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1907

## Wal, I Swan!

Benjamin Hapgood Burt  
*Composer*

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Git-Dap Napoleon

**WAL,  
I SWAN!**

**(EBENEZER FRYE)**



SUNG  
BY  
**RAYMOND  
HITCHCOCK**  
IN  
HENRY W. SAVAGE'S  
PRODUCTION *of*  
**THE YANKEE TOURIST**

WORDS & MUSIC BY  
**BENJ. HAPGOOD BURT**

M. WITMARK & SONS  
NEW YORK CHICAGO LONDON PARIS

VP-008518

1907

WAL



# BEAUTIFUL SONGS THAT ARE VERY POPULAR

## AFTER THE ROSES HAVE FADED AWAY

Words by  
HESSIE BUCHANAN  
CHORUS *With much expression*

Music by  
ERNEST R. BALL

Aft - er the ros - es have fa - ded a - way, Aft - er their  
splen - dor has gone, Aft - er a night filled with  
mock - ing joy, Aft - er the si - lent dawn,  
Aft - er the birds fly a - way to the south, With their song of a sum - mer's

*p-f a tempo*

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## SWEET KENTUCKY LADY

Words by  
WILLIAM JEROME  
CHORUS *Tenderly, with much expression*

Music by  
LOUIS A. HIRSCH

Sweet Ken - tuck - y la - dy, Just dry your lit - tle eyes of blue.  
Skies are dark and sha - dy, But the sun will soon come peep - ing  
through. Like the hon - ey bees we'll build a lit - tle hon - ey comb,  
'Neath the moon we'll spoon with hearts as light as foam, And I'll

*p-f a tempo*

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## RUNAWAY JUNE

CHORUS *(Not fast) With expression*

Words and Music by  
HAROLD FREEMAN

Run a - way June, I'm sad and blue, I just can't stop from lov - ing you,  
Oh how I long to kiss you, dear, Kiss the lit - tle tears a - way just  
like I used to one sweet day, When we used to spoon, the world in tune, There in the pale of the  
moon. By stars that gleamed a - bove you, I swore I'd al - ways love you,

*p-f a tempo*  
*pen rit. a tempo*  
*rit.*

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## SPRINKLE ME WITH KISSES

If You Want My Love to Grow

Words by  
EARL CARROLL  
CHORUS *(Not too fast)*

Music by  
ERNEST R. BALL

Sprink - le me with kiss - es, A lot of lov - ing kiss - es, if you want my  
love to grow. My love is like a flow - er, so start your A - pri -  
show - er, That's the on - ly way I know. My love will start a -  
grow - ing, And there's no way of know - ing just how far, dear, it will go.

*ff*

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# Wal, I Swan!

Ebenezer Frye.

Words and Music  
By BENJAMIN HAPGOOD BURT.

*Moderato. (a la breve.)*

PIANO. *f*

*fz* *mp* *§ Till Ready.*

*This song to be recited, more than sung.*

I run the old mill o - ver here to Reub - en's - ville,  
I drove the old mare o - ver to the Coun - ty Fair,  
We had a big show here 'bout a week a - go,  
I drove the old bay in - to town yes - ter - day,  
My son Josh - ua went to Phil - a - del - phi - a

My name's Josh - u - a Eb - en - e - zer Frye.  
Took first prize on a load o' sum - mer squash.  
Pitched up a tent by the old mill dam.  
Hitched by the track to the rail - road fence.  
He would - n't do a day's work if he could.

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M.W.&SONS 8079-3

A REAL MARCH BALLAD

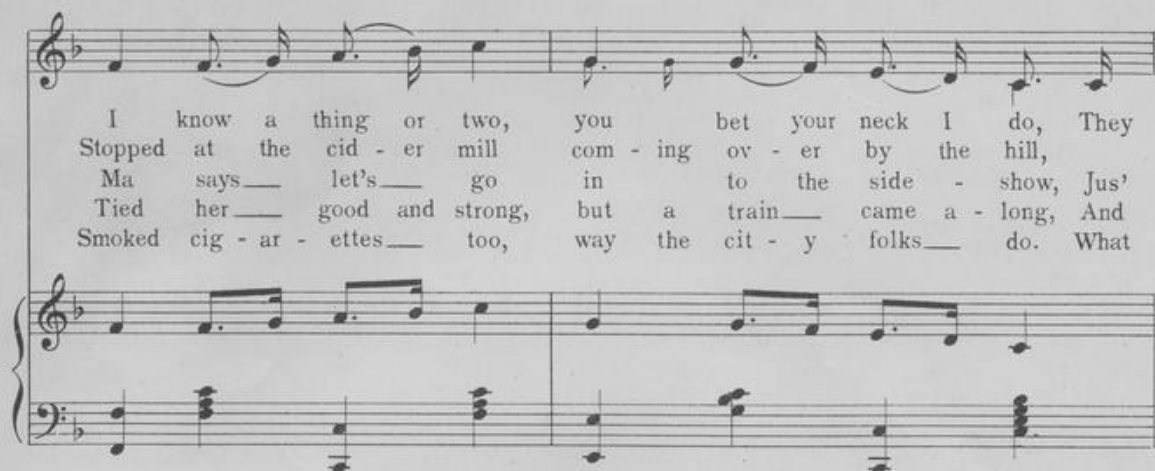
SIMPLE AND CAPTIVATING

## Walking Thru Lovers' Lane

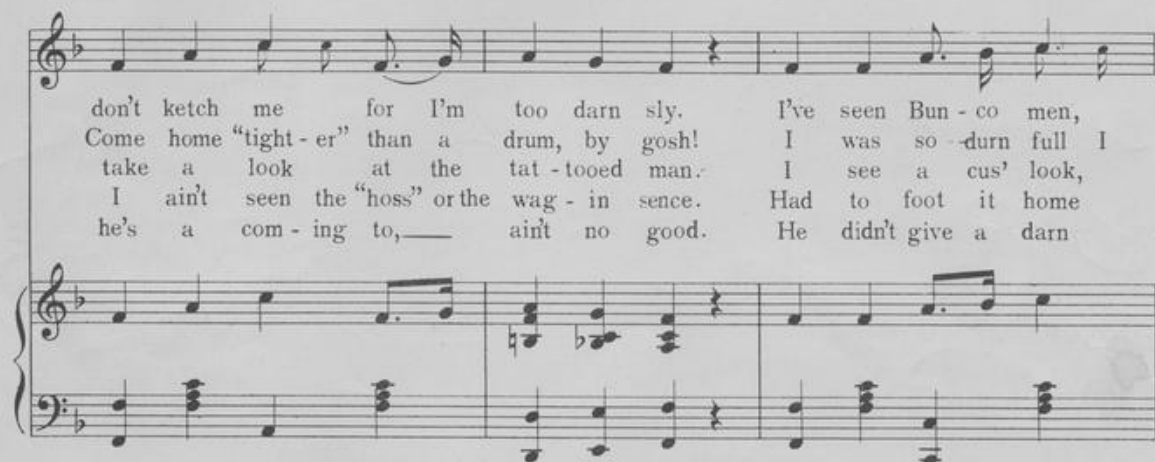
CHORUS *Brightly-But not fast*

By MARX & De COSTA

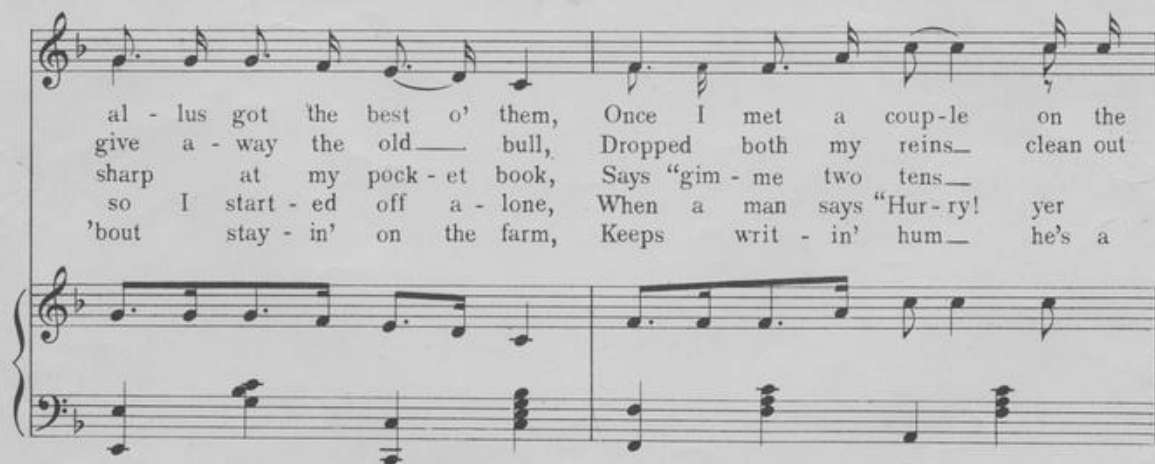
When I walk with you thru lov-ers' lane, It takes me back,  
Everbody's Singing It. PRICE 15 CENTS POSTPAID



I know a thing or two, you bet your neck I do, They  
Stopped at the cid - er mill com - ing ov - er by the hill,  
Ma says — let's — go in to the side - show, Jus'  
Tied her — good and strong, but a train — came a - long, And  
Smoked cig - ar - ettes — too, way the cit - y folks — do. What



don't ketch me for I'm too darn sly. I've seen Bun - co men,  
Come home "tight - er" than a drum, by gosh! I was so -durn full I  
take a look at the tat - tooed man. I see a cus' look,  
I ain't seen the "hoss" or the wag - in sence. Had to foot it home  
he's a com - ing to, — ain't no good. He didn't give a darn



al - lus got the best o' them, Once I met a coup - le on the  
give a - way the old — bull, Dropped both my reins — clean out  
sharp at my pock - et book, Says "gim - me two tens —  
so I start - ed off a - lone, When a man says "Hur - ry! yer  
'bout stay - in' on the farm, Keeps writ - in' hum — he's a

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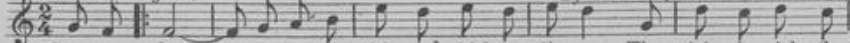
BEST COON SONG IN TEN YEARS

A RIOT OF MELODY AND FUN

**Auntie Skinner's Chicken Dinner**

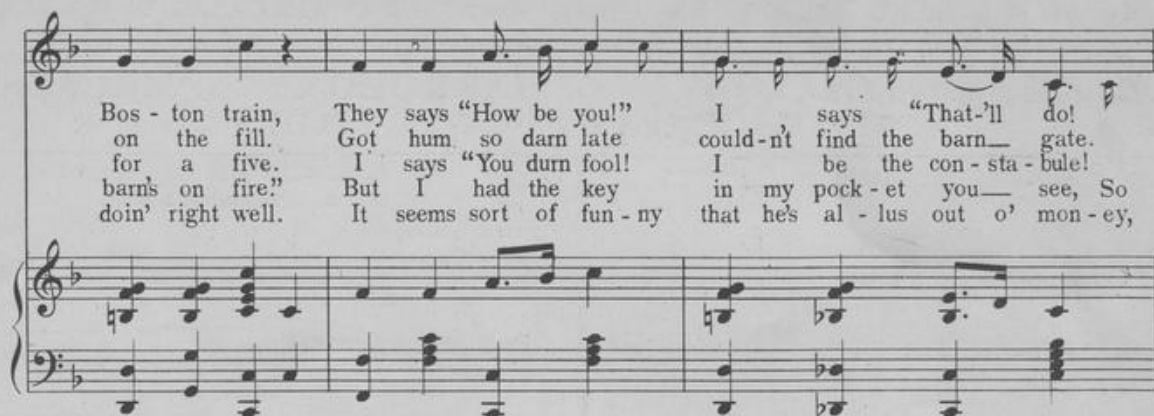
CHORUS (Not fast)

By FIELDS, CARROLL &amp; MORSE

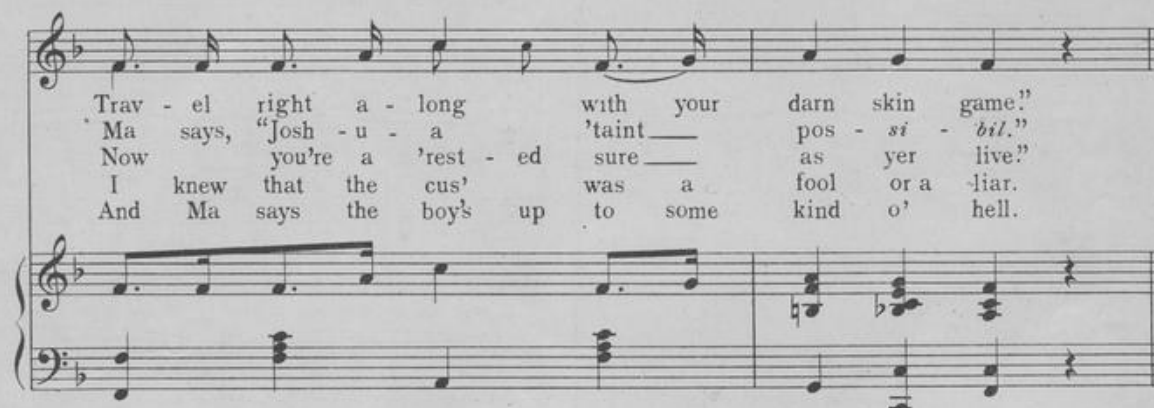


Come a - long — to Aun - tie Skin - ner's chick - en din - ner, The pick who picks the  
By America's Best Song Writers

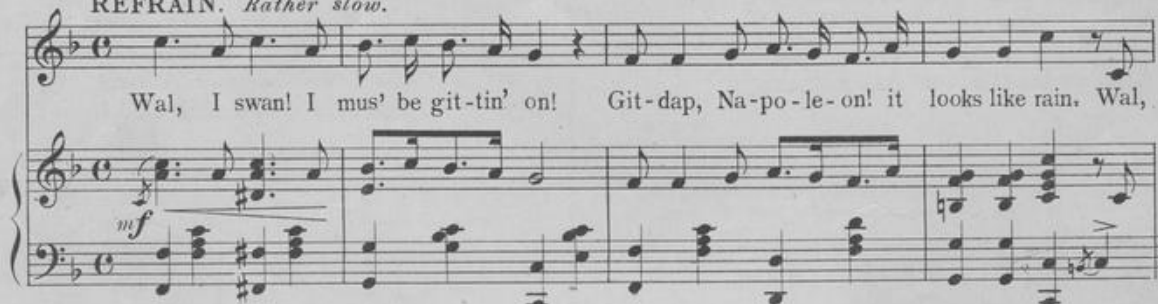
PRICE 15 CENTS POSTPAID



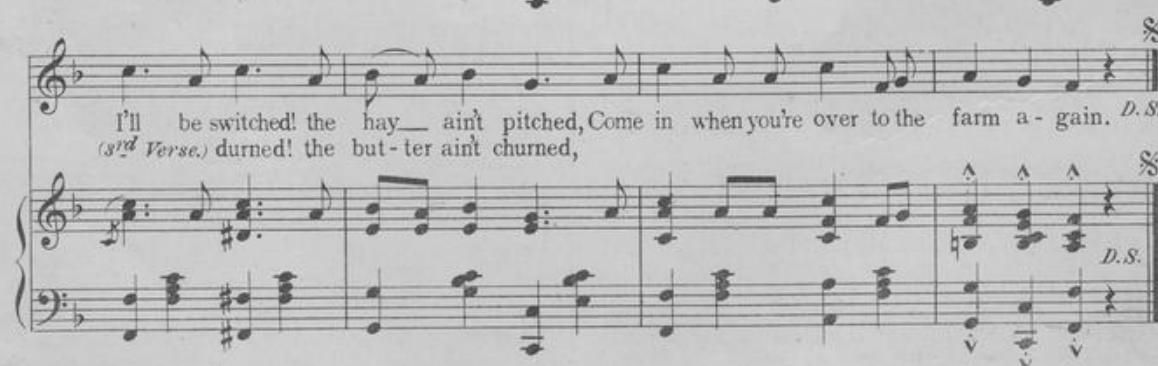
Bos - ton train, They says "How be you!" I says "That'll do!  
on the fill. Got hum so darn late could-n't find the barn— gate.  
for a five. I says "You durn fool! I be the con - sta - bule!  
barns on fire." But I had the key in my pock - et you— see, So  
doin' right well. It seems sort of fun - ny that he's al - lus out o' mon - ey,



Trav - el right a - long with your darn skin game."  
Ma says, "Josh - u - a 'taint pos - si - bil."  
Now you're a 'rest - ed sure as yer live."  
I knew that the cus' was a fool or a liar.  
And Ma says the boy's up to some kind o' hell.

REFRAIN. *Rather slow.*


Wal, I swan! I mus' be git-tin' on! Git-dap, Na-po-le-on! it looks like rain. Wal,



I'll be switched! the hay— ain't pitched, Come in when you're over to the farm a - gain. *D.S.*  
(3rd Verse.) durned! the but - ter ain't churned, *D.S.*

M.W.&amp;SONS 8079-3

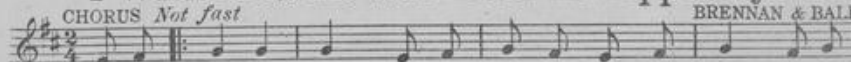
A SENSIBLE, SINGABLE SONG

A "TIPPERARY" TRIUMPH

## I Wish That He Was Back In Tipperary

CHORUS *Not fast*

BRENNAN &amp; BALL



For he's at the front where he has to stand the brunt Of the  
By the Writers of "A Little Bit Of Heaven" PRICE 15 CENTS POSTPAID



# BEAUTIFUL IRISH BALLADS

THAT ARE BEING SUNG BY THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS

JOHN  
McCORMACK

CHAUNCEY  
OLCOTT  
AND HUNDREDS OF OTHERS

INCLUDING

ORVILLE  
HARROLD

GEORGE  
MACFARLANE

## MOTHER MACHREE.

Lyric by  
RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG.

*Tenderly with much expression*

Music by  
CHAUNCEY OLCOTT  
& ERNEST R. BALL.

Sure I love the dear all-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

*mp espress.*  
*mf dir.*

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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 lift of I-rish laugh-ter, You can hear the  
an-gels sing. When I-rish hearts are hap-py, All the

*p*

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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-tled on the o-ocean in a spot so far a-way, And  
when the An-gels found it, Shure it looked so sweet and fair, They

*mf a tempo*  
*retard*  
*a tempo*

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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."

*in time*  
*mp in time*  
*retard*  
*retard*

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SOLO, THREE KEYS:—C, (C to C) E $\flat$  AND F

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