

WHEN YOU'RE FIVE TIMES SWEET SIXTEEN



WORDS BY
JACK MAHONEY
MUSIC BY
GEO. L. COBB

POPULAR EDITION
LEO. FEIST, INC. NEW YORK
ASCHERBERG, HOPWOOD & CREW, LTD. LONDON ENGLAND

SM 3332

When You're Five Times Sweet Sixteen

Words by
JACK MAHONEY

Author of "When You Wore A Tulip"

Music by
GEO. L. COBB

Writer of "All Aboard For Dixie"

Tempo di Marcia

Piano introduction in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The music is marked *f* (forte) and *Tempo di Marcia*. It features a rhythmic melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand.

Till ready

You came in - to my life in all your glo - ry, ——— You were sweet six -
The sun - shine of your love will ban - ish sad - ness, ——— And the tears of

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. The piano part is marked *p* (piano). The vocal line is in a simple, melodic style.

teen and fair to see, ——— When we car - ressed, I told you loves old sto - ry, ———
sor - row will not start, ——— You'll al - ways cheer me with your song of glad - ness, ———

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment.

— That day, sweet - heart, the world be - gan for me; ——— With - in your eyes the
— Dear, from your side I nev - er want to part; ——— And when the Mas - ter

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics. The piano part features some chordal textures.

poco rall.

same love - light is gleam - ing, It seems to light the path of mem - o - ry. ———
calls you, and you leave me, Your last good - bye will ec - ho through my heart. ———

poco rall.

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the fourth line of lyrics. The tempo is marked *poco rall.* (poco rallentando). The piano part has a more flowing accompaniment.

This composition may also
be had for your Talking
Machine or Player Piano.

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CHORUS

When the rose of to-day has fad-ed a-way, And the years leave their

trace on your brow, In your heart, fond and true, love will al-ways be new, Like the

love I cher-ish now. When your hair turns to gray, I will sing of the

day, When you were my own vil-lage queen, You'll be near-er to me and

dear-er you'll be, When you're five times sweet six-teen. When the -teen.

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NELL BRINKLEY'S Tribute to HOWARD JOHNSON, GRANT CLARKE and FRED FISCHER'S Sensational New Ballad "You May Hold a Million Girlies in Your Arms"

NEW YORK EVENING JOURNAL • • America's Greatest Evening Newspaper • • THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1916

"You May Hold a Million Girlies in Your Arms" Nell Brinkley's Idea of the Season's Latest Song Hit

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STOP a minute—even if you are on your way in topper and sparkling evening shoes to the house of the girl you love the best—stop a minute while I tell you—you might have time to stop and buy a copy to try to-night—stop and listen. See—on a plain string you can crowd pearl after pearl—each like the other; and do you value one more than 'tother one? In the tiny platinum setting you find room for just one gem—and don't you treasure its glimmer and glow—because it's alone and rare?

A man's arms are wide and can circle many a girl at a time—that is, if you DO that—but the little cage under the third button of his vest is only a wee slip of a thing, no bigger than to hold just one girl's face.

So the ONE GIRL'S face goes there. The face "that launched a thousand ships," the only face that can bring pain and wild happiness all at the same time; the face that has no double and does not fade. And they're singing about it on the stage and off, all over the land, now.

WHEN the shadows fall, some one I recall, loved her so—long ago;
Love's a funny game, we are all the same, you'll find where-ever you go;

An old sweetheart is always new, it's strange how she lingers with you.

CHORUS.

You may hold a million girlies in your arms.
But there's only room for one down in your heart;

You can always meet quite a few, who look mighty good to you,
But there's only one can give your love a start;
Every day brings a new love, but the old love will never depart.
You may hold a million girlies in your arms,
But there's only room for one down in your heart.

Take a bit of time, sir—even if I must hold your dress suit coat-tails—to buy and take to her a copy of this song. If you parted melancholy, it will make your peace with her; and if all's serene, why then 'twill be a good fashion of telling her that she is the girl down in your heart! And you can deny the rest and say, 'tis only in the song.
—NELL BRINKLEY.

Animals That Wield Lightning | *Their Marriage* | *Life* | Helen Is Ill and Wagon

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A-58

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