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Dedicated to The Fellows Club of Pittsburg, Pa.

## LIGHT UP YOUR FACE WITH A SMILE.

Words by  
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PORT HOPKENTON, PA.

Music by  
GUS EDWARDS

*Allegro*

ff

*Vamp*

p

1. Did you ev - er "get" the fel - low with the face be - hind the frown, Kind - a  
2. In the sad slate col - ored dawn - ing of the morn - ing known as next, When your

p

likes it to that frown, Would - n't swap it for a crown, He's the  
suff'ring soul is vexed, Take this tid - bit for your text, To ap -

broth-er of his sis-ter, Lit-tle peach be-hind the pout, When  
pre-ci-ate one's heav-en, One must have a lit-tle well, How

fun knocks at their door they both are out, \_\_\_\_\_ On life's  
pleas-ure fol-lows pain's a tale they tell, \_\_\_\_\_ That dark

rail-way half their laughs are o-ver-due, \_\_\_\_\_ Their cloth-ing  
cloud thing too is good for me and you, \_\_\_\_\_ It makes the

too \_\_\_\_\_ is e-ven blue, \_\_\_\_\_ Pres-ent  
blue \_\_\_\_\_ sky twice as blue, \_\_\_\_\_ Names I

com - pa - ny ex - cept - ed, No I did - n't say sus - pect - ed, But if  
nev - er care to men - tion, But just pay this some at - ten - tion, When your

he or she should hap - pen to be you. \_\_\_\_\_  
train of thought a tun - nel's pass - ing through. \_\_\_\_\_

*cresc.* *fz*

REFRAIN

Light up, Light up, Light up your face, Light up your face with a

*p f*

smile, \_\_\_\_\_ For the man who will win, is the man who can grin,

O - pen your face and let the sun shine in. Cheer up Pal - ly, Gal - ly,

give it a trial, It's got Mis - ter Mel - an - chol - y beat a

mile, Just you hold back that tear, till there's no - bod - y near, And

light up your face with a smile. smile.

1 2

*ff*