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THE * GREAT * PATHETIC * SUCCESS

POOR OLD DAD

SONG * AND * CHORUS,

BY

JOHN * W. * GIBBONS.

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old man tumbled out, I stopped and asked the people what the trouble was a - bout. An
tot'ring foot-steps slow, A - gain the lad struck at his dad, she tried to stop the blow. The
ne'er a word she said, 'Tis true, her heart is brok-en, yes, the poor old mother's dead. Not

an - gry lad then asked me what it had to do with me, And told me to move
tear-drops streaming down her face, she fell close at his feet, While the an - gry crowd be -
ver - y long the old man lived, but soon joined his old bride, Now in the qui - et

on, or else he'd quick ly let me see; The old man then got up and shook at
gan to shout and mur - mur in the street; You've driv'n us out, the old man cried, to the
church-yard they are sleep - ing side by side, But one day o'er their grave we found their

him his old gray head, And leaning on my arm the while, these words are what he said :
 poor-house we must go, And when you're old and fee - ble, may your children treat you so.
 dead son 'neath the trees, And mournful - ly I thought I heard those words float on the breeze.

colla voce.

CHORUS.

You've made your poor old moth er weep for you from night 'till morn, You've made your poor old

fa - ther wish that you were nev - er born, You'll wish you'd nev - er served us so, when

we're both dead, my lad, When your own children treat you like you've treated poor old dad!

rall.

colla voce.

MOST POPULAR SONGS OF THE SEASON.

"GO TO SLEEP, MY BABY GIRL." Lullaby.

Words and Music by **M. H. ROSENFELD.** (v. BELASCO).

Andante con espressione.

1. Lit - the ba-by, go to sleep, While the sun is set-ting
 2. Lit - the ba-by, sweetly dream, Hids are in such down-y
 3. Lit - the ba-by, close thine eyes! Best in slumbers pure and

low: An-gels watch thy slumbers deep,
 nest: Stars a-bove will soft-ly beam,
 bright: An-gels from the star-y skies,

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Written and Composed by "NORAH ASTHORE." Ballad.

M. J. CAVANAGH.

Moderato con espress.

1. No-rah Asthore, far a-way o'er the o-cean,
 2. No-rah Asthore, tho' 'tis years since we part-ed, I

sigh for the light of thy bean-til-ful eyes; Distance no time ne'er will
 know you'll be true to the prom-ise you gave; Your wis-per that joy to my

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"MY SWEETHEART O'ER THE SEA." Waltz Song.

Words and Music by **F. C. ANDREWS.**

Tempo di waltz.

1. When clouds be-dim the
 2. Oh! how I sigh my
 3. What joy 'twill be when

sum-mer sky, And an-ger-ry brood-es blow, I
 Jack to meet, And with him trip a-long, And
 safe at home, I clasp him heart! And

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"THE POOR LITTLE NEWS BOY." Ballad.

CARL RANKIN.

Allegretto Moderato.

1. 'Twas wee lit-tle boy trudging on thro' the night, Ho ne'er stopp'd his work, tho' the
 2. So cry-ing the news thro' the cold and the sleet, He bears not the team dashing

tears dim'd his sight, He sobbed out a-loud As onward he went, I've
 wild down the street, - A crash and a moan, And the lit-tle boy gave, Lie

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