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# A New Comic Song HOCK SHOP

OR IT'S OVER IN THE  
HOCK SHOP NOW



BY  
**G.B. BRIGHAM.**

50 your  
UNCLE  
ISAAC.

Published by **G.B. Brigham.**  
261 Wabash Ave.  
CHICAGO

# IT'S OVER IN THE "HOCK SHOP" NOW.

By G. B. BRIGHAM.

*Allegretto.*

1. At a ball the oth - er night, I was strict - ly "out of sight," In a  
 2. Gilli - gin had a goat, o - ver which he used to gloat, And.....  
 3. Be - - fore my moth - er died, for..... me she oft - en cried, And.....  
 4. In the past few years or more, I've com - posed songs by the score, On the  
 5. When.... I be - came of age, I..... went up - on the stage, To.....

suit that I had made for the oc - ca - sion; And the dia - mond that I wore, I will  
 fight - ing was old "Bill - ie's oc - cu - pa - tion; He... chewed up all the clothes, and....  
 prayed no harm would come to her dear boy;... Gave me mon - ey 'off' when busted, her....  
 top - ics of the day I've al - ways writ - ten, And ex - pect - ed all would take, but there's  
 act a part out in this mim - ic life;.... And... if I'm not mis - taken, I put

nev - er see it more, For we part - ed aft - er ver - y much per - sua - sion. From the  
 bat - tered off his nose, And for dogs he had - n't any in - fat - u - a - tion. He  
 jewels to me entrusted, And wished me ev - 'ry hap - pi - ness and joy. The  
 some have made me shake, And oth - ers I have al - ways been so smit - ten. On this  
 put a lit - tle 'stake' in A wardrobe, then I took with me a wife. I.....

ball I strayed a - way, got to drink - ing so they say, When I a - woke this morn - ing I was  
 roamed a - round the street, butt - ed' ev - 'ry - thing he'd meet, On the butch - er and the milk - man had a  
 last words that she said, as I knelt be - side her bed, Were, "Keep those treasures sa - cred, dear, for  
 song I used to smile, when I picked it from the pile, It went the same as oth - ers that I  
 mean to draw it mild, she was a Hebrew's child, And a cash - ier in her fa - ther's 'help - out'"

broke. There was noth - ing else to do, so the suit and dia - mond, too, Had to  
 'cinch," But his butt - ing days are o'er, and he's lost his taste for gore, For he's  
 me, Thro' troub - le or thro' strife, keep them with you all your life," I.....  
 had, I..... wrapped 'em up one day and took 'em over the way, And the  
 store, Now much to my sur - prise, we walked home on the ties, Her pro -

## CHORUS.

go to Sol - o - mon Ru - ben - stein's "in soak." They're o - ver in the "Hock shop"  
 dy - ing in the pawn shop by the inch.  
 did so, but at last my fate you'll see.  
 part - ing I'll as - sure you made me sad,  
 fes - sional as - pir - a - tions are no more. She's back . . . in the "Hock shop"

*Rit.*

now, Your "Un - cle" has them I'll al - low; They'll not be ver - y long, for he'll  
 now, Her "Pa - pa" has her I'll al - low; You bet she's there to stay, hand - ling

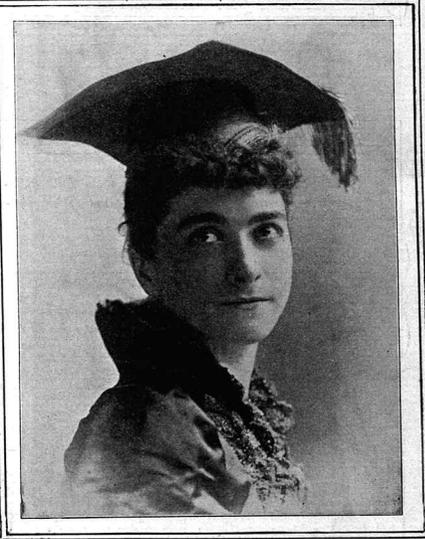
*D. C. to Intro*

sell them for a song, But they're o - ver in the "Hock shop" now.  
 dia - monds ev - 'ry day, For she's o - ver in the "Hock shop" now.

# YOU ARE MY SWEETHEART NOW.

A Beautiful  
WALTZ BALLAD  
Sung by

MISS GRACE GOLDEN  
of  
De-Wolf-Hoppers Co.



WORDS  
&  
MUSIC  
— BY —  
S. L. VIETS.

50

— Published By —  
*G. B. Brigham*  
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