GREGIAN BEND

AND OTHER NEW SONGS BY

WM. HORACE LINGARD.

PLAIN:
1. THE GREGIAN BEND.
2. FIFTH AVENUE.
3. GUINEA PIG BOY.
4. FUNNY Fellow.
5. SERGEANT COP!
6. YOU COULDN'T DO WITHOUT US.

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THE GREGIAN BEND.

Written and Composed by
W. H. LINNARD.

1. Good evening to you one and all, I hope I don't intrude; Dressed

in this quiet fashion, Pray do not think me rude.

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Dr. J. W. Cermak 6-17-41 D.
al-ways stu-dy Le Fol-let. The fashion to a-mend So

CHORUS.

in-tro-duce you Lad-i-es to This grace-ful Gre-cian Bend, The

Gre-cian Bend, As I now show. You must admit, Is all the go. The

head well for-ward And the body you ex-tend, To be per-fect in the Gre-cian Bend.
2. 'Twas raining hard the other day, So I got into a stage, Some little boys began to shout Which put me in a rage, The
driver too, said, really Miss, You've room enough for ten
And actually charged me double, On account of my Grecian Bend.

Dialogue. — I wouldn't minded it so much only there was Ann Jenkins who lives next door to me. In the same stage, she began to laugh at me, she's been practicing the Grecian Bend for three weeks but she can't do it, she's jealous of me because I took her young man away. One Gent had the audacity to tell me that the Grecian Bend was nothing more or less than a spasmodic movement of the third rib in connection with the left shoulder. In fact I need not tell you that.

Chorus.

The Grecian Bend As I now show, you must admit is all the go. The head well forward and the body you extend To be perfect in the Grecian Bend.
WM. A. POND & Co's
Thematique Catalogue of Popular
Vocal Compositions.

DREAMING OF THEE.
J. B. THOMAS.

EV'N the memory of thee, On - ly of thee.
NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.
A. B. WALKER.

NOW I lay me down to sleep, And the blue - eyed dark and deep.
ON THE DEAD AT LONG BRANCH.
W. E. LORING.

ON the beach at Long Branch, One fine sea - man's day.
WALKING DOWN BROADWAY.
W. E. LORING.

The sweetest thing in life, And no one dare say why.
UNDER THE SNOW THE GRASS IS BLOOMED.
W. S. ROWEY.

Un - der the snow the grass is bloomed.

THERE'S BUT ONE SWEET SONG.
M. A. BARKER.

THERE'S but one sweet song in the world for me.
JOHN BUCKLEY.

HAPPY AS A BIRD.
M. A. BARKER.

Happy as a bird is I, Car - ri - ing an ex - tra - lry.
MY HEART IS OVER THE SEA.
M. A. BARKER.

Oh, every time I am sad at heart, And I have a word to say.
OH SAD, THOU DEEPEST AND BRIGHTEST.
W. S. ROWEY.

Oh, give me a heart and brighten - est.

NOTHING ELSE TO DO.
J. H. RAYNE.

Oh, every time I am sad at heart, And I have a word to say.

"Twas a pleasant summer morning, just the day before I went to Central Park.
"Twas a pleasant summer morning, just the day before I went to Central Park.

Oh, I'm a girl that's feel - ing glad, My age is twenty-four.
YE HONOR TO STRANGE.
J. B. THOMAS.

Ye, hold - ing sleep, my - ly - ly - ly sleep.
W. S. ROWEY.

WAKING FOR PA.
M. A. BARKER.

These little forms in the twilight gray, Shooing the shadows across the way.
HAPPY THOUGHTS.
J. B. THOMAS.

Sit up, don't come to me sleeping, Small - ling - ly, have been a - round.
PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.
M. A. BARKER.

Paddling a boat a bit in my time, And of course, I've seen a few.
GOOD BYE, SWEETHEART.
J. H. RAYNE.

Good - bye, don't come to me sleeping, Small - ling - ly, have been a - round.
BEAUTIFUL DREAMER.
C. H. RAGUINE.

In my dream, a dream, a dream, a dream.
CAME TO ME, ANGEL OF SLEEP.
J. B. THOMAS.

CAME to me, an - gel of sleep, and bring.
BEAUTIFUL ISLE ON THE SEA.
J. B. THOMAS.

BEAUTIFUL ISLE ON THE SEA.
J. B. THOMAS.

When the pale, pale moon arose last night, The cold light fell on my silent floor.
WHEN THE PLEA MOON ANGEL.
G. M. GLASS.

When the pale, pale moon rose last night, The cold light fell on my silent floor.

YOU'LL NOT BE LONG AWAY.
E. A. BARKER.

YOU'LL not be long - a - ways, be sure, You' - ll not be long - a - ways.
FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.
C. H. RAGUINE.

THE COWS BAY GLOWING OVER THE MEADOW.
W. S. ROWEY.

THE cow - s by - y glowing over the meadow, A mile - by - y over the meadow.
WE'VE DRUNK FROM THE SAME CUP.
J. B. BARKER.

We've drunk from the same cup.

VOICES THAT ARE GONE.
J. H. RAYNE.

Voices that are gone.

EXTRA SONG.
J. B. BARKER.

When the light shades fall on me, And the evening star appears.
SILKY HAI.
W. S. ROWEY.

Sky - lie Dairyma - son maiden maid! When running away from thee.
RIVER FERRY.
J. B. THOMAS.

Only a wold - ed rose to mem, to thee.

PAT MILLER.

At shire's years of age I was my mother's fel - low boy.
NIGHTINGALE'S TRILL.
W. S. ROWEY.

Fed by a little girl, fed by a little bird.

NIGHTINGALE'S TRILL.
W. S. ROWEY.

NIGHTINGALE'S TRILL.
W. S. ROWEY.

NIGHTINGALE'S TRILL.
W. S. ROWEY.

When the pale, pale moon rose last night, The cold light fell on my silent floor.

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JENNY.
F. H. McGUIRE.

Guide me, O thou, great Jenny.

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JENNY.
F. H. McGUIRE.

Guide me, O thou great Jenny.

BEAUTIFUL DREAMER.
C. H. RAGUINE.

Beautiful dreamer, wake up me, Starlight and dreamer are waiting for me.
COME TO ME, ANGEL OF SLEEP.
J. B. THOMAS.

Come to me, an - gel of sleep, and bring.
BEAUTIFUL ISLE ON THE SEA.
J. B. THOMAS.

BEAUTIFUL ISLE ON THE SEA.
J. B. THOMAS.

When the pale, pale moon rose last night, The cold light fell on my silent floor.