Try this over on your Piano.

Knock Wood.

Words by Andrew B. Sterling.

Music by Harry Von Tilzer.

Moderato.

She, was a pretty little miss,
Way up in the air;
He, said that she was made to kiss,
She, said "Perhaps you think I care,"

In his arms he'd fold her,
Once I caught you teasing,
And oh! how tight he'd
With Jennie Brown and

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Words by
Wm. Dillon.

All° moderato.

Music by
Harry Von Tilzer.

Piano:

Till Ready.

Hel-lo Cen-tral, Hel-lo Cen-tral,
Hel-lo Georg-ie, Hel-lo Georg-ie,

Give me 6 0 3
Please don't keep me wait-ing here,

Can't come out to-night,
I don't want to see a show,

want to talk with Georg-ie dear,
Hel-lo Georg-ie hel-lo Georg-ie
dinner? Goodness gracious no,
Do not coax me it pro-vokes me

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goodness gracious me, Well now at last I've got you dear, this is your Mar-
nothing you can say Will get me to come out to-night, home I'm going to

ie I've been try-ing hard all day to get you on the phone to say. I'm stay Want you to come right up here and show me how you love me dear. I'm

Chorus, a tempo.

All alone, All alone, no-body

here but me, Parasors nice and co-zy

All Alone. 3
Everything is rosy We'll have lots of hurry up and get here honey, Take a car, it's not far, my time is all my own, Hurry up there's something missing, We'll have lots of kissing Pa and ma have left me all alone.
All Aboard For Blanket Bay

A SONG THAT SHOULD BE IN EVERY AMERICAN HOME

BECAUSE

Here Are the Words Complete of the First Verse of This Beautiful Ballad and a Few Strains of the Chorus:

Words by Andrew B. Sterling

"All Aboard For Blanket Bay"

Music by Harry von Tilzer

There's a ship sails away at the close of each day, sails away to the land of dreams,
Mamma's little "Boy Blue" is the Captain and Crew, of this wonderful ship called "The White Pillow Ship"
When the day's play is o'er, and the toys on the floor, cast aside by a little brown hand,
Mamma hugs him up tight, Papa whispers "Goodnight, little sailor boy, sail into sweet slumberland."

Chorus.

All a-board for Blanket Bay Won't come back till the

break of day Roll him round in his little white sheet

poco rall rall a tempo

Till you can't see his little bare feet. Then you tuck him up in his

poco rall rall a tempo