

# A QUAIN OLD BIRD

WORDS BY  
**EDWARD MADDEN** and  
**CHAS. H. TAYLOR**  
MUSIC BY  
**THEODORE MORSE**

FROM THE  
SUCCESSFUL MUSICAL COMEDY  
"THE CATCH OF THE SEASON"

NOW RUNNING AT  
**DALY'S THEATRE**  
NEW YORK.



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# A Quaint Old Bird.

A Companion song to "THE WISE OLD OWL"  
The Song success of the "Catch of the Season"

Words by  
EDWARD MADDEN & CHAS. H. TAYLOR.

Music by  
THEODORE MORSE.

When ready.

1. A roos - ter sat on a  
 2. A par - rot sat in a  
 3. Now grand - ma had an  
 4. When Ku - ro - pat - kin

*ad lib.*

*p colla voce.*

barn - yard fence, And proud - ly — gazed a - round; Be -  
 big brass cage, And sleep - i - ly sur - veyed His  
 ac - ci - dent That made her — lose one eye; The  
 load - ed his gun, He to the — Jap bird said — "I

neath him there a hen so fair, He  
 mis - tress, who was talk - ing to The  
 doe - tor came, said — "What a shame Don't  
 can't think why you do not fly, My

spied up - on the ground. The roos - ter sighed, "Come,  
 bright young ser - vant - maid. Just then the mas - ter,  
 wor - ry, she won't die?" When just at that our  
 bul - lets are of lead?" The Jap bird said, and

be my bride, I'm lone - ly way up here." Just  
 com - ing in, Ap - proached his wife like this: A -  
 old Tom cat Came wan - d'ring i - dly by; The  
 wagged his head, "I'm not that kind of quail; I've

A Quaint Old Bird. - 4.

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 Mo. 63102

then his wife said, "Pon my life, I think you're get - ting  
 round her waist his arm he placed, And gave to her a  
 doc - tor said—"In grand - ma's head I'll graft that Tom cat's  
 come to stop, so try to pop Some salt up - on my

queer." As she boxed him on the ear.  
 kiss— Quite a noi - sy sort of kiss.  
 eye?" The Tom cat said—"A - ou! Pfffft!"  
 tail— But I fan - cy you will fail!"

**CHORUS. 1st time p, 2nd f**

You real - ly are a quaint old bird, \_\_\_\_\_ Such  
 And then that ve - ry quaint old bird, \_\_\_\_\_ Came  
 Now grand - ma's such a quaint old bird, \_\_\_\_\_ The  
 Now was - n't he a quaint old bird? \_\_\_\_\_ He

non - sense I have ne - ver heard; \_\_\_\_\_ Your mind's get - ting  
 out with this re - mark ab - surd \_\_\_\_\_ "Get off with your  
 things she does are most ab - surd. \_\_\_\_\_ She prowls round for  
 sat up' there and ne - ver stir-red. \_\_\_\_\_ Cool as ho - ky

jer - ky, That chic - ken's a tur - key Go on with you, you  
 kiss - es, Or I'll tell the miss - is' Now was - n't he a  
 miles now, And hunts on the tiles now - She real - ly is a  
 po - key Is Mis - ter Ku - ro - ki, And is - nt he a

|            |        |     |        |      |
|------------|--------|-----|--------|------|
| bad old    | bird!" | You | bird!" | D.S. |
| quaint old | bird?  | And | bird?  |      |
| quaint old | bird.  | Now | bird.  |      |
| quaint old | bird!  | Now | bird!  |      |

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# Four Phenomenal Song Successes by the Author of "Blue Bell"—Theo. Morse

## The Leader of the German Band.

Words by EDWARD MADDEN. **March Song.** Music by THEODORE MORSE.

**CHORUS.**

"Schmidt" makes such a hit his cor-net so - lo goes so high "Schmalz" may have his faults his trom-bone pokes in Hein - y's eye "Jake" is such a fake he plays the pic-co-lo with one hand But "Heinz" shines like the "fif - ty sev-en"

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## She waits by the deep blue Sea.

Words by EDWARD MADDEN. **Descriptive Ballad.** Music by THEODORE MORSE.

Writers of "Blue Bell" "Feeling for You" and other ditties.

if it finds an an - swer in your heart, dear lit - tle Nell, Just with the dear old ship I'll stay, there's no one waits for me, There's wait for me be side the o - cean blue! no one wait - ing by the o - cean blue!"

**CHORUS. Slow.**

When the sun slow - ly sinks to its rest Then her gaze wan - ders off to the west. For she's dream - ing each

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## WHERE THE SOUTHERN ROSES GROW.

Words by RICHARD H. BUCK. **Music by THEODORE F. MORSE.**

**CHORUS. With expression.**

Where the Suwa-nee riv - er's twi - ning, I can see the home lights shining, Like stars of hope they glimmer in the val - ley far be - low, And as twilight comes stealing, I can see my sweetheart kneeling, And I know she's praying for me, where the southern ros - es grow

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## MY YANKEE = IRISH GIRL.

Words by JACK DUNSLANE. **Music by THEODORE MORSE.**

**CHORUS.**

Un - cle Sam's pic - ture's in the par - lor, Sure there's Sham - rocks up - on the wall, There's a green par - rot in the kit - chen, And a green light burns in the hall. Take

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