Dear Old Girl.

CHORUS. Expressive.

Dear old girl, the sun shines love you, Dear old

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Theodore Morse Music Co. 1267 Broadway, New York, Selling Agents.

THEODORE MORSE'S GRAND MARCH SONG.

Good-Night, Moonlight.

March Song.

Words by

JACK MARONEY.
Writer of "Highland Happy."
"Summer Time" etc.

Music by

THEODORE MORSE.
Writer of many hits.

CHORUS.

Good night, my Moonlight, So fair to see,
Just keep your love-light,
Wise Old Indian.
A Comical Conglomeration.

Words by
JACK MAHONEY.

Music by
THEODORE MORSE.

Moderato.

out in Indiana lived an Indian long ago,
Who never pulled the pipe of peace but pulled a tug of war,
He old chief gave a pow-wow when he asked for young squaw's hand,
The

Don't overlook "BLUE FEATHER" Song on last page.
It's Peaches and Cream.
used to roll his war-whoop down the streets of Ko-ko-
had a pull with Tam-man-y that's what he voted
best man at the wedding was the worst one in the

mo,
for,
band,

Dutch settlers came to settle and he
He pulled a stroke with rowing clubs when
The chief heard of affinities, and

liked the girls heap much, But had to get up
times were very dull, And when he scalped a
thought her love might drop, That's why he never

early just to beat the early Dutch
single man he pulled a single scull
introduced her to a New York Cop.

Wise Old Indian. 4

"ON A MONKEY HONEYMOON" is the big novelty song hit.
See Chorus on this copy.
CHORUS.

Wise old Indian, wise old chief, He
Wise old Indian, wise old chief, Ran
Wise old Indian, wise old chief, He

met a Dutch girl and they kissed, She was a Chiropodist, And
ten miles on a muddy track, Met Bill Bryan running back, And
tried to skip his hotel bill, Then went into vaudeville, When

wise old Indian called on her each morn, He
wise old Indian gave old Bill the rub, Then
wise old Indian saw the coin was real, He

had her kneeling at his feet to cure his Indian corn.
bought a pair of dumb-bells and he joined an Indian club.
went across from Dennetts and he had some Indian meal.

Wise Old Indian. 4
Morse's March Songs are famous "GOODNIGHT MOONLIGHT"
is the gem of all. Look for it on page 2.
Wise Old Indian.

4. 
His squaw believed in women's rights, she was a suffragette, 
If he had let her speak her lines she would be sufferin' yet, 
For she believed in women having ev'rything to say, 
She'd have been in the fire department if she'd had her way. 

Chorus.
Wise old Indian, wise old chief, 
He caught her at a fire one time 
Just as she began to climb, 
But wise old Indian, so the story goes, 
He wouldn't let her climb because she hadn't any hose. 

5. 
He took a trip to Paris on the gay war-path to roam, 
He only went for pleasure so he left his squaw at home, 
She sued him for divorce when he came back, he didn't care, 
Some dynamite exploded and they separated there. 

Chorus.
Wise old Indian, wise old chief, 
He didn't even say good-by, 
And she didn't stop to sigh, 
But wise old Indian he was glad of course, 
He looked around the place and saw 'twas good grounds for divorce. 

6. 
He stood for standing armies and he stood 'til he was full 
He stood for each pappoose, but wouldn't stand for Sitting Bull, 
He stood for almost anything, but wouldn't stand for Hughes 
And with his patent medicine shined patent leather shoes. 

Chorus.
Wise old Indian, wise old chief, 
He'd not eat cheese disguised as cakes, 
For he'd heard of nature fakes, 
And wise old Indian at a trolley balked, 
Whenever he was in a hurry he got off and walked. 

7. 
The old chief knew George Washington before George Cohan's time 
There came a great uprising and the Dutch began to climb, 
Then Washington implored the chief to help him check the raid 
But old chief was a playwright and refused to give George Ade. 

Chorus.
Wise old Indian, wise old chief, 
He let them settle there for fun 
And he settled ev'ry one, 
Then wise old Indian thought he would resign, 
Because on all the Yale half-backs he had the Indian sign. 

8. 
He liked his fire-water better than his only son, 
And when his squaw sent him for rolls he'd come back with a bun, 
Two doctors once examined him, the day was rather warm, 
And he had such an awful thirst he drank the chloroform. 

Chorus.
Wise old Indian, wise old chief, 
They operated on him then, 
And they sewed him up again; 
When wise old Indian woke and got his breath, 
They'd left a sponge inside him then he drank himself to death.
THEODORE MORSE’S MAGNIFICENT BALLAD

BLUE FEATHER.
Intermezzo.

THEODORE MORSE.

*Also published as a song

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THEODORE MORSE’S SONG OF MERIT AND MELODY.

My World is a Dream of You.

Lyric by
J. E. Mahoney.

Music by
THEODORE MORSE.

REFRAIN.

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Morse's Masterly Monkey Melodies.

Companion Song to "Down in Jungle Town" by the same writer.

On A Monkey Honeymoon

Words by
JACK MAHONEY.
Writer of Summertime etc.

On A Monkey Honeymoon

A Monkey Ditty.

Music by
THEODORE MORSE.
Writer of many Hits.

CHORUS

"You are my loveliest boy,
I am your honey, my little tootsie wootsie,
you fill my heart with joy,
And when the wedding's..."

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