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1915

## The Little Grey Mother : Who Waits All Alone

Harry DeCosta  
*Composer*

Bernie Grossman  
*Lyricist*

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# THE LITTLE GREY MOTHER

## WHO WAITS ALL ALONE

MARCH BALLAD

MRS MARY MAURICE  
VITAGRAPH PLAYER  
By PERMISSION  
VITAGRAPH COMPANY  
OF AMERICA

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WORD BY  
Vp. 003230  
1915  
LITTLE

ARD GROSSMAN

M. WITMARK & SONS  
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO  
LONDON

MUSIC BY  
HARRY DE COSTA

# The Little Grey Mother Who Waits All Alone

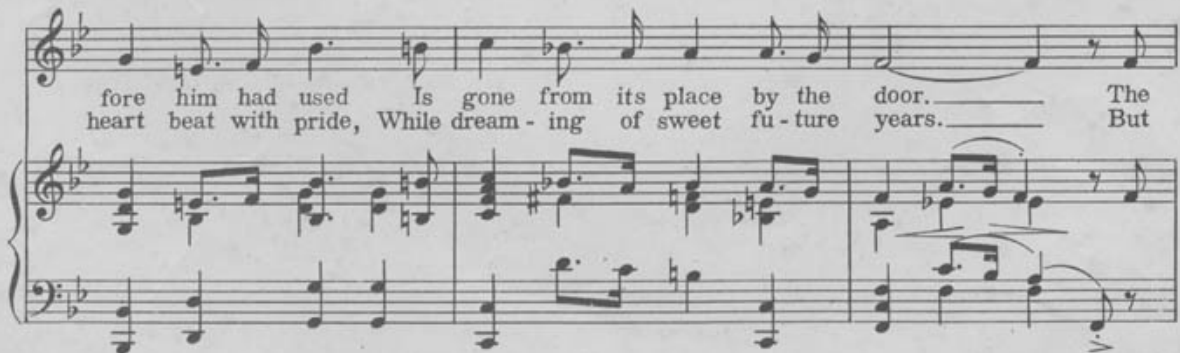
Words by  
BERNARD GROSSMAN

Music by  
HARRY De COSTA

Brightly (*Not too fast*)



*Moderately with expression*



6372  
M.W.&SONS 15052-3

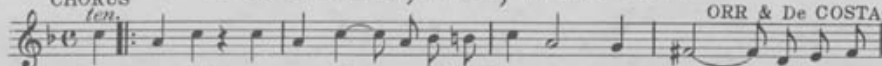
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A SYNCOPATED BALLAD WITH —

A SIMPLY WONDERFUL CHORUS

In Alabama, Dear, With You

CHORUS



ORR & De COSTA

I'm com-in' yes com-in' to Al-a-bam-a and you, Tho' whe-ther  
By the Composer of "The Little Grey Mother"

PRICE 15 CENTS POSTPAID

*Little slower*

lad, like his dad, now is sleep-ing, — Far a-way, night and day, some-one's weep-ing. —  
now there's a brow marked with yearn-ing, — For the boy who will ne'er be re-turn-ing. —

*rit.*

CHORUS — *Brightly, with expression, but not too fast*

There's a lit-tle grey moth-er who waits all a-lone, In a

*p* — — *f*

chill, drear-y spot that was once Home, Sweet Home. While Gen'-rals are

say-ing, "This fight must be won!" She's sad-ly pray-ing, "Please

M.W.&amp;SONS 15052 - 3

PRETTIEST IRISH BALLAD EVER WRITTEN BY THE COMPOSER OF "MOTHER MACHREE"

**She's The Daughter Of Mother Machree**REFRAIN *With expression*

NENARB &amp; BALL

She's the fair-est of Ire-lands fair daugh-ters, — She's as sweet as a

A Fascinating Sequel

PRICE 15 CENTS POSTPAID

send back my son!" When the bat-tles are o-ver and peace once more

reigns, When the cost and the lost will be known, \_\_\_\_\_ Will

kings give a thought to the heart-aches they've brought To that lit-tle grey

moth-er a-lone? There's a lone?

M.W.&amp;SONS 15052-3

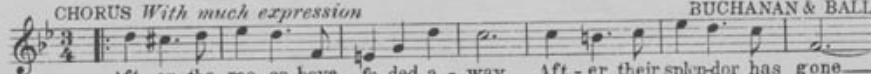
THE PRETTIEST BALLAD IN YEARS

A TUNE THAT HAUNTS

## After The Roses Have Faded Away

CHORUS With much expression

BUCHANAN &amp; BALL



Aft-er the ros-es have fa-ded a-way, Aft-er their splen-dor has gone—  
By the Composer of "Mother Machree" PRICE 15 CENTS POSTPAID



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## Hello, Frisco!

I Called You Up To Say "Hello!"

Lyric by Gene Buck

Music by Louis A. Hirsch

### REFRAIN

Hel - lo Fris - co hel - lo  
Hel - lo New York, hel - lo  
(How do you do my dear I  
on - ly wish that you were here)  
Hel - lo Fris co, hel -  
Hel - lo New York, hel -  
lo  
lo  
lo  
(How is the fair out there they tell me that it is a bear)  
Don't keep me  
Yes dear I

Price 60 cents

## Hold Me In Your Loving Arms

Lyric by Gene Buck

Music by Louis A. Hirsch

### REFRAIN

Hold me in your lov-ing arms,  
Let me drink of all your charms,  
In this heart of mine,

Price 60 cents

## A Girl For Each Month In The Year

Lyric by Channing Pollock  
& Rennold Wolf

Music by Louis A. Hirsch

### REFRAIN

I want a Jan-u-ar-y mer-ry maid for New Year, And when the  
Feb-ru-ar-y flur-ry melts a - way, I want a  
breez-y girl and arch, To wor-ship me through March, A

Price 60 cents

## I'll Be A Santa Claus To You

Lyric by Gene Buck

Music by Louis A. Hirsch

### REFRAIN

I'll be a San-ta Claus to you,  
I'll hang my stock-ing up for you,  
If you'll but say you will be true,  
As when a kid I used to do.  
I'll bring you toys, Mil-lions of  
I'll watch and wait, An-ti-ci-

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Waltz 60 Cents

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GEORGE  
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## MOTHER MACHREE.

Lyric by  
RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG.  
*Tenderly with much expression*

Music by  
CHAUNCEY OLCOTT  
& ERNEST R. BALL.

Sure I love the dear sil-ver that shines in your hair, And the brow that's all fur-rowed, And wrink-led with care. I kiss the dear fin-gers so toil worn for me, Oh, God.

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SOLO, FOUR KEYS:—B $\flat$ , (B $\flat$  TO D) C, D, AND F. DUET, TWO KEYS:—B $\flat$  AND F

## When Irish Eyes Are Smiling

Lyric by  
CHAUNCEY OLCOTT  
& GEO. GRAFF JR.

Music by  
ERNEST R. BALL

When I - rish eyes are smi - ling, — Sure it's like a morn in Spring. — In the hilt of I - rish laugh-ter, You can hear the an - gels sing. — When I - rish hearts are hap - py, — All the

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SOLO, THREE KEYS:—C, (C TO F) D AND F

## A Little Bit Of Heaven

Shure They Call It Ireland

Poem by  
J. KEIRN BRENNAN

Music by  
ERNEST R. BALL

Shure, a lit - tle bit of Heav-en fell from out the sky one day, — And nes - tied on the o - cean in a spot so far a - way, — And when the An - gels found it, Shure it looked so sweet and fair, — They

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SOLO, THREE KEYS:—A $\flat$ , (C TO F) B $\flat$  AND C

## Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral THAT'S AN IRISH LULLABY

*Tenderly with much expression*

Words and Music  
By J. R. SHANNON

Too - ra - loo - ra - loo - ral, — Too - ra - loo - ra - li, — Too - ra - loo - ra - loo - ral, — Hush now, don't you cry! — Too - ra - loo - ra - loo - ral, — Too - ra - loo - ra - li, — Too - ra - loo - ra - loo - ral, That's an I - rish lul - la - by.

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