

Miss Willa Storey

PASS IT ALONG TO FATHER

WORDS BY
VINCENT BRYAN
MUSIC BY
HARRY VON TILZER



MABEL HITE



Harry von Tilzer
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HARRY VON TILZER
MUSIC PUBLISHING CO.
37 W 26th ST NEW YORK - BROADWAY FRANK STONEY LONDON

GENE BUCK

Miss Willa Storey
Callington

"Pass it along to Father"

Words by
Vincent Bryan.

Music by
Harry Von Tilzer.

Moderato.

Piano.

§ Voice.

1. Bal - lad writ - ers love to sing a -
2. Sun - day night at sup - per moth - er
3. Once I stopped a run - a - way, my

§ till ready.

p a little faster.

bout our moth - er dear, Songs in praise of
carved a duck for eight, Pa sat 'way down
fa - ther's face turned pale, In the car - riage

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fa - ther you will ve - ry sel - dom 'hear,
at the end, with noth - ing on his plate,
was a girl who wore a heav - y veil,

All our fam' - ly love my dad, his eye sight's get - ting dim,
Moth - er said when we had eat - en all the duck we could,
Full of thanks she raised her veil, said she "give me a kiss?"

Ev' - ry dain - ty we can spare, we hand it right to him. We
Give your Pa the wish - ing bone, he'll wish for some - thing good. Just
'Twas a beard - ed la - dy so I said "ex - cuse me miss. Just

Chorus.

a little slower.

pass it a - long right a - long to fa - ther, Push it right a - long,
pass it a - long right a - long to fa - ther, Push it right a - long,
pass it a - long right a - long to fa - ther, Push it right a - long,

p a little slower.

"Pass it along to father." 4

Shove it right a - long, Pa will take it and he'll nev - er drop,
 Shove it right a - long, Pa - pa's hung - ry and there's no more duck,
 Shove it right a - long, Pa will kiss you he is not too old,

Ma don't care what be - comes of Pop, He takes what he gets and he's
 He can wish for a change of luck, He takes what he gets and he's
 He'll be glad for his nose is cold, He takes what he gets and he's

not much both - er, If a thing is bad, Ev' - ry bod - y's glad to
 not much both - er, If a thing is bad, Ev' - ry bod - y's glad to
 not much both - er, If a thing is bad, Ev' - ry bod - y's glad to

pass it a - long right a - long, right a - long, to dear old dad. *D.S.*
 pass it a - long right a - long, right a - long, to dear old dad.
 pass it a - long right a - long, right a - long, to dear old dad. *D.S.*

4.

Mother has a temper she can fight just like a man,
Monday night at Sister Sue she threw a frying pan,
Sister Susan dodged and it hit Uncle on the head,
He jumped up to throw it back, but everybody said.

Chorus.

Just pass it along, right along to father,
Push it right along, Shove it right along,
Pa's baldheaded, its a lovely shot,
Land that pan on his tender spot,
He takes what he gets and he's not much bother,
If a thing is bad everybody's glad,
To pass it right along, right along, right along,
To dear old dad.

5.

We've a chest of medicines, and little brother Joe,
Took off every label, from the bottles don't you know,
Some of them are poison, so each time we have an ache,
Father tries our medicine, so there'll be no mistake.

Chorus.

We pass it along, right along to father,
Push it right along, Shove it right along,
Father takes it, bless his old gray head,
It's all right if he don't drop dead,
He takes what he gets and he's not much bother,
If a thing is bad, everybody's glad,
To pass it right along, right along, right along,
To dear old dad.

6.

Brother Mike is named for Pa, but he's a fighting kid,
Once he nearly killed three men, then up in bed he hid,
Late that night a warrant came, 'twas brought 'round by a cop,
Mother read the name and said, this warrant is for pop.

Chorus.

Just pass it along, right along to father,
Push it right along, Shove it right along,
We'll be happy when he goes to jail,
Fix the judge so he can't get bail,
He takes what he gets and he's not much bother,
If a thing is bad everybody's glad,
To pass it along, right along, right along,
To dear old dad.

TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO

"In the Evening by the Moonlight, Dear Louise"

Words by
ANDREW B. STERLING.

Music by
HARRY VON TILZER.

CHORUS.
Slowly.

Dear Lou - ise, I'm wait - ing in the moon - light, Dear Lou -

ise, be - neath the same old trees; Come to

me my heart is pin - ing, Meet me when the stars are shin - ing, In the

poco a poco rall. e dim.
ev - ning by the moon - light, dear Lou ise.

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