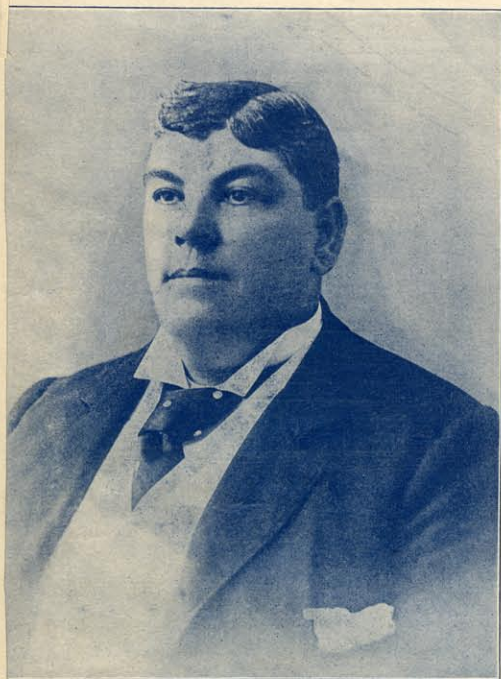


Dedicated to - MISS IRENE STEARNS.

JUST TELL THEM THAT YOU SAW ME



MR. JOS. M. WOOD
With "The Cotton Spinner."

SONG AND CHORUS.

BY

PAUL DRESSER.

Author of

"THE PARDON CAME TOO LATE" ~ "TAKE A SEAT OLD LADY."
"ROSIE, SWEET ROSABEL." ~ THE LETTER THAT NEVER CAME. ETC.

TRANSCRIPTION - - 60

WALTZ - - 40

Arranged by JOHN FRANCIS GILDER

By THEO. MORSE



PUBLISHED BY
HOWLEY, HAVILAND & CO.

4 EAST TWENTIETH STREET, NEW YORK

- Mandolin Solo - - - 30
- Two Mandolins - - - 40
- Mandolin and Guitar - - 40
- Two Mandolins and Guitar 50
- Mandolin and Piano - - 40
- Two Mandolins and Piano 50
- Mandolin, Guitar and Piano 50
- Two Mandolins, Guitar and Piano - - - 60

I Don't Love Nobody.

CHORUS *Words & Music by LEB SULLY.*

I don't love a no - bo - dy no - bo - dy loves me

You're af - ter my mon - ey don't care for me

I'm givine to live sin to al - ways a be free

I don't love a no - bo - dy no - bo - dy loves me.

cresc. sf

I don't love nobody.

I Just Got A Message From Mars.

SONG & CHORUS.

CHORUS. *Words & Music by GUSSIE L DAVIS*

There ain't no streets of Cal - fo there, no mid-way plas

asars. There ain't no where the coons can do the boo - chy coo - chy

clases. There ain't no japs there to shoot traps, no

dan - ger of trol - ley cars, it's no use to gig - gte, for you

can't do the wig - gte, I just got a mes - sage from Mars. There,

Mars...

I just got a message from Mars.

THE BLACK FOUR HUNDRED'S BALL.

Song and Chorus.

Words by BILLY JOHNSON. Music by BOB COLE

Chorus.

All the hot dressed Comers of the black four

hun - dred, The pub - lic men - dreds. Why they were

num - bered. Swell col - ored belles, would set you

dream - ing. While they're pranc - ing and they're danc - ing at the

black four hun - dred's ball! All the hot dressed tall

The black four hundred's ball.

"I love my honey, Yes I do!"

Words and Music by WILL. C. CARLETON

VOICE.

PIANO.

Allo moderato.

1. Co dis coon has a wench wid big black eyes and I

2. They talk bout dat Tril - by, wid' her can - nin lit - the feet, she ain't

3. Dere's a fike swell coon, thinks he owns dis town, and I

4. Dat gal eb mine is a red hot coon, and I

love her yes I do! Ise poss an dat big - ger for she

in it is a pinch, for my la - by's run - nin tootsies they

know him yes I do! Some c - y dat big - ger will

know it yes I do! So in goin to buy ner a

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FOR SALE AT ALL MUSIC STORES.

JUST TELL THEM THAT YOU SAW ME.

SONG and CHORUS.

Words and Music by PAUL DRESSER,

Introduction.
Moderato.

mp

1. While strolling down the street one eve up - on mere pleasure bent, 'Twas
2. "Your cheeks are pale, your face is thin, come tell me were you ill, When

af - ter busi-ness wor-ries of the day. . . . I saw a girl who shrank from me in
last we met your eye shone clear and bright. . . . Come home with me when I go Madge, the

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THE GREATEST YET—An Immediate Success.
"Don't Tell Her That You Love Her."

Another Popular Song by PAUL DRESSER,
Author of "JUST TELL THEM THAT YOU SAW ME."

whom I re - cog-nized, My schoolmate in a vil - lage far a - way. . . . "Is
change will do you good, Your moth-er wonders where you are to night." . . . "I

that you Madge," I said to her, she quick - ly turned a-way, "Don't
long to see them all a - gain, but not just yet, she said, 'Tis

turn a-way Madge, I am still your friend, . . . Next week I'm go - ing back to see the
pride a - lone that's keep-ing me a - way . . . Just tell them not to wor - ry, for I'm

old folks and I thought Per-haps some message you would like to send." . . .
all-right don't you know, Tell moth-er I am com - ing home some day." . . .

Just tell them you saw me. 3-4.

— ANOTHER HIT. —

"IF THEY WRITE THAT I'M FORGIVEN, I'LL GO HOME."

Answer to "JUST TELL THEM THAT YOU SAW ME."

CHORUS.

"Just tell them that you saw me, She said, they'll know the rest, Just

tell them I was look-ing well you know, . . Just whis-per if you get a chance to

rit.
moth-er dear, and say,— I love her as I did long, long a - go." . . .

210 Just tell them you saw me. 3.—5.

THE GREATEST DESCRIPTIVE SEA SONG EVER WRITTEN.
"AS THE SHIP WENT DOWN,"
or, FAREWELL FOREVER.
ASK TO SEE THIS SONG.

AS THE SHIP WENT DOWN.
 DESCRIPTIVE SONG
 AND CHORUS.
 J. C. HOWARD.

CHORUS
Tempo di Valze.

Fare - well far - ev - er, To the friends a - cross the sea,
 Fare - well for - ev - er, To the dear home land," said he, "If
 you should ev - er... Reach the dear old town, Just say I
 stuck to my post, As the ship went down, down, down.

As the ship went down. 3-6.

In The Baggage Coach Ahead.

SONG and REFRAIN.

Words & Music by GUSSIE L. DAVIS.

REFRAIN.

While the train rolled on ward a hus-band sat in tears,
 Think-ing of the hap-pi-ness, of just a few short years, For
 ha-by's face brings pic-tures of a cher-ished hope that's dead. But
 ha-by's cries can't wak-en her In the baggage coach a-head.

Chorus about 4.

EYES OF BROWN, EYES OF BLUE.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by CHARLES MILLER.

CHORUS.

Eyes of brown, eyes of blue, Hearts that ev - er
 are so true, There are just as true hearts in eyes of brown, As there
 are in eyes of blue, Eyes of brown, eyes of
 blue. Hearts that ev - er are so true, There are just as true
 hearts in eyes of brown, As there are in eyes of blue.

Eyes of brown, eyes of blue. 3-5.

**WHEN WE GO TO CHURCH AS LOVERS,
 AND COME BACK AS MAN AND WIFE,
 OR JUST A QUIET LITTLE WEDDING.**

Words and Music by RAYMOND A. BROWNE.

Tempo di Valze.

There wont be an - y wed-ding bells, for dec - o - ra - tions rare, And
 There wont be an - y ear - ringe grand, to car - ry us a - way, No
 as for or - ange blos - soms why, there wont be a - ny there, Just a
 hon - ey-moon in for - eign lands, for right at home we'll stay, Just a
 qui - et lit - tle wed - ding, just a qui - et, hap - py life, When we
 friend or may be two, to see us start - ed off in life, When we
 go to church as lov - ers, and come back as man and wife.

Just a quiet little wedding. 3-5.

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