BYE AND BYE.

Chorus. Soft tempo.

Words and Music by Wm. Heagney.


KATEY DEAR.

Chorus. Soft tempo.

Words and Music by SARA B. IOOY.


I'M GOING TO BE A SAILOR.

Chorus. Soft.

Words and Music by Wm. Heagney.


COMPLETE COPIES MAY BE HAD WHEREVER MUSIC IS SOLD.
In the Wildwood where the Blue Bells Grew.

Words and Music by
HERBERT H. TAYLOR,
Writer of "She's Off to West Away."

All a-lone to-night in sad ness I am dream'ing,
And fond memories paint a picture, sweetheart.
Do you ev'er miss the days low gone for ev'er,
When so boy and girl we dreamed of days to come, mine.

Of your pretty eyes with love-light bright-ly beam'ing,
While we were among the bower we promised to greet,
Those were
wandered by the brook in harvest time: ............ It was there I found thy love's old sweet
happy days, dear heart, for you and me: ............ There's a change about the old place since we

sto - ry. There you whispered "Yes" and said "I love you too": ............ But you parted. And the lit - tle brook is slow - ly nun - ning day: ............ Sweet - heart

left me while the moon in all its glo - ry. Looked down and heard me say "I'll wait for you": ............ mine, with joy. I read while tear drops start - ed. Your sweet message "I am com - ing bye and bye": ............

In the Wildwood where the Blue Bells Grow. a pp - ad p.
REFRAIN.

Now the echo of the chimes across the valley (Chorus)

Evening brings fond memories of you. By the old oak bench I'm waiting. In the wildwood where the blue bells grew.
In the Wildwood where the Blue Bells Grew.

MALE QUARTETTE.

[Music notation]

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TRY THIS OVER ON YOUR PIANO

To my friend Richard J. Jones.

We've Been Chums For Fifty Years.

Words and Music

By Thurland Chattaway.

In a quiet old little cottage, by the tender's gentle glow, A couplie old and gray sat hand in hand.

Do you still recall the meadow where we wandered side by side, And gath'ered posies by its winding stream?

Many years they strolled together as they climbed the stalls of life, Till tears ran down in your cheeks then, Rose and diamonds in your eyes.


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SINCE NELLIE WENT AWAY.

Words and Music by HERBERT H. TAYLOR.

DEAR OLD DIXIE.

Words by HERBERT H. TAYLOR. "When the Flower of the South Wore the Gray."

GOOD-BYE, MY SOLDIER LAD.

Words and Music by THURLAND CHATTAWAY.


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