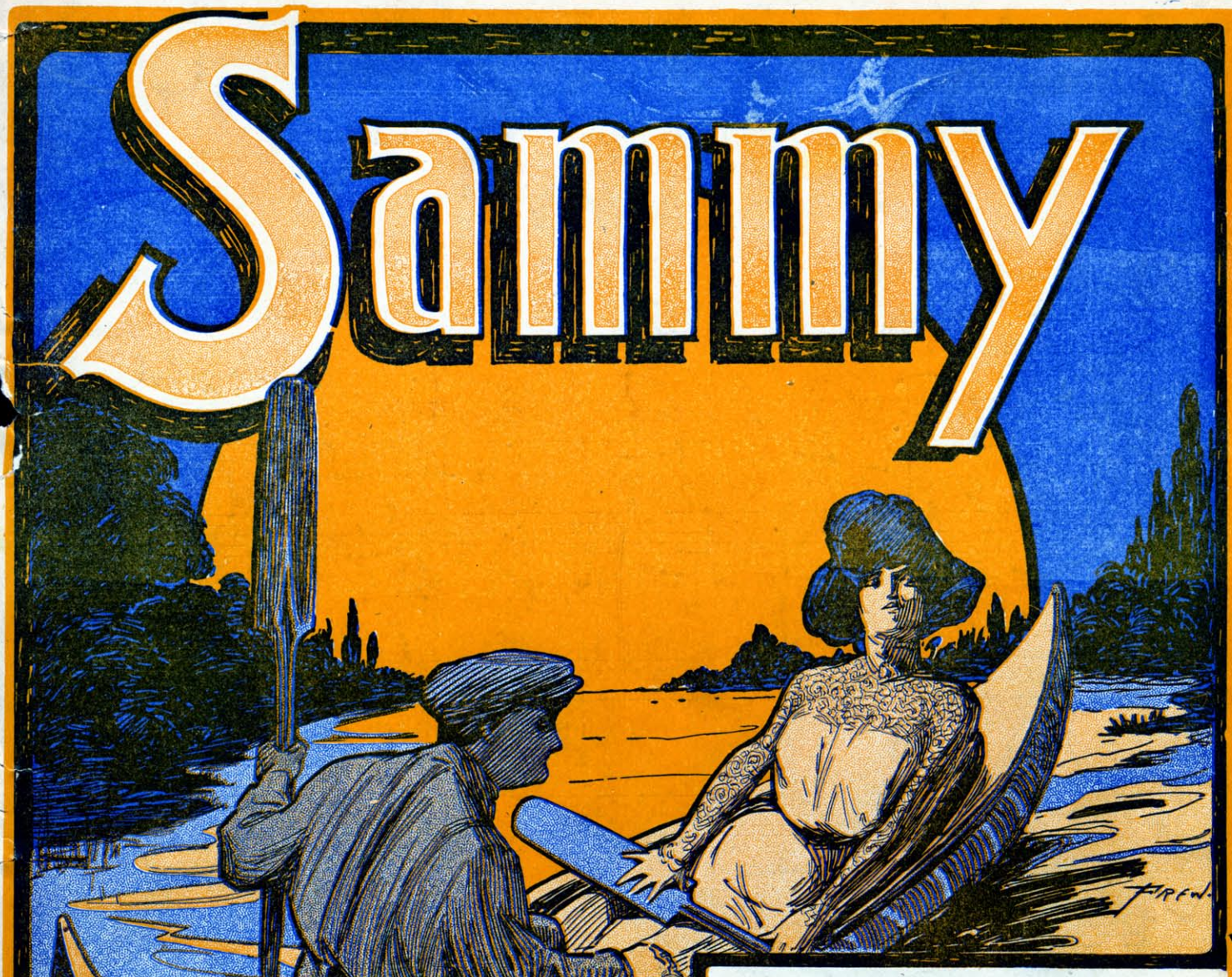
LOTTA FAUST'S Big Hit in the "Wizard of Oz."

Sammy



WORDS BY
JAMES O'DEA

MUSIC BY
EDW HUTCHISON

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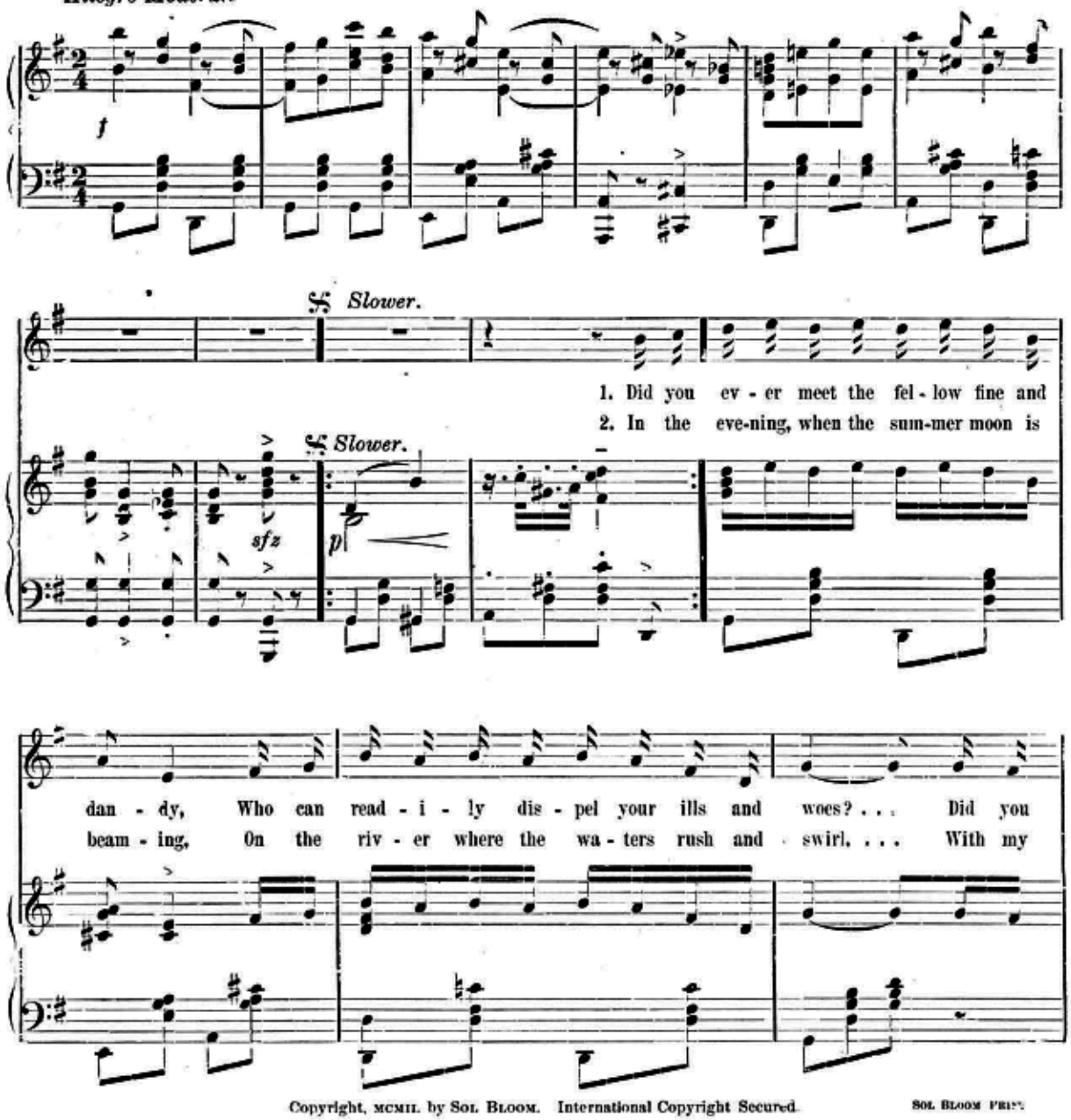
5

"SAMMY."

Words by
JAMES O'DEA.

Music by
EDWARD HUTCHISON.

Allegro Moderato



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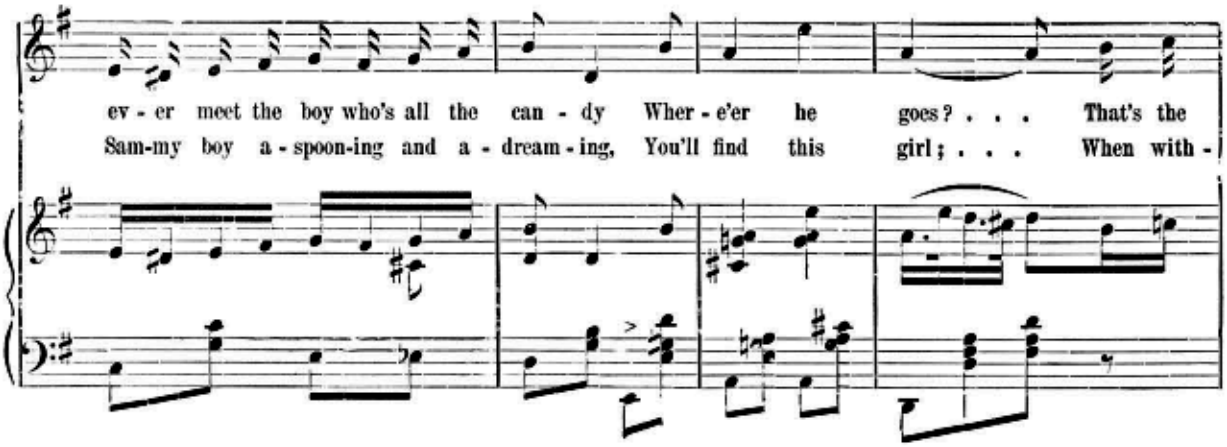
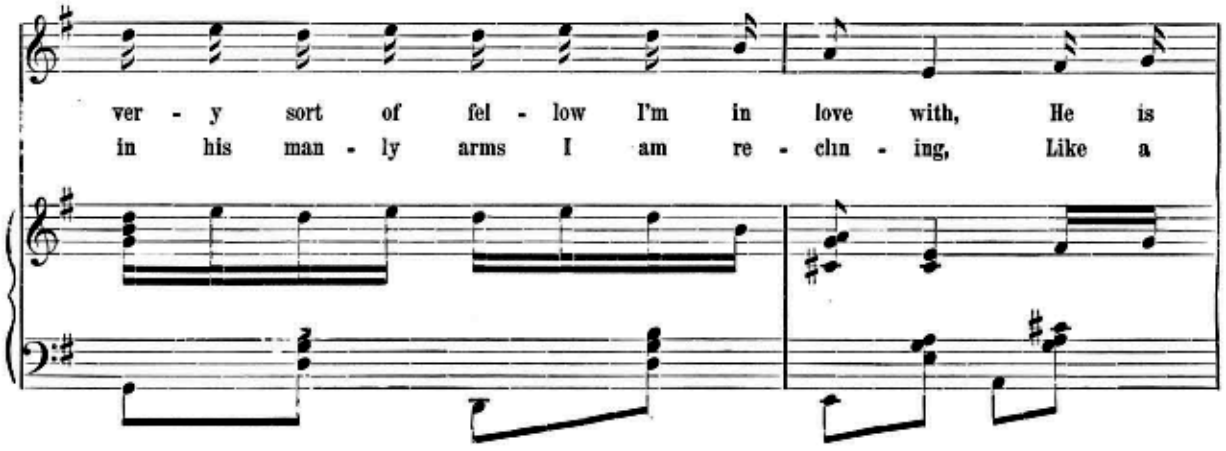
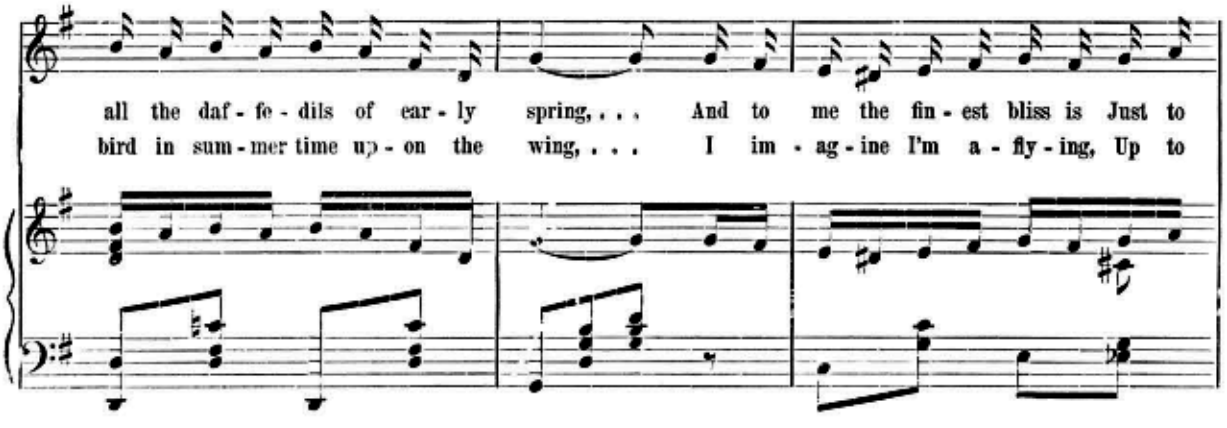
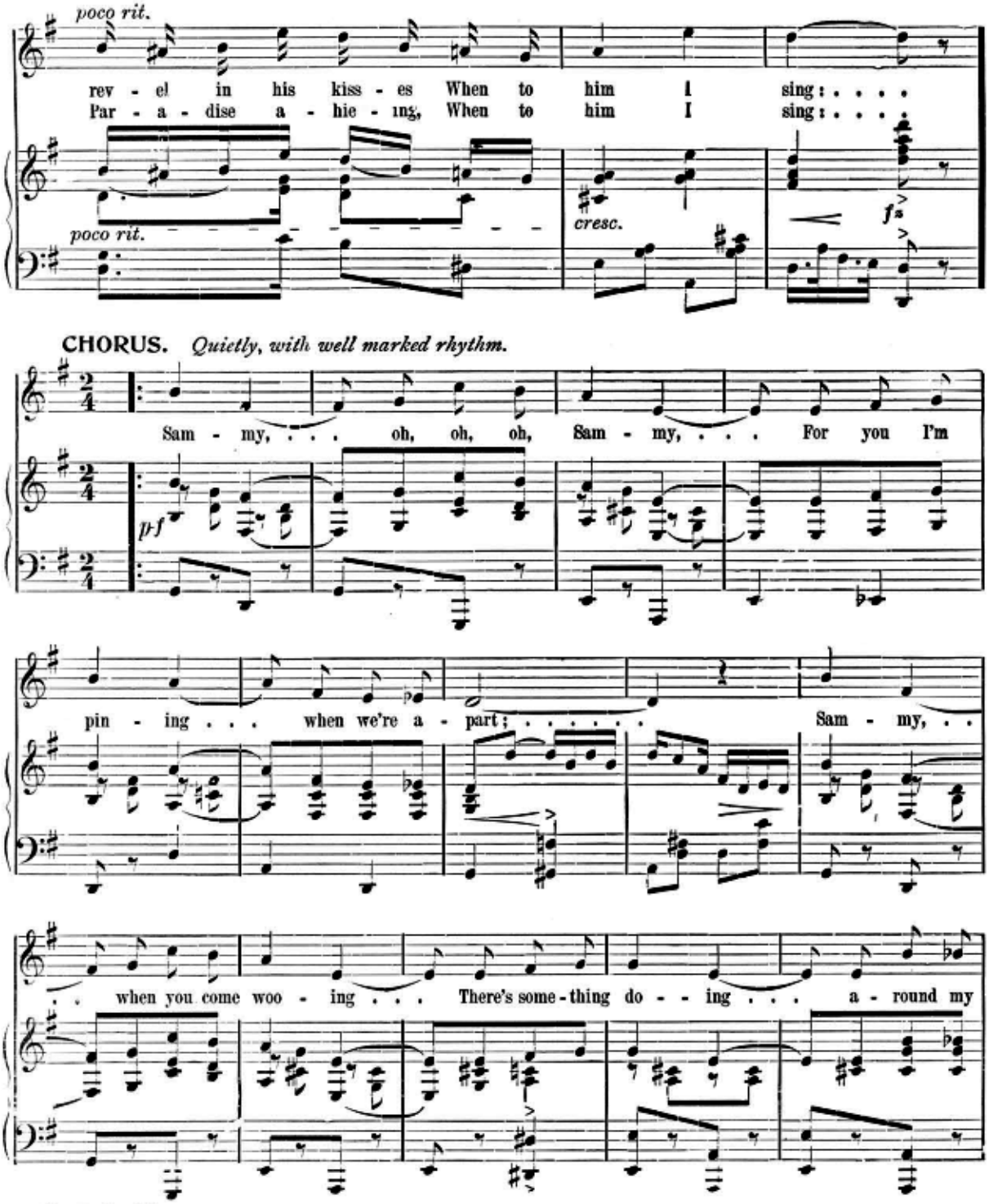
"SAMMY."


ev - er meet the boy who's all the can - dy Wher - e'er he goes? . . . That's the
Sam-my boy a - spoon-ing and a - dream - ing, You'll find this girl; . . . When with -

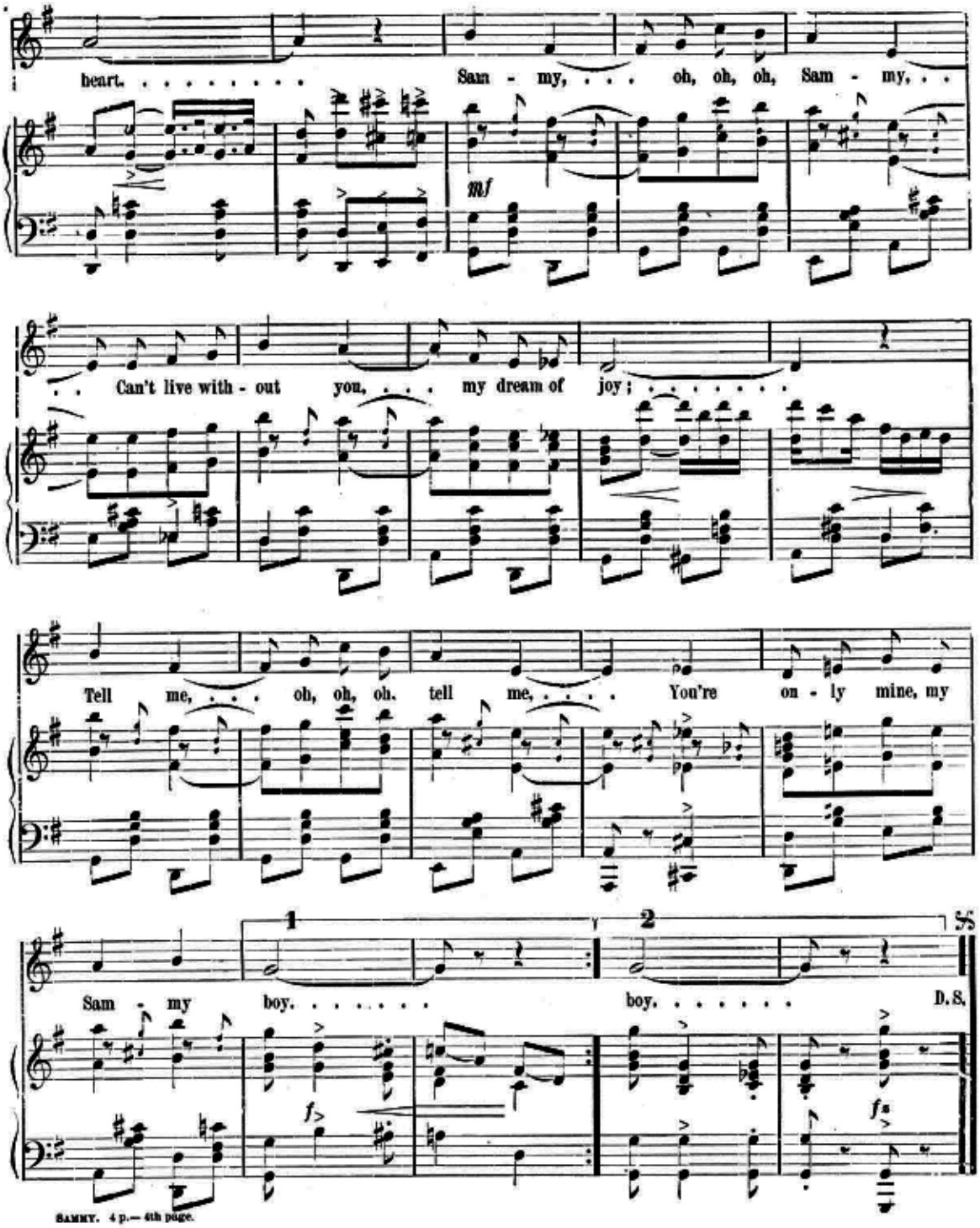

ver - y sort of fel - low I'm in love with, He is
in his man - ly arms I am re - clin - ing, Like a


all the daf - fe - dils of ear - ly spring, . . . And to me the fin - est bliss is Just to
bird in sum - mer time up - on the wing, . . . I im - ag - ine I'm a - fly - ing, Up to

"SAMMY."


poco rit.
rev - el in his kiss - es When to him I sing: . . . .
Par - a - dise a - hie - ing, When to him I sing: . . . .
poco rit.
cresc.
fz
CHORUS. Quietly, with well marked rhythm.
Sam - my, . . . oh, oh, oh, Sam - my, . . . For you I'm
pf
pin - ing . . . when we're a - part; . . . . . Sam - my, . .
. . when you come woo - ing . . . There's some - thing do - - ing . . . a - round my

"SAMMY."


heart.
Sam - my,
oh, oh, oh, Sam - my,
mf
Can't live with - out you,
my dream of joy;
Tell me,
oh, oh, oh, tell me,
You're on - ly mine, my
1
2
55
Sam - my boy.
boy.
D.S.
fz
fz

THE FOUR BIG SONG HITS OF BROADWAY

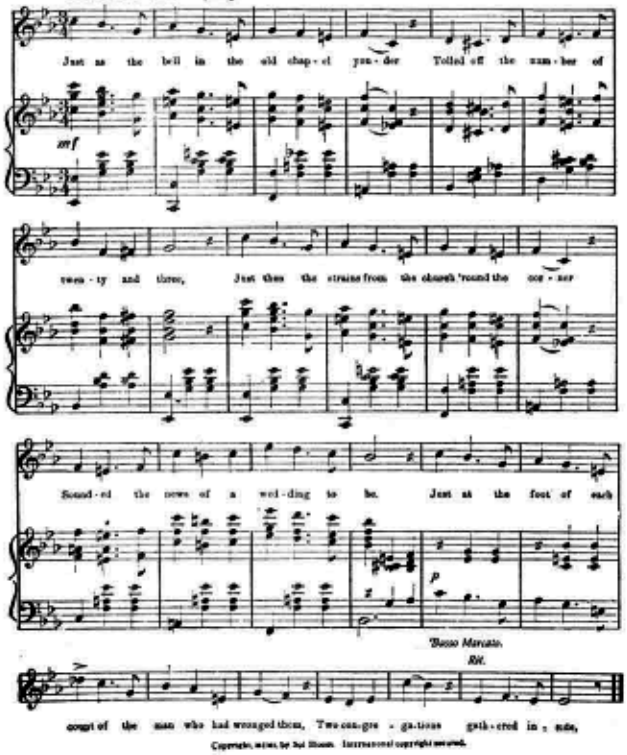
TWO CONGREGATIONS.

JEFFREY T. BRANEN. REFRAIN. *Slow, with feeling.* LEO FRIEDMAN.

Just as the bell in the old chap-el yon-der Tolled off the num-ber of

twen-ty and three, Just then the strains from the church 'round the cor-ner

Sound-ed the news of a wed-ding to be. Just at the foot of each



Basso Marcato. *Rit.*

count of the man who had wronged them, Two con-gre-ga-tions gath-ered in-side,

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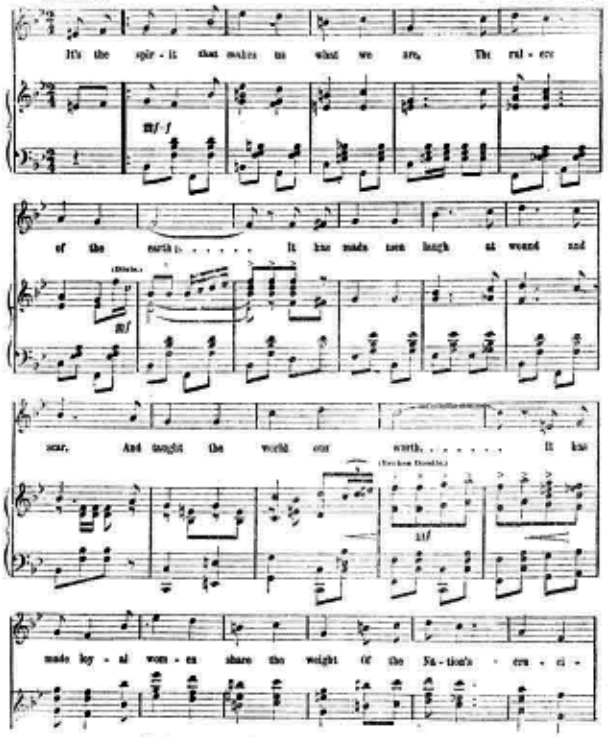
THE SPIRIT OF '76

CHORUS. By J. FRED HELF.



It's the spir-it that makes us what we are, The rul-ers

of the earth; . . . . . It has made men laugh at wound and

scar, And taught the world our worth, ... It has

made loy-al wom-en share the weight Of the Na-tion's cru-ci-

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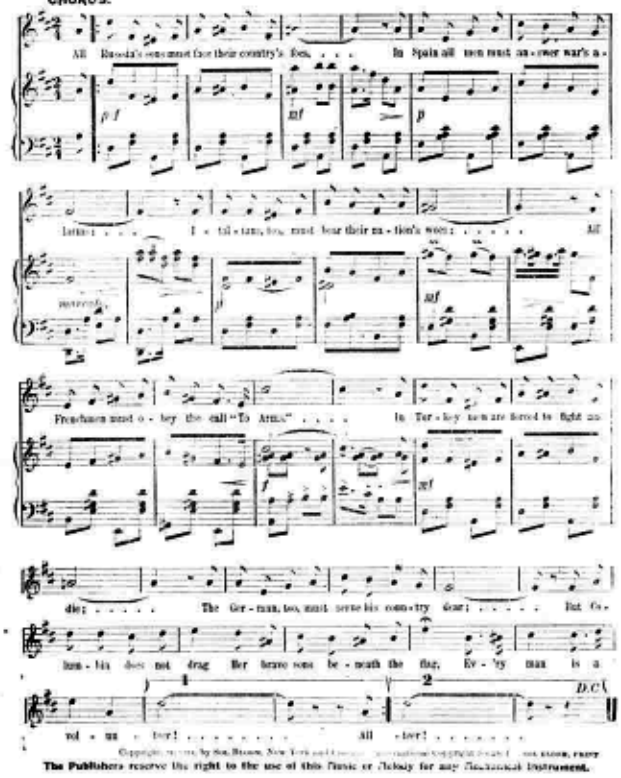
TRY THESE OVER ON YOUR PIANO

EV'RY MAN IS A VOLUNTEER.

Words by WILL A. HEELAN. Music by J. FRED HELF.

CHORUS.



All Russia's sons must face their country's foes, . . . In Spain all men must an-swer war's a-

larms; . . . I-tal-ians, too, must bear their na-tion's woes; . . . . . All

Frenchmen must o-bey the call "To Arms," . . . . In Tur-key men are forced to fight an-

die; . . . . . The Ger-man, too, must serve his coun-try dear; . . . . . But Co-

lum-bia does not drag Her brave sons be-neath the flag, Ev-'ry man is a

vol-un-teer! . . . . . All-teer! . . . . . D.C.

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"WILLIE."

Words by MATT C. WOODWARD & JAMES RYAN. Music by BEN M. JEROME.

CHORUS.

Wil-lie! Wil-lie! Don't say "Mis-ter Jones," but call me

Wil-lie! Wil-lie! Don't say "Mis-ter Jones," but call me

a Tempo.

Wil-lie!.... That Wil-lie was an in-no-cent, poor Dai-sy did-n't doubt; da

Wil-lie!.... That Wil-lie was an in-no-cent, poor Dai-sy did-n't doubt; In

fact she asked him if his mother knew that he was out! Wil-lie!

fact she asked him if his mother knew that he was out! Wil-lie!

Wil-lie! She liked him, tho' she thought him kind of sil-ly.... Then he

Wil-lie! She liked him, tho' she thought him kind of sil-ly.... He ran

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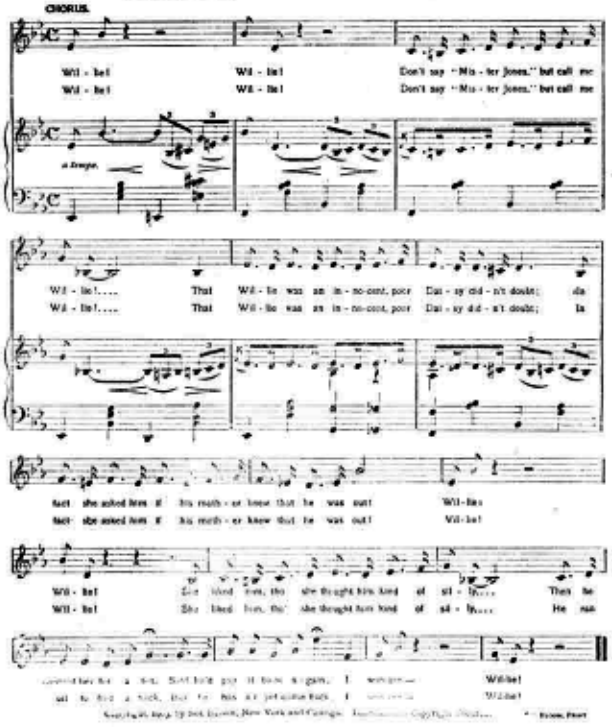

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