Hello! Hello! Who's your lady friend?

Written by Worton & David Bert Lee

Composed by Harry Fragson

Sung by The Soldiers of the King.

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LONDON,
B. FELDMAN & CO 2 & 3, ARTHUR STREET, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.
FELDMAN'S FAMOUS IRISH SONGS.

Mother Machree.

Lyric by
RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG.

Words by
CHAUNCEY GLOTT & GEO. GRAFF JR.

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL.

Chorus.
Moderato. With much expression.

Here I love thee dear, Silver that shines in thy hair. And the

brow that's all furrowed and wrinkled with care.

kiss the dear fingers so toil worn for me. Oh, God

bless thee and keep thee, Mother Machree.

When Irish eyes are smiling.

Price
1/6
Nett

When Irish eyes are smiling, Sport'lls like a daisy in Spring Irish

lifts of Irish laughter. You can hear the angels sing. When

Irish hearts are happy. All the world seems bright and gay. And when

Irish eyes are smiling, There they deal your heart a way.

It takes an Irish heart to sing an Irish Song

THE GREATEST IRISH CHORUS SONG EVER WRITTEN.

Written and Composed by
FRED. GODFREY & WORTON DAVID.

Chorus.

Sing a song about the dear old Home, Sing a song of Old Lang Syne, Sing a song about the girl you

love, or of eyes that brightly shine, Sing a song about the Miss-ah-sip-ple, Or the dark-ness

shuffling along. But don't forget it takes an Irish heart to sing an Irish song.

IN FELDMAN'S 6th EDITION.

London: B. FELDMAN & CO, 2 & 3, Arthur Street, New Oxford Street, W.C.
I WANT TO GO BACK TO MICHIGAN.

(DOWN ON THE FARM)

Words and Music by IRVING BERLIN.

Chorus.

I want to go back, I want to go back, I want to go back to the farm,

Far away from here, With a milk pail on my arm... I miss the

rooster... The one that used to wake me up at four A. M....

I think your big city's very pretty, never the less I want to

be there, I want to see there A certain some-one full of charm... That's why I wish again, That I was in Michigan, Down on the farm...
HELLO! HELLO! WHO'S YOUR LADY FRIEND?

Written by
WORTON DAVID and BERT LEE.

Composed by
HARRY FRAGSON.

Moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

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Went to Margate for the honey moon; But when he
sight, Je remi ah cried "He'd better go!" For on that
wife, Al ways takes her ev ry where he goes, By jove, why!
night, Some one for a lark pulled up the scenes, And there was

Strolled along the promenade With his little wife, just new ly
Picture there was Je remiah With a pret ty girl up on his
There he is you naughty boy! With a la dy too you're ra ther
Poor old Jones up on the stage With his arm a round the la dy

He got an aw ful scare when some one strolling
knee; Ma cried "What does it mean?" then pointing to the
free; Of course you'll stake your life the la dy is your
fair; The house began to roar from gall ery down to

there, Came up to him and winked and said, Hel
screen, The people yelled at Jones with glee, Hel
wife, But tell me on the strict O. T. Hel
floor. Then ev ry bo dy shouted there, Hel

Hello! Hello! Who's your lady friend.
CHORUS.

Who's your lady friend?

Who's the little girl by your side?

I've seen you with a girl or two — Oh! oh!

Oh! I am surprised at you; Hello! hel.

Hello! Hello! Who's your lady friend.
lo! stop your little games— Don't you think your
ways you ought to mend? It isn't the girl I
saw you with at Brighton, Who—who—
who's your lady friend? Hel. friend?

Hello! Hello! Who's your lady friend.