DEAR LITTLE JAMMY FACE.

Song

Words & Music by
KENNEDY RUSSELL

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Allegretto.

1. Out on a seat one day, a little maid was knitting,
2. "Please won't you share with me a slice of what you're eating?

There, eating bread and jam, a boy was also sitting;
I do love bread and jam!" the maiden kept repeating;

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He sat and munch'd away and never thought she spied him,
"I'm sorry little girl" the boy said softly sighing,

Till with a long'ing sigh she came and sat beside him, Then
"All of it's gone I fear!" then saw that she was crying, "Don't

taking up his sticky hand, she bent her fluffy head, And
cry!" he whisper'd, "and perhaps I'll let you kiss me twice!" The

roguish eyes, to his surprise, smiled at him as she said:
little maiden dried her eyes and said, "That will be nice!"
Dear little jammy face, I love you so!

wish I were your sweet heart or your mammy!

Just what the reason is, Sure I don’t know!
If you should ask me, dear, I won’t say “no”!

less it is because your face is jammy!
marry you because your face is jammy!
3. Then with their jam-my mouths, they vowed that they would marry When they were old enoug, and sure they did not tarry,
And now they often think of how a maid sat knitting,

And by her on the seat a little boy was sitting, But

now there's another little boy who is just the sweetest thing, And

as he sits on mammy's knee, to him she'll often sing:
"Dear little jammy face, I love you so. You're just the very idol of your mammy!

I loved your Daddy, dear, Long, long ago; And all because his little face was jammy!"
Philosophy.
Words by ANON.
(Allegretto grazioso.)
A bee once lighted on a flow'r,
All on a summer day,
He sipp'd it once,
He sippl'd it twice,
And
Published in E & F.

Experience.
Words by HAROLD SIMPSON.
(Sentimentally; not too quickly.)
Came a boy to an orchard gay,
Meant to have a feast that day,
Broken branch up set his joy;
Went a
Published in E & F.

Life's Lucky Bag.
Words by HAROLD SIMPSON.
(Daintily; not too quickly.)
Some years ago when I was but a
tiny, tiny mite of five,
Life seemed a sort of luck

Published in E & F.

Miranda.
Words by HERBERT SLADE.
(Sung by M' MAURICE FARKOA.)
Twas a pleasant sunny garden, with the roses all in flow'r,
Where he sat with sweet Miranda in her own especial bow'r;
On a
Col duo Pedals.
Published in C & D.

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