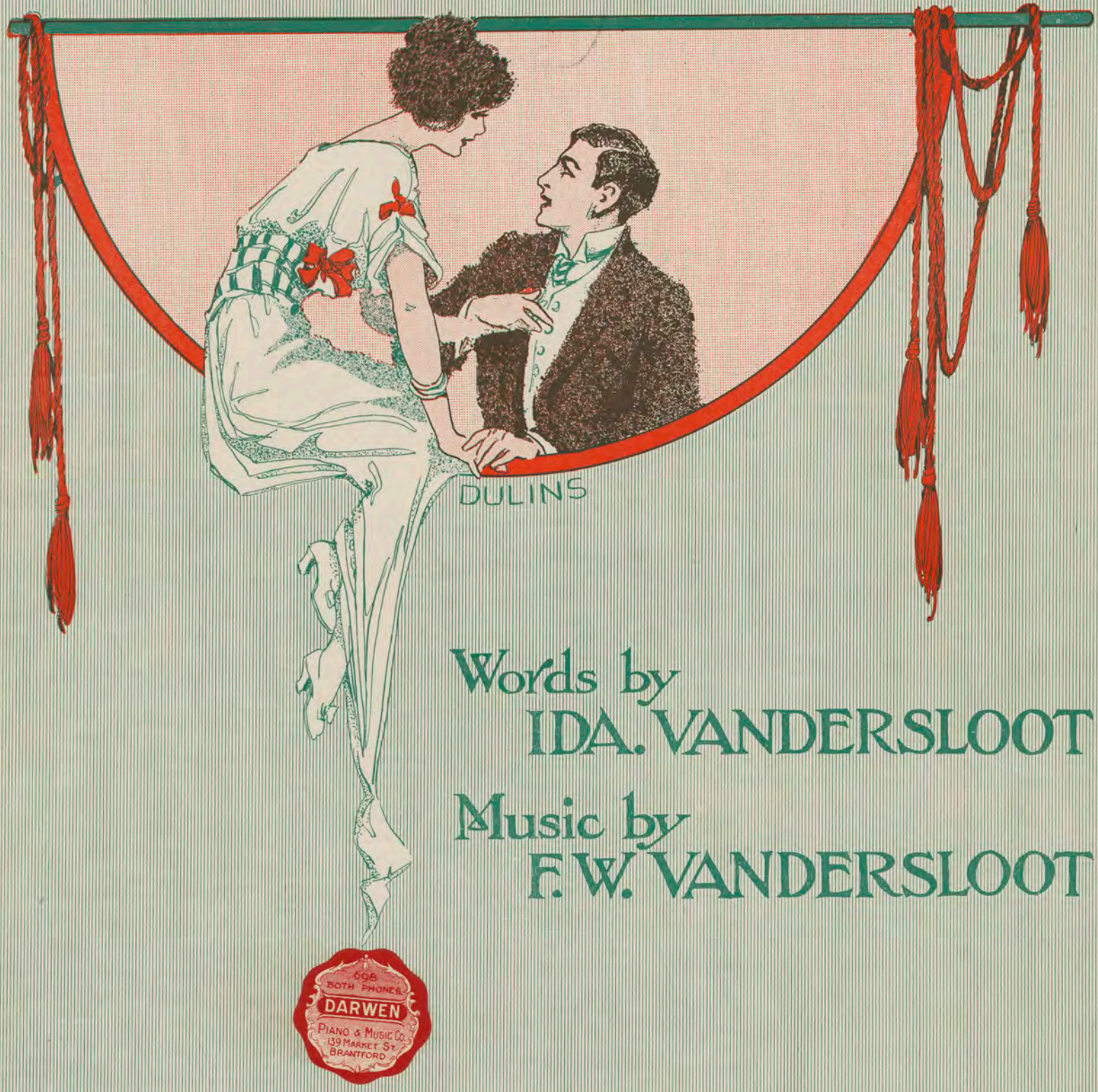
THAT'S WHAT I'D DO FOR YOU!



698
BOTH PHONES
DARWEN
PIANO & MUSIC CO.
139 MARKET ST.
BRANTFORD

Words by
IDA. VANDERSLOOT

Music by
F. W. VANDERSLOOT

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That's What I'd Do For You

IDA VANDERSLOOT

F. W. VANDERSLOOT
Composer of { "I Wonder How The Old Folks Are At Home"
"Back At Dear Old Home Sweet Home"

INTRO.
Tempo di Valse

f

There's noth - ing you could ask of me, But what I'd
I'd walk from here to Port - land, Maine, I'd swim Ni -

glad - ly do; For, tru - ly a de - light 'twould
ag - 'ra Falls; I'd rush in - to a base - ball

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be To give my life for you; I
game, And con - test all the balls; For

hope you'll feel that I'm sin - cere, In tell - ing
you I'd try to get the moon, And all the

this to you; For there's no task that's
plan - ets too; Yes, mill - ions more such

too se - vere, To prove what I would do.
things, dear June, That's what I'd do for you.

CHORUS

I'd go with bare feet in the snow, Or in the des - ert heat; ___ For

for - ty days I'd glad - ly go, With - out a bite to eat; ___ I'd

tack-le a nest of rat - tle snakes, Catch small-pox, meas-les, too, ___ I'd

rit.

rit.

a tempo

live on worms, all sorts of germs, That's what I'd do for you. ___

Alla Stretta

That's What I'd Do For You

Quartette for Male or Mixed Voices

IDA VANDERSLOOT

F. W. VANDERSLOOT
Arr. by Harry J. Lincoln

(Melody in 2nd Tenor or Soprano)

CHORUS

1st TENOR (Alto)

I'd go with bare feet in the snow, Or in the des - ert heat;— For

2nd TENOR (Soprano)

I'd go with bare feet in the snow, Or in the des - ert heat;— For

BARITONE (Tenor)
BASS (Bass)

for - ty days I'd glad - ly go, With - out a bite to eat;— bite to eat; I'd

for - ty days I'd glad - ly go, With - out a bite to eat;— I'd bite to eat;

tack - le a nest of rat - tle snakes, Catch small - pox, meas - les, too; meas - les, too;

tack - le a nest of rat - tle snakes, Catch small - pox, meas - les, too;— *rit.* Id meas - les, too;

rit. - - - - - - - - *Alla Stretta*

live on worms, all sorts of germs, what I'd do for you.—

live on worms, all sorts of germs, Thats what I'd do for you.—

rit. - - - - - - - -

TRY THESE SAMPLES CAREFULLY



I Wonder How The Old Folks Are At Home.

Words by HERBERT S. LAMBERT — Music By F. W. VANDERSLOOT

* Chorus slow

I won-der how the old folks are at home, I won-der if they miss me while I roam, I won-der if they pray for the boy that went a-way And left his kind old par-ents all a-lone, I hear the cat-tle low-ing in the lane, And



Back At Dear Old Home Sweet Home.

Words by HERBERT S. LAMBERT. — Music by F. W. VANDERSLOOT.

CHORUS. Slow.

old folks watch-ing for me, back at dear old home sweet home. come back to the old folks, back to dear old home sweet home." Back at dear old home sweet home, I am go-ing there no more to roam; It will fill their hearts with joy, When the old folks see their boy, Back a-gain at dear old home sweet



No One Cares For Me

Words and Music by TELL TAYLOR

CHORUS. Valse (slow)

There's no one ev-er cared for me, That's why I'm all a-lone, There's no one ev-er said to me, "My dear I'll take you home;" No Ma-ma dear and



Only You.

Words by HARRY J. LINCOLN. — Music by REBA VANDERSLOOT.

CHORUS.

On-ly you, say you'll be mine for ev-er; On-ly you, from you I ne'er can sev-er; Heart to heart, I will ev-er be true; My heart's ach-ing,



The Girl I Should Have Married Long Ago.

Words and Music by WILL F. BURKE.

CHORUS

you not spoke her name? For-I've come back to wed my sweet-heart, Nell"..... love her just the same. And I'll bring her back as my dear, hon-ored wife"..... She's the girl I should have mar-ried long a-go; 'Twas wrong to have de-sert-ed her, I know..... We'd been hap-py all through life, had I made poor Nell my wife. She's the



UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES.

A Song of the South.

CHORUS. Words by AL TRAHERN. — Music by LEE OREAN SMITH.

You'll hear the dark-ies sing-ing, The songs they love the best, You'll hear the ban-jos ring-ing, While the old folks rest. The pick-a-nin-ies dan-cing, To see who'll win the prize, In the ev-ning by the moon-light,



None But You

Words by HARRY J. LINCOLN — Also Published In Instrumental Form — Music by REBA VANDERSLOOT

You ask me dear, why I lin-ger near, Why I pin-ing too; I'm ev-er think-ing how you could cheer, This heart of mine, that I gave to you; Fan-cy for oth-ers may come and go, Skies may seem cloud-less and
Long have I wait-ed that I might hear, One word "Yes," in all; It would dis-pel ev-'ry hope and fear, Hopes that to-mor-row may fade and fall; Hold-ing your hand in mine ten-der-ly, Whis-per to me, you'll be



AFTER ALL.

Refrain. Words by G. H. KERR. — Music by HOWARD WEBSTER

For I love you, my dar-ling, I love you I am lone-ly when you are not nigh Hap-py when we are to-geth-er you and I For I love you, my dar-ling, I love



There's a Charm about the Old Love Still.

CHORUS. Words by F. W. VANDERSLOOT. — Music by A. L. FISCHER.

There's a charm a-bout the old love still, And it takes a place naught else can fill, There's a mem-'ry of a face, that in fan-cy we can trace, And we feel a-gain the old, old

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