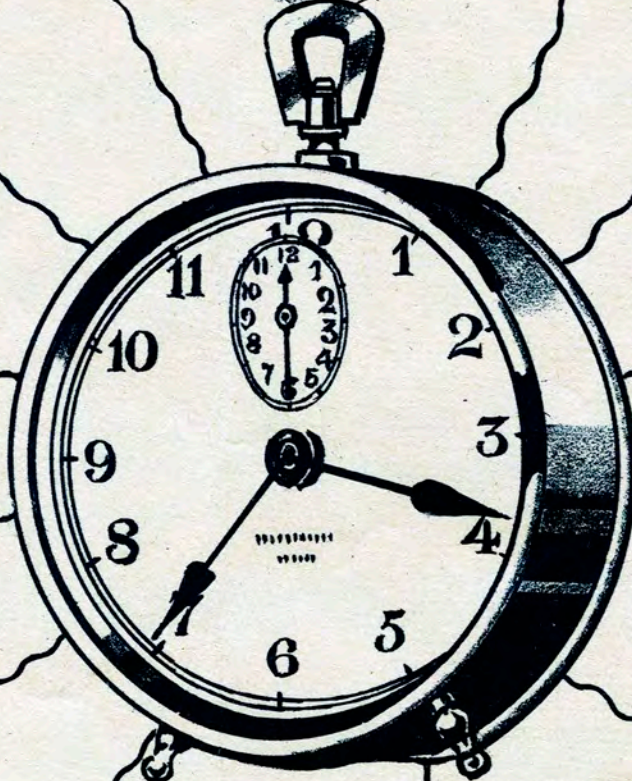


R-P

ALARM CLOCK RAG



Words by Ernest A. Ryan.
Music by Harold V. Pym.

Writers of
WHEN THE BOYS RETURN.
WHEN MOTHER & I WERE CHUMS.

RYAN & PYM,
413 Pape Ave.
TORONTO, ONT.



The Alarm Clock Rag

Words by ERNEST A. RYAN

Music by HAROLD V. PYM

Moderato Even tempo not fast

The piano introduction consists of two staves of music. The right hand plays a series of chords and eighth notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with eighth notes.

There's a story I'd like to tell It's a - bout a ting-ling bell When it starts it
An-y ev-'ning in the week Some en - joy-ment you will seek to a par - ty

The first vocal line is written on a single staff with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment continues below with two staves.

makes you sore Nev-er have it, an - y more But next time the same old tale you have to use it
else by chance High class show or late hour dance Nev-er thinking of the morn when your threads of

The second vocal line is written on a single staff with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment continues below with two staves.

or you'll fail on the job to get your tag They call it the a - larm clock rag:
sleep are torn Lit-tle pal you'd like to gag Starts to play the a - larm clock rag:

The third vocal line is written on a single staff with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment continues below with two staves.

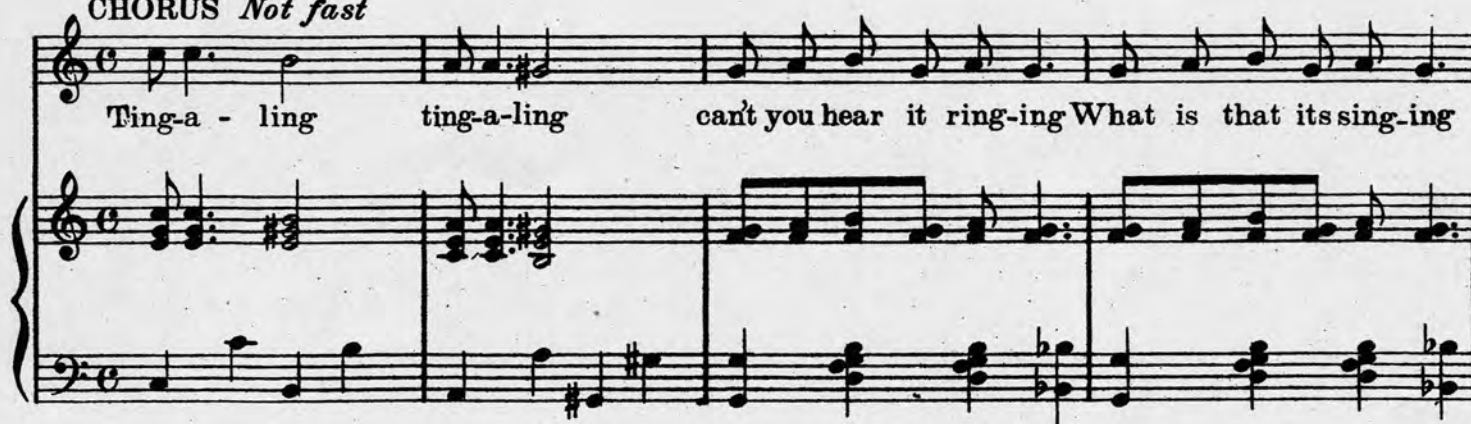
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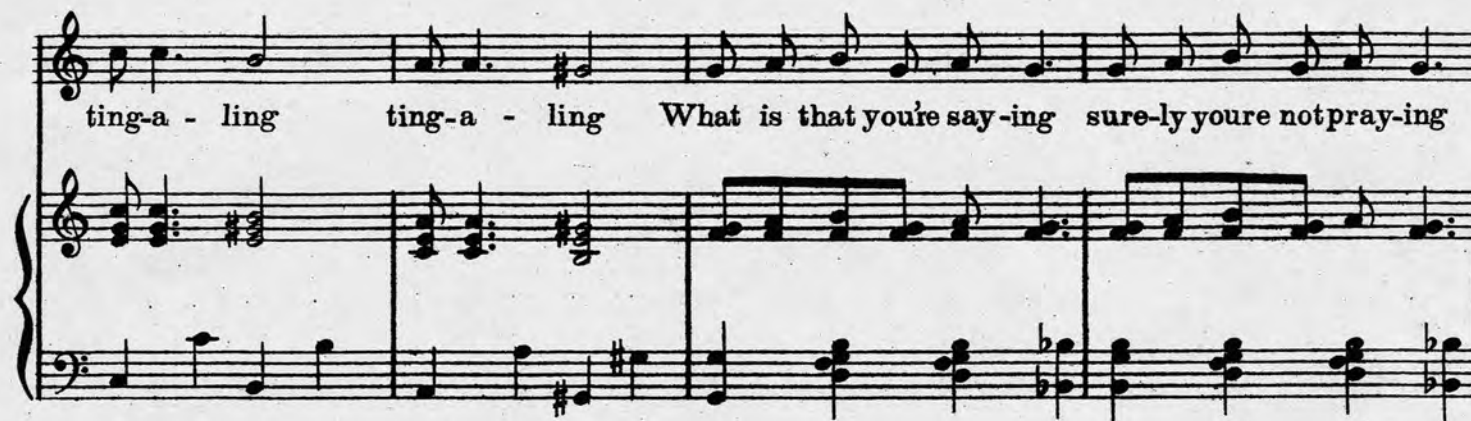
Ask for this Song
on Player Roll

CHORUS *Not fast*

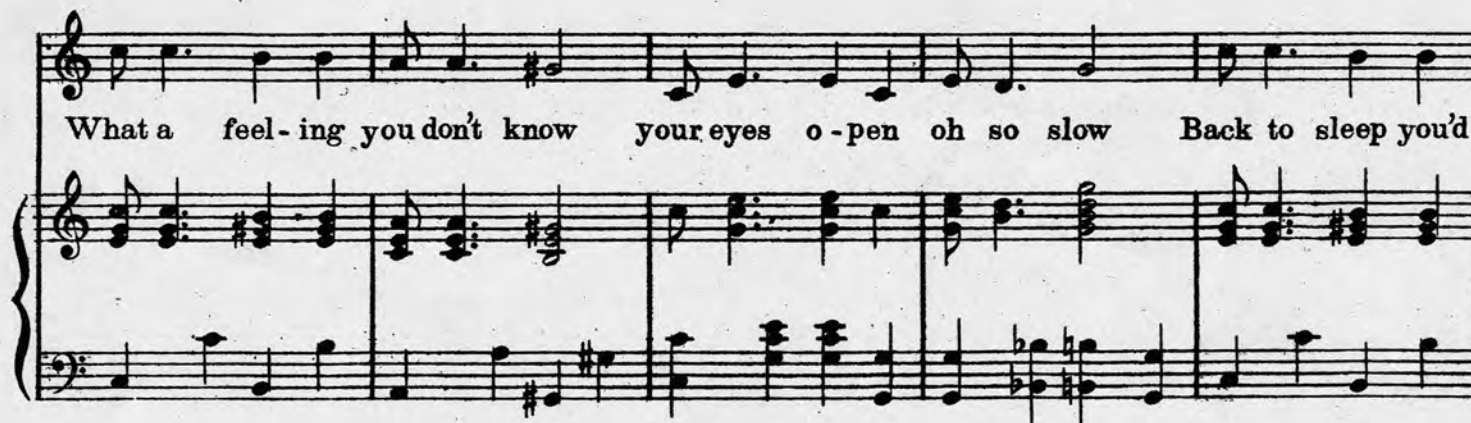
Ting-a - ling ting-a-ling can't you hear it ring-ing What is that its sing-ing



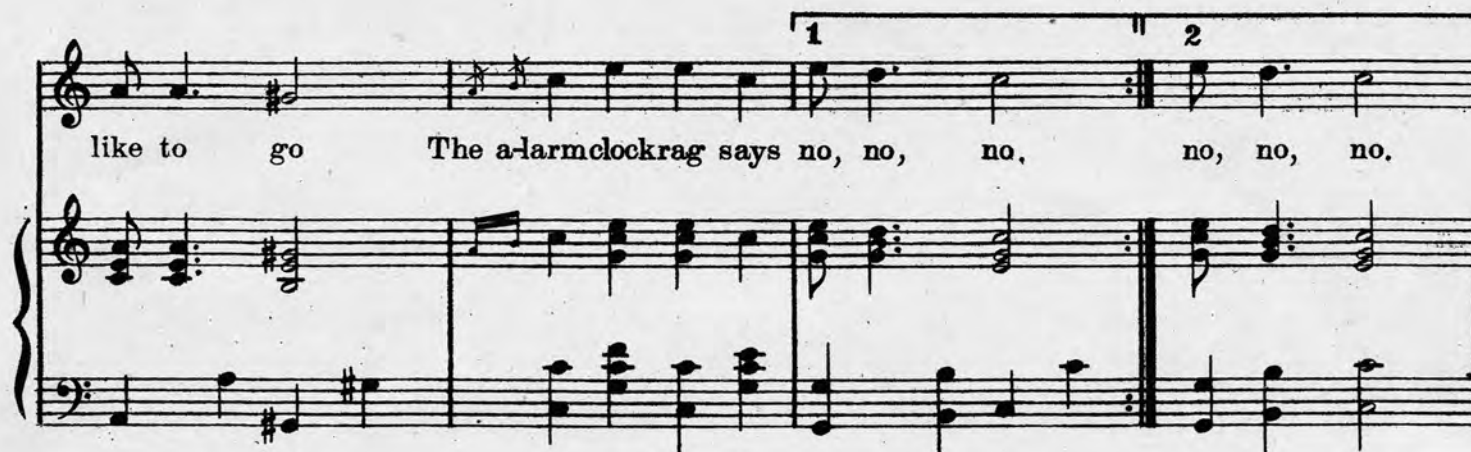
ting-a - ling ting-a - ling What is that you're say-ing sure-ly you're not pray-ing



What a feel-ing you don't know your eyes o-pen oh so slow Back to sleep you'd



like to go The a-larmclockrag says no, no, no, no, no, no.



Ask for this Song
on Player Roll

When Mother And I Were Chums

Words by ERNEST A RYAN

Music by HAROLD V. PYM

CHORUS *Tenderly, not fast*

Moth - er and I were chums I was hap - py all the day My

troubles weresmall, she took care of them all in her good old fa-shioned way How her

eyes did shine when they looked into mine as true as the morn-ing sun But

some times she'd scold me then her arms would en-fold me when

rall

moth - er and I were chums. When chums.

1 2