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1909

## 'Scuse Me To-day

Chas. K Harris

*Composer*

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# 'SCUSE ME TO-DAY



by **CHAS. K. HARRIS**

Composer of  
"ALWAYS ME" "ALWAYS IN THE WAY."  
"NOBODY KNOWS, NOBODY CARES."



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Vp004759  
1919  
'SCUSE





# Try this over on your Piano.

## After'While.

by Chas.K.Harris.

Moderato.

*mf* *rit.* *rall.* *p*

Years have come and years have gone so si - lent - ly,  
Well do I re - mem - ber her bright spark - ling eyes,

Just like flit - ting dreams they've passed a - way. Days of old when love was told in  
Which made my heart beat so high and fast, And I thought she nev - er would my

sum - mer time, And the sweet - est vows were pledged in May.  
love des - pise, That I'd met my own true love at last.

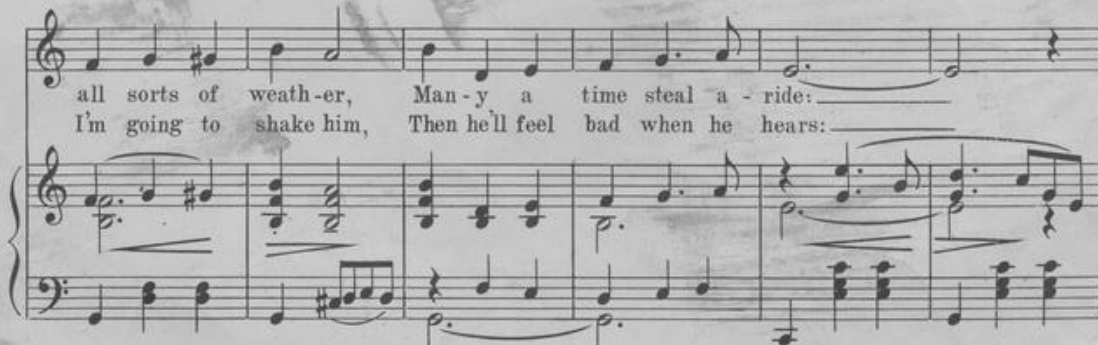
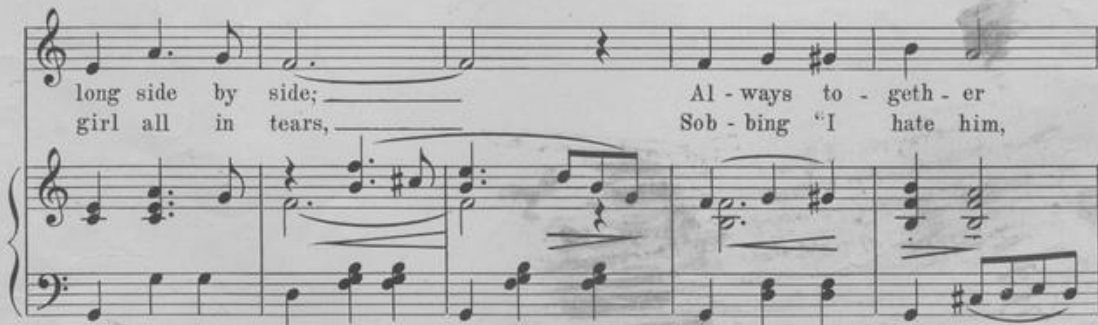
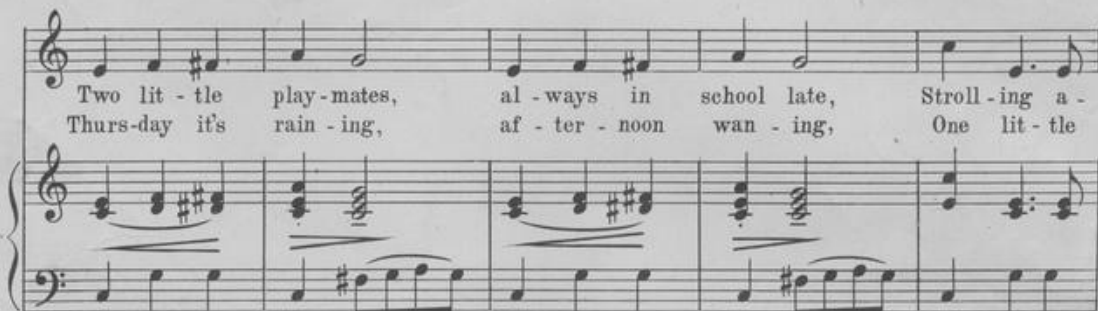
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By Chas. K. Harris.

Tempo di Valse Moderato.



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I'll meet you Thurs-day, can't make it Fri-day, Cir-cus is  
But lit-tle Jim-my, feels like a nin-ny, For af-ter

com-ing they say, I'll tell the teach-er, I'm  
school he must stay, Two hours to stu-dy, 'Cause

sure I can reach her, To kind-ly ex-cuse me to-day:  
his clothes are mud-dy The teach-er says no 'scuse to-day;

Chorus.  
'Scuse me, Teach-er, 'scuse me to-day, Some-bod-y's wait-ing for

me, \_\_\_\_\_ 'Scuse me, Teach-er, don't make me stay, I have a

date that I made yes-ter-day, 'Scuse me Teach-er, I'll be so good,

nev-er a - gain run a - way, \_\_\_\_\_ I'll stay in Mon-day and Tues-day and

Wednes-day, If you will please 'scuse me to -day. \_\_\_\_\_ day. \_\_\_\_\_



# "Nobody Knows, Nobody Cares"

Chas. K. Harris' Latest Successful Ballad,



Is creating a great sensation throughout the United States at the present time—congratulatory letters are pouring into him from his thousand of admiring friends. In a great many of the letters the writers want to know where the idea of the song was taken from—whether it was from his own life; and a great many interesting questions have been asked, which only go to show how widespread the interest is regarding this beautiful ballad.

To set the minds of his friends at rest, Mr. Harris wishes to state that the story is a true one taken from life.

While on his travels in Europe a few years ago, he ran across an old college chum whom he had not seen since they both left college. They were both delighted to meet each other and renew old friendship, but there seemed to be an air of sadness about his chum which was noticeable.

Mr. Harris said to his friend, "Come, old boy, out with it. What's troubling you? Mother die? Father ill? Sweetheart gone back on you?"

At the last question he flushed guiltily and began to pace nervously up and down the walk.

"Yes, Charlie, you've struck it. She's left me and for one of my dearest friends, to whom I introduced her. It kind of broke me up when I heard of her wedding, so I thought travel would make me forget her. I've gone in for dissipation of all sorts and have been knocking around the Continent for over a year, but, by God, old man, it's no use. I can't forget her. Sometimes I think I am really going mad, for you see, 'Nobody Knows, Nobody Cares' what becomes of me, so what's the use of living anyhow, when you've lost the only thing you prize on this earth?"

Mr. Harris tried to calm him and told him to come along with him, as he was going to Switzerland. He said, "No, Charles, thank you just the same, but I think I'll run back to America. Perhaps the sight of the Statue of Liberty and old New York might make me forget."

Mr. Harris shook hands with him and said good-bye, never dreaming it was to be forever, for only a few weeks after he received a newspaper from New York which stated that handsome Jack B., the well-known broker, who had just returned from Europe, where he had been for his health, had been run over in the Subway. The paper said he had fainted on the platform and fell before an incoming train, but Mr. Harris knew better. He knew he threw himself intentionally, as he could not forget the girl who went back on him.

A thought came to Mr. Harris of what he had said to him. It was then the inspiration came to him to write this "NOBODY KNOWS, NOBODY CARES," as poor Jack used this very expression when last he saw him.

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# THE BALLAD HIT OF THE SEASON

## Nobody Knows, Nobody Cares.

By CHAS. K. HARRIS.

CHORUS. (Slower.)

No-bod-y knows when I am lone-ly No-bod-y cares if

my heart break No-bod-y knows when tears are fall-ing.

Fall-ing per-haps for some-one's sake; No-bod-y knows of

nights dark hours— When all a-lone true love des-pairs, And my

soul is torn with an-guish, No-bod-y knows No-bod-y cares.

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