JUST AT THE BREAK OF DAY

WORDS AND MUSIC
BY
HARRY J. LINCOLN

COMPOSER OF
HEAVEN'S ARTILLERY MARCH
PALM LIMITED MARCH
SOUTHERN DREAM WALTZES
ETC. ETC. ETC.

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CHORUS. *Words by F. W. Vandersloot.* **There's A Charm About The Old Love Still.** *Music by A. L. Fischer.* 50¢

There's a charm a_bout the old love still, For it fills a place none else can fill, There's a mem_ry of a face, that in fan_cy we can trace, And we

Andante moderato. *Words by F. W. Vandersloot.* **By The Rippling Schuylkill's Shore.** *Music by A. L. Fischer.* 50¢

Oft my mem_ry lin_gers o_ver, pict_ures of sweet fields of clo_ver, Filled with ten_der re_col_lec_tions of a hap_py time that's flown. And a

Moderato. *Words by G. H. Kerr.* **After All.** *Music by Howard Webster.* 50¢

I'm dream_ing to_night love, a_bout you far a_way I'm lone_ly my sweet_heart with_out you Day by

Tempo di Marcia. *Arranged by Lee Orean Smith.* **A Letter From The Front.** *Words & Music by George Strayer Maxwell.* 50¢

A maid_en fair, with bright gol_den hair, By a win_dow sat si_lent one day, Watch_ing the throng as it passed a_long, While her

Andante moderato. *Arranged by Lee Orean Smith.* **Take Her Back, Dad.** *by Andrew B. Sterling & Bartley C. Costello.* 50¢

In the door_way of a cot_tage, stands an old man, stern of face; On the steps a woman's plead_ing, soft and low; "Take me back, my dear old daddy, let me

Moderato. *Words by Ralph M. Skinner.* **All's Well That Ends Well.** *Music by Warner Crosby.* 50¢

Long a_go in a small vil_lage dwelt two chil_dren, girl and boy, They were play_mates in sweet child_hood's hap_py hours, They would

Tempo di Valse. *Words by Rene.* **My Jane.** *Music by Lee Orean Smith.* 50¢

Jane, Jane, my pret_ty Jane, come tell me now that you love me, Whis_per so soft_ly that none can hear, but the moon and

Words by George Strayer Maxwell. **An Old Fashioned Girl.** *Music by Lee Orean Smith.* 50¢

There's an old_fashioned girl, with an old-fashioned curl, In her hair that is sprinkled with gray; And her face, once so fair, Is now furrowed with care, That was

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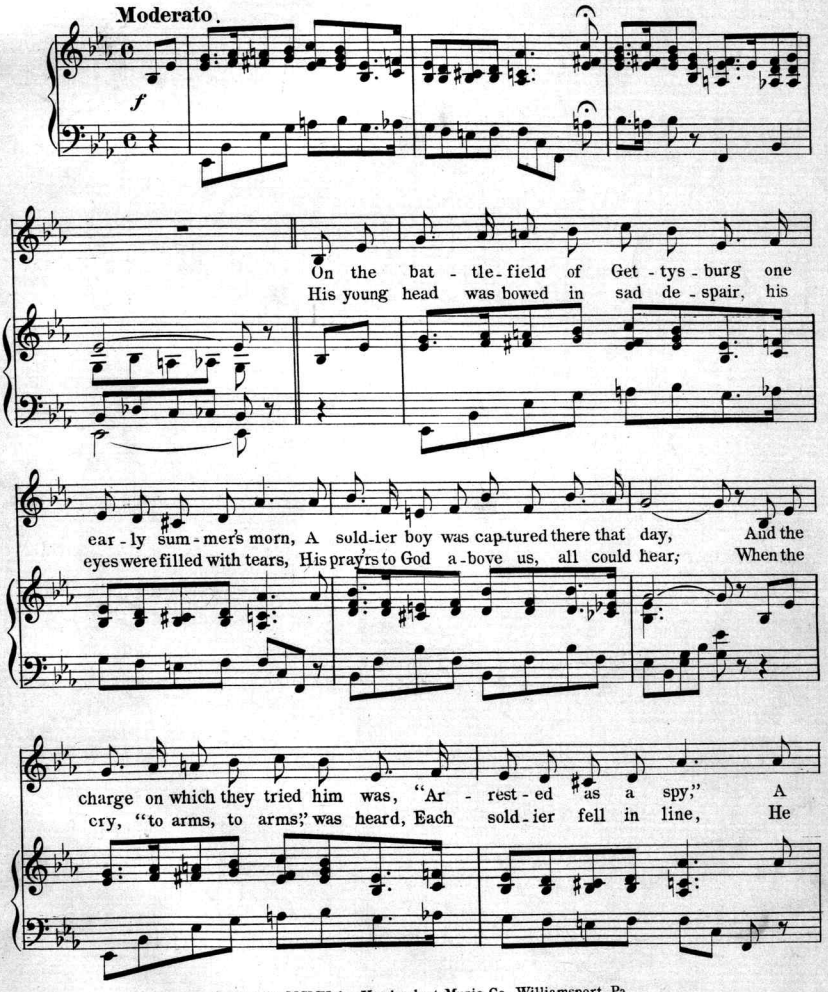

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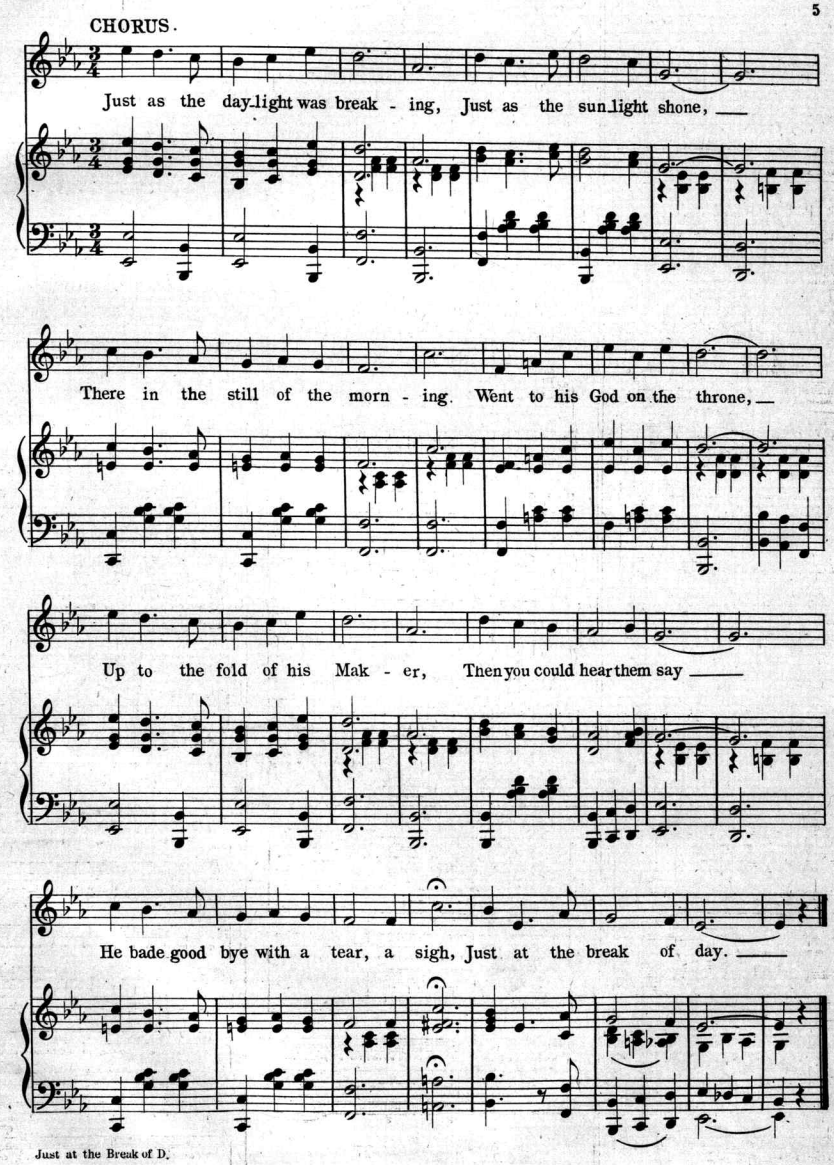
gal - lant he - ro of our U. S. A. The
soft - ly mur - mured "good-bye moth - er dear." His

court has passed his sen - tence "And at sun - rise you must die!" At
thoughts turned back to boy - hood days, A child at moth - ers knee, "May

break of day they marched him far a - way, To the ex - e - cu - tion sta - tion, where no
God protect her where she is to - day", And while rays of sun-shine soft - ly fell and

one could ven - ture in, To meet his death just at the break of day.
played up - on his hair, He bade good-bye then quick - ly passed a - way.


CHORUS.
Just as the day-light was break - ing, Just as the sun-light shone, —
There in the still of the morn - ing. Went to his God on the throne, —
Up to the fold of his Mak - er, Then you could hear them say —
He bade good bye with a tear, a sigh, Just at the break of day. —

Only a Bunch of Violets.

Words by ANDREW B. STERLING. Music by C. M. VANDERSLOOT.

CHORUS.

Os - ly a bunch of vi - o - lets With - ered and dy - ing a - lone,

Cast by a maid on a ball - room floor, It spoke of a love that had flown,

Trampled and crush'd by the danc - ing throng, How quick - ly a maid - en for - gets, It

told its sad tale of a brok - en heart, That bunch of sweet vi - o - lets.

Sunny, Sunny June.

CHORUS. Words & Music by W. P. MERRICK.

Sun - ny, Sun - ny June, Try and get here soon, The

lovers are wait - ing, while win - ter's a - bat - ing, for you sweet Sun - ny June,

Sun - ny, Sun - ny June, Come and let them spoon, As the cold days go

by, Then for you how they sigh, Sweet Sunny, Sun - ny June, June.

THE CURSE OF A PRETTY FACE.

CHORUS. Words and Music by WILL P. BURKE.

"Beau - ty is not al - ways sent as a bless - ing from a - bove.....

Beau - ty lost for me the on - ly one I ev - er loved.....

She was on - ly one of man - y who can sad - ly trace..... Her

down - fall and ru - in - a - tion..... to the curse of a pret - ty face.....

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES.

Words by AL TRAHERN. A Song of the South. Music by LEE OREAN SMITH.

CHORUS.

You'll hear the dark - ies sing - ing, The songs they love the best, You'll

hear the ban - jos ring - ing, While the old folks rest. The

pick - a - nin - ies dan - cing, To see who'll win the prize, In the

ev - ning by the moon - light, un - der south - ern skies.

My Pretty Mountain Queen.

CHORUS. Words and Music by W. P. MERRICK.

Tempo di Valse moderato.

Now the larks are sing - ing, In a moun - tain far a - way, And I

hear a sweet voice ring - ing, in my ears most ev' - ry day,

When the stars are shin - ing, and she speaks to me un - seen, Then my

heart is ev - er pin - ing, For my pretty moun - tain queen, queen.

SWEET CLOVER.

Words by AL TRAHERN. Founded on the play of "SWEET CLOVER." Music by LEE OREAN SMITH.

REFRAIN. Andantino quasi Allo

Clo - ver, my sweet lit - tle Clo - ver, You're all

the world to me. Clo - ver, my sweet lit - tle

Clo - ver, No fair - er flow - er could be.

No where in all the world o - ver. No sweet -

FOR YOU.

Words by G. H. KERR. COMPANION TO "AFTER ALL." Music by HOWARD WEBSTER. Also published for Alto or Baritone.

CHORUS. SOPRANO or TENOR.

Al - though 'tis long since last we part - ed, Your

face still haunts me sleep - ing, wak - ing, Al -

though I'm lone - ly still I'm wait - ing, For

you, sweet - heart I wait for you.

The Girl I Should Have Married Long Ago.

CHORUS. Words and Music by WILL P. BURKE.

"She's the girl I should have mar - ried long a - go; 'Twas

wrong to have de - sert - ed her, I know..... We'd been hap - py all through life, had I

made poor Nell my wife; She's the girl I should have mar - ried long a - go."

I'm So Tired Of Livin', I Don't Care When I Die.

Chorus. Words by Andrew B. Sterling. Music by Lee Orean Smith.

I'm so tired of liv - in', I don't care when I die, I

can't look at a pork chop, I can't eat chick - en pie, I

nev - er sees no num - bers, in my dreams now when I slum - bers,

I'm so tired of liv - in', o' liv - in', I don't care when I die, die.

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