

NORA BAYES' BIG HIT

# THERE WASN'T ANYBODY THERE TO MEET ME

( I WAS LIKE A STRANGER WHEN I GOT BACK HOME )

NOVELTY SONG



BY

NEWTON ALEXANDER

M. WITMARK & SONS

NEW YORK CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA BOSTON SAN FRANCISCO LONDON

50¢  
2/-



# There Wasn't Anybody There To Meet Me

(I Was Like A Stranger When I Got Back Home)

Words and Music  
By NEWTON ALEXANDER

Moderatey (Not fast)

*f*

*mf* *mp* *f*

I thought I'd take a trip, So I just packed my grip, And got a-board the lat-est train;  
I nev-er thought I'd see The day that I would be A-shamed to go back to my home,

I had a long-ing 'way down in my heart, To see the dear old home a-gain.  
If all the rest are like the one I claim, I'm goin' to be a roll-ing stone.

I sent a let-ter tell-ing the folks, Just when I'd ar-rive in town; But in-  
I've heard them sing so much of the farm, Where ev-ry one says "good morn," But to

stead of an o-va-tion A-wait-ing at the sta-tion, This is what I found.  
judge by my re-cep-tion, They've all got in-di-ges-tion, Down where I was born.

## CHORUS

*p* *f*

There was-n't an-y-bod-y there to meet me, There was-n't an-y-bod-y there to greet me, Not a  
There was-n't an-y-bod-y there to meet me, There was-n't an-y-bod-y there to greet me, Not a



sin-gle soul To wel-come me back home I was a-lone And to think it's just a  
sin-gle soul To wel-come me back home I was a-lone And to think it's just a

few short years since I went a-way 'Midst sighs and tears, and You're goin' to leave us, You're goin' to leave us,  
few short years since I went a-way 'Midst sighs and tears, and You're goin' to leave us, You're goin' to leave us,

Oh! My! how you're goin' to grieve us. That town has sure-ly changed since nine-teen hun-dred and  
Oh! My! how you're goin' to grieve us, That town has sure-ly changed, I nev-er want to go

ten My lit-tle school-mates, all have grown to be such great big wo-men and men, Gee wizz! I  
back The vil-lage belle I thought so cute, now looks just like the back of a hack, Dog-gone and

nev-er saw a liv-ing soul I knew: Nev-er heard a meas-ly how-dy do, I was like a stran-ger  
lit-tle John-ny Jones I thought so fair: He's got whis-kers grow-ing down to there, I was like a stran-ger

1. when I got back home. 2. There was-n't home.  
when I got back home. There was-n't home.





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### MY ROSARY FOR YOU

Lyric by  
AMY ASHMORE CLARK

Music by  
ERNEST R. BALL

*In Barcarole tempo With expression.*

A ros-a-ry I wrought for you, Each pearl a mem-o-ry Of  
hap-pi-ness my heart once knew, Of love you had for me. Each  
ros-ar-y must have its cross To bear un-to the end, And

*a tempo*

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### THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

Lyric by  
STODDARD KING

Music by  
ZO. ELLIOTT

*Evenly with much expression*

There's a long, long trail a-wind-ing In to the land of my  
dreams, Where the night-in-gales are sing-ing And a white moon  
beams. There's a long, long night of wait-ing Un-til my

*pp*

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Lyric by  
EDNA STANTON WHALEY

Music by  
F. H. BISHOP

*Moderately slow*

When the sky in the East flames crim-son and gold In the light of the morn-ing sun, When in  
clear lit-ting voice sweet song birds re-joice, Bid-ding wel-come to day just be-gun. Then I

*poco cresc.*

*Tenderly*

pass on my way to the la-bor of day, And your smile as we part thrills me through, For it

*and with much ex-press.* Copyrighted MCMXVI by M. Witmark & Sons.

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Quartets for Male, Female and Mixed Voices.

### Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral THAT'S AN IRISH LULLABY

Lyric and Music by J. R. SHANNON

*Smoothly with much expression*

"Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,  
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Hush now, don't you cry!  
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-

*mp in time*

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