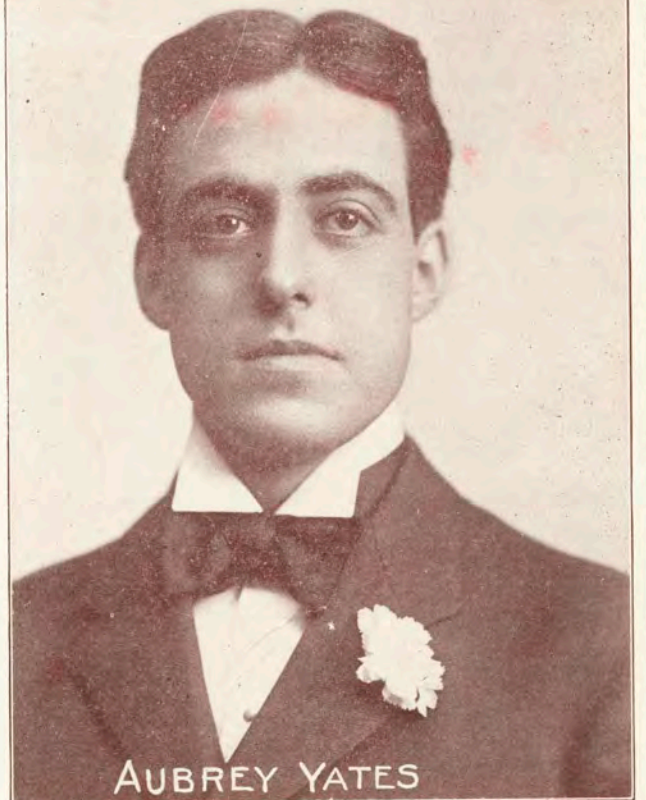


"Don't leave the Old Folks, Jennie."

WORDS BY
SAM. M. LEWIS.

MUSIC BY
DAVE ROSE & PAUL BUSH.



AUBREY YATES



Don't Leave The Old Folks Jennie.

Words by
SAM M. LEWIS.

Music by DAVE ROSE.
and PAUL H. BUSH.

Moderato.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a melody in a minor key, marked *mf*. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking.

The first system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a minor key and begins with the lyrics: "You've grown wea-ry of the wild-wood, You seem lone-ly, you act strange, We've been Don't you think you'll miss the bow-ers, by the scent-ed riv-u-let, Where we". The piano accompaniment is marked *p* and features a steady accompaniment in the left hand.

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "sweet-hearts since our child-hood, tell me, what has caused this change? Your blue spent love's May-time hours, Do you think you could for-get? . Your folks Your folks". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar accompaniment.

eyes have lost their sun-shine, And your cheeks their ros-y hue, You con-
watched you bud and blos-som, like a lil - y, pure and fair, Though their

-fid - ed in me once, dear, Can't you trust me now? please do. Your
paths were not all ros - es, they gave you the ten-d'rest care. I've

tear-drops plain-ly tell me, What your dear lips fear to say. You
plant-ed seeds in Love-land, I dreamed har-vest days were near, Are the

long for cit - y's splen-dor. Jen - nie, You're not going a - way? —
sweet vows all for - got - ten? Don't let fan-cies part us dear. —

CHORUS.

Don't leave the old folks, Jen - nie,

Think how their hearts will ache, You're the

on - ly one left here to cheer them,

Stay! for old time's sake,

Think how they'll grieve and worry, For

you, many miles away.

cresc.

Don't leave the old folks, Jennie, Now that they're

old and gray. gray.

f *ff*

The most novel and interesting descriptive
Ballad ever written.

Hearts Win, You Lose.

CHORUS.

Tempo di Valse, moderato.

By ANDREW B. STERLING.

"Hearts win, you lose," the maid-en be- longs to me, —

I've won her fair-ly and squarely to- night; and mine she will al- ways be;

Good - bye, don't sigh, some oth- er one you can choose, — For

I've drawn the heart, shake hands and we'll part, "Hearts win to-night you lose." — lose." —

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