

COHAN AND HARRIS' MUSICAL REVUE HELLO BROADWAY

WITH GEO. M. COHAN and WILLIAM COLLIER

THE ENTERTAINMENT
IS A MUSICAL CRAZY QUILT
PATCHED AND THREADED
TOGETHER WITH WORDS
AND MUSIC BY

Geo. M. Cohan

Down by the Erie Canal

Broadway Tipperary

I Wanted to Come to Broadway

My Miracle Man

Pygmalion Roses

Hello Broadway

My Flag

Look out for Mr. Wu

Each 60 cents

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Down by the Erie Canal

Lyric and Music by
Geo. M. Cohan

Piano

1. If you want to make good in a Broad-way show, You
2. Yes there must be a song in the Broad-way show, There

must have a song that is sure to go A pret-ty lit-tle dit-ty that they
must be a song with a swing and go That's sure to raise a ruc-tion, that's the

whis-tle 'round the cit-y, And they play ev-'ry-where, ev-'ry day ev-'ry-where; It's a
hit of the pro-duc-tion, That they hum as they go, and they come to and fro: A

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reg - u - lar, pop - u - lar tin pan song, The kind of a mel - o - dy
mel - o - dy haunt - ing you day and night, The kind of a tune an - y

can't go wrong; A catch - y re - frain, The sort of a strain That
kid can write; You hear it at lunch, A song for the bunch, A

gives you a pain— When you hear it a - gain. The or - chestra mur - ders it
song with a hunch, A song with a punch. And that is the rea - son they

o'er and o'er,— The ush - ers ap - plaud and they shout for more, They re -
ad - ver - tise— The song of the sea - son, the big sur - prise; Oh, this

sort to the trick of the gall - er - y "clique" So the en - cores will not
ter - ri - ble song, just to boost it a - long Not an old time trick they

miss. The man - age - ment feat - ures it near and far It's
miss. The fel low who puts on the cho - rus stuff Is

us - ual - ly sung by the fe - male star, The pub - lish - er gives her a
on to the fact that this song's a bluff, He knows that the au - di - ence

mo - tor car, And the cho - rus goes some - thing like this.
has e - nough, But the man - age - ment wants it like this.

Down by the E - rie, There waits my pal; Tho' the

p-f

days are long and drear - y, He de - clares he'll ne'er grow wear - y:

Poor John O' - Lear - y, I'm a - fraid you've lost your gal, — For I've

left you flat, my dear - ie, by the E - rie Can - al. al. —

1. 2.