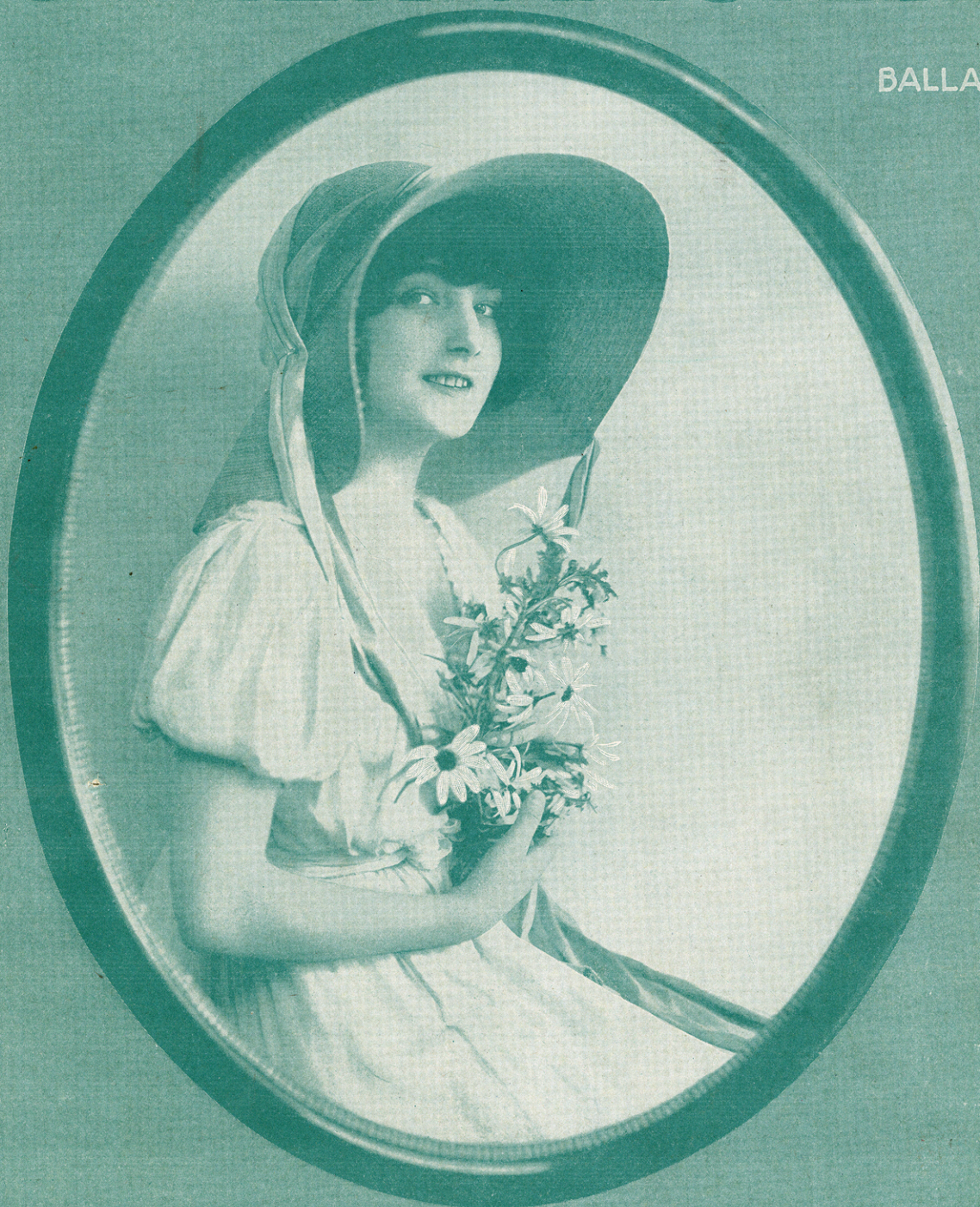


SHE'S THE DAUGHTER OF MOTHER MACHREE

BALLAD



WORDS BY
JEFF. T. NENARB
MUSIC BY
ERNEST R. BALL

COMPOSER OF "MOTHER MACHREE," "A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN SHURE THEY CALL IT IRELAND," "TILL THE SANDS OF THE DESERT GROW COLD,"
"IF IT TAKES A THOUSAND YEARS," "AFTER THE ROSES HAVE FADED AWAY," "I'M GLAD IT WAS ONLY A DREAM," ETC.

M. WITMARK & SONS
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO LONDON

50¢
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SM2988

She's The Daughter Of Mother Machree

Words by
JEFF T. NENARB

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL

Moderately slow with expression

mf *poco rall.*

I was dream-ing last night in the moon's sil-v'ry light, In my
What I saw in my dreams was the truth, so it seems, For I

rit. *p a tempo*

dreams I was gaz-ing a - cross the blue sea; As she stood on the shore, I could
have here a let-ter that reached me to - day. Sure it's stained with her tears, I've not

6414

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THE PRETTIEST BALLAD IN YEARS

A TUNE THAT HAUNTS

After The Roses Have Faded Away

CHORUS *With much expression*

BUCHANAN & BALL

Aft-er the ros-es have fa-ded a - way, Aft-er their splen-dor has gone—

By the Composer of "Mother Machree"

PRICE 15 CENTS POSTPAID

see her once more, And I knew she was wait - ing for me. _____
 seen her in years, But I'm go - ing back home right a - way. _____

rit.

REFRAIN *With expression*

She's the fair-est of Ire-land's fair daugh-ters, — She's as sweet as a wild I-rish

p - f

rose. — Sure her laugh-ter just rip-ples like wa-ters. — Far a - way where the

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THE GREAT MARCH-MOTHER-BALLAD THE BIGGEST HIT IN YEARS

The Little Grey Mother

GROSSMAN & De COSTA

CHORUS

There's a lit-tle grey moth-er who waits all a - lone in a
 All the World is Singing it

PRICE 15 CENTS POSTPAID

Shan - non flows. — She is just like her moth - er, I want for no oth - er, She's

more than the whole world to me. — May the an - gels a - bove her pro -

tect her and love her, She's the daugh - ter of Moth - er Ma - chree. —

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A WALTZ BALLAD OF ENDURING CHARMS

BY THREE FAMOUS WRITERS

REFRAIN *With much expression*
Ireland Is Ireland To Me

O'HARA, BRENNAN & BALL

Sure, my heart is in Ker - ry, in old Lon - don - der - ry, Kil - lar - ney, Kil -
 A Truly Captivating Chorus

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ANOTHER WONDERFUL "BALL" BALLAD

ALREADY IN THE REPERTOIRE OF SUCH WELL KNOWN ARTISTS

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McCORMACK

CHAUNCEY
OLCOTT
AND HUNDREDS
OF OTHERS

as

ORVILLE
HARROLD
GEORGE
MACFARLANE

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Who Knows?

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Duet Two Keys - In Eb Soprano (Lead) and Tenor. In Db Contralto or
Baritone (Lead) and Soprano or Tenor 75 cents
Male, Female or Mixed Voices 15 cents each

Poem by
PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR

Musical Setting by
ERNEST R. BALL

Larghetto

Thou art the soul of a sum - mer's day,
Thou art the breath of the rose; But the sum - mer is fled and the
rose is dead; Where are they gone, who knows, who knows?
Thou art the blood of my heart of hearts. Thou art my soul's re - -

mf
p
Con Pedale
rit.
colla voce
f poco piu mosso
dim

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JOHN
McCORMACK

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GEORGE
MACFARLANE

AND HUNDREDS OF OTHERS

MOTHER MACHREE.

Lyric by
RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG.

Tenderly with much expression

Music by
CHAUNCEY OLCOTT
& ERNEST R. BALL.

Sure I love the dear sil-ver that shines in your hair, And the
brow that's all fur-rowed, And wrink-led with care. I
kiss the dear fin-gers so toil worn for me, Oh, God

mp espress.
mf dim.

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SOLO, FOUR KEYS:—Bb, (Bb TO D) C, D, AND F. DUET, TWO KEYS:—Bb AND F

A Little Bit Of Heaven

Shure They Call It Ireland

Poem by
J. KEIRN BRENNAN

Music by
(ERNEST R. BALL)

Shure, a lit-tle bit of Heav-en fell from out the sky one day, And
nes-tled on the o-ocean in a spot so far a-way; And
when the An-gels found it, Shure it looked so sweet and fair, They

L.H.
a tempo
retard
a tempo

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SOLO, THREE KEYS:—Ab, (C TO F) Bb AND C

When Irish Eyes Are Smiling

Lyric by
CHAUNCEY OLCOTT
& GEO. GRAFF Jr.

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL

When I-rish eyes are smi-ling, Sure it's like a morn in
Spring. In the lilt of I-rish laugh-ter, You can hear the
an-gels sing. When I-rish hearts are hap-py, All the

p.

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SOLO, THREE KEYS:—C, (C TO F) D AND F

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral THAT'S AN IRISH LULLABY

"Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li, Too-ra-loo-ra-
loo-ral, Hush now, don't you cry! Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral,
Too-ra-loo-ra-li, Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, That's an I-rish lul-la-by"

in time
Tenderly with much expression
mp in time
retard
retard

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SOLO, THREE KEYS:—C, (C TO C) Eb AND F

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