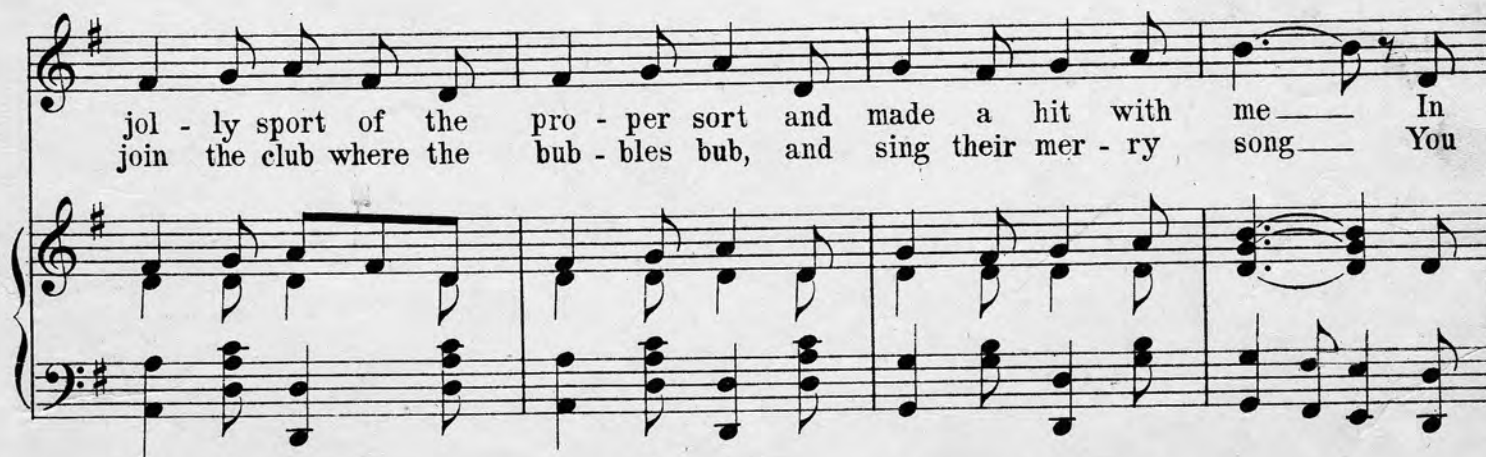


The Morning After The Night Before

Words by
ED MORAN.

Music by
J. FRED HELF



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each ca - fe while the band would play we turned the night time
al - ways think when you start to drink you're put - ting trou - ble

in - to day The line of march I trav - elled like a "vet" you
on the blink Your sor - row is a myth and no mis - take, a

bet — It's bul - ly fun there's on - ly one re - gret —
fake — It's cham - pagne then but real pain when you wake —

CHORUS

The morn - ing af - ter the night be - fore Gee
The morn - ing af - ter the night be - fore Gee

mf-f

whiz but don't your head feel sore— You grab the wa - ter pit - cher and you
 whiz but don't your head feel sore— Your foun-tain pen you find stuck in the

leggiero

1. let the wa-ter pour The morn - ing af - ter the night be - fore. The fore.
 key-hole of the door The morn - ing af - ter the night be - fore. The fore.

2. let the wa-ter pour The morn - ing af - ter the night be - fore. The fore.
 key-hole of the door The morn - ing af - ter the night be - fore. The fore.

3

There's a dark brown taste to remind you of the joyful time you had
 To try and eat is a circus feat your stomach's to the bad
 You lie in bed for you're nearly dead, you've got an icebag on your head.
 "I'm sick" you say to wife, who'll walk away— she'll say
 "Stay out all night, it serves you right! you Jay!"

CHORUS

The morning after the night before,
 Gee whiz! but don't your head feel sore
 Your shoes are on the hat-rack and your clothes are on the floor
 The morning after the night before.

4

Now the women too, will be just as bad when they get women's rights;
 They'll all stay out with the girls about six out of seven nights
 "Let's drink" they'll say, in a reckless way, then each one for her own will pay,
 "Afraid to come home in the dark" she'll sing—poor thing
 But holy gee! what misery 'twill bring.

CHORUS

The morning after the night before,
 Gee whiz! but won't her head feel sore,
 She'll cry, "O, get a doctor, I won't do it any more"
 The morning after the night before.

TRY THIS OVER ON YOUR PIANO

A BALLAD BEAUTIFUL

My Love Is Greater Than The World

Words by
ARTHUR J. LAMB

Medium Key

B $\flat$

Music by
J. FRED HELF

CHORUS.

My love — is great - er than the world I give it all to

you, — I'll place you on — a gold - en throne — Your

dreams shall all come true — For you — are more than the

sun — and moon and the stars in the heav - ens too, — My

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