

50
OH!

What a Diff'rence

— IN THE —

MORNING!

◀ AS SUNG IN ▶

SINBAD

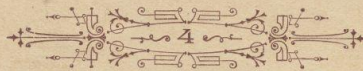
BY

HENRY NORMAN,

THE "BOGIE MAN."

ARRANGED BY

PHILIP HASTINGS.



SAN FRANCISCO.

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Oh! What a Diff'ence In the Morning!

Written by "WILLIE PIFFKOW."

ARRANGED, WITH ADDITIONAL VERSES, BY
PHILIP HASTINGS.

INTRODUCTION

mf

1. I'll sing of the cu - ri - ous sights that we see, At night, at night! They're
 2. You see a young la - dy who strolls up the street, At night, at night! She's
 3. And then there's the jol - ly young hus - band you know, At night, at night! Who

eres.

aw - ful - ly fun - ny I think you'll agree, At night, at night. There's the gid - dy young clerk who
 sty - lish and handsome, her fig - ure so neat, At night, at night. Her waist is so slen - der, com -
 thinks that ex - ist - ence is aw - ful - ly slow, At night, at night. So he says "My dear, I must

has-nt much cash, And likes with his friends to ap - pear ve - ry flash, So he or - ders Champagne and he
plexion so new, Her feet ve - ry ti - ny in num - ber two shoe, And hair of a light color'd
pay up my dues At the lodge," but in - stead he goes off on a booze, And when he gets home, on the

cres.

cres.

p rall. *mf*

cuts a big dash, At night, at night. But Oh! what a difference in the morn - ing!
del - i - cate hue, At night, at night. But Oh! what a difference in the morn - ing!
door-step he'll snooze, At night, at night. But Oh! what a difference in the morn - ing!

p rall. *mf*

Then comes re - pen - tance with the dawn - ing; His head's just twice its size, And he's
What an al - ter - a - tion with the dawn - ing; Her cheeks have lost their hue, She
What a diff - rent fel - low with the dawn - ing - Tho' ve - ry, ve - ry dry, For a

got two fine black eyes, And so he swears off drinking in the morn - ing. But ing.
wears a sev - en shoe— Her hair lies on the ta - ble in the morn - ing. But ing.
drink he'll vain - ly cry For his wife's been thro' his pockets in the morn - ing. But ing.

ADDITIONAL VERSES.

-4-

He's just from the country and goes for a walk,
At night, at night.
He meets a nice fellow and has a nice talk,
At night, at night.
The stranger is jolly and awfully gay—
They take a few toddies to pass time away,
The Hayseed is happy and yells out "Hurray!"
At night, at night.
But oh! what a difference in the morning!
What an awful change comes with the dawning!
His watch and money's gone,
He feels sad and forlorn
And he starts to walk to Jayville in the morning.

-5-

The landlady says, "Now look here Mr. Drew,"
At night, at night,
"Your room-rent, you know, is quite long overdue
To-night, to-night.
You've dined at my table and eaten my hash,
You've promised to pay in a manner most rash,
Now really I hope that you'll give some cash
To-night, to-night."
But where is that boarder in the morning?
It's very plain he takes her timely warning—
He steals out from his bunk
From the window drops his trunk
And disappears just as the day is dawning.

-6-

An elderly man lies sick in his bed,
At night, at night.
The doctors all say that he'll surely be dead,
That night, that night.
His relatives gather around him and grieve,
Noting the slowness with which he does breathe,
Each thinking, however, how much he will leave
That night, that night.
But oh! what a difference in the morning!
He braces up just as the day is dawning—
He eats three pounds of steak
Some oysters, pie, and cake,
And they all depart disgusted in the morning.