

NO
No

To MISS ANNIE PIXLEY
AS ORIGINALLY SUNG BY HER NIGHTLY WITH GREAT SUCCESS

3 - OCT 3 0
COPY 1973



SOPRANO B ♭

4

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C.J. WHITNEY

"THE COWS ARE IN THE CORN."

3

(Soprano B♭.)

ENCORE SONG.

Music by HERBERT LESLIE.

With spirit.

Piano introduction in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes.

Lively.

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. The vocal line is in a soprano register, and the piano accompaniment continues with a rhythmic pattern. The lyrics are: "Oh father's gone to market town, He was up be-fore the

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "day And Jamie's af-ter rob-in's nests, And the man is mak ing hay, And

slower.

a tempo.

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "whistling down the hol-low goes, The boy that minds the mill, While mother from the

kitch-en door is call-ing with a will, Pol-ly! Pol-ly! The

cows are in the corn! Pol-ly, Pol-ly, The cows are in the corn.

INTERLUDE.

2. From all the misty morning air; There comes a summer
3. How strange at such a time of day, The mill should stop its

slower

sound, A mur-mur as of waters come from ships, and trees, and ground, The
clatter, The farmer's wife is list'ning now, And wonders what's the mat-ter! Oh

a tempo.

birds they sing up - on the wing, The pigeons - bill and coo, And o - ver hills and
wild the birds are sing - ing in the woodland on the hill While whist ling up the

hol - low rings a - gain the loud hal - loo!) Pol - ly Pol - ly
hol - low goes, The boy that minds the mill.)

cows are in the corn - Pol - ly Pol - ly The cows are in the corn -

D.C. &

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White, Smith & Co.'s New and Popular Songs!

GOING LIKE WILDFIRE!

Zara, the Gypsy.

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY C. A. WHITE.

Sung by Annie Pixley with great success

A gypsy has no care, —
Beware!
I'm a gypsy maid
From the mountain glade,
With a heart as free as a babbling rill;
'Neath the forest shades,
When the sunlight fades.
There I hear the night-bird's trill.

CHORUS.

Come, love, sweet love,
This is the song he's singing.
Come back! come back!
Sorrow my heart is wringing!
Joy shall be thine
If thou be mine, —
Come, for I'm lonely waiting.
No love for me!
I am a maiden free!

A gypsy has no care, —
Beware!
I've a happy home
In the mountain glade,
Where the hawthorn blooms and the wild rose fades,
Where the eagle rests
With his feathered throng,
Where the lone bird sings his song.
Soprano in E flat, 40 cts. Contralto in G, 40 cts.
Waltz, arranged by C. D. Blake, 35 cts.

The Cavalier's Farewell!

MUSIC BY

WRITTEN BY

Earl Marble.

Farewell! I leave thee for dear Palestine!
Loving and tender thy arms I retrace
Sweetest and fairest, I bid thee adieu —
O'er to the wars with the mailed crew
Dearest, all love, thou art to me;
Pleasant of all, love, moments with thee!
Himself and hunkler invite to the fray
What care I for danger? What care I for pain?
My country, my kindred, loved and slain,
Call loudly for warriors, for knights o'er the plain!
Farewell, my loved one. Fare thee well
We may not meet again.

Farewell! our holy religion in thrall
Languishes, pleading the Crusader's call;
Dearest and fairest, my duty is clear;
Down with the Moor and the Saracen's spear.
After the war cloud thither is sent,
After the vile Moor's fury is spent,
Thus will my love, dear, recall me to you,
Far from battle-raging with infidel crew.
When high o'er the crescent the cross shall be seen,
And mountain and valley again are serene,
My horse shall turn homeward, my heart
Once again.

Seek thee, O loved one! now farewell!
For God we meet again.

One of the most effective Songs.
For Tenor in E.
For Bass or Baritone in D♭.
PRICE 40 CENTS.

WHITE!

NEW SONGS

BY

C. A. WHITE!

The Famous Composer of "When the Leaves begin to Turn," which has sold by Millions, and is familiar wherever the English language is spoken or sung.

Good-by, Loved Ones.

Quartet. For mixed voices in D. Also arranged for male voices in F. Beautiful colored slide.

Good-by, now, loved ones, good-by,
O'er many lands I must roam,
Leaving the spot that is dearest,
Seeking a foreign home
Oh, how I dread the parting, —
Farting from loved ones so dear;
Though far away from the loved ones,
I shall in thought be near.

CHORUS.

Good-by, good-by, ever in thought I'm near.

Many long years they have passed, —
Passed since we said that good-by;
Many a loved one we cherished
Now in the churchyard lie.
Oh, happy days of childhood,
Ever to me thou art dear!
Though far away from the loved ones,
Still their farewell I hear.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

Marguerite!

Marguerite! Marguerite! my star of hope!
I dread the day you'll forget me, Marguerite;
And still I know it soon will come, —
The festive dance, the rich, the gay,
So different from our home, Marguerite.
I would not chide thee, chide thee, Marguerite,
Nor mar one joy of thine so sweet;
But oh, I dread that dreary day
You'll me forget, Marguerite.

I wandered down by the little babbling brook,
Its every ripple speaks of thee;
The roses, too, they droop their heads
In sympathy with me, Marguerite.
If this bright world were all of mine to give,
I'd proudly lay it at thy feet;
But oh, the thought you'll not be mine,
Will break my heart, Marguerite.

PRICE 60 CENTS.

EVANGELINE!

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY

C. A. White!

Evangeline, Evangeline,
The idol of my breaking heart,
The day has come, — that dreaded day, —
That dreaded day that bids us part.
With trembling voice I heard you speak;
The vow you made you did not keep.
Evangeline, I have loved thee with all my heart!
Oh, cruel fate! now forever we part.
Evangeline, Evangeline, how can I bear,
How can I bear this parting pain?
Alas! farewell, my own lost love!
No more on earth we'll meet again.

Evangeline, no tongue can tell
The happy days I hoped to see,
With joyous pride my heart did swell
When'er my thoughts would turn to thee.
Alas! my dreams were all in vain,
My fondest hopes have turned to pain.
Evangeline, I have loved thee with all my heart!
Oh, cruel fate, now forever we part!

PRICE 60 CENTS.

A New Song. — Lively and Catchy!

Just for Fun!

Or "An Innocent Flirtation."
Words by EARL MARBLE.
Music by E. H. Bailey.

"T was an innocent flirtation —

Just for fun.
A few words of conversation,
With an air of animation,
As we waited at the station
For the car when day was done.
Was 't wrong to be together, —
Just for fun?

I'd been roaming on the heather,
In the charming April weather,
And had been in splendid feather.
Till the clouds obscured the sun
Oh, his eyes began to twinkle, —
Just for fun.

And it soon began to sprinkle,
Taking every blessed wrinkle
From my crims before the sinkie
And the patter made me run.

"Shall I lend you my umbrella, —
Just for fun?"

Yes? Perhaps your name is Ella?
Not? I think it is Bella?
No again? It might be Stella!
Thus his merry tongue did run,
"Spite of all your bold endeavor,"
Just for fun.

Then I answered, "You will never
Get it, though you guess forever."
"T will be mine ere then, O clever
Maid," he said, and it was done.
Then my heart was glad and merry, —
Just for fun.

And my cheek was like a cherry,
When we had a glass of sherry,
Just to celebrate the very
Happy day when it was done.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

CHICK
BLAKE
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D.

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**Contact: Karen Lund, x70156
Lauren Woodis, x73939
Pat Padua, x75904**