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# Now's the Time my Dearest Johnny.

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**SONG AND CHORUS.**

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WORDS AND MUSIC BY

**GEORGE NEWELL LOVEJOY,**

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# "NOW'S THE TIME, MY DEAREST JOHNNY."

## SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by GEO. NEWELL LOVEJOY.

*Piano.*



The piano introduction is written for a grand piano in 3/4 time. It consists of four measures. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

*Con spirito.*



The first system of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is in grand staff. The tempo is marked 'Con spirito'. The lyrics for the first two lines are:

1. "Oh! you are so ve - ry tim - id, That I real - - ly  
2. "Oh! you need - - nt ask me for it, All you've got to



The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics for the next two lines are:

doubt if you Would do to join the ar - my,  
do you know; Is to do it with - out ask - ing,

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And put on the bon-ny blue, Why, be-fore you  
I think they are sweet-er so! So, just hur-ry

think of tak-ing, Such a step as that would be,  
for he's com-ing— There! I hear him call-ing me;

You must learn to have the cour-age, Just to kiss a "maid like me!"  
Kiss me quick, I must be go-ing, Or a pret-ty time there'll be!"

*The act of kissing should here occur—just preceding the last verse.*

*Best produced imitation by KISSING THE HAND or THE FINGERS.*

### 3d Verse.

S—m! Ah! I heard it and it sounded, From the first till it was done;  
Like as on a frosty morning, Sounds a merry hunter's gun,  
Quick as thought, Sue's father rushes, To the scene, and shouting says,  
"Its all right my noble fellow, I did so in younger days."

ck

CHORUS:

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*Air.*

"Patiently I'm waiting for it, Hark! I hear him calling 'Sue!'"


*Alto.*

*Tenor.*

"Patiently I'm waiting for it, Hark! I hear him calling 'Sue!'"

*Bass.*

*Piano.*



Now's the time my dearest Johnny, 'Ere dad spoil this in-ter-view!"

Now's the time my dearest Johnny, 'Ere dad spoil this in-ter-view!"



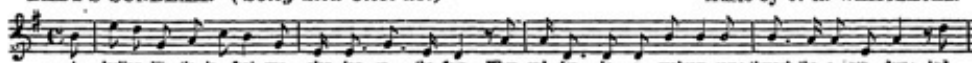
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# BULLETIN OF NEW AND ELEGANT SHEET MUSIC.

(Each—Copyright Secured.)

## BABY'S SUNBEAM. (Song and Chorus.)

Music by J. H. WHITTEMORE.



A darling lit - tie in - fast was play - ing on the floor, When sud - den - ly a sunbeam came through the e - ven door; And

1. A darling little infant was playing on the floor,  
When suddenly a sunbeam came through the open door;  
And sitting at the corner, it made a golden dot,  
The darling baby saw it, and crept up to the spot.  
His little face was beaming with a smile of perfect joy,  
As if an angel's presence had filled the little boy;  
And with his tiny fingers, as in a fairy dream,  
He touched the dot of sunshine, and follow'd it up the beam.

2. He look'd up to his mother, to share his infant bliss;  
Then stoop'd, and gave the sunbeam a kiss, sweet baby kiss,  
O Lord, how sweetly Father, in the fulness of thy love,  
I pray that child-like feeling, may never leave the boy!  
But in the days of trial, when sin attacks the soul,  
"Lead me Thy light" is guide him, the sunbeam of Thy Truth,  
And may his heart be ever, to Thee an open door,  
That which thy truth, oh sunshine, makest joy open life's door.

3. And may his presence teach us that we must all become,  
As tracing little children, to reach the heavenly home;  
So heavenly and simple, as free from selfish will,  
For Jesus said the "Kingdom of Heaven is within."  
As baby's bright eyes followed the sunbeam to the east,  
So may we all be conscious in every good deed;  
And with each truth grow stronger, and trace Jesus' all its course,  
And rest with it, dear Lord, in Thee, the universal source.

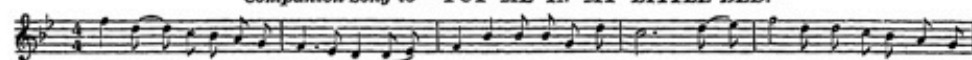
"BABY'S SUNBEAM"—The song and chorus just published, is one of the most touching and sweetest little gems set to music. Every mother's heart will respond to the sentiment—and the song, which is founded upon the incident familiar to all, of a little child kissing a sunbeam that came in with a pencil of golden light and made a brilliant dot upon the floor."—DETROIT (DAILY) FREE PRESS.

Price—Plain, 30 cts.; Beautiful Lithograph Title, 40 cts.

## "KISS ME ONCE MORE BEFORE I SLEEP, MAMMA,"

Music by EDGER H. SHERWOOD.

Companion Song to "PUT ME IN MY LITTLE BED."



Kiss me once more be - fore I sleep, mamma, My sweetest prayer I now have said; And press your dear lov - ing cheek to

1. "Kiss me once more before I sleep, mamma,  
My sweetest prayer I now have said;  
And press your dear loving cheek to mine, mamma,  
Before you tuck me in my bed."

2. Dear Mother! Will and she were not at play,  
When the evening shadows fell,  
And 't was hard for me to come away,  
When I heard you ring the calling bell.

This is a very pretty song. The melody is of such peculiar sweetness, that it ever rings in the mind.

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## "DON'T FORGET ME."

Composed by C. N. COLWELL.



Don't for - get me when your hap - py. Keep for me..... can lit - tie spot..... in... the

depths of thy af - fee - tion, Plant me sweet..... for - get - me - not.....

This composition is the finest that has ever been published in this country—reminding one of the beauties of Mendelssohn and other great masters. No repertoire would be complete without this great masterpiece.

Price—Beautiful Lithograph Title, 30 cts.

To be followed in rapid succession, by the same Author, "HERE TAKE MY HEART," "I WILL REMEMBER THEE," "A SIGH;" Also, the following Instrumental Pieces—"NETTIE POLKA," "VALSE IMPROMPTU," "CAPRICIO GALOP DE CONCERT," etc., etc.

## "LET ME SAY MY LITTLE PRAYER."

Words and Music by J. C. MACEY.



Come and hear me, sis - ter dar - ling.... I have wait - ed to - ry long.... Won't you come and sit be -

1. Come and hear me, sister darling,  
I have waited very long;  
Won't you come and sit beside me,  
And sing the dear old song.  
Don't be late, sister darling,  
Mother's waiting "near there,"  
And when you tell that sweet story,  
I will say my little prayer.  
Come—Don't be late, sister.

2. When the snow was softly falling,  
And my little world was white;  
O'er our father's dying pillow,  
Spread an angel's wings;  
Then we heard the little baby's cry,  
What with tears the golden hair,  
While he murmured, "I love I love you,  
Let me say my little prayer.  
Come—Don't be late, sister.

3. Don't be late, sister darling,  
Bring the dear old song to me;  
In this world are not 7 millions,  
Just like you and I;  
And when our little prayer is said,  
We will say our Father's name—  
Halleluiah! Amen!  
We will say our little prayer,  
Come—Don't be late, sister.

This is a perfect Gem—of the same style as "Put me in my little Bed," but in Melody, Harmony and Rhythm, far its superior.

Price—Beautiful Lithograph Title, 40 cts.

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