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1914

She Sold Her Soul For The Sake Of Gold

Tell Taylor
Composer

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Recommended Citation

Taylor, Tell, "She Sold Her Soul For The Sake Of Gold" (1914). *Vocal Popular Sheet Music Collection*. Score 4750.

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SHE SOLD HER SOUL FOR THE SAKE OF GOLD



17/22
Bacchus Music
Vp.016921
1914
She sold
Maine

TELL TAYLOR

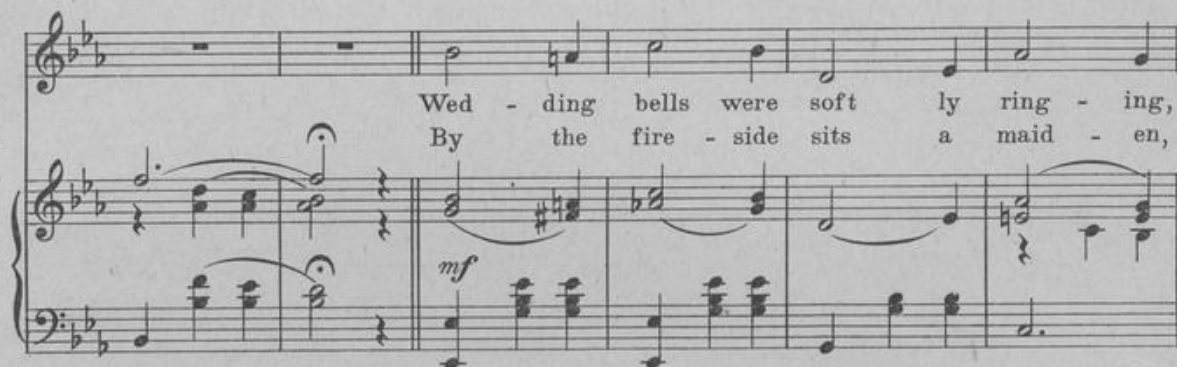
TELL TAYLOR
MUSIC PUBLISHER
NEW YORK-CHICAGO

5

SHE SOLD HER SOUL FOR THE SAKE OF GOLD

In waltz time

By TELL TAYLOR



Just a few years, then they part - ed, She left
Why my mam - ma does not live here With just

him a - lone, For the lure of
you and I, Then he wipes a -

wealth and gold, Had brok - en up their home,
way her tears, And tells her not to cry

REFRAIN

She sold her soul for the sake of gold, That's why she went a -

way, — Her heart is ach - ing, break - ing too, She longs for

(home each day; — The whole wide world will laugh and scorn, There's
you

nothing she can do, — For she sold her soul for the sake of

gold, 'Tis a sto - ry old and true. She true. —

She Sold Her Soul For The Sake Of Gold

MALE QUARTET

5

TEN. I
TEN. II
(Melody)

She sold her soul for the sake of gold, That's why she went a -

BARIT.
BASS

mf

way, — Her heart is ach - ing break - ing too, She longs for

(each day)

(home you each day; — The whole wide world will laugh and scorn, There's

(each day)

noth - ing she can do, — sold her soul for the

cresc.

Bass solo.

(For she sold her soul for the

sake of gold, 'Tis a stor - y old and true.

rall

sake of gold, 'Tis a)

She sold her soul etc. 4

The H. S. TALBOT CO.
Printers of Music
Chicago, Ill.

BEAUTIFUL HOME SONGS

REFRAIN

I Love the Whole United States

LEWIS & ERDMAN

p-f *The rhythm well marked*

I love the whole U ni-ted States, from Boston Massa-chu-setts to Frisco's golden gates, the
cot-ton fields of Dix-ie the Maple trees of Maine, the mountains of Vir-gi-nia I love them all the same,

REFRAIN.

Mother of Mine

GEO. A. LITTLE
and
J. D. STANLEY.

p

Moth-er of mine, moth-er of mine, Seems that you real-ways be-side me Your eyes di-vine ev-er will shine,
Through all my sor-row you guide me. When on the day I pass a-way, To that new land of sun shine, A

REFRAIN.

Way Down South

GEO. FAIRMAN.

p-f *Brightly*

Where the sun is al-ways shin-ing To be there my heart is pin-ing, Where the birds are sing-ing
all the time Far be-low the Ma-son Dix-on line; Where the fields are white with cot-ton When you're

Tell Taylor

Music
Publisher

GRAND OPERA HOUSE
CHICAGO