

1916

It's Not Your Nationality : It's Simply You

Howard E Johnson
Composer

Joseph McCarthy
Lyricist

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IT'S NOT YOUR NATIONALITY (IT'S SIMPLY YOU)



MUSIC BY
HOWARD JOHNSON
WORDS BY
JOE McCARTHY

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It's Not Your Nationality

(It's Simply You)

By HOWARD JOHNSON
& JOE. McCARTHY

Allegro moderato

Ev-ry-
Ev-ry-

bod - y, has a na-tive land, in the North, South, East or West, — And it's on - ly right, your
day you'll hear some - bod-y brag, of the land where they be - long, — And they knock all oth - er

na-tive land should be the place you love the best. — Now it makes no diff-rence what you are, don't
na-tion - al - i - ties, but take my tip, they're wrong. — In the end the man that plugs a - long, is the

wait for fame to come, — Just go and get it, and they'll give you cred - it, No mat - ter where you're from: —
fel-low that suc - ceeds, — The whole cre-a - tion is a great big na - tion, They judge you by your deeds: —

CHORUS

It's not your na-tion - al - i - ty, It's what you do, — It's not your per - son - al - i - ty, that
It's not your na-tion - al - i - ty, It's what you do, — Some-time a tech - ni - cal - i - ty will

This Composition may also
be had for your Talking
Machine or Player Piano

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al-ways pulls you through. — Bis-mark made his mark in Ger-man-y, we know, — And
bring great fame to you. — Bry-an kept try-in, he nev-er gave up hope, — And

Geor-gie Co-han was a Yan-kee in the grow-in', But he made a bunch of dough. — Just think of
young Mar-co-ni had a scheme that sound-ed phon-ey, But he up-set all the dope. — Just think of

Rock-e-fel-ler and what he can buy, — He start-ed from the cel-lar, but he
Hen-ry Ford and his old Fli-ver bus, — We laugh, but all the dough he's got, he

climbed a-way up high, — So if you've got the spir-it, Nev-er mind your name, Folks will hear it,
took a-way from us, — So nev-er mind your breed-ing, Keep a lev-el head, Face the world, pre-

if you play the game, It's not your na-tion-al-i-ty, it's sim-ply you! — you! —
pare to knock 'em dead, It's not your na-tion-al-i-ty, it's sim-ply you! — you! —

You
art Go
Wrong
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st' Song

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NELL BRINKLEY'S Tribute to HOWARD JOHNSON, GRANT CLARKE and FRED FISCHER'S Sensational New Ballad "You May Hold a Million Girlies in Your Arms"

NEW YORK EVENING JOURNAL • • America's Greatest Evening Newspaper • • THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1916

"You May Hold a Million Girlies in Your Arms" Nell Brinkley's Idea of the Season's Latest Song Hit

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STOP a minute—even if you are on your way in topper and sparkling evening shoes to the house of the girl you love the best—stop a minute while I tell you—you might have time to stop and buy a copy to try to-night—stop and listen. See—on a plain string you can crowd pearl after pearl—each like the other; and do you value one more than 'tother one? In the tier platinum setting you find room for just one gem—and don't you treasure its glimmer and glow—because it's alone and rare?
A MAN'S arms are wide and can circle many a girl at a time—that is, if you DO that—but the little cage under the third button of his vest is only a wee slip of a thing, no bigger than to hold just one girl's face.

So the ONE GIRL'S face goes there. The face "that launched a thousand ships," the only face that can bring pain and wild happiness all at the same time, the face that has no double and does not fade. And they're stung about it on the stage and off, all over the land, now.
WHEN the shadowy fall, some one I recall, loved her so—long ago;
WHEN Lee's a fanny gone, we are all the wiser, you'll find where-ever you go;
An old sweetheart is always new, it's strange how she lingers with you.
CHORUS:
You may hold a million girlies in your arms.
But there's only room for one down in your heart!

You can always meet quite a few, who look mighty good to you.
But there's only one can give your love a start;
Every day brings a new love, but the old love will never depart.
You may hold a million girlies in your arms,
But there's only room for one down in your heart.
Take a bit of time, sir—even if I must hold your dress suit coat-tails—to buy and take to her a copy of this song. If you parted melancholy, it will make your peace with her; and if all's serene, why then 'twill be a good fashion of telling her that she is the girl down in your heart! And you can deny the rest and say, 'tis only in the song.
—NELL BRINKLEY

Animals That Wield Lightning | **Their Marriage Life** | Helen Is Ill and Warren

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