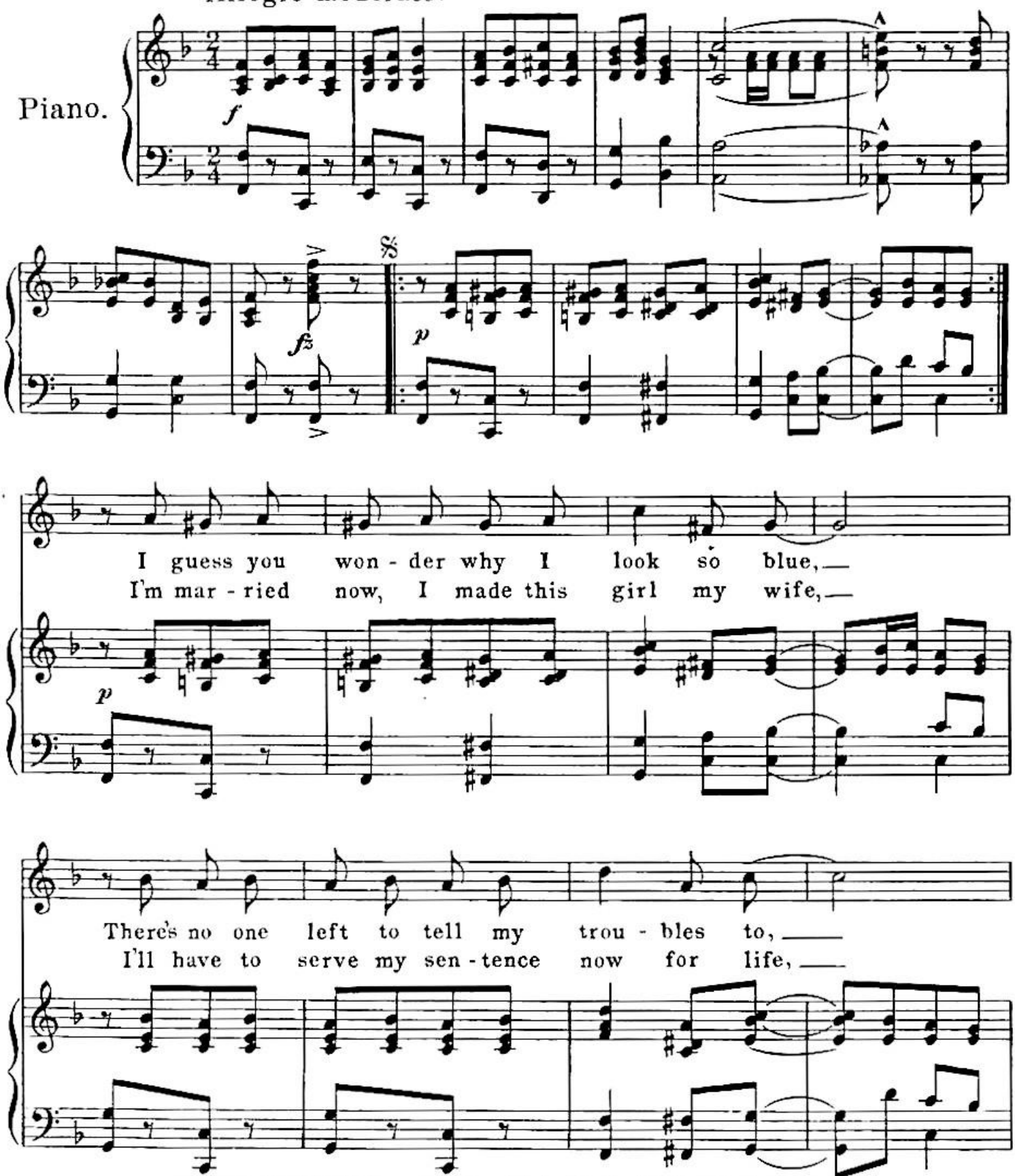Cheer Up The Worst Is Yet To Come.
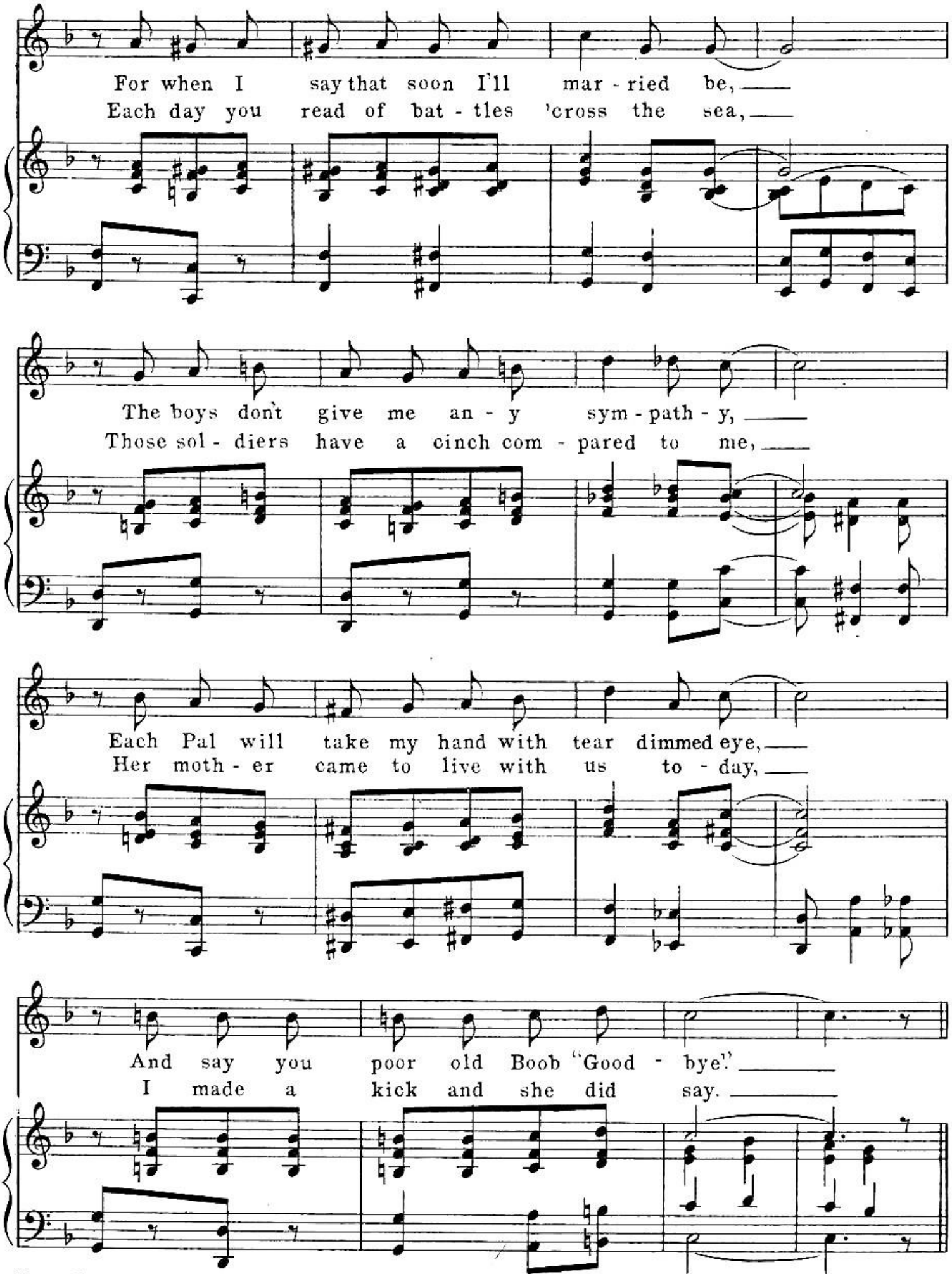
Words by
Lou Klein.
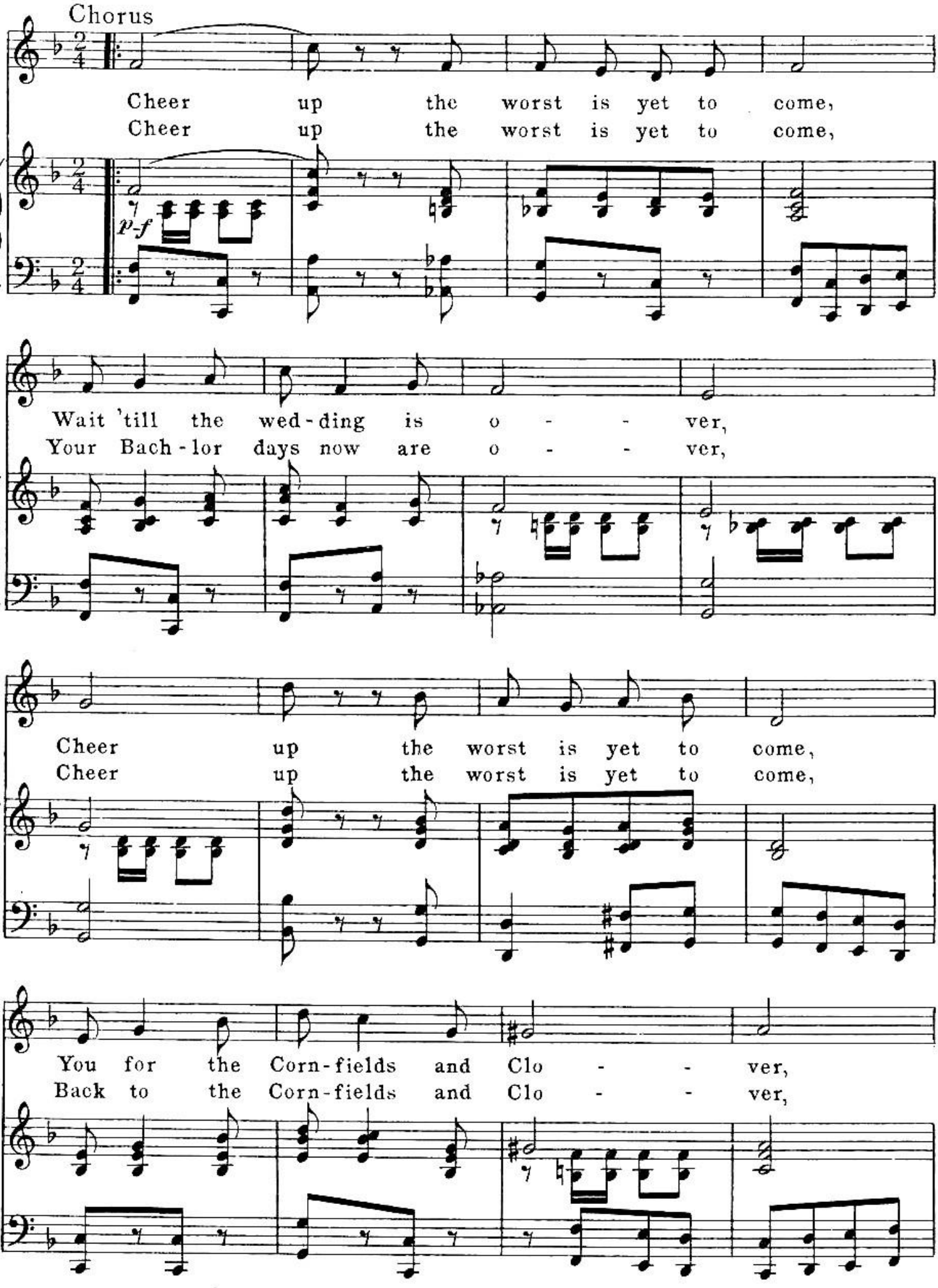
Music by
Harry Von Tilzer.
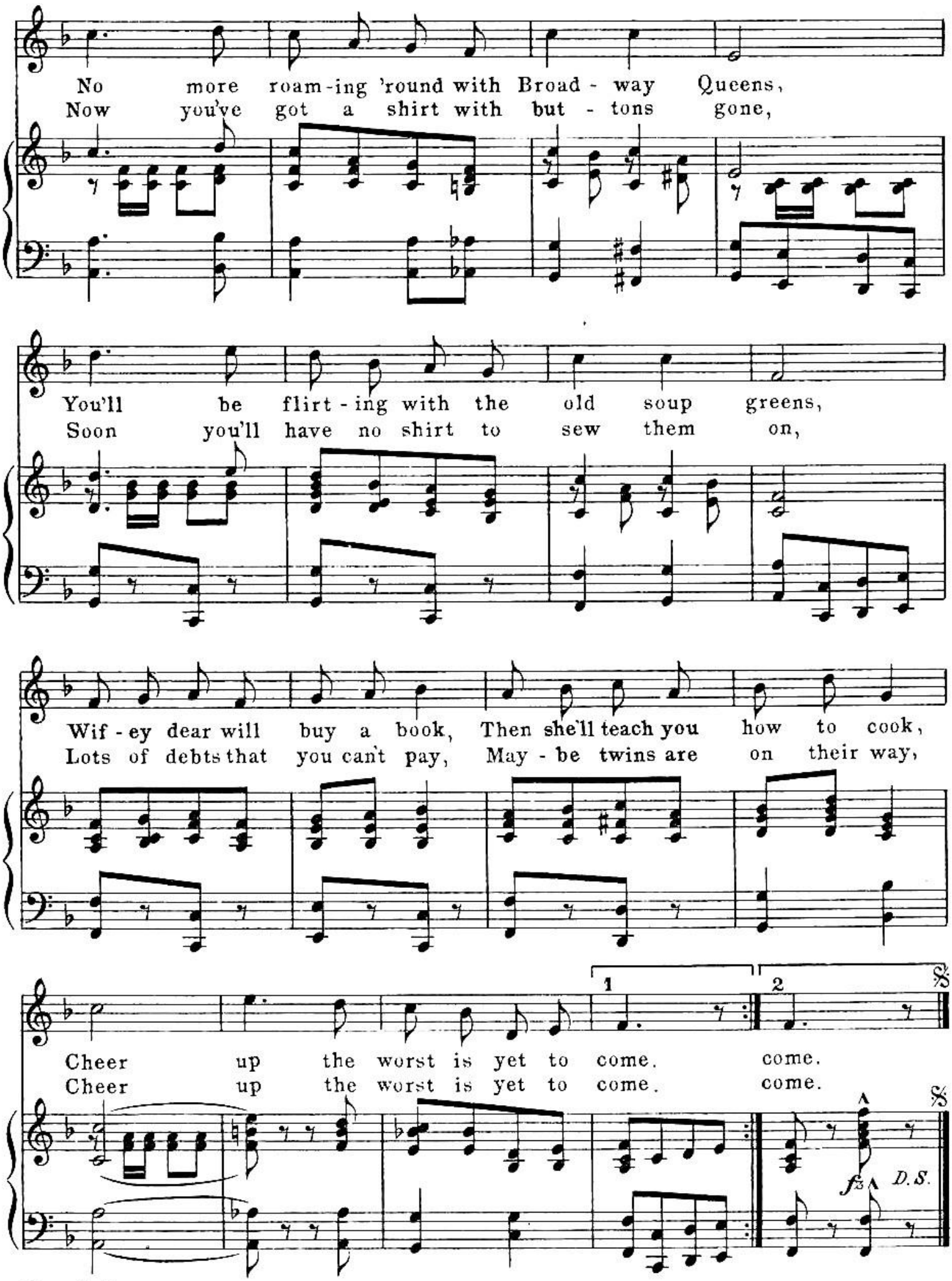
Allegro moderato.



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For when I say that soon I'll mar - ried be,
Each day you read of bat - tles 'cross the sea,
The boys don't give me an - y sym - path - y,
Those sol - diers have a cinch com - pared to me,
Each Pal will take my hand with tear dimmed eye,
Her moth - er came to live with us to - day,
And say you poor old Boob "Good - bye".
I made a kick and she did say.


Chorus
Cheer up the worst is yet to come,
Cheer up the worst is yet to come,
p-f
Wait 'till the wed-ding is o - - ver,
Your Bach-lor days now are o - - ver,
Cheer up the worst is yet to come,
Cheer up the worst is yet to come,
You for the Corn-fields and Clo - - ver,
Back to the Corn-fields and Clo - - ver,


No more roam-ing 'round with Broad - way Queens,
Now you've got a shirt with but - tons gone,
You'll be flirt - ing with the old soup greens,
Soon you'll have no shirt to sew them on,
Wif - ey dear will buy a book, Then she'll teach you how to cook,
Lots of debts that you can't pay, May - be twins are on their way,
1
2
Cheer up the worst is yet to come. come.
Cheer up the worst is yet to come. come.
fz
D.S.