

# IT IS NOT ALWAYS BULLETS THAT KILL.



BY  
**Chas. K. Harris**  
AUTHOR OF  
AFTER THE BALL,  
FOR OLD TIMES SAKE,  
HELLO CENTRAL GIVE ME HEAVEN.

5

Sung by MARGUERITE CLEMONS.

TRADE MARK

PUBLISHED BY  
**CHAS. K. HARRIS**  
MILWAUKEE  
AUTHOR OF THE WORLD FAMOUS SONG  
"AFTER THE BALL"  
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After the Ball

# TRY THESE ON YOUR PIANO.

## THE DOLLY SONG.

Baby Song from "Miyo San."

Arr. by AL. LA RUE.

Music by BYRD DOUGHERTY.

*Allegro Moderato.*

*f*

*Moderato.*

*p*

1. Or - ba tells me sto - ries All of lov - ers sigh - ing and a - dy - ing,  
2. Sha - fon run and leave me Here a - mong the flow - ers all a - bloom - ing,

Of our country's glo - ries, And how brave our war - riors be; When I'm bad she  
Sha - fon can - not grieve me, Or - ba can - not find me here; Hark, the pret - ty

*f*

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## "I'VE A LONGING IN MY HEART FOR YOU, LOUISE."

Arranged by JOS. CLAUDE.

Words and Music by CHAS. K. HARRIS.

### CHORUS.

I've a long - ing in my heart for you. Lou - ise. And

for the - dear old sun - ny south - ern home, I can

scent the hon - ey suck - le and the fra - grant jess - a - mine, I've a

long - ing in my heart for you.

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## WEEZIE.

The Song of the Minstrel Man.

### CHORUS.

By NORWORTH & HUBBELL.

The song it ran: Wee - zie, you're the i - dol - of my heart, When  
And mur - mured he:

you're a - round yo' makes life bright an' eas - y, Yo' am de sun - shine

of ma life an' I wants yo' babe fo' to be my wife, I'm

kin - der lone - some heal with - out yo' Wee zie.

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## "The Star and the Flower."

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by RAYMOND HUBBELL.

### CHORUS.

If a star would wed a flow - er, It must fall from its nest on high, And the

flower to reach the star, Must droop on its stalk and die. 'Tis the

same when wom - an lov - es, For by her love she lives - And

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SM 277



Words and Music by CHAS. K. HARRIS.

Arr. by JOS. CLAUDER.

*Valse lento.*

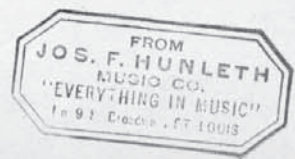
*mf*

1. Now, dear uncle, tell me why you're sigh - ing, I've been watch - ing you  
2. Then a wom - an's form dark - ened the door - way, And a sweet gen - tle

all the day, And I thought just be - cause you're a sol - dier, That  
voice cried, Roy, Can't you see that my poor heart is break - ing? I

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"'Tis Not Always Bullets that Kill."—4—1.



sol - diers are al - ways so gay. You know that you  
heard what you said to my boy, I mar - ried your

told me you fought in the war, And Oh, how the bul - lets did  
broth - er be - cause we both heard, To save the flag you gave your

fly!  
life. I think it's too bad, you're al - ways so  
'Twas all a mis - take, and you came too

sad, For the bul - lets they all passed you - by.  
late, Then his words cut her heart like a knife.

CHORUS.

'Tis not al - ways the bul - lets that kill, Though some day I pray they

*L. H.*

*R. H.*

will; 'Twas a wo - man so fair, with her beau - ty so rare, And a

face like an an - gel a - bove, She had plight - ed her true love to

me, Be - neath the old wil - low tree. But her love passed a-

way, And my heart broke that day— 'Tis not al - ways the bul - lets that kill.

# TRY THESE ON YOUR PIANO.

## Must We Say Good-Bye Forever, Nellie Dear?

Words and Music by CHAS. K. HARRIS.

CHORUS.

Arr. by JOS. CLAUDER.

Must we say good-bye for - ev - er, Nel - lie dear! Must  
all our fu - ture years be dark and drear;  
lieve me, on - ly do, I love none else but you, Must we

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## "THE MOBILE PRANCE."

Characteristic March, Cake Walk or Polka.

By CHAS. K. HARRIS,  
COMPOSER OF  
"The Hottest Ever March."

Introduction.

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## WHAT IS A HOME WITHOUT LOVE?

CHORUS. HAVE YOUR PIANIST TRY THIS:

What is a home with - out ha - by, Just to love and to team and  
dare; What is a home with - out sweet wife, Who will  
kiss you at night by the door; What is a home with - out  
sun - shine, As it sheds its bright rays from a - bove;  
You may have wealth and its pleas - ure, But what is a home with - out love.

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## FOR OLD TIME'S SAKE.

CHAS. K. HARRIS.

CHORUS.

Arranged by JOS. CLAUDER.

For old time's sake I told her that I loved her, For old time's sake I pressed her to my  
heart; For old time's sake I kissed her and ca - ressed her, And  
prom - ised her we nev - er - more would part; For old time's sake she put her arms a -

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# TRY THESE ON YOUR PIANO.

## THE LITTLE PLACE THAT I CALL HOME.

CHORUS.

Words and Music by RAYMOND HUBBELL.

lit - tle place that I call home. Oh, the  
lit - tle place that I call home.

*Molto espressione.*

trees are al - ways sha - dy, and the grass is al - ways green, There's a  
*mp* frag - rance in the at - mos - phere, a tru - ly, love - ly scene, With a  
moth - er's love to greet you, Ah! they know just how to treat you, In the

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## Ma Li Hung Chinese Queen.

A CHINESE RAG-TIME ODDITY.

Arr. by J. L. SCHETTER.

CHORUS.

Words and Music by SAINT SUTHERLAND.

She is Ma Li Hung Chi - nese Queen, She's not so warm, but the real thing. Her  
*p* stand - ing and her sta - tion. Has caused a great sen - sa - tion. She  
*ad lib.*  
has such win - ning ways, I could love her all my

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## THE "HARLEQUIN."

MARCH AND TWO-STEP.

By CHAS. R. HIRST.

*mf and f*

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## "Hello Central, Give Me Heaven."

CHORUS.

Words and Music by CHAS. K. HARRIS.

Hel - lo Cen - tral, give me heav - en, For my ma - ma's there:  
You can find her with the an - gels on the gold - en stair:  
She'll be glad it's me who's speak - ing, call her, won't you please;

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"Hello Central, Give Me Heaven." - 3-1

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