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1892

## After the Ball

Jos Clauder

*Arranger*

Chas. K Harris

*Composer*

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# AFTER THE BALL

...Ad...  
Sung by  
**J. Aldrich  
Libbey**  
...The...  
Peerless Baritone  
in HOYT'S  
"A Trip to  
Chinatown"



-- BY --

**Chas. K. Harris**

AUTHOR OF

"Kiss and Let's Make Up"

5

J. Aldrich Libbey, the Peerless Baritone

Published by CHAS. K. HARRIS & CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

Vp. 000052  
1892  
After

# TRY THESE ON YOUR PIANO.

## KISS AND LET'S MAKE UP!

(Copyright 1891)

A Beautiful Descriptive Waltz Ballad with Mazurka Refrain.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

**CHARLES K. HARRIS.**

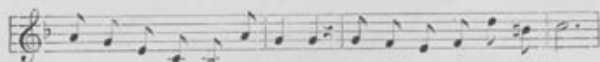
Two little playmates, a boy and a girl,  
Were playing one day on the sands;  
They had built up a house of pretty sea shells,  
With no tools but their little brown hands;  
At last it was finished, their work was well done,  
And two little hearts were made glad,  
When the boy, just for fun, gave a kick then did run,  
And down came the house on the sands.

The girl, for a moment stood shocked and surprised,  
Then tears to her pretty eyes came—  
"I'll never forgive him," she sobbingly cried,  
"Oh, how could my Jack be so mean!"  
And when the lad saw his sweetheart in tears,  
He manfully to her side came,  
And throwing his arms around her dear form,  
Said, "Kiss and let's make up again!"

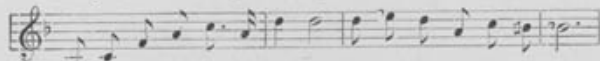
*Tempo di Mazur.*



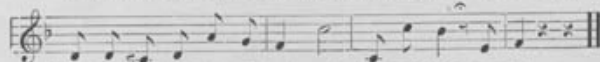
Kiss and let's make up, my dar-ling, Dry your tears, don't cry in vain,



For you know I love you dar-ling, Yes, I know I was to blame,



So you wish you'd never met me? Don't say that my lit-tle pei,



What would this life be with-out you? Kiss and let's make up;

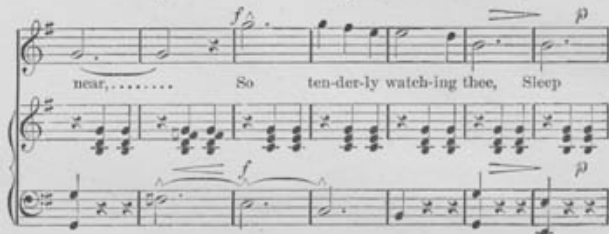
## SLEEP, MY BABY BOY.

Words and Music by  
Chorus. *Moderato.*

E. A. PHELPS.



Bye, ba-by, my dar-ling, for moth-er is



near,..... So ten-der-ly watch-ing thee, Sleep



on, do not fear,..... Bye, ba-by, my dar-ling,

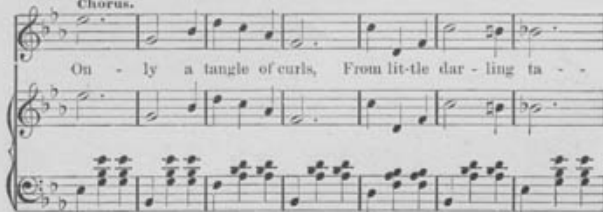
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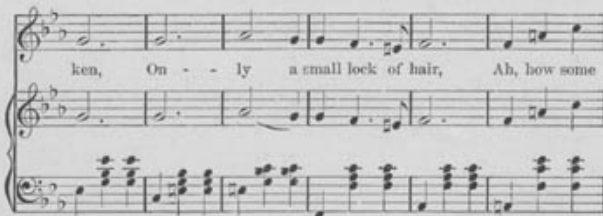
## ONLY A TANGLE OF GOLDEN CURLS.

Words and Music by  
Chorus.

CHAS. K. HARRIS.



On-ly a tangle of curls, From lit-tle dar-ling ta-



ken, On-ly a small lock of hair, Ah, how some



mother's heart's ach-ing.... On-ly a glimmer of

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# AFTER THE BALL.

Arr. by JOS. CLAUDER.

Words and Music by CHAS. K. HARRIS.

*Tempo di Valse.*

1. A lit - tle maid - - en climbed an old man's knee.....  
 2. Bright lights were flash - - ing in the grand ball - room.....  
 3. Long years have passed child,..... I've nev - er wed,.....

Begged for a sto - - ry- "Do Un - cle please".....  
 Soft - ly the mu - sic, play - ing sweet tunes.....  
 True to my lost love, though she is dead.....

Copyright, 1908, by Chas. K. Harris & Co.



Why are you sin - gle; why live a - lone?.....  
 There came my sweet - - heart, my love, my own.....  
 She tried to tell me, tried to ex - plain;.....

Have you no ba - - - bies; have you no home?....  
 'I wish some wa - - - ter; leave me a - lone'.....  
 I would not list - en, plead - - ings were vain,.....

"I had a sweet - - heart, years, years a - go;.....  
 When I re - turned dear there stood a man,.....  
 One day a let - - - ter came from that man,.....

Where she is now pet, you will soon know.....  
 Kiss - ing my sweet - heart as lov - ers can.....  
 He was her broth - er— the let - ter ran.....

List to the sto - ry, I'll tell it all.....  
 Down fell the glass pet, brok - - en, that's all.....  
 That's why I'm lone - ly, no home at all;.....

I be - lieved her faith - less af - - ter the ball.....  
 Just as my heart was af - - - ter the ball.....  
 I broke her heart pet, af - - ter the ball.....

After the Ball. 4-3.

CHORUS.

After the ball is o - - ver, af-ter the break of morn- Af-ter the dan - cers!

leav - ing; af-ter the stars are gone;..... Many a heart is ach - ing,

if you could read them all;..... Ma - ny the hopes that have van - ished af - - ter the

ball.....

*D. S.*

*D. S.*

# TRY THESE ON YOUR PIANO.

## FALLEN BY THE WAYSIDE.

Words and Music by  
REFRAIN.

CHAS. K. HARRIS.

She has fall - en by the way-side, She has gone beyond re-  
call, There's no hand outstretched to save her, Not a  
friend, that she can call, Ev'-ry door is closed a-

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## MINNETTE POLKA.

Arr. by FRANK NELSON.

Composed by MARIE F. McNABB.

SVB. SVB. SVB. SVB. SVB. SVB.  
TRIO.  
Slowlg.  
SVB. SVB. SVB.  
SVB. SVB.

COPYRIGHT.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

## CAN HEARTS SO SOON FORGET?

Words and Music by  
Chorus.

CHAS. K. HARRIS.

Can hearts so soon for-get..... The love so rude - ly  
sha-ken? Are vows we made, my loved one,.... Dis-cant - ed  
and for-sa-ken? Per - chance the past's a mem-ory,.. Per-

COPYRIGHT.

PRICE 40 CENTS.

## CREEP, BABY, CREEP.

Words and Music by  
Chorus.

CHAS. K. HARRIS.

Creep, Ba - by, creep,..... Ma-ma will sure - ly  
catch you; Creep, Ba - by, creep,..... Ma-ma is  
near to watch you, Creep, Ba - by creep,.....

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# TRY THESE ON YOUR PIANO.

## KISS AND LET'S MAKE UP!

(Copyright 1891.)

A Beautiful Descriptive Waltz Ballad with Mazurka Refrain.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

**CHARLES K. HARRIS.**

Two little playmates, a boy and a girl,  
Were playing one day on the sands;  
They had built up a house of pretty sea shells,  
With no tools but their little brown hands;  
At last it was finished their work was well done,  
And two little hearts were made glad,  
When the boy, just for fun, gave a kick then did run,  
And down came the house on the sands.

The girl for a moment stood shocked and surprised,  
Then tears to her pretty eyes came—  
"I'll never forgive him," she sobbingly cried,  
"Oh, how could my Jack be so mean!"  
And when the lad saw his sweetheart in tears,  
He manfully to her side came,  
And throwing his arms around her dear form,  
Said, "Kiss and let's make up again!"

*Tempo di Mazur.*

Kiss and let's make up, my dar-ling, Dry your tears, don't cry in- vain,  
For you know I love you, darling, Yes, I know I was to blame,  
So you wish you'd never met me? Don't say that, my lit- tle pet,  
What would this life be without you? Kiss and let's make up.

## SCHOOL BELLS, OR WHEN BABY COMES FROM SCHOOL.

(Copyright 1891.)

A Pretty and Catchy Home Song with Beautiful Waltz Chorus.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

**CHARLES K. HARRIS.**

School bells, school bells, how they ring!  
Calling babes to school;  
Hasten now my little darling,  
Jump up from your stool,  
Toddle quickly, do not stop, or you will be late—  
Here's your book, your slate and apple and your little cake.

Now at last the home is quiet, and so dark and drear,  
Baby's childish voice is silent, pattering feet not here,  
School bells, school bells, how they ring! sounding out the rule,  
That our home again will brighten when our baby comes from school.

*Tempo di Valse.*

Hark! I hear their voi- ces plain, They are com- ing down the lane,  
How like bells their voi- ces sound, to their mother's ear...  
Ti- ny feet they pat- ting come, Laughing, sing- ing as they run,  
Life is sun shine once a- gain, When ba- by comes from school.

## YOU'LL NEVER KNOW.

(Copyright 1891.)

One of the Prettiest Waltz Ballads Ever Written.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

**CHARLES K. HARRIS.**

A vision of beauty greets my eyes,  
A girl with an angel face,  
As she stands beneath the gleaming lights  
With, Oh, such careless grace;  
Lovers all crowd around her throne,  
There is no place for me—  
As I stand in the midst of the mighty crowd,  
I am thinking my love of thee;  
You'll never know the pain I feel,  
Gazing on your face bright,  
You'll never know the dull headache  
Throbbing in me to-night;  
I can't believe that you are false,—  
Would you then have it so?  
Though my heart may break to night,  
You will never know.

*Moderato.*

You'll nev- er know, when my heart is sad, You'll nev- er know  
that my love you had, If there be one, but one re- gret,  
D.C.  
You'll never know, you'll never know, Tho' my heart break you'll never know.

## HELLO CENTRAL, HELLO!

(Copyright 1891.)

A Great Descriptive Topical Waltz Song. Sung everywhere with Great Success.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

**CHARLES K. HARRIS.**

One bright and pleasant evening, while sitting all alone  
A message came a-ringing from o'er the telephone,  
I sprang up in a hurry, and answered back, "hello!"  
When soft and clear, a voice so dear, came over the telephone:  
"Where were you last night, Harry, why don't you keep your date?  
You promise you would meet me, down by the old garden gate.  
I think you are a trifter," then came a sob and moan,  
"You'd better get another girl," came over the telephone.

"Hel- lo, cen- tral, hel- lo!" "Hel- lo!".....  
back came the an- swer to me,.... "Hel- lo,  
cen- tral, hel- lo!" "Hel- lo!" "I won- der who she can be."

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