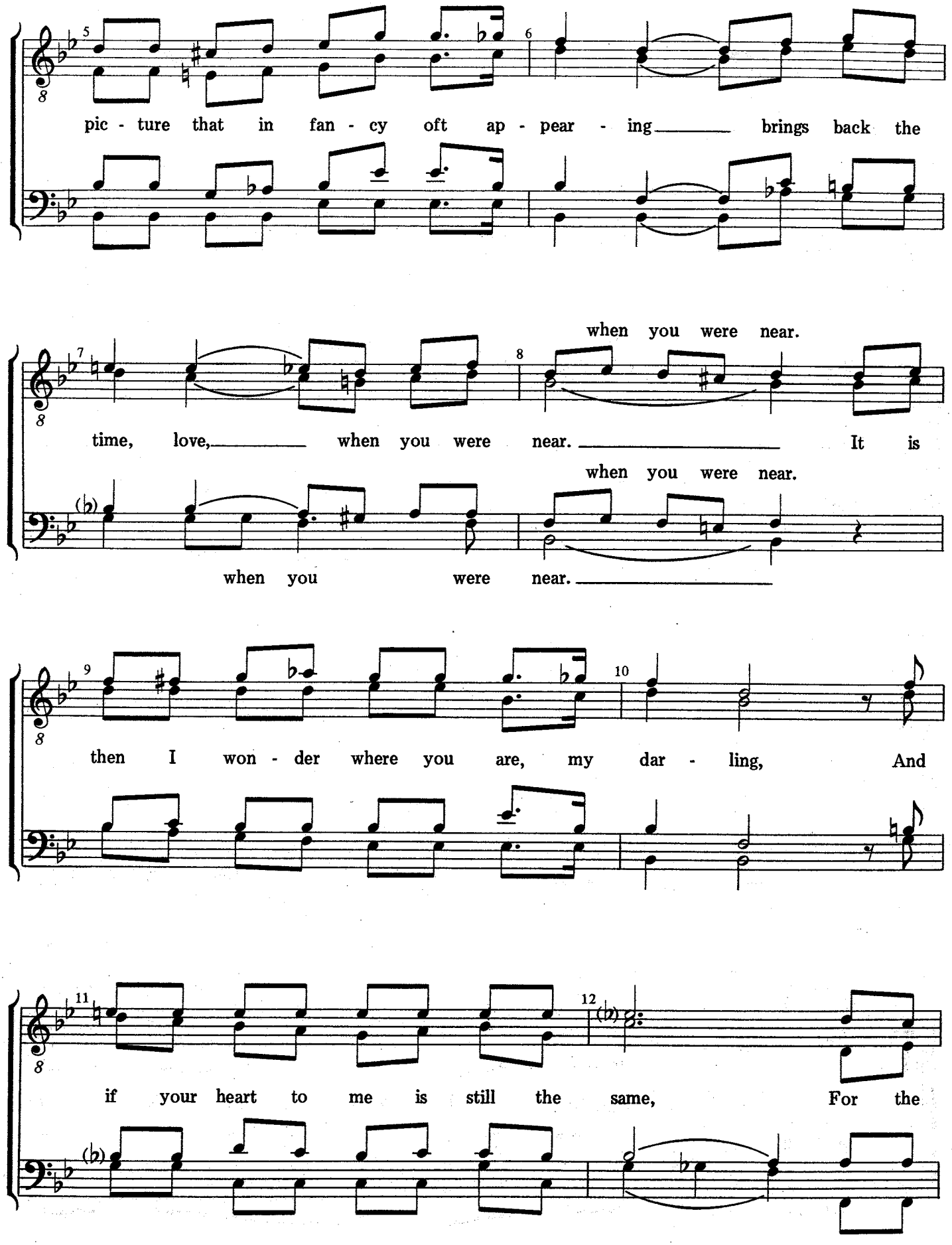
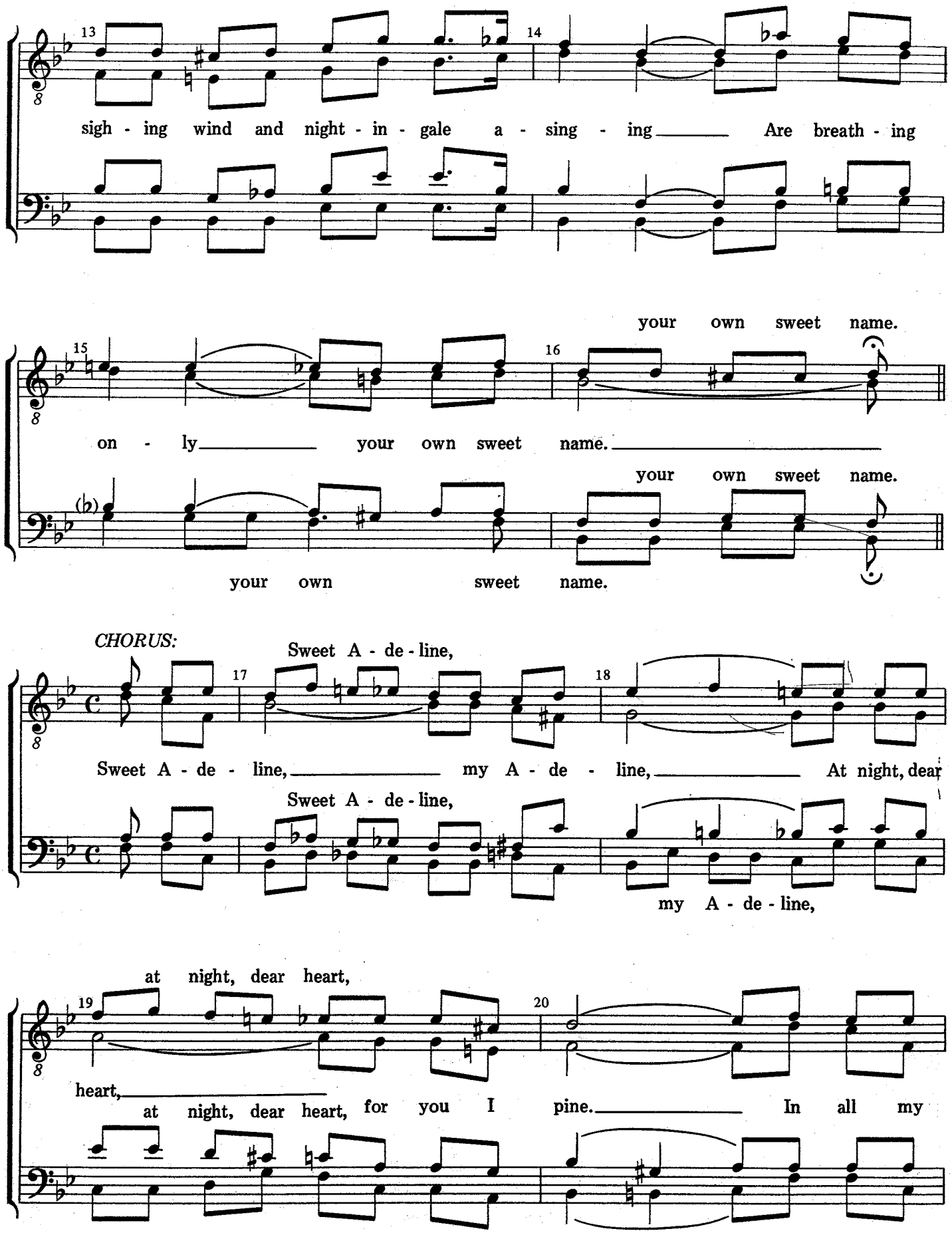
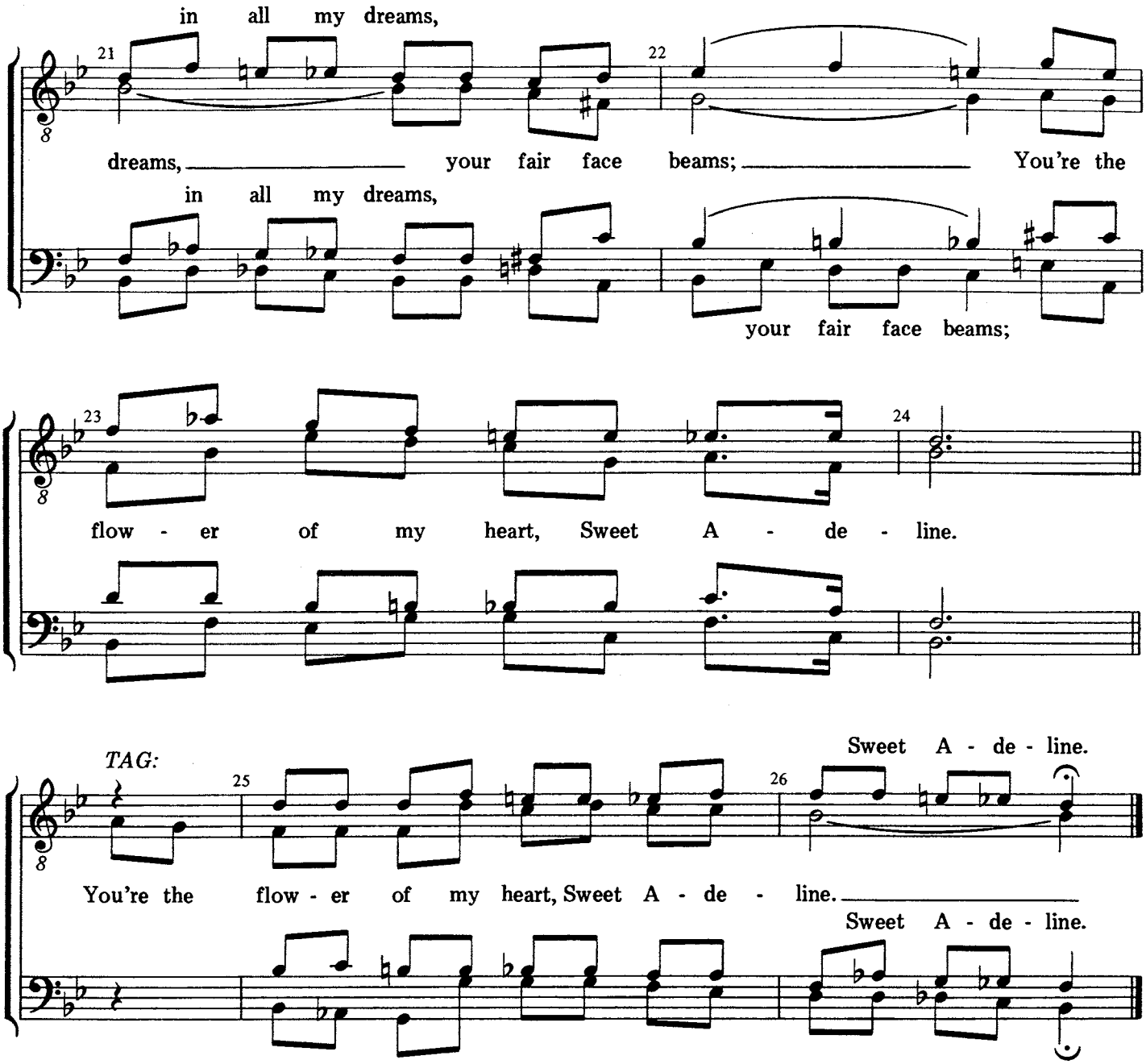

pic - ture that in fan - cy oft ap - pear - ing brings back the
when you were near.
time, love, when you were near. It is
when you were near.
when you were near.
then I won - der where you are, my dar - ling, And
if your heart to me is still the same, For the


13
14
sigh - ing wind and night - in - gale a - sing - ing Are breath - ing
your own sweet name.
15
16
on - ly your own sweet name.
your own sweet name.
your own sweet name.
CHORUS:
Sweet A - de - line,
17
18
Sweet A - de - line, my A - de - line, At night, dear
Sweet A - de - line,
my A - de - line,
at night, dear heart,
19
20
heart,
at night, dear heart, for you I pine. In all my



Additional verse:

I can see your smiling face as when we wandered
Down by the brookside, just you and I;
And its seems so real at times till I awaken
To find all vanished, a dream gone by.
If we meet sometime in after years, my darling,
I trust that I will find your love still mine.
Tho' my heart is sad and clouds above are hov' ring,
The sun again, love, for me would shine.

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INDEX OF FAMILIAR AND FIRST LINES

This index will help locate a song if the words of the first line of either the verse or the chorus are known. It will also help locate the song if the most familiar line in the song is known. Song titles are given in bold face.

A little maiden climbed on an old man's knee / **After The Ball**
A marble monument marked the grave / **A Bird In A Gilded Cage**
A youth one day in a garden fair / **The Story Of The Rose**
After the ball is over / **After The Ball**
Ah, love, 'tis something to feel your kind hand / **I Love You Truly**
And now we are aged and gray, Maggie / **When You And I Were Young, Maggie**
And then he'd row, row, row / **Row, Row, Row**
As the blackbird in the spring / **Aura Lee**
At the old concert hall on the Bow'ry / **She Is More To Be Pitied Than Censured**

Because God made the stars to shine / **Tell Me Why**
Beautiful Dreamer, wake unto me / **Beautiful Dreamer**
Bright lights were flashing in the grand ballroom / **After The Ball**
Bring back, bring back / **My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean**
By the light of the silvery moon / **By The Light Of The Silvery Moon**

Carry me back to old Virginny / **Carry Me Back To Old Virginny**
Casey would waltz with the strawberry blonde / **The Band Played On**
Come away with me, Lucile / **In My Merry Oldsmobile**
Come, Josephine, in my flying machine / **Come, Josephine, In My Flying Machine**
Come on and hear, come on and hear / **Alexander's Ragtime Band**
Cuddle up a little closer / **Cuddle Up A Little Closer, Lovey Mine**

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true / **Daisy Bell**
Dark and drear the world has grown / **Dear Old Girl**
Darling, I am growing old / **Silver Threads Among The Gold**
Dear old girl / **Dear Old Girl**
Did you ever see two Yankees part upon a foreign shore / **Give My Regards To Broadway**
Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow / **I've Been Workin' On The Railroad**
Down around the corner of the street where I reside / **Sweet Rosie O'Grady**
Down by the old mill stream / **Down By The Old Mill Stream**
Down in front of Casey's old brown wooden stoop / **The Sidewalks Of New York**
Dreaming of you, that's all I do / **Meet Me Tonight In Dreamland**

East side, West side / **The Sidewalks Of New York**
Ev'rything is over and I'm feeling bad / **My Gal Sal**

Farewell, ladies / **Good-Night, Ladies**
For auld lang syne, my dear / **Auld Lang Syne**
For it is Mary, Mary / **Mary's A Grand Old Name**

Give my regards to Broadway / **Give My Regards To Broadway**
Good-bye, my lady love / **Good-Bye, My Lady Love**
Good-night, ladies! Good-night, ladies! / **Good-Night, Ladies**

H-A Double R-I-G-A-N spells Harrigan / **Harrigan**
Heart of my heart, I love you / **The Story Of The Rose**
Hello! My baby, Hello! My honey / **Hello! My Baby**

I am dreaming, dear, of you / **Let Me Call You Sweetheart**
I care not for the stars that shine / **Love Me, And The World Is Mine**
I had a dream, dear / **You Tell Me Your Dream**
I love you as I never loved before / **When You Were Sweet Sixteen**
I love you truly / **I Love You Truly**
I once did know a girl named Grace / **I've Been Workin' On The Railroad**
I stood in a churchyard just at eve / **A Bird In A Gilded Cage**
I wander on as in a dream / **Love Me, And The World Is Mine**
I wandered today to the hill, Maggie / **When You And I Were Young, Maggie**
I want a girl just like the girl that married dear old Dad / **I Want A Girl**
I want to tell you a story / **I'd Love To Live In Loveland**
I will stand by you in "wheel" or "woe" / **Daisy Bell**
I wonder who's kissing her now / **I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now**
I'd love to live in loveland with a girl like you / **I'd Love To Live In Loveland**
Ida! Sweet as apple cider / **Ida! Sweet As Apple Cider**
I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy / **The Yankee Doodle Boy**
I'm the kid that's all the candy / **The Yankee Doodle Boy**
In the evening by the moonlight you could hear the old folks singing / **In The Evening By The Moonlight**
In the evening when I sit alone a-dreaming / **You're The Flower Of My Heart, Sweet Adeline**
In the good old summer time / **In The Good Old Summer Time**
In the region where the roses always bloom / **Ida! Sweet As Apple Cider**
In the shade of the old apple tree / **In The Shade Of The Old Apple Tree**
It's a long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to go / **It's A Long, Long Way To Tipperary**

Just a song at twilight / **Love's Old Sweet Song**

Let me call you sweetheart / **Let Me Call You Sweetheart**
Long years have passed, child / **After The Ball**

Mandy Lee, I love you / **Mandy Lee**
Many years ago today / **Mandy Lee**
Matt Casey formed a social club that beat the town for style / **The Band Played On**
Meet me in St. Louis, Louis / **Meet Me In St. Louis, Louis**
Meet me tonight in dreamland / **Meet Me Tonight In Dreamland**
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along / **Good-Night, Ladies**
My Bonnie lies over the ocean / **My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean**
My darling I am dreaming of the days gone by / **Down By The Old Mill Stream**
My mother's name was Mary / **Mary's A Grand Old Name**
My ship is sailing o'er the sea / **Shine On Me**
My wild Irish rose / **My Wild Irish Rose**

Nelly Kelly loved baseball games / **Take Me Out To The Ball Game**
Nighttime is a-falling, ev'rything is still / **Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey**
Nothing to do, Nellie darling / **School Days**
Now when the dance was over and the band played Home Sweet Home / **The Band Played On**

Oh, my honey, Oh, my honey / **Alexander's Ragtime Band**
Oh, say! Let us fly, dear / **Come, Josephine, In My Flying Machine**
On a Sunday morn sat a maid forlorn / **Wait Till The Sun Shines, Nellie**
On her cheek the rose was born / **Aura Lee**
On the old farmhouse veranda / **Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet**
On the summer shore where the breakers roar / **Cuddle Up A Little Closer, Lovey Mine**
Once again we seem to sit when evening lamps are lit / **Dear Old Girl**
Once in the dear dead days beyond recall / **Love's Old Sweet Song**

Put on your old grey bonnet / **Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet**
Put your arms around me, Honey / **Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey**

Say Hello to dear old Coney Isle / **Give My Regards To Broadway**
School days, school days / **School Days**
She is more to be pitied than censured / **She Is More To Be Pitied Than Censured**
She's only a bird in a gilded cage / **A Bird In A Gilded Cage**
Shine on me in the mornin' / **Shine On Me**
Shine on, shine on harvest moon / **Shine On, Harvest Moon**
Should auld acquaintance be forgot / **Auld Lang Syne**
So you're goin' away because your heart has gone astray / **Good-Bye, My Lady Love**
Such kissing in the corner and such whisp'ring in the hall / **The Band Played On**
Sweet Adeline, my Adeline / **You're The Flower Of My Heart, Sweet Adeline**
Sweet dreams, ladies / **Good-Night, Ladies**
Sweet Rosie O'Grady / **Sweet Rosie O'Grady**

Take me out to the ball game / **Take Me Out To The Ball Game**
Tell me why the stars do shine / **Tell Me Why**
The ballroom was filled with fashion's throng / **A Bird In A Gilded Cage**
The girl of my dreams is the sweetest girl / **The Sweetheart Of Sigma Chi**
The night was mighty dark so you could hardly see / **Shine On, Harvest Moon**
The old mill wheel is silent and has fallen down / **Down By The Old Mill Stream**
The oriole with joy was sweetly singing / **In The Shade Of The Old Apple Tree**
The sun shines bright on my old Kentucky home / **My Old Kentucky Home, Good-Night**
There is a flower within my heart / **Daisy Bell**
There's a feeling comes a-stealing / **You're A Grand Old Flag**
There's a tear in your eye and I'm wondering why / **When Irish Eyes Are Smiling**
There's a time in each year that we always hold dear / **In The Good Old Summer Time**
They called her frivolous Sal / **My Gal Sal**
This morning through the phone she said her name was Bess / **Hello! My Baby**
'Twas a sunny day in June when the birds were all in tune / **Dear Old Girl**
Twilight time is stealing, years go swiftly by / **Silver Threads Among The Gold**
Two little children one morning / **You Tell Me Your Dream**

Voices hum, crooning over Moonlight Bay / **Moonlight Bay**

Wait till the sun shines, Nellie / **Wait Till The Sun Shines, Nellie**
We were sailing along / **Moonlight Bay**
We will go tandem as man and wife / **Daisy Bell**
Weep no more, my lady / **My Old Kentucky Home, Good-Night**
When first I saw the lovelight in your eyes / **When You Were Sweet Sixteen**
When I was a boy my mother often said to me / **I Want A Girl**
When Irish eyes are smiling / **When Irish Eyes Are Smiling**
When Louis came home to the flat / **Meet Me In St. Louis, Louis**
When the dewdrops fall, 'tis then your heart, I know, will call / **Good-Bye, My Lady Love**
When the world goes wrong as it's bound to do / **The Sweetheart Of Sigma Chi**
While strolling through the park one day / **While Strolling Through The Park One Day**
Who is the man who will spend or will even lend? / **Harrigan**

You had a dream, well, I had one too / **You Tell Me Your Dream**
You have loved lots of girls in the sweet long ago / **I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now**
You may sing of your roses which by other names / **My Wild Irish Rose**
Young Johnny Jones he had a cute little boat / **Row, Row, Row**
Young Johnny Steele has an Oldsmobile / **In My Merry Oldsmobile**
You're a grand old flag / **You're A Grand Old Flag**
Your mother's name was Mary / **Mary's A Grand Old Name**

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