In The Days Of Old.

"Hi" and Girls

Words by
HENRY M. BLOSSOM, JR.

Music by
ALFRED G. ROBYN.

Moderato

Piano.

It is strange what a change has come o-ver the world Since the days of
Walking back from the truck where I lost all my stock, As I trudged the

long a-go, The dis-tinc-tion of cast is a thing of the
dusty road I was passed by a "joy" with a cart load of

past 'Tis a bank ac-count now you must show. To be
hay And his own in-di-vi-du-al load. And he

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rude and to stare and to frequently swear, Is considered the stopped and inquired: "Don't the walk make you tired?" And I answered him

thing in smart sets And I shudder to think that some "Yes" with a smile. Then he said: "I must go but if

real ladies drink, And a few even smoke cigarettes. It was walking's too slow I'd advise you to run for a while." It was

Con anima.

not like that in the olden days, Which have passed beyond recall In the not like that in the olden days, Which have passed beyond recall In the
rare old, fair old golden days, It was not like that at
rare old, fair old golden days, It was not like that at

all Then we all did just what we ought to do, Or if
all Then the “rubes” all stood for the bun-co game And they

not we never told, I sigh in vain to live again in the
bought the brick of gold, These “jays” were not so wise a lot in the

days of old. It was days of old.
1. It is strange what a change has come over the world,
   Since the days of long ago,
   The distinction of cast is a thing of the past,
   'Tis a bank account now you must show.
   To be rude and to stare and to frequently swear,
   Is considered the thing in smart sets
   And I shudder to think that some real ladies drink,
   And few even smoke cigarettes.

Chorus. It was not like that in the olden days,
   Which have passed beyond recall.
   In the rare old, fair old golden days,
   It was not like that at all.
   Then we all did just what we ought to do,
   Or if not we never told;
   I sigh in vain, to live again,
   In the days of old.

2. Walking back from the track where I lost all my stack,
   As I trudged the dusty road,
   I was passed by a "jay" with a cart load of hay
   And his own individual load.
   And he stopped and inquired: "Don't the walk make you tired?"
   And I answered him "Yes!" with a smile.
   Then he said, "I must go but if walking's too slow,
   I'd advise you to run for a while."

Chorus. It was not like that in the olden days,
   Which have passed beyond recall.
   In the rare old, fair old golden days,
   It was not like that at all.
   Then the "rubes" all stood for the bunco game,
   And they bought the brick of gold,
   Those "jays" were not so wise a lot,
   In the days of old.

3. But the change that is strangest of all that I know,
   Is the style of lady's dress.
   Where this dangerous trend will eventually end,
   Is a thing we can none of us guess.
   The hoopskirt is gone and they've put nothing on—
   That will answer its purpose or place.
   And the bustle that once did such beautiful "stunts,"
   Has been lost with its outlines of grace.

Chorus. It was not like that in the olden days,
   That have passed beyond recall.
   In the rare old, fair old golden days,
   It was not like that at all.
   Then the new "straight-front" and the "habit-back,"
   Had not even been foretold.
   Imagination had some play,
   In the days of old.
# Successful Numbers

**The Tenderfoot**
A Musical Play in Three Acts

Lyrics by **Richard Carle**  Music by **H. L. Heartz**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Song</th>
<th>Price</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Tortured Thomas Cat</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Soldierly</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Peaceable Party</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Soldier of Fortune</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love is Elusive</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Alamo Love</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adios</td>
<td>60</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fascinating Venus</td>
<td>60</td>
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<tr>
<td>Only a Kiss</td>
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<tr>
<td>Selection</td>
<td>1.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Waltzes</td>
<td>75</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lanciers</td>
<td>60</td>
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<tr>
<td>March</td>
<td>60</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hop Lee (Chinese Dance)</td>
<td>50</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gems (Net)</td>
<td>50</td>
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<tr>
<td>Score (Net)</td>
<td>2.00</td>
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# Song Gems

**From Wm. A. Brady’s Musical Extravaganza**

**Girls will be Girls**

By **Joseph Hart** and **R. Melville Baker**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Song</th>
<th>Price</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>That Little Girl is You</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Brown Eyed Daisy</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Society</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When the Girl You Love Says “Yes”</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She Thinks Nothing of It Now</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ask Dodge</td>
<td>50</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

# Song Successes

**From The Girl from Dixie**

With **Irene Bentley**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Song</th>
<th>Price</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>When I Look Into Those Lovey Dovey Eyes</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Words by <strong>Rida J. Young</strong>  Music by <strong>Manuel Klein</strong>.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Mary from Maryland</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Words and Music by <strong>George A. Norton</strong>.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Johnny Strong</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Words by <strong>Harry Raymond</strong>  Music by <strong>E. D. Prussian</strong>.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You, You, You</td>
<td>50</td>
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<tr>
<td>Words and Music by <strong>E. H. Pendleton</strong>.</td>
<td></td>
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