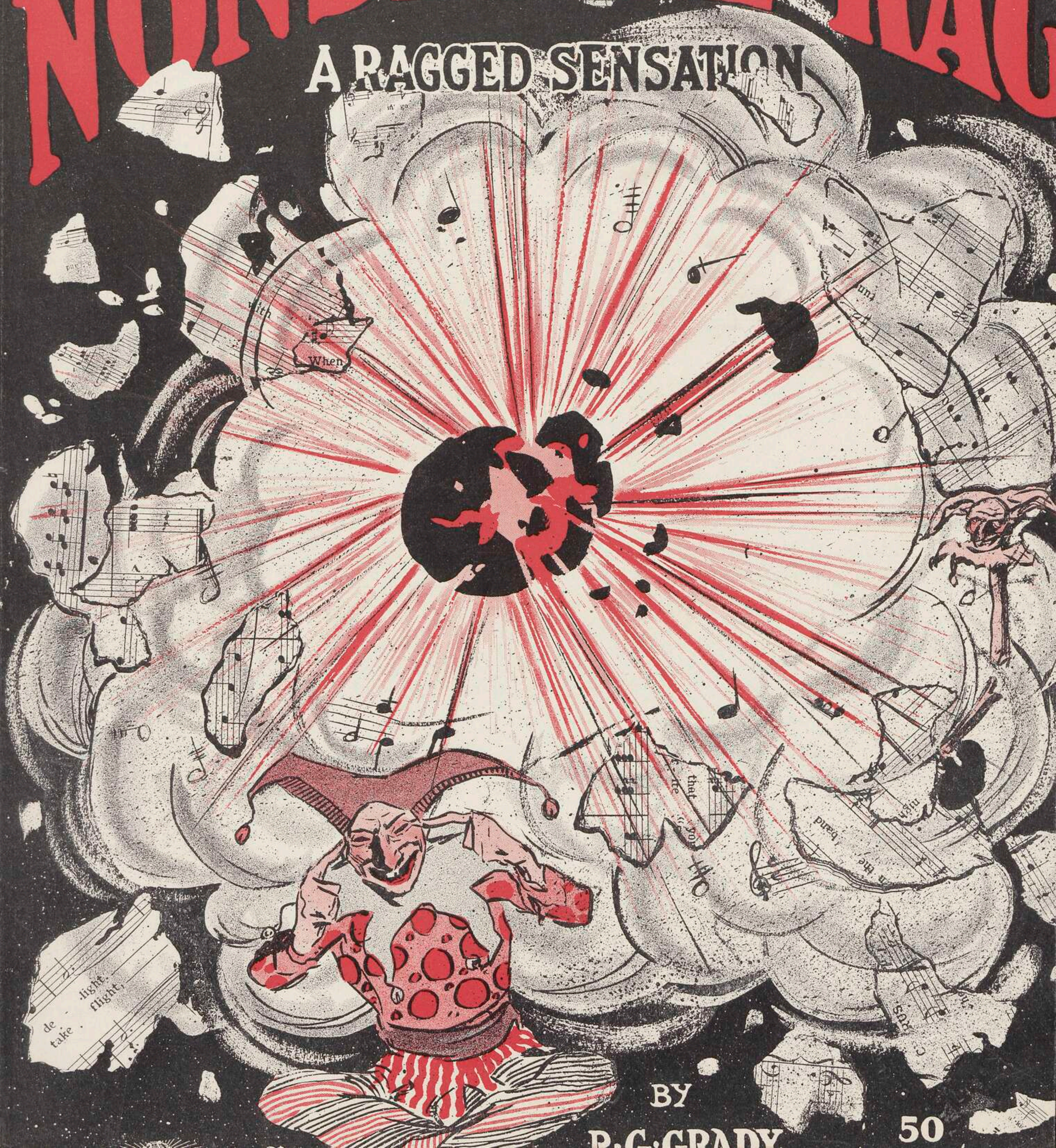


NONSENSE RAG

A RAGGED SENSATION



BY

P.C. GRADY

50

Nonsense.

A RAGGED SENSATION.

By R. G. GRADY.

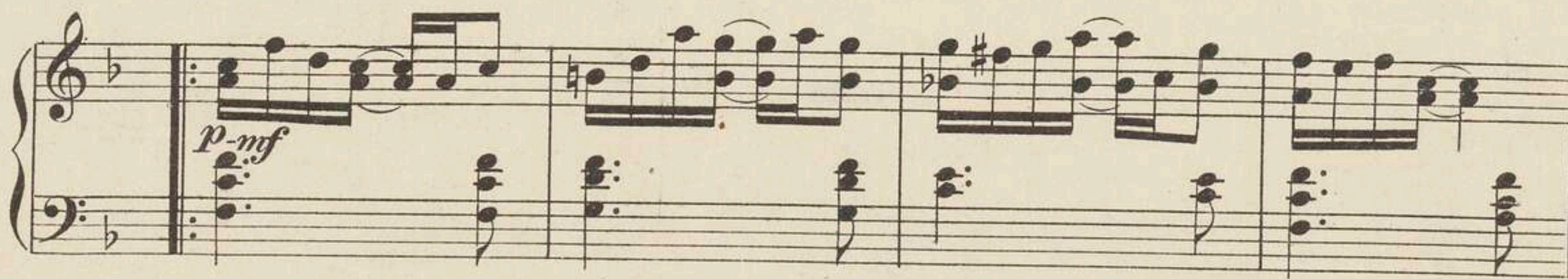
Not too fast.

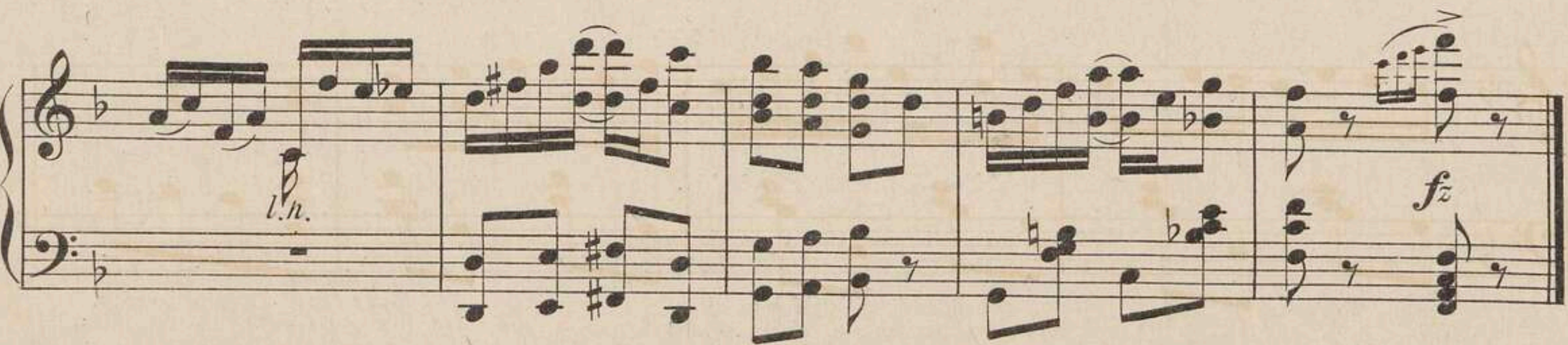
The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time. It consists of five systems of music. The first system begins with the tempo instruction 'Not too fast.' and includes dynamic markings 'f' and 'ff'. The second system includes the marking 'mf'. The third and fourth systems are also marked 'mf'. The fifth system includes first and second endings, indicated by the numbers '1' and '2' above the staff. The music is written for piano with treble and bass staves.

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JOIN THE MUSICAL SMART SET

AND LEARN THE CHORUSES OF THESE UP-TO-DATE TUNES!

"I'VE GOT THE TIME—, I'VE GOT THE PLACE—"

(But It's Hard to Find the Girl)

CHORUS.

I've got the time—, I've got the place—.
Will someone kindly introduce me to the girl.
She needn't be so very pretty
I don't care much for a face.
And I don't give a jot if her petticoats
And things are trimmed with lace;
She may be tall-, she may be small-,
She may be any-any-kind at all,
Gee! Ain't it mighty-funny,
When a fellow's got the money,
And the time-, and the place-,
But it's gosh darn hard to find the girl.

"AMINA"

(By Paul Lincke.)

CHORUS.

Queen of the night,
Far o'er the desert ocean,
I come to plight
My love and heart's devotion,
Princess divine,
Love's serenade I sing thee,
Queen of the night,
Amina mine.

"I WISH I HAD MY OLD GIRL BACK AGAIN."

CHORUS.

Oh, I wish I had my old girl back again!
Life to me would not seem dreary and in vain!
Though other girls looked good to me,
There's only one that stood for me,
And she was my old girl—
I wish I had her back again!

SWING ME HIGH, SWING ME LOW.

CHORUS

Swing me high; swing me low, dearie,
While summer breezes blow;
I'm sure I'd never grow weary
As up and down I go;
Swinging sets wedding bells ringing,
For lovers true, you know;
So to my sweetheart I'm singing,
To come swing me high, swing me low.

OH, THAT SLOW WALTZ!

CHORUS

Oh, that slow waltz.
There is nothing can touch it in ragtime!
Oh, that slow waltz.
In Paris they dance it to dragtime!
Oh, that slow waltz.
It must have been written in jagtime!
Oh, that slow waltz.
It's the talk of New York to-day.

THE GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER IS THE GIRL I LOVE

CHORUS

The girl behind the counter is the girl I love,
The girl behind the counter I am thinking of;
You can have your fancy dolls,
With their frills and foldirols
But the girl behind the counter is the girl I love.

HAN-A-KO

CHORUS

Oh, my Han-a-ko,
The nightingale is softly singing,
So my Han-a-ko
I've come a love-song bringing;
Like a tender vine my heart to yours will e'er
be clinging,
Love like mine will ever grow, my Han-a-ko!

"NIX ON THE GLOW-WORM. LENA."

CHORUS.

Nix on the Glow-worm, Lena, Lena;
Play something else on your concertina.
If the man that wrote it heard her
It's a cinch there would be murder.
Cut out the Glow-worm, can it, can it,
We'll go dippy soon;
Beat it, Lena, with your concertina,
And that Glow-worm tune.

IF I COULD ONLY SEE AS FAR AHEAD.

CHORUS.

If I could see as far ahead as I can see behind,
What trials and tribulations I'd banish from
my mind,
I'd know exactly what to do, when to do and
who to do,
If I could only see as far ahead as I can see
behind.

I'M LOOKING FOR A NICE YOUNG FELLOW WHO IS LOOKING FOR A NICE YOUNG GIRL.

CHORUS.

I'm looking for a nice young fellow
Who is looking for a nice young girl,
Well I've never had a beau, but I'm wise
enough to know
Just how to keep a fellow on the go! go! go!
The ring won't have to be a "Tiffany" diamond.
To tell the truth, I'd rather have a pearl.
I'm looking for a nice young fellow
Who is looking for a nice young girl.

LET ME HAVE A KISS UNTIL TO-MORROW.

(Then I'll Come Around and Pay It Back.)

CHORUS.

Let me have a kiss until to-morrow, then I'll
come around and pay it back;
Meet me at the door, I'll be there at four.
When I've squared my debt with you then I
may borrow more.
I'll give you a little squeeze for interest,
Or a hug or anything you think is due,
Let me have a kiss until to-morrow, then I'll
pay it back to you.

M'AIMEZ VOUS?

(Do You Love Me?)

CHORUS.

"M'aimez Vous?" "M'aimez Vous?"
Say you do! I'll be true
As the stars in the skies up above.
"M'aimez Vous?" "M'aimez Vous?"
I've a feeling for you in my heart
And I know it is love.
"M'aimez Vous?" "M'aimez Vous?"
I love you, deed I do;
And I'll give world and all up for you.
Life without you is sad.
Oh! you make me so mad;
"M'aimez Vous?" "M'aimez Vous?"
(Oui Oui!) "Merci beaucoup."

I'M A MARRIED MAN.

CHORUS

"I'm a married man; I'm a married man,
I'm no longer living on the happy-go-lucky
bachelor plan;
I have got a frau waiting for me now.
There's the rub, it's good-bye, club!
Oh, say, can't you see
That I'm a married man?"

COME AFTER BREAKFAST.

(Bring 'Long Your Lunch and Leave 'Fore Supper Time.)

Chorus.

Come after breakfast, bring 'long your lunch
and leave 'fore supper time.
If you do that I'm positive that I will treat
you fine;
For ev'rybody's welcome at my house wheth-
er in rain or shine,
If they come after breakfast bring 'long their
lunch and leave 'fore supper time.

LOVE IN A BUNCH OF ROSES.

(El Punao Del Rosa.)

CHORUS.

Love in a bunch of roses
Each thought of her reposes.
For Roses of pink mean gladness,
Roses of white mean sadness,
Roses with tint of yellow,
Tell of a jealous fellow,
While roses of red breathe passion
So speak in flower fashion.

"IF I HAD A THOUSAND LIVES TO LIVE!"

—CHORUS—

If I had a thousand lives to live,
I'd live each one for you;
If I had a thousand hearts to give,
I'd give each one to you,
A thousand sorrows I would bear
For one so fair, so true,
If I had a thousand lives to live,
I'd live each one for you.

YOU STOLE MY GAL

CHORUS

You've done a lot, I've not forgot.
Oh, you've been Johnny on the spot;
Without a doubt you've gone the route.
You've never failed to help me out;
I've worn your clothes, you're one of those,
Who always lends, but never owes;
You've been my friend, you've been my pal,
But in the end, dog-gone, you stole my gal

"MYREL-LA"

CHORUS

Myrel-la, Myrel-la, come to me,
Fairest of all maids in Sunny Italy!
I return to claim thee for mine own;
Tell me that thy heart is mine alone!
Myrel-la, Myrel-la, fairest one,
Life for thee my bride-to-be, has just begun;
With love and gold from lands afar,
I come to thee,
My own, my Myrel-la.

"TRULY RURAL."

—CHORUS—

I can say Truly Rural, Truly Rural, Truly
Rural,
It's past midnight, but I'm all right, 'cause I
can say Truly Rural.
I can say Truly Rural, it's as easy as can be,
And if you can say truly rural too,
You're just as sober as me.

"NIGHT BRINGS THE STARS & YOU."

CHORUS,

After the sunset shadows
Over the wide world creep,
After the lark in the meadows
Sings the red rose to sleep;
After the day is ended
My longings are ended, too;
Then happy I roam to sweetheart and home,
For night brings the stars and you.

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