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1918

## When The Ships Come Home.

Jerome Kern

*Composer*

P. G Wodehouse

*Lyricist*

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*Fanny Maple*

**WHEN THE SHIPS COME HOME**

F. RAY COMSTOCK & WILLIAM ELLIOTT

PRESENT  
THE NEW  
MUSICAL  
COMEDY

65

**O**

**H LADY!  
LADY!!**

BOOK & LYRICS BY  
GUY BOLTON AND P.G. WODEHOUSE

MUSIC BY  
JEROME KERN

VOCAL	
Some Little Girl.....	.60
Before I Met You.....	.60
Dear Old Prison Days.....	.60
It's a Hard, Hard World.....	.60
You Found Me and I found You.....	.60
When the Ships Come Home.....	.60
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Oh Lady! Lady!.....	.60
Not Yet.....	.60
Bill.....	.60
INSTRUMENTAL	
Selection	1.00

**T. B. HARMS  
COMPANY  
NEW YORK**

Vp. 006236  
1918  
WHEN THE

# When The Ships Come Home.

Lyric by  
P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Music by  
JEROME KERN.

Moderato.

Piano.

Con moto.

Life's an o - cean grim that has no charts;  
Clouds may hide the skies and gales may blow;

R.H.  
L.H.

*p*

And the ships that swim on it are hearts:  
An - gry waves may rise, but on they go:

R.H.  
L.H.

T. B. H. Co. 39-3

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O'er that lone - ly sea far, far they roam; But they've  
Filled each day may be with dan - gers new; But they've

Love at the helm, and he will bring them home.  
Love at the helm, and he will guide them through.

Chorus.

Yes, all the lit - tle ships come sail - ing home a - cross the

sea: The wea - ry jour - ney end - ed, their



way they've wend - ed home where they would be. They glide a-cross the

bar, where no storms are, all dan - gers past;

— And, two by two, to - geth - er come sail - ing home at

last. Yes, all the lit - tle last.

*pp* R.H.  
L.H.

# Four of the Best Selections from JEROME KERN'S New Musical Comedy Hit **OH LADY! LADY!!**

## When The Ships Come Home.

Lyric by  
P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Music by  
JEROME KERN

Chorus.

Yea, all the lit-tle ships come sail-ing home a-cross the  
sea. The wea-ry jour-ney end-ed, their  
way they've wend-ed home where they would be. They glide a-cross the

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## Greenwich Village.

Music by  
JEROME KERN

Lyric by  
P. G. WODEHOUSE

Refrain.

For there's some-thing in the air of lit-tle Green-wich Vil-lage That  
For there's some-thing in the air of lit-tle Green-wich Vil-lage That  
Di-  
And  
makes a fel-low feel he does-n't care.  
makes a fel-low feel he does-n't care.  
-rect-ly he is in it, he gets hold of an af-fin-i-ty Who's  
wops in lit-tle lit-a-ly have oft-en mut-tered bit-ter-ly They

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## You Found Me And I Found You.

Words by  
P. G. WODEHOUSE

Music by  
JEROME KERN

Chorus.

There was I, and there were you, Three thou-sand miles, a-part,  
Who'd have bet that we would ev-er have met At the start? But it's  
clear to me, 'Twas meant to be. In spite of ev-'ry bar, For

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## Not Yet.

Lyric by  
P. G. WODEHOUSE

Music by  
JEROME KERN

Chorus.

Oh dear! — won't it just be spleen-did In the  
time that's com-ing soon, When, this  
— wear-y wast-ing end-ed, — We start our hou-ey

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