

I GOT A ROCK

Introduced and Sung
with Great Success by

LILLIAN SHAW

by
BLANCHE MERRILL



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TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO.

MONEY.

Lyric by
Blanche Merrill.

Music by
Blanche Merrill.

Jin-gle, Jin-gle, lis-ten to the mon-ey,
When you're prosp'rous folks all want to blow you,

Jin-gle, Jin-gle, my but it is fun-ny, When you walk a-round with that a -
When you're bus-ted they don't want to know you, When you're down and out they say you're

jing-ling in your hand, noth-ing but a joke, Friends will nev-er leave you you're the fin-est in the
But just wave the dol-lar bill and you're the great big

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I Got A Rock.

Blanche Merrill.

Moderato.

The musical score is written in a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature (C). It consists of a piano introduction and four systems of vocal and piano accompaniment. The piano introduction is marked *mf* and *Moderato*. The first system of accompaniment is marked *p*. The lyrics are: "Say what-a you tink, Now what-a you tink, My To - ny's a gone - he skid - I give - a my Ton, Ev-ery day mac - a - ron, I give - him the hug - and the do, I got - a de shake, My heart - a just break, 'Cause I kiss, Ev-ery ting what I got I give him for not, Then he tink all - a time he was a true, Last night oh I cry, He treat - a me bad - a like - a this, Dat makes me ex - cite, And".

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pass-a me by, With a gal—with a big—a blue eyes, I'm
af-ter to-night, Dat a da-go he speaks a no more; 'Cause

sick and I'm sad, But I tell-a you I'm mad, And from me he gets one big sur-prise, 'Cause
all I can see, Just a take it from me, Is the black and white crepe on his door, 'Cause

Chorus.

I got a rock, — I got a rock, — I pick it right up from the
I got a rock, — I got a rock, — I'll just-a for-get, He was

street-a last night, Just stick a-round kid you see one-a big fight, 'Cause I got a
ev-er my pet, And you just-a bet, he eats no more spa-gett, 'Cause I got a

rock, — I got a rock, — And all ov - er the block Dis a
 rock, — I got a rock, — And all ov - er the block Dis a

guin I will knock a flip-pi - ty-flop he go spin like a top, And its
 guin I will knock a flip-pi - ty-flop he go spin like a top, And its

good - a - bye pop Cause I non - ga no stop, Till he make - a de drop; — One
 good - a - bye pop Cause I non - ga no stop, Till he make - a de drop; — One

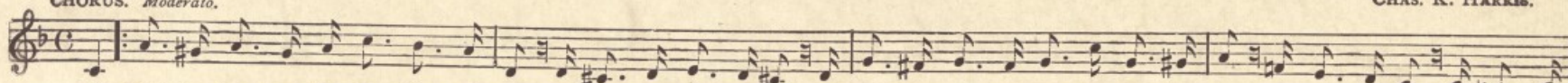
dead - a de wop, And I — got a rock. —
 dead - a de wop, And I — got a rock. —

Popular Favorites By The Most Popular Composers.

I Want to Buy a Little Bit of Love.

CHORUS. *Moderato.*

CHAS. K. HARRIS.



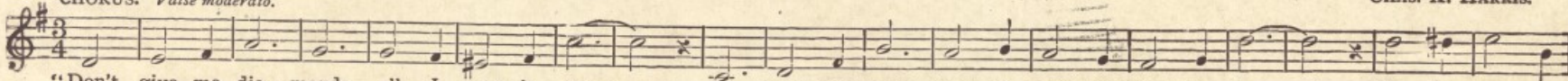
I want to buy a lit-tle bit of love, A lit-tle ti-ny bit; My Ma-ma's 'way up in the sky a-bove, 'way up a-bove. You see, I

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Don't Give Me Diamonds, All I Want Is You.

CHORUS. *Valse moderato.*

CHAS. K. HARRIS.



"Don't give me dia-monds, all I want is you;... I want your love, dear, I want you to be true;... Pre-cious jew-els,

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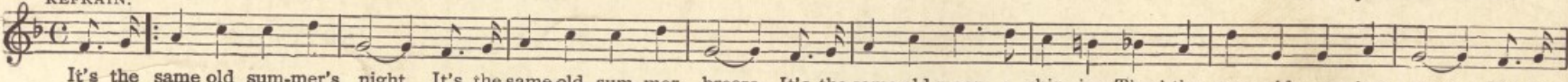
It's The Same Old Me.

Words by ARTHUR GILLESPIE.

(But Not The Same Old Girl.)

Music by TERRY SHERMAN.

REFRAIN.



It's the same old sum-mer's night, It's the same old sum-mer breeze, It's the same old moon a shin-ing Thro' the same old sway-ing trees, It's the

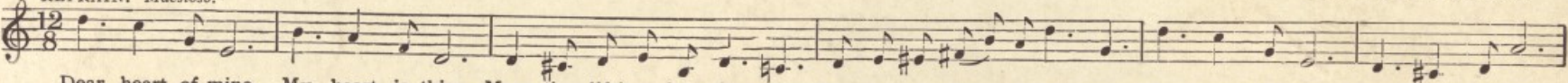
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Dear Heart Of Mine.

Lyric by HARRY D. KERR.

Music by PAUL RUBENS.

REFRAIN. *Maestoso.*



Dear heart of mine, My heart is thine, More than life's ev-'ry plea-sure; Your love a-lone I trea-sure. For you I pine, Fond heart di-vine,

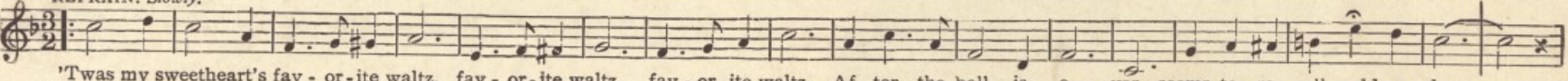
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My Sweetheart's Favorite Waltz.

Lyric by ARTHUR GILLESPIE.

Music by TERRY SHERMAN.

REFRAIN. *Slowly.*



'Twas my sweetheart's fav-or-ite waltz, fav-or-ite waltz, fav-or-ite waltz, Af-ter the ball is o-ver seems to re-call, gold-en days,...

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Star Of My Dreams Shine On.

Lyric by ARTHUR J. LAMB.

Music by JOHN T. HALL.

REFRAIN. *Moderato.*



Star of my dreams, shine on,..... Tho' ev-'ry hope seems vain,.... Star of my dreams, shine on,..... Bring back Love's day, a-gain!...

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Nobody Knows, Nobody Cares.

CHORUS. *Slowly.*

CHAS. K. HARRIS.



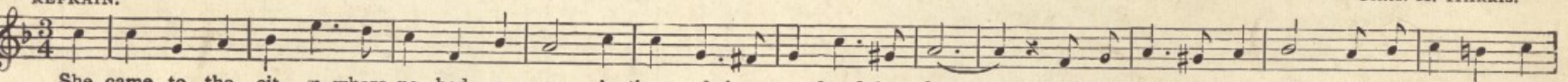
No-bod-y knows when I am lone-ly, No-bod-y cares if my heart breaks; No-bod-y knows when tears are fall-ing, Fall-ing per-haps for

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In The City Where Nobody Cares.

REFRAIN.

CHAS. K. HARRIS.



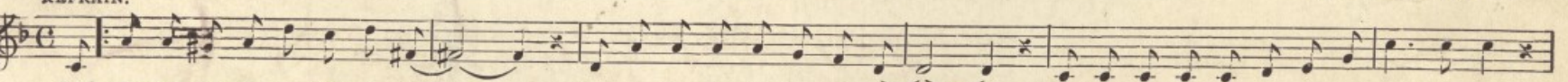
She came to the cit-y where no-bod-y cares, As thousands have wandered be-fore.... And it's there she will stay, till they lay her a-

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Give An Imitation Of Me.

REFRAIN.

By BLANCHE MERRILL.



And give an im-i-ta-tion of me,..... Give an im-i-ta-tion of me,..... Rust...round the stage and fuz-zle up your hair,

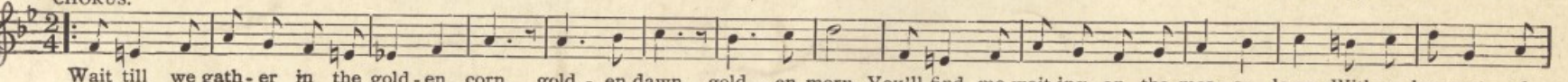
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Wait Till We Gather In The Golden Corn.

Lyric by SAM L. LEWIS.

Music by LEO BENNETT.

CHORUS.



Wait till we gath-er in the gold-en corn, gold-en dawn, gold-en morn, You'll find me wait-ing on the mos-sy lawn, With a har-vest of

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NEW YORK:

Columbia Theatre Bldg., Broadway & 47th St.

MEYER COHEN, Mgr.

Published by CHAS. K. HARRIS.

CHICAGO:

Grand Opera House Bldg.,

JOE M. HARRIS, Mgr.

Complete copies can be had at all Music and Department Stores,
or will be sent postpaid, 25 cents each, 6 for \$1.00.

SMC-0005-0075