

No 3

Grave

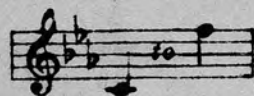
Nº 1 IN C



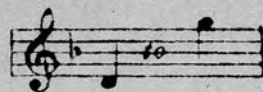
Nº 2 IN D



Nº 3 IN E^b



Nº 4 IN F



TOMMY, LAD!

❖
❖ Song ❖

THE WORDS BY

EDWARD TESCHEMACHER

❖
The Music by

E. J. MARGETSON.

Ⓐ

BOOSEY & CO., LTD.

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— AND —

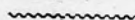
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TOMMY, LAD!



TOMMY, lad! Tommy, lad!
Though you're scarce a wee year old,
Yet you're long and you're strong,
And your head's 'a mass of gold;
And you've got a mighty will of your own,
You've got a kind of way,
That will carry you along, I know
When you face the world one day,
Tommy, lad!

Tommy, lad! Tommy, lad!
You're a funny little chap,
But you'll talk, and you'll walk,
Soon you'll scorn your father's lap;
You'll want a horse, you'll want a ship,
You'll be longing to depart,
But you'll have to wait a long while yet,
* Before I let you start,
Tommy, lad!

Tommy, lad! Tommy, lad!
Oh! a man you soon will be,
And you'll fight for the right,
† Be a better man than me;
For life's a dreary, weary way,
And it's up the hill and down,
But I wish you luck, I wish you joy,
I wish you many a crown,
Tommy, lad!

ED. TESCHEMACHER.

When this song is sung by a lady the following lines may be substituted for those indicated above:—

* Before he'll let you start.

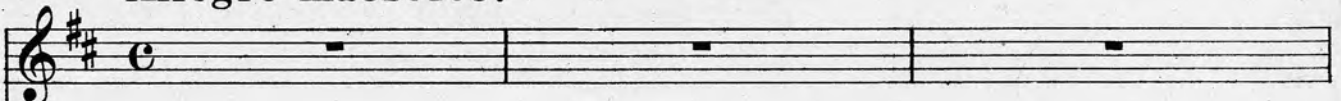
† Be as good a man as he.

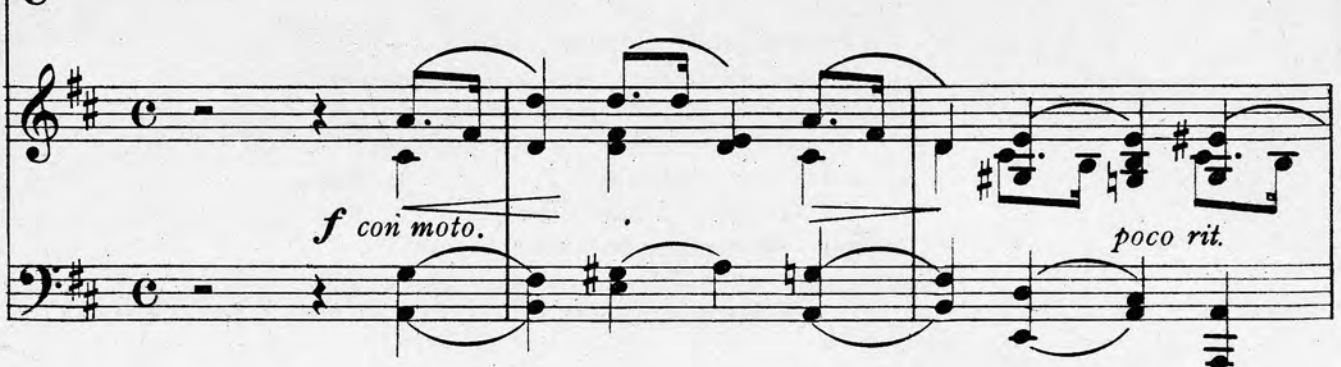
TOMMY, LAD!

Words by
ED. TESCHEMACHER.

Music by
E. J. MARGETSON.

Allegro maestoso.

VOICE. 

PIANO. 

f con moto. *poco rit.*

Tom - my, lad! Tom - my, lad! Tho' you're scarce a wee year old, Yet you're

mf colla voce sempre. 

long and you're strong, And your head's a mass of gold; And you've



got a migh - ty will of your own, You've got a kind of way, That will

car - ry you a - long, I know, When you face the world one day, Tom - my,

lad! Tom - my, lad! Tom - my, lad!

a tempo.

poco rit.

Tom - my, lad! Tom - my, lad! You're a fun - ny lit - tle chap, But you'll

talk, and you'll walk, Soon you'll scorn your fa - ther's lap; You'll —

want a horse, you'll want a ship, You'll be long - ing to de - part, But you'll

have to wait a long while yet, Be - fore I let you start, Tom - my, (he'll)

con molto express, rit.

colla voce. *p* *a tempo.*

con tenerezza. ten.

lad! Tom-my, lad! Tom-my, lad!

a tempo. f

Ad. *

poco rall.

Tom-my, lad! Tom-my, lad! Oh! a man you soon will be, And you'll

rall.

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

a tempo.

fight for the right, Be a bet-ter man than me; For

(Be as good a man as he;)

rall. dim.

f

Ad. *

meno mosso. con molto sentimento. a tempo.

life's a drea - ry, wea - ry way, And it's up the hill and down, But I

p *rall.*

Red. * *Red.* *

a tempo. ten.

wish you luck, I wish you joy, I wish you ma - ny a crown, Tom - my,

cresc. f *ten.*

Red. *

rall. f a tempo.

lad! Tom - my, lad! Tom - my, lad!

colla voce. a tempo. ff

Red. *

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 THIS GREATEST BALLAD OF MANY YEARS
 FEATURED BY AMERICA'S PREMIER BARITONE
 REINALD WERRENATH

YOUR SONG FROM PARADISE

Words by
 MONTEREY P. BROOKTON

No. 1 in F No. 2 in A^b No. 3 in B^b

Music by
 SYDNEY BARLOW BROWN

Andantino con moto

But still I hear the bells of twi-light ring-ing, And I can see the love-light in your
 eyes, As o'er the dai - sy fields I hear you sing-ing Your song di - vine from Par - a -
 dise - "I love you, I love you, I love you," A-cross the long, long years I'll hear you
 sing-ing, "I love you, I love you, I love you," Your song di-vine from Par - a - dise.

pp *ppp* *slowly*

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