



HERBERT HOLCOMBE



Words by

Norton Atkins

Music by

Felix McGlennon

The Beautiful Descriptive Song

Scenes
from the
Drama
of **Life**  

As sung by
the eminent balladist

**Herbert
Holcombe**



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DON'T BEAR ANY ILL FEELING.

Chorus.

Don't bear any ill-feeling, for - get and for - give,.....

Shake hands, let us be friendly as long as we live,.....

Life is too short for ha - tred, shake hands and don't say, "Nay,".....

Or you may plead for for - give-ness your - self in vain some day,.....

rall.

SCENES FROM THE DRAMA OF LIFE.

Song and Chorus.

Written by NORTON ATKINS.

Composed by FELIX McGLENNON.

Moderato.

Intro. *mf* *f* *rit.*

1. Life is but a might - y dra - ma, Where - in each must play a part;
2. 'Tis the go - ry field of bat - tle, Where the con - flict ra - ges high,
3. Hark! what means that cry of "Stop Thief!" Down a crowd - ed thor - ough - fare,

p

- | | |
|---|------------------------------------|
| Some with hap - py smil - ing fea - tures, | Oth - ers with an aeh - ing heart. |
| And the two op - pos - ing ar - mies | Now have sworn to do or die; |
| Some young rep - ro - bate's been steal - ing | Af - ter him they mad - ly tear. |

When night falls up - on the Cit - y See a man with dark - en'd face,
 See this brave young pri - vate sold - ier 'Mid the crash of shot and shell,
 Hear the shout, at last they've got him, Some - one strikes him to the ground,

He's a burg - lar and his ob - ject, Break - ing in this rich man's place.
 He has prov'd him - self a he - ro, Brave - ly he has fought and well.
 Each one ea - ger first to catch him, Anx - ious - ly they gath - er round.

Chorus.

See with what vig - or his "jim - my" he plies, Leaps thro' the win - dow, "Now for it" he cries,
 Wound - ed he lies when the bat - tle is o'er, Think - ing of those on a far dis - tant shore,
 On - ly a poor rag - ged boy, near - ly dead, See! the blood streams from a wound in his head,

"Hark! what is that? an a - larm, a surprise," He mut - ters with ter - ror now rife.....
 Think - ing of those, he will see never - more, Think - ing of his child - ren and wife.....
 "Sis - ter was starv - ing, I stole her some bread," He mur - murs with ag - o - ny rife.....

Then comes a flash, a re - port of a gun, A man on his knees, Cry - ing, "What have I done, Oh
 "Mer - ci - ful God! who is Great and All Wise, Save them from danger!" He tear - ful - ly cries, One
 "Go to her help," he ex - claims, "Don't mind me! Soon from this ter - ri - ble strife I shall be;" Ere

rall.
 God! I have kill'd him, the scapegrace, my son!" That's a scene from the Dra - ma of life.....
 mur - mur'd prayer and he falls back and dies, That's a scene from the Dra - ma of life.....
 the night comes his young soul is set free, That's a scene from the Dra - ma of life!.....

rall.

TRY THESE ON THE PIANO.

I DO LOVE YOU.

CHORUS.

Written and Composed by FELIX McGLENNON.

I do love you,..... I do love you,..... You've bought a dol - ly for
 your lit - tle Mol - ly with hair so bright and eyes so blue; I'll give you a kiss, a sweet, lit - tle kiss, And may - be I'll
 give you two!..... Oh, my Dad - dy, my dear old Dad - dy I do love you!.....

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TO ERR IS HUMAN, TO FORGIVE, DIVINE!

Written and Composed by FELIX McGLENNON.

CHORUS.
Con espressione.

"I once was poor and struggling, you were honored in the land, I once was nearly starving, you had riches at command, I went to you so hum - bly, and I
 asked a help - ing hand, in my face you closed your door, oh, broth - er mine! Now I am rich and you are poor, shall I re - venge - ful be? No!
 for the sake of old times when we prayed at mother's knee, You're still my brother, I'll forgive, share my prosperity, To err is hu - man, to for - give, di - vine!"

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BACK TO THE OLD HOME AGAIN.

Words and Music by FELIX McGLENNON.

Author of
 "They are the Best Friends of All," "The Ship I Love," etc.

CHORUS.

Back to the old home a - gain,..... Down in the old coun - try lane,.....
 Back to the spot I've nev - er for - got, Back to the old home a - gain,.....

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LET ME WHISPER I AM THINE.

Elsa Gregori.

CHORUS.

Tempo di Valse.

Once a - gain,..... Ah,..... love, I see..... thee, Once a - gain,.....
 I call..... thee..... mine,..... Ah, dear - est,..... sweet - heart, Lis - ten now to
 me,..... Let me..... whis - per..... I..... am thine.....

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SHE LEFT THE MAN WHO LOVED HER FOR ANOTHER.

By George Bruce and Felix McGlennon.

CHORUS.

She left the man who loved her for an - oth - er,..... She who was the sun - shine of his life;..... Her
 vows of faith and du - ty she'd for - got - ten,..... Broke the link that made them man and wife!.....

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