“Top o’ the Mornin;”  
“Bridget McCue.”

Words by ANDREW B. STERLING.  
Music by HARRY VON TILZER.

Moderato.

Michael Carney O,  
full of blarney O;  
Bridget paused a while,  
then said with a smile,

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"Sure you've been after me for days,
Met one morning, O, day was dawning, O,
This is the way the story goes,
She said to him, "let me pass upon my way;"

Bridget McCue, an Irish rose,
With your blarney talk, that you brought from Cork,
Faith and it's you, has coaxing ways;"
Then Micheal said, with a twinkle in his eye,
He said to her "wont you stay? say," I'll not let you go,
"Look at that cloud in the sky, my!" When she turned to look,
till you kiss me, no, Ah, ha, ha, ha, tis fine the day,
quick a kiss he took, Ah, ha, ha, ha, said he, "good-bye."

CHORUS.

Top o' the morn-in' Bridget McCue, Fresh as a shamrock covered with
dew, Sure I'd walk a hundred miles, just to see one of your smiles, And to
peep into your eyes of Irish blue, that's true, Bridget me darlin' what will I do, My heart's a thump-in' think-in' a

you, When I gaze up on your charms I could roll you in my arms, Sure as you're born, Top o' the morn, Bridget McCue. Top o' the Cue.

Top o' the mornin' &c 4
"In the Evening by the Moonlight, Dear Louise"

Words by
ANDREW B. STERLING.

Music by
HARRY VON TILZEN.

CHORUS.
Slowly.

Dear Louise, I'm waiting in the moonlight, Dear Louise,

ise, beneath the same old trees: Come to

me my heart is pinning, Meet me when the stars are shining, In the

poco a poco rall. e dim.

evening by the moonlight, dear Louise.

poco a poco rall. e dim.

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