The Little Ford Rambled Right Along.

Fourth Verse

The street car company was making people stand,
There was room for a foot and a strap for a hand.
The poor suburbanites were standing in the street
The language they were using wasn’t very sweet.
Along came a Ford with a big white sign
That a nickel took you out to the end of the line;
It stole those people as the trolley came along,
And the little old Ford sang a five cent song.

CHORUS.

And the little old Ford, it rambled right along,
And the little old Ford, it rambled right along,
The street car ran with an empty house,
For everybody rode on the little “road louse,”
The street car people nearly had a fit,
But the blamed little Ford, it didn’t care a bit.
When you want to get some graft,
Just load up your funny craft,
And the little Ford will ramble right along.
The Little Ford Rambled Right Along.

Words by
C.R. Foster & Byron Gay.

Music by
Byron Gay.

Moderato.

Now Henry Jones and a pretty little queen, Took a
Now they ran over glass and they ran over nails, And they
You can smash the top and smash up the seat, You can

ride one day in his big limousine, The car kicked up and the
ran over pigs and puppy dogs' tails, They spotted a cop and

en-gine wouldn't crank, There wasn't any gas in the gas-oline tank, A
shot out of sight, They ram-bled all day and they ram-bled all night, They smash-

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bout that time a-long came Nord, And he ram-bled right a-long in his
ed up fences and tel-e-graph poles, They bump-ed in-to ditches and
Smash up the fender and rip off the tires, Smash up the lamps and

lit-tle old Ford; And he stole that Queen as his engine sang a song, And his
dee-chuck holes, They bumped in to a preach-er and the preach-er took a ride, And the
cut out the wires; Throw in the clutch and then for-get the juice, And the

Chorus.

lit-tle old Ford just ram-bled right a-long, And his little old Ford it
Ford ram-bled on with John-ny and his bride, And the little old Ford it
lit-tle old Ford will go to beat the deuce. And the little old Ford it

ram-bled right a-long, And the little old Ford it ram-bled right a-long, The
ram-bled right a-long, And the little old Ford it ram-bled right a-long, He
ram-bled right a-long, And the little old Ford it ram-bled right a-long, Now

The Little Ford etc.
gas burned out in the big machine. But the darned little Ford don't
swung around the corner and he bumped into a mule; And the darned old jack-ass
out you naughty tease, 'Tis a left hand driver and a

need gasoline. The big limousine had to back down hill. The
kicked like a fool; He kicked and he kicked and he kicked the wheels. But he
right hand squeeze. Patch it up with a piece of string.

blamed little Ford is going up still. When she blows out a tire just
had to quit kicking to save his heels. When it runs out of dope just
Spearmint gum or any old thing. When the power gets sick just

wrap it up with wire, And the little Ford will ramble right along. The long.
fill it up with soap, And the little Ford will ramble right along. The long.
hit it with a brick, And the little Ford will ramble right along. The long.

The Little Ford etc. 3
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TRY THIS OVER ON YOUR PIANO

The Light In A Lover's Eyes.

Words by Carlton Russell Foster.

Music by Ivy Anderson Foster.

Chorus. Valse lento.

Sostenuto.

I am only happy when you are near, your head on my shoulder lies,
And you're reading the story of love—my dear, in the light that lies in a lovers eyes.

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TO BE HAD WHEREVER MUSIC IS SOLD