

LATEST.

"The Minister Hears a Louder Call," - - - H. O. Wheeler, 60c
 "My Fiddle," (Violin Obligato) Words by J. Whitcomb Reiley, Music by H. O. Wheeler, 75c



My Sailor on the Sea,	-	-	-	-	-	35c
Don't Forget, (Song and Dance or Chorus)	-	-	-	-	-	40c
They Deny Me When They're Men, (Song and Chorus)	-	-	-	-	-	35c
Foine Lump of a Girl,	"	"	-	-	-	40c
Naught But Their Picture to Love,	"	"	-	-	-	35c
The Milk Maid of Tyrone,	"	"	-	-	-	35c
Baby Ora (Irish Lullaby)	"	"	-	-	-	40c
The Old Oak Tree,	"	"	-	-	-	40c
The Music of the Rain	"	"	-	-	-	35c
Love's Broken Chain,	"	"	-	-	-	40c
The Johnstown Flood,	"	"	-	-	-	35c
<u>"Ragged Matt,"</u>	"	"	-	-	-	<u>40c</u>

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Sung with Great Success by
Miss Gertie Thornton.

“Ragged Matt.”

(SONG)

Words and Music by BARNEY MULLELLY.

Moderato.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 6/8 time, marked 'Moderato' and 'f' (forte). The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal part enters with two verses. The first verse is: '1. I'm called "Ragg - ed Matt", for my clothes and my hat, They are'. The second verse is: '2. My moth - er took sick and was forced to her bed, With'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm, providing a harmonic foundation for the vocal lines. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures. The piano part includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, key signatures (one sharp), time signatures, and dynamic markings like 'f' and 'p' (piano).

1. I'm called "Ragg - ed Matt", for my clothes and my hat, They are
2. My moth - er took sick and was forced to her bed, With

ragg - ed, they are tatt - ered and torn; "Eve-ning
sor - row, I'd near - ly gone wild, No News" is my friend, it has
mon - ey or friends, my poor

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stuck to the end, When pov - er - ty's hour was most known, When a
Moth - er did weep, Say-ing, "What shall we do, my dear child?" At

small child, I had A ver - y bad "Dad", Bad I mean in his
ear - ly day I start - ed a - way to Earn some mon - ey for

way, Ev' - ry dol - lar and cent, For li - quor was spent, Till
bread! When I re - turn'd to my home, It's then I did moan, For

Refrain.

Death came and took him one day. "Eve - ning News!" "Eve - ning News!"
there lay my poor moth - er dead.

5

"Eve - ning News!" I would cry, While roam - ing the street, I

did not look neat, But I hust - led for moth - er and I.

CHORUS ad lib.

"Eve - ning News!" "Eve - ning News!" "Eve - ning News!" I would cry, While roam - ing the street, I

did not look neat, But I hust - led for moth - er and I.