

LIFE'S A FUNNY PROPOSITION AFTER ALL



THE
YANKEE
DOODLE

COMEDIAN

ONE OF THE
MUSICAL HITS *from*
GEO. M. COHAN'S
LATEST PLAY

"LITTLE
JOHNNY
JONES"

Words &
Music by

GEO. M. COHAN



F. A. MILLS
48 WEST 29TH ST.
NEW YORK

"When the Bees are in the Hive."

Words by
ALFRED BRYAN.

Music by
KERRY MILLS.

CHORUS.

When the bees are in the hive and the ho-ney's in the comb, When the

gold-en sun-beams bend to kiss the dew: While the old mill wheel turns 'round I'll love you

ad lib.
Ma - ry, When the bees are in the hive I'll come to you.

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"GOOD-BYE, SWEET MARIE"

"I'll break the fighting line like you broke this heart of mine?"

Words by
WILL D. COBB.

Music by
KERRY MILLS.

CHORUS, Tempo di Marcia.

Good-bye, sweet Mar - ie, Throw a kiss, love, to

me; And your boy in blue will sigh for you, Cry for

you, Die for you; I'll dream, love, of thee, On-ly

say you'll dream of me, And I'll break the fight-ing line like you

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"Pretty Mary."

Words by
ANDREW B. STERLING.

Music by
KERRY MILLS.

CHORUS.

Pret-ty Ma-ry, pret-ty Ma-ry, Must the brook wait all in vain, Must my

heart grow cold with pain? Ros-ea- dy - ing I am sigh - ing, Be my

own sweet pret - ty Ma - ry once a - gain.

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"A Selection By Andy."

The evening was not considered complete unless there was a selection by Andy, strumming the accompaniment on his old banjo and humming the melody something after this fashion:

By KERRY MILLS.

Composer of "GORGIA CAMPBELLING" and "WHISTLING NUFOUR"

March Tempo but not fast.

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Life's A Funny Proposition After All.

GEO. M. COHAN.

Moderato.

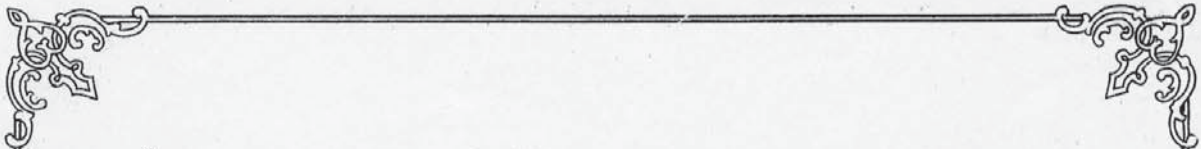
mf *molto rit.*

Did you ev - er sit and pon - der, sit and won - der, sit and think, Why we're
When all things are com - ing eas - y, and when luck is with a man, Why then

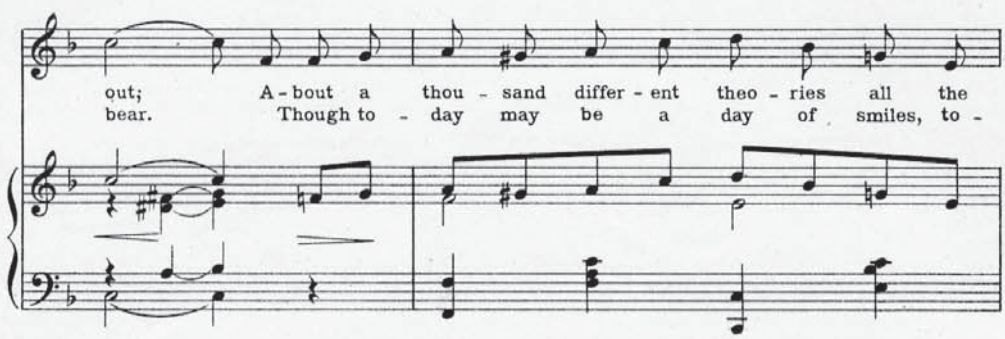
here and what this life is all a - bout? It's a prob - lem that has driv - en man - y
life to him is sunshinev' - ry - where; Then the fates blow rath - er breez - y and they

brain - y men to drink, It's the weird - est thing they've tried to fig - ure
quite up - set a plan; Then he'll cry that life's a bur - den hard to

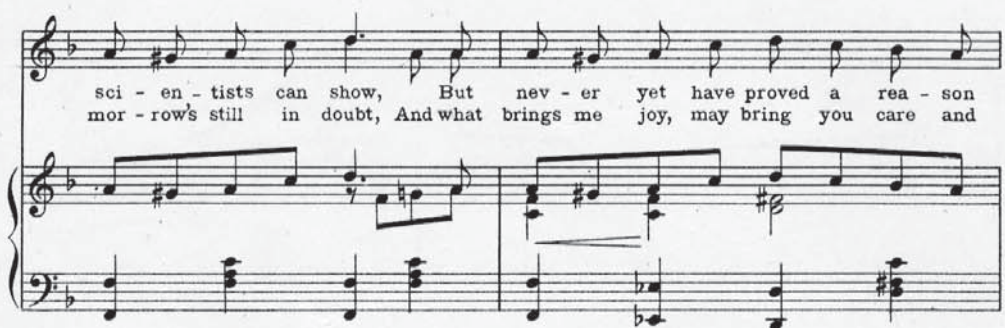
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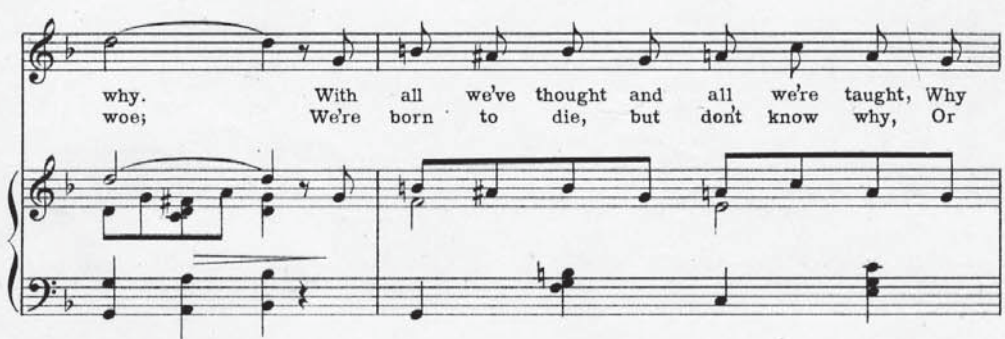
out; A - bout a thou - sand differ - ent theo - ries all the
bear. Though to - day may be a day of smiles, to -



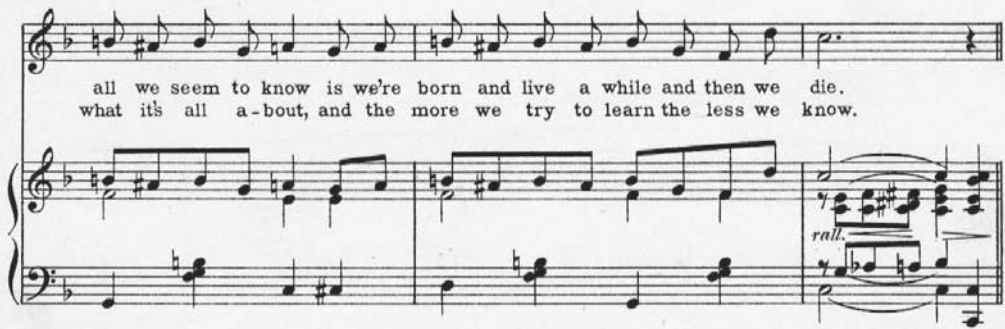
sci - en - tists can show, But nev - er yet have proved a rea - son
mor - row's still in doubt, And what brings me joy, may bring you care and



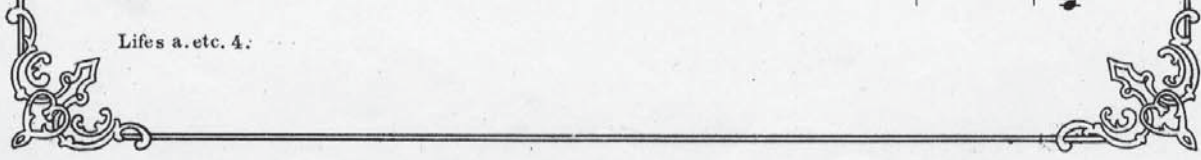
why. With all we've thought and all we're taught, Why
wee; We're born to die, but don't know why, Or



all we seem to know is we're born and live a while and then we die.
what it's all a - bout, and the more we try to learn the less we know.



Lifes a. etc. 4.



Chorus.

Life's a ver - y fun - ny prop - o - si - tion aft - er all, — Im -
Life's a ver - y fun - ny prop - o - si - tion you can bet, And

mf

ag - i - na - tion, jeal - ous - y, hy - poc - ri - sy and gall;
no one's ev - er solved the prob - lem prop - er - ly as yet;

Three meals a day, a whole lot to say;
Young for a day, then old and gray;

When you have - n't got the coin you're al - ways in the way. —
Like the rose that buds and blooms and fades and falls a - way,

Lifes a. etc. 4.

Ev - ry - bod - y's fight - ing as we wend our way a - long,
 Los - ing health to gain our wealth as thro' this dream we tour.

Ev - ry fel - low claims the oth - er fel - low's in the wrong;
 Ev - ry-thing's a guess and noth - ing's ab - so - lute - ly sure;

poco rall. Hur - ried and wor - ried un - til we're bur - ied and there's no cur - tain call, —
 Bat - tles ex - cit - ing and fates we're fight - ing un - til the cur - tain's fall, *a tempo.*

Life's a ver - y fun - ny prop - o - si - tion aft - er all.
 Life's a ver - y fun - ny prop - o - si - tion aft - er all.

Lifes a. etc. 4.

"Fare Thee Well, That Means Good - bye"

Words by IRVING JONES.

Music by MAXWELL SILVER

CHORUS.

Fare thee well, that means "good - bye."

Fare thee well, I'm goin' to fly, But

if per-chance I'd said "a - dieu," That meant I might re-turn to you, *But,*
etc.

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"I've Got A Little Money And I Saved It All For You"

Words by EDWARD L. FARRELL.

Music by MAXWELL SILVER

till ready.
1. A cer-tain lit-tle belle in swell so-
2. The maid-en said, 'you're just the man I'm

ci-e-ty, Eve-ry eve-ning had a dif-frent beau, She
look-ing for, Might as well be mar-ried right a way, You

said, 'Now all the boys look pret-ty good to me, The one I
should have told of your af-fec-tion long be-fore, So do not

like best, why, I don't know, One night a
tar-ry a sing-le day, This lov-ing
etc.

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You Must Think I'm Santa Claus.

Words by IRVING JONES.

Music by MAXWELL SIL

CHORUS.

You must think I'm San-ta Claus, And Christmas comes ev'-ry

day; I guess you hear sleighbells ringing babe When I comes 'round this

way, If you think I'm a hu-man Christ-mas tree, You have

cer-tain-ly made a frost; Be-cause I give you pres-ents, hon-ey,
etc.

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"My Little Java Lady"

By JOHN A. LOWERY

CHORUS.

My lit-tle Ja-va la-dy, Queen of the south-ern

seas, Oh, won't you come downa hon-ey,

Why stay up there and tease, I'll build a fla-ger cast-ile

Up in the tal-lest trees, You'll be the high-est
etc.

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"Take A Car."

By ROSE & SNYDER

CHORUS.

Take a car, take a car, where-ev-er you go take a
 car, It beats all your han-soms and au-to-mo-biles, If you're out for
 plea-sure that trav-els on wheels, Take a car, take a car, No
 mat-ter how near or how far; In day-light or twi-light, in star-light or *etc.*

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HEINIE

Words by ED ROSE.

Music by TED SNYDER.

CHORUS.

Hein-ie, oh Hein-ie, I love but you, No one can cut my love
 half in two, Hein-ie, oh Hein-ie, if you will be min-ie, I'll
 prom-is to stick to you just like glue; Hein-ie in ti-ny 'long-side of
 you, But I've a heart that is big and true. Hein-ie, oh Hein-ie, if *etc.*

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"Josie, won't you listen to me."

by ROSE & SNYDER

CHORUS.

Jo-o-o, Jo-o-o-sie, Lis-ten to me, hen-ey,
 lis-ten to me, Jo-o-o-sie, Jo-o-o-sie,
 please let me be your fi-an-ee. There is-n't a thing that I
 would-n't do, I'd bor-row, beg or go a-steal-in' for you *etc.*

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"Heres My Friend"

Words by ED ROSE.

Music by TED SNYDER.

CHORUS.

Put your hand on your poc-ket-bp-ok and loud-ly cry, "Heres my
 friend" You meet your en-em-ies, they're al-ways dry but nev-er
 spend, When they try to in-tro-duce you to some friends near-by, Just
 keep on a-drift-in' 'cause you know they lie, Put your hand on your poc-ket-book and *etc.*

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