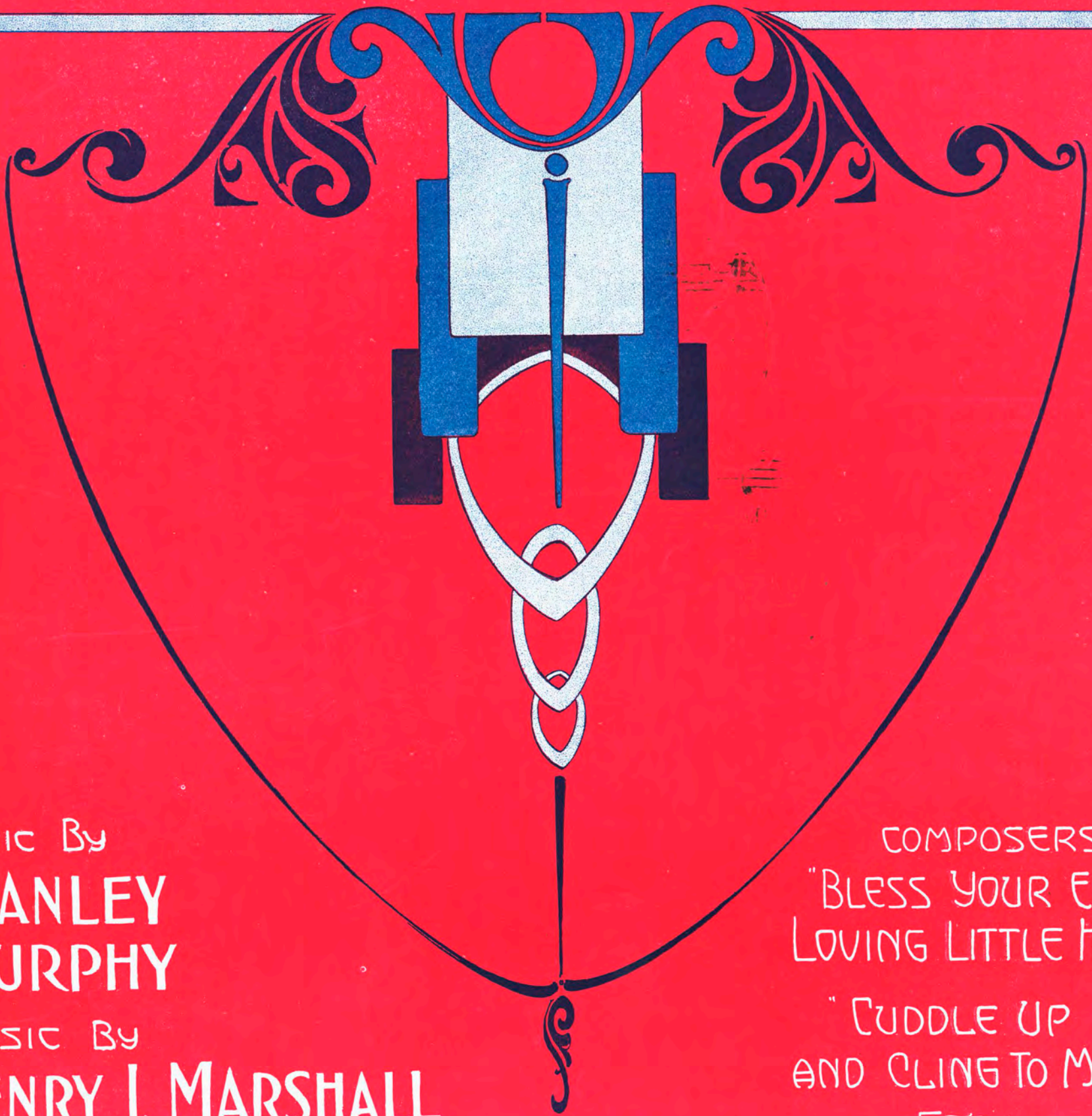


LET'S GO UP TO MOLLY'S



LYRIC BY
**STANLEY
MURPHY**

MUSIC BY
HENRY I. MARSHALL

COMPOSERS OF
"BLESS YOUR EVER
LOVING LITTLE HEART"

"CUDDLE UP
AND CLING TO ME"
ETC



Speiffer

5

Try this over on your piano. Cuddle Up And Cling To Me.

Lyric by
STANLEY MURPHY.

Music by
H. I. MARSHALL

Allegretto.

Vamp.

Boy and girl, day in June,
Clouds roll by, sky soon clears,

Dream-ing of their hon-ey-moon, Skies a-bove-are
Girl-ie dries a-way her tears, Like the sun-shine

bright and clear, Soon the threat-'ning clouds ap-pear,
af-ter rain, Joy and laugh-ter fol-low pain,

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For Sale Wherever Music Is Sold.

Let's Go Up To Molly's.

Lyric by
Stanley Murphy.

Music by
Henry I. Marshall.

Moderato.

The piano introduction is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of three flats (B-flat major/D-flat minor). It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The dynamic marking is *mf* (mezzo-forte).

Vamp.

The vamp section consists of a repeating rhythmic pattern in the left hand and a melodic line in the right hand. The dynamic markings are *fz* (forzando) and *p* (piano).

Come on boys and hur-ry
Hel-lo, hel-lo, lit-tle

The first verse of the song. The vocal line is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower staff. The lyrics are: "up, the gang is wait-ing, — No hes-it-at-ing, — Come on there's girl, is that you Liz-zie, — Well just get bu-sy, — And tell your

The second verse of the song. The vocal line is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower staff. The lyrics are: "goin' to be — a great Jub-i-lee — Come on girls were goin' to sis-ter Flo — and all the girls you know, And say, if you see Fred or

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do some cel - e - brat - ing, — Come on and bring the boys a - long,
Ed or Mike or Iz - zy, — Just tell them all to call cause Hon

bring some noise a - long And when we — get all the gang to - geth - er.
this aint nostallat all And when they — ar - rive just whis - per to them.

Chorus.

Let's — go up to Mol - ly's Ther's goin' to be —

— a Jub - i - lee, — Her Moth - ers in the coun - try —

and her dad is on a spree. (The

folks up stairs — are deaf and dumb you know, — And Mis-ter Ding-bat lives

— down on the floor be - low) — Come on and let's — go up to Mol - ly's —

— There's goin' to be a Jub-i - lee. lee. —

Extra lines for Chorus.

(The Janitor is a good old souse,
Give him a 2 bit piece and you can wreck the house.)

(There's a lot of cozy corners built for two,
And a great big ice-box filled with Ehret's brew.)

(We will sing the songs we all love the best,
What the — do we care if they're disposed.)

(The rag-time kid will be right on the spot,
We'll pull the carpet up and do the Turkey Trot.)

(If the cop says anything we've got him cinched,
We'll call an officer and have him pinched.)

Let's go up to Molly's. 3

4 — BIGGEST — 4

Ballad Hits of the World 4



Take Me In Your Arms Again.

Tempo di Valse moderato

Chas. K. Harris.

Retrain *molto espressivo*

Take me in your arms a gain once a gain
just a gain. I'm so lone come for you sweet-heart, that my
heart it aches with pain. Take me to your heart a gain.
once a gain, just a gain. Life can hold no sweet er

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Fairy Moon.

by Chas. K. Harris

Chorus

Fair y Moon to you I'm sigh ing Fair y Moon to you I'm
cry ing. For you know my heart's own as erets, And I
crave one lit - tle boon. Fair y Moon my gold en bab ble, Won't you
help me in my trou ble. Tell me in my sweetheart true, my Fair y
Moon.

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By

CHAS. K. HARRIS

America's
Representative Song Writer



Now being sung by the
Leading singing artists
of all countries

"Others strive for ragtime art,
Harris reaches for the Heart"



Tell Me A Beautiful Story.

CHAS. K. HARRIS.

Tempo di Valse Moderato

"Tell me a beau - ti - ful sto - ry" A lit - tle maid en
said, "Don't tell an old fair y sto - ry." But
some - thing true in - stead. Tell me of my own dear

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"That Swaying Harmony"

Words and Music
by Chas. K. Harris.

Chorus

That sway ing har mo ny, its sweet - ness - we an ce
my mem - ory of home. That sway ing har mo ny, how it makes me
feel like dan - cing. That sway ing har mo ny, it just
makes my feet go pranc ing. It lifts me on high. I
feel I would cry with the ring ing and ring ing of
sweet mel - o - dy. My heart's all a flame. Now who is to
blame? But the play ing and sway ing of sweet har - mo - ny

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