PASS IT ALONG TO FATHER

WORDS BY
VINCENT BRYAN

MUSIC BY
HARRY VON TILZER
"Pass it along to Father."

Words by Vincent Bryan. Music by Harry Von Tilzer.

Piano.

Voice.

1. Ballad writers love to sing a-
2. Sunday night at supper mother-
3. Once I stopped a runaway, my

bought our mother dear,
carved a duck for eight,
father's face turned pale,

Songs in praise of
Pa sat way down
In the carriage

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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 eaten 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.
Give your Pa the wishing bone, he'll wish for some - thing good.
'Twas a bearded la - dy so I said "ex - cuse me miss.

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.

"Pass it along to father." 4
Shove it right along, Pa will take it and hell never drop,
Shove it right along, Pa's hungry and there's no more duck,
Shove it right along, Pa will kiss you he is not too old.

Ma don't care what becomes 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
Hell be glad for his nose is cold, He takes what he gets and he's

not much bother, If a thing is bad, Ev'ry body's glad to
not much bother, If a thing is bad, Ev'ry body's glad to
not much bother, If a thing is bad, Ev'ry body's glad to

pass it along right along, right along, to dear old dad.  D.S.
pass it along right along, right along, to dear old dad.
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"Pass it along to father." 4
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 bald headed, it's 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 Louise, I'm waiting in the moonlight, Dear Louise, beneath the same old trees; Come to me my heart is pining, Meet me when the stars are shining, In the evening by the moonlight, dear Louise.

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