

1918

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DALLAS BLUES



Vocal -
Instrumental

WORDS BY
LLOYD GARRETT
MUSIC BY
HARTA WAND

Frank K. Root & Co.
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DALLAS BLUES

Words by
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Music by
HART A. WARD.

Tempo di Blues. Very slowly.

Piano introduction in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand features a melodic line with grace notes and slurs, while the left hand provides a steady bass accompaniment. Dynamics range from *f* to *mp*. A section marked 'VAMP' begins with a repeat sign and a section symbol (§).

When your money's gone, friends have turned you down, And you wan - der
When I got up north, clothes I had to spare, Sold 'em all to

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment style, marked *mf*.

'round just like a houn' (a lone-some houn') Then you stop to say, "Let me
pay my rail - road fare (my rail-road fare) Just to come back there rid - ing

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment style.

go a-way from this old town (this aw-ful town) There's a place I know
in a Pull-man par-lor chair (a par-lor chair). Sent a tel - e - gram,

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics. The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment style.

folks won't pass me by, Dal-las, Tex - as, that's the town I cry! (oh hear me
this is what I said: "Ba - by, bring a cold towel for my head (my ach - ing

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the fourth line of lyrics. The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment style.

cry!) And I'm go-ing back, go - ing back to stay there till I die (un-til I die).
head). Got the Dal-las Blues and your lov - in'man is al-most dead (is al-most dead).

CHORUS.

I've got the Dal-las Blues and the Main Street heart disease (it's buz-zin' round), I've got the
I'm goin' to put my-self on a San - ta Fe and go (I'm goin' to go), I'm goin' to

Dal-las Blues and the Main Street heart dis - ease (it's buz - zin' round), Buz - zin'
put my-self on a San - ta Fe and go (I'm goin' to go) To that

'round my head like a swarm of lit-tle hon-ey bees (of hon-ey bees). I've got the bees). *D.S.*
Tex - as town where you nev - er see the ice and snow (the ice and snow). I'm goin' to snow). *D.S.*

EXTRA CHORUSES.

I wonder if my sweet lovin' babe still waits for me (still waits for me),
I wonder if my sweet lovin' babe still waits for me (still waits for me),
Maybe someone else stole the juicy peaches off my tree (right off my tree).

I've heard a lot of folks talk about the blues before (the blues before),
I've heard a lot of folks talk about the blues before (the blues before),
It's the first time that blues have been a-knockin' at my door (at my front door).

Now if you've got a girl and she don't love you no more (love you no more),
Now if you've got a girl and she don't love you no more (love you no more),
Leave her all alone till her lovin' heart gets good and sore (gets good and sore).

Late Patriotic Song Successes



The Popular "Service Flag" Song Hit

THERE'S A LITTLE BLUE STAR IN THE WINDOW
AND IT MEANS ALL THE WORLD TO ME.
 Lyrics by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLUCKMANN.

There are stars in the high heavens shin-ing With a prom-ise of hope in their light. There are stars in the field of Old Glo-ry. The em-blem of hon- or and right. Not so near-er shine with more bright-ness, I know, Than the one for my boy over the sea. There's a star ev-er shine with more bright-ness, I know, Than the one for my boy over the sea.

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I'M HITTING THE TRAIL TO NORMANDY
SO KISS ME GOOD-BYE.
 Lyrics and Music by CHAS. SNYDER.

For the hit-ting the trail to Nor-man-dy, So kiss me good-bye! When we've carried the flag to vic-tory, Then back to your arms I'll fly. So just smile all the while when I'm over the sea. And when I'm back again, I'll be wait-ing for you. For the hit-ting the trail to Nor-man-dy, So kiss me good-bye. For I'm by.

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The Song Everybody is Singing

OLD GLORY GOES MARCHING ON.
 Lyrics by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLUCKMANN.

Ori-son Red for Sac-ri-fice, the blood of her roses. Spot-less White for Pur-i-ty, the souls of her dead. As we Blue for her love.

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WILL THE ANGELS GUARD MY DADDY OVER THERE?
 Lyrics by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLUCKMANN.

Will the an-gels guard my dad-dy over there? Will they watch him and pro-tect him ev-ry-where? Then she sees the down to rest on her lov-ing moth-er's breast. And mem-ors soft and low her ev-ning pray-er. "How I love you, dear old dad, how I love you!"

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WHEN A BOY SAYS GOOD BYE TO HIS MOTHER AND SHE GIVES HIM TO UNCLE SAM.
 Lyrics by JACK FROST. Music by F. HENRI KLUCKMANN.

When a boy says good-bye to his moth-er, And the sound of the bug-le is heard, He knows that tear in her eye means, "Come back by and by, Tho' her fond lips breathe sev-er-er a word. All the an-gels are pray-ing a-bove her. That he'll

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WHEN IT COMES TO A LOVINGLESS DAY.
 Lyrics by JACK FROST. Music by F. HENRI KLUCKMANN.

For these days are most - less And Wednesdays are what - less, My home is to leave - less, my bed is to leave - less. Now I don't care if all the boys are over - less, Or if I must ev-er sleep - less. I live in ser - vice, in face of to-mor - row, I'll over-ride till my - self is dead. For what will I do when they spring company on me?

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LET THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY BE OUR WEDDING BELLS.
 Lyrics by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLUCKMANN.

The bells will greet you with mel-a-dy-ous song. And I will meet you, so come a - long. The sea is shin - ing through the storm and the strife, dear. And I'll be glad - - for the light of my life (the love, the dear) will come back.

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WHEN THE KAISER DOES THE GOOSE-STEP TO A GOOD OLD AMERICAN RAG.
 Lyrics by JACK FROST. Music by HAROLD WEAVER.

When the Kai-ser does the goose-step to a good old A-mer-i-can rag, They'll play it per-ky and make him walk ter-ry and so into our grand old flag. He'll be wis-er when he two-steps to the march of the - - - land Or four-steps to a good old Dis-tinction march, there'll be a

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A-M-E-R-I-C-A
"I Love You, My Yankee Land"
 Lyrics and Music by JACK FROST.

"A" means you're a - y - bod - y's coun - try. "M" means you're mad for me. "I" means you're a - y - bod - y's sweet - heart. And "R" for the right of lib - er - ty. "I" stands for "in-dependence first and all." "O" for you're not one so grand. "A - M - E - R - I - C - A"

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GIDDY GIDDAP! GO ON! GO ON!
 Lyrics and Music by JACK FROST.

Giddy Giddy! Go on! Go on! We're on our way to war! We're going to tell 'em to go to - hell! That's what we're fight-ing for! We did not want to do it, boys, but now they've made us see, Old - dy Giddy! Go on! Go on! We're on our way to war!

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