SUCCESSFULLY INTRODUCED BY WHIT CUNLIFFE AT THE NEW YORK THEATRE

“TEN LITTLE TOES”

(THE FOUR AGES)

WORDS AND MUSIC BY
ERROLL STANHOPE AND J.A. GLOVER-KIND

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Ten Little Toes.

Words by
The Four Ages.

J. A. GLOVER-KIND & ERROLL STANHOPE.

Music by
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Intro.
Con espress.

Piano.

What keeps a fellow awake half the night, And robs him of sleep and rest? Young

And time it rolls on and at ten years of age A difference then we see, His

dear little boy into manhood grows up, He's one of the boys you'll find, And

for ty he'll spend all his time at the bar On "Spec-ials and "Soda dash."
men who are sin-gle will say "Why a girl!" Well, I'm fond of the girls with the six lit-tle curls have a - las! dis - appeared, But of mis-chief he's full as can next when we meet he's in trou-ble once more. This time of a dif - fer-ent Fond of free lunch and a shil-ling ci - gar, While the barmaid he tries to

best, But what if you're mar - ried? What trou-bles you then, And be, O - be - di - ent on - ly when Pa is in sight, But kind, For he's been in love with a beau-ti - ful girl, For mash, And so he goes on, un - til his race is run, Till at

fills you with wor - ry and strife, Al - though you con-fess that next when he is not, off he'll go! An ap-ple tree climb, and have two sol - id months he's been true! But his pas-sion has cooled, still the six - ty years old he is found Full of wor-ries and ills, tak - ing

5964-4
thing to the club, You love it as much as your wife? (Spoken.) Why?
such a good time Till the Farm-er he sees down be low, (Spoken.) Then it's
girl is 'nt fooled, She's "fly" and knows what she can do. (Spoken.) And it's
mix-tures and pills To keep him-self out of the ground. (Spoken.) And there's

Chorus.
Six lit-tle gold-en curls, Two lit-tle ru-by lips,
Six lit-tle pier-cing yells, Two rows of chat-ter-ing teeth,
One lit-tle Court of Law, Two lit-tle Coun-sel grim,
Six lit-tle lone-ly hairs, On top of his old bald head, With

Two lit-tle eyes so bright and blue, Two lit-tle cheeks of
Two ug-ly eyes from a bull-dog glare, One mas-sive jaw is a-
Twelve lit-tle let-ters tied with blue, Phin-tiff in tears as they
rheu-mat-ic gout, lum - ba-go, too! He'll rave and shout till

5064-4
rosy hue, Eight little fingers, Two little thumbs, And
waiting there; One angry Farmer, One heavy stick, Two
read them through! One little verdict, "Ten thousand pounds," One
all is "blue," No use for his Eight old fingers and thumbs, Grog-

one little turned-up nose, And one little, two little,
hands on a small boy's clothes, And one little, two little,
smile as from Court she goes, On her one little, two little,
blossoms adorn his nose, And he's one little, two little,

four little, six little, Eight little, ten little toes.
four little, six little Smacks on his goodness knows!
four little, six little, Eight little, ten little toes.
four little, six little Corns on his ten old toes.
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