

# THE WRECK ON THE SOUTHERN OLD 97

*Alpha Smith*

(SONG)

WITH UKULELE ARRANGEMENT



By  
**HENRY WHITTER**

**TRIANGLE**  
MUSIC  
1658 PUB. BROADWAY  
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NEW YORK

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*Poliz*  
SERVICE.

# In the Valley of Sunshine and Roses

(Ballad with Flute obligato)

Lyric by  
EDGAR T. FARRAN

Music by  
FRED. W. HAGER

Moderato

FLUTE *f* *rit.*

PIANO *mf* *rit.*

VOICE

In the Val-ley at beau-ti-ful Eas-ter Sil-ver chimes rhyme a sto-ry so  
In the Val-ley at beau-ti-ful eve-ning Nest-ing snug in the syc-a-more


*p*

*Ad.* \*

true I love ev-'ry bird, ev-'ry bee and flow'r, For  
tree The gay night-in-gale ev-'ry night in song, Is

*Ad.* \*

# The Wreck On The Southern Old 97

With Piano  tune UKE thus

Words & Music  
HENRY WHITTER

*Ukulele arrangement by Merle T. Kendrick*

Moderato




1. They gave him up his
2. Steve Brook-lyn
3. It's a migh - ty rough

*Till Ready*




or - der at Mon - roe, Va - gin - ia, say - ing Steve you're  
 said to his black grea - sy fire - - man, Just shov - el on a  
 road from Lynch - burg to Dan - ville, And a line on a



way be - hind time, \_\_\_\_\_ This is not "Thir - ty  
lit tle more coal, \_\_\_\_\_ And when we  
three mile grade, \_\_\_\_\_ It was on this

Eight" but its "Old Nine - ty - sev - en," You must put her in  
cross that white oak moun - tain you can watch old nine - ty  
grade when he lost his air - brakes, and you see what a

Spencer on time Steve He was  
sev - - en roll It's a made So  
jump he made

go - ing down grade mak - ing nine - ty miles an hour when his  
 come on you la - dies you must take warn - ing from

whist - le be - gan to and scream, He was  
 this time now and on, Nev - er

found in the wreck with his hand on the trot - tle And was  
 speak harsh words to your true lov ing hus band He may

scald - ed to death by steam So turn  
 leave you and nev - er re - turn

# Sundown in Birdland

A BIRD SYMPHONY

By RING - HAGER

Allegretto

*f*  
*fr* *fr* *fr*

Meno mosso

Andante sostenuto

*f* *p*

To bird land I wan - der at the

*p* *p*

close of day, While the bells from the chap - el sweet - ly

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