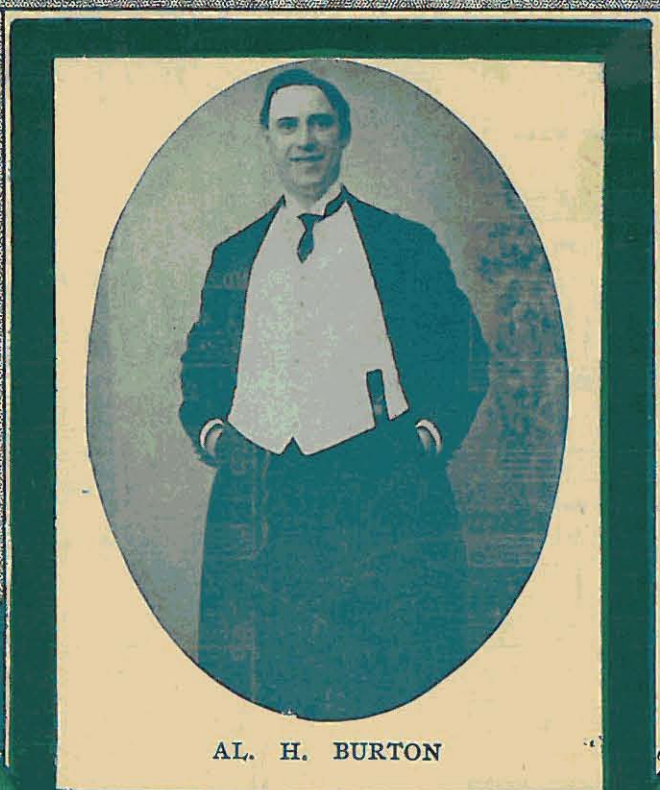


# HERE'S MY FRIEND



PUT YOUR HAND ON YOUR POCKET-BOOK  
AND LOUDLY CRY -



AL. H. BURTON

WORDS BY  
ED.  
ROSE

MUSIC BY  
TED  
SNYDER

F. A. MILLS 48 W 29<sup>th</sup> ST. N.Y.



# The Writer of these Wrote Meet Me In St. Louis, Louis

"When the Bees are in the Hive."

Words by  
ALFRED BRYAN.

Music by  
KERRY MILLS.

CHORUS.

When the bees are in the hive and the ho-ney's in the comb, When the gold-en sun-beams bend to kiss the dew: While the old mill wheel turns 'round I'll love you Ma-ry, When the bees are in the hive I'll come to you.

*ad lib.*

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"Just for the Sake of Society"

Words by  
ALFRED BRYAN.

Music by  
KERRY MILLS.

Chorus. Slowly.

Just for the sake of So - ci - e - ty, ba - by is sad and a - lone. Just for a thing called Pro - pri - e - ty, Mother's heart's turning to stone; Just for a word harshly spo ken, ba - by no more she will see. One lit - tle *etc*

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"Let's All Go Up To Maud's."

Words by JOSEPH C. FARRELL.

Music by KERRY MILLS.

CHORUS.

Let's all go up to Maud's, We'll have a ju - bi - lee; Make love to all her sis - ters, boys, But please leave Maud for me; Her Ma don't mind the noise, Her Dad's one of the boys, If you're a bit hand-y, You'll be all the

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English Copyright Secured.

"Pretty Mary."

Words by  
ANDREW B. STERLING.

Music by  
KERRY MILLS.

CHORUS.

Pret - ty Ma - ry, pret - ty Ma - ry, Must the brook wait all in vain, Must my heart grow cold with pain? Ros - es dy - ing I am sigh - ing, Be my own sweet pret - ty Ma - ry once a - gain.

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The 1905 Ball-room Success - HEIDELBERG WA



# "Here's My Friend."

Words by ED. ROSE.

Music by TED SNYDER.

**Moderato.**

*mf* *f*

till ready.

When I was pros - per - ous my  
A rich re - la - tion went to

friends were num - er - ous, But I went broke a - shoot - in' dice; — Now  
his last sta - tion, Leav - ing ev' - ry cent he had to me; — Now

no one knows me, ev - en them that owes me, Pass me by like I was ice; — They  
ev' - ry nig - ger is a tryin' to fig - ure, Where I get mine from, you see; — They



used to come— to me and say they're glad— to see me  
crowd a - round— me, say they're glad they've found— me; and they

look-in' well to - day;— But since I lost my dough, I've had to  
missed me - ev' - ry day;— They say they're my best friend, To see if

hoe my row,— I've learned a les - son so I'm goin' to say:—  
I will spend, But I'm talk - ing to my - self and this I say:—

**CHORUS.**

Put your hand on your poc-ket-book and loud - ly cry, "Here's— my

*p-f*



friend"— You meet your en - em-ies, they're al - ways dry but nev - er

spend;— When they try to in - tro-duce you to some friends near - by,— Just

keep on a - drift-in' 'cause you know they lie.— Put your hand on your poc-ket-book and

loud - ly cry, "Here's — my friend." friend.



# STANDARD SONGS BY STANDARD COMPOSERS.

The Toreado. Am I. . . . . Words by Arthur Trevelyan. Music by L'Espoir. . . . . High and Low keys each 60 cts.

Tempo di Bolero. *Vive.*  
 The Tor - e-a-dor am I, Who waits to do or

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Tempo di Bolero. The Arab's Love Song. . . . . Poem by W.C. Kreusch. Music by H. Sylvester Krouse. . . . . High and Low keys each 50 cts.

*Con energico.*  
 A - cross the desert's ar - id waste, Im - pelled by Love's mad

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Annabel Lee. . . . . Poem by Edgar Allan Poe. Music by Sigfrid Stenhammar. High and Low keys each 1.00.

*Allegretto.*  
 It was man - y and man - y a year a - go, In a king - dom by the sea, That a

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Here's To The Rose. *Con espressivo.* . . . . . Poem by Wm. Richard Goodall. Music by H. Sylvester Krouse. High and Low keys each 50 cts.

*Andante con moto.*  
 Here's to the rose in the earth - en - cup, Here's to the faded

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Con Spirito. An Arabian Romance. (Bolero). Words by Wm. Richard Goodall. Music by G. J. Couchois. Price 1.25

*rit. a tempo.*  
 No - ble steed, on - ward speed, A cross the burning plain. "Sa - bi" on, thou gal - lant son, Bear  
*Ve - lo - ce va, no - bil de - strier, Tra - ver - sa lar - den - te pian; Vo - la "Sa - bi" ga - gitar - do cor - sier Mi*

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Dost Thou Remember? . . . . . Words & Music by Theo. H. Northrup. Price 50 cts.

*Moderato. cantabile.*  
 Thou wert born for love I of - fer'd love to thee, Hum - bly did I bow to  
 Can re - morse e'er touch that cru - el heart of thine? Wilt thou ev - er in thy

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The Stars All Shine To Night. Words & Music by H. Y. Leavitt. Price 50 cts.

*Andante espressivo.*  
 The stars all shine to - night, Just as they used to do,

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