



THOSE SAD BLUE EYES

✱ Song ✱

THE WORDS BY

E. TESCHEMACHER

The Music by

WILFRID SANDERSON.

PRICE 60 CENTS

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THOSE SAD BLUE EYES.



THOSE sad blue eyes, if I could only learn
Some melody to make them glad again,
My song should float through all your weary hours,
Till you forgot your pain.

Those sad blue eyes, if I could only look
Into their depths and learn the mystery there,
I'd lamp your days with sunshine passing sweet,
Your nights with stars so fair !

Those sad blue eyes, my heart can only love,
And sorrow when their silent grief I see,
Giving you all, my life, its hopes and joys,
My love's great sympathy.

EDWARD TESCHEMACHER.

THOSE SAD BLUE EYES

Words by
ED. TESCHEMACHER

Music by
WILFRID SANDERSON

Andante con espressione

VOICE

PIANO

mp *legato*

molto rit.

mp *colla voce*

cresc.

f

Those sad blue eyes, if I could on - ly learn Some mel - o - dy —

— to make them glad a - gain, — My song should float through

cresc.

f

Ad.

dim. *ten. p rit.*

all your wea - ry hours, Till you for - got your

dim. *p* *p rit.*

pain. *mp* Those sad blue

a tempo *molto rit.* *p colla voce*

eyes, if I could on - ly look In - to their depths and

cresc. *cresc.*

learn the mys - t'ry there, I'd lamp your days with

f *f* *Red.*

dim. e rit.

sun - shine pass - ing sweet, Your nights with

ten.

p

Red.

pp

stars so fair!

p più lento

A little slower

p

Those sad blue eyes, my heart can on - ly

rit.

p colla voce

love, And sor - row when their si - lent

con passione
f *>* *>* *>*
 grief I see, Giv - ing you

ten. *più accel.*
 all, my life, its hopes and joys, My love's great

rit.
 sym - pa - thy, My love's great sym - pa -

thy.

f *a tempo* *rit. e dim.* **p**

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Nº1 IN D Nº2 IN F Nº3 IN G

EILA OF THE STARRY NIGHT.

Words by
FRED. E. WEATHERLY.

Music by
HAYDN WOOD.

rit. *mp a tempo*
Ei - la of the starry night... Say good-bye to
me... Don't you hear the breakers white...
Call - ing me... to sea? Get you home, sweet -
heart, and wait... Ma - ny stars must wane...

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Nº1 IN G Nº2 IN A^b Nº3 IN B^b Nº4 IN C

Tired Hands.

(An Ever Song)

Words by
ED. TESCHEMACHER.

Music by
WILFRID SANDERSON.

mp con lenerezza.
Tired hands that come to
rest at eve in mine, You bring me
all the love - ly flow'rs of day,
Ro - ses of love, li - les of hope di -

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Nº1 IN E^b Nº2 IN F Nº3 IN G

The Little Damsel.

Words by
FRED. E. WEATHERLY.

Music by
IVOR NOVELLO.

Crisp.
A dain - ty lit - tle... Dam - o - zel Look'd out a - cross the
sea. She saw the Lord High Ad - mi - ral Come swagger - ing down the
quay: "Good mor - row, lit - tle Dam - o - zel, I'll mar - ry you," quoth
he, "When I have sent those for - eign ships To where they ought to

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The Crafty Crocodile.

Words by
MARY FARRAR.

DUET

Music by
JOAN TREVALSA.

There's a craft-y Cro-co-dile, from the re-gions of the
good:- There's a craft-y Cro-co-dile, from the re-gions of the
Nile. That comes creep - ing.
Nile, That comes creep - ing. creep - ing.
creep - ing, with his wide and win - ning smile; And
creep - ing, with his wide and win - ning smile; And
some day soon he'll get them, if they
some day soon he'll get them, if they

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GOOD NIGHT.

Words by
SHELLEY.

Music by
F. R. RICKMAN.

Good - night! Good -
night! Ah! no; the hour is ill Which sev - ers
those - it should u - nite. Which sev - ers those - it should u -
- nite. Let us re - main to - geth - er still.

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A COON LULLABY

Words by
GEORGE ELLERTON

Music by
PERCY W. FLETCHER

Out in the cool - ing fields far a - way, Oo - The
stars are a - peep - ing at close of day; Oo - With
ten - der smile and a watch - ful eye, There Di - nabé crooning a lul - la - by To her
black lit - tle curl - y head - ed coon. Oo - Oo -

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