

1901

Smiles, Smiles, Smiles

Wm. H. Penn
Composer

Byrd Dougherty
Lyricist

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Smiles Smiles Smiles!

MUSIC
SUPPLEMENT
TO THE
**BOSTON
SUNDAY
HERALD**

AUG. 7, 1904



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1901
smi

Dedicated to my Friend Ted Marks.

Smiles, Smiles, Smiles.

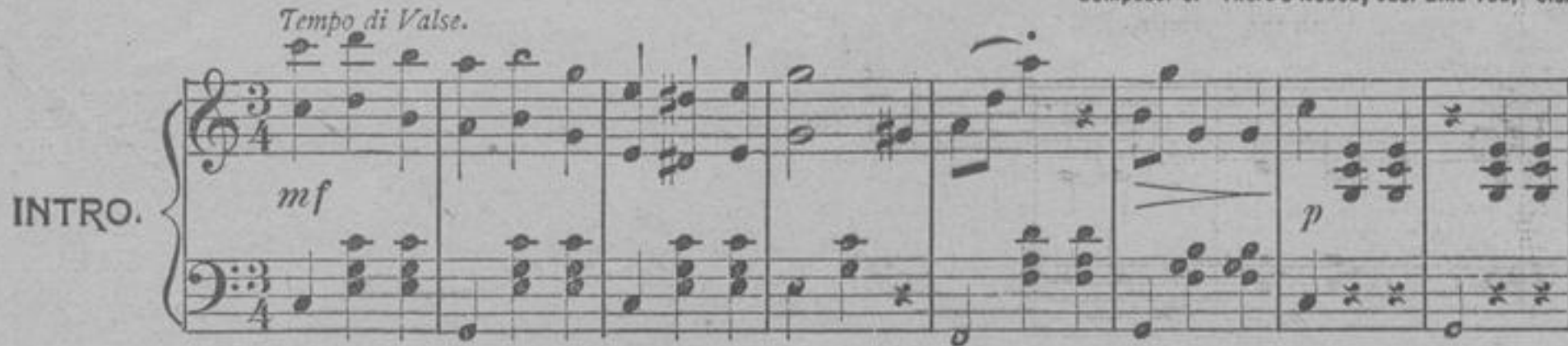
BYRD DOUGHERTY.

Wm. H. PENN.

Composer of "There's Nobody Just Like You," etc.

Tempo di Valse.

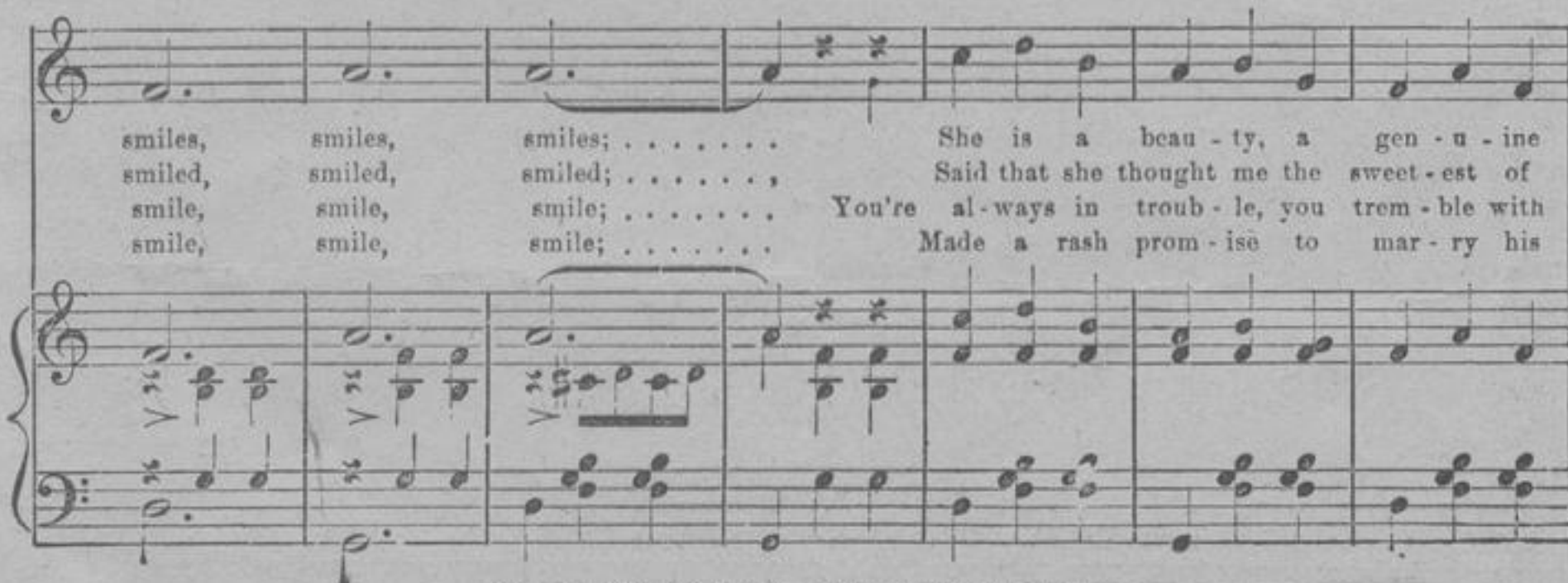
INTRO. *mf*



1. I know a girl - ie with pret - ty brown eyes And
2. Last night I called on this girl - ie a - gain, She
3. All girls have moth - ers, you learn when you wed, Who
4. Fool - ish old mil - lion - aire once fell in love, With a



smiles, smiles, smiles; She is a beau - ty, a gen - u - ine
smiled, smiled, smiled; Said that she thought me the sweet - est of
smile, smile, smile; You're al - ways in troub - le, you trem - ble with
smile, smile, smile; Made a rash prom - ise to mar - ry his



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Smiles, Smiles, Smiles.

prize, With her smiles, smiles, smiles. Of late I've been won - der - ing
 men, And I smiled, smiled, smiled. She blushed when I gave her a
 dread, When they smile, smile, smile. My poor girl - ie's ma - ma has
 dove, With the smile, smile, smile. When his at - ten - tions he

if she is true, For some-times my love af - fairs get might - y blue, But what is a
 di - a - mond ring, I asked if the par - son might tie up the string; Her pa - pa then
 just passed a - way, And un - der the dai - sies I hope she will stay; "They sure - ly will
 one day did stop, The maid sued for gold, and her case would - n't drop; The judge, with a

Poco rit

fel - low to think or to do, When she smiles, smiles, smiles.
 brought out a jug from the spring, And we smiled, smiled, smiled.
 miss her," I heard some one say, "But I smiled, smiled, smiled.
 wink, said: "It's up to you, Pop," And he smiled, smiled, smiled.

A tempo.

Smiles, Smiles, Smiles.

REFRAIN.

Be - ware of those girl - ies With ba - by - like curl - ies And smiles, smiles, smiles; . . . For

when you are land - ed You're sure to get strand - ed On smiles, smiles, smiles. . . . Now

when you're in love, girl - ie knows what to do— Her sim - per - ing sweet - ness will jol - ly you through; But you

bet you'll get all that's a - com - ing to you When she smiles, smiles, smiles. . . .