

WHEN YOU'RE ALL DRESSED UP AND NO PLACE TO GO

LYRIC BY
BENJAMIN HAPGOOD BURT

Alice Nottimier

MUSIC BY
SILVIO HEIN

INTRODUCED
WITH GREAT SUCCESS

IN

COHAN & HARRIS'

PRESENTATION OF

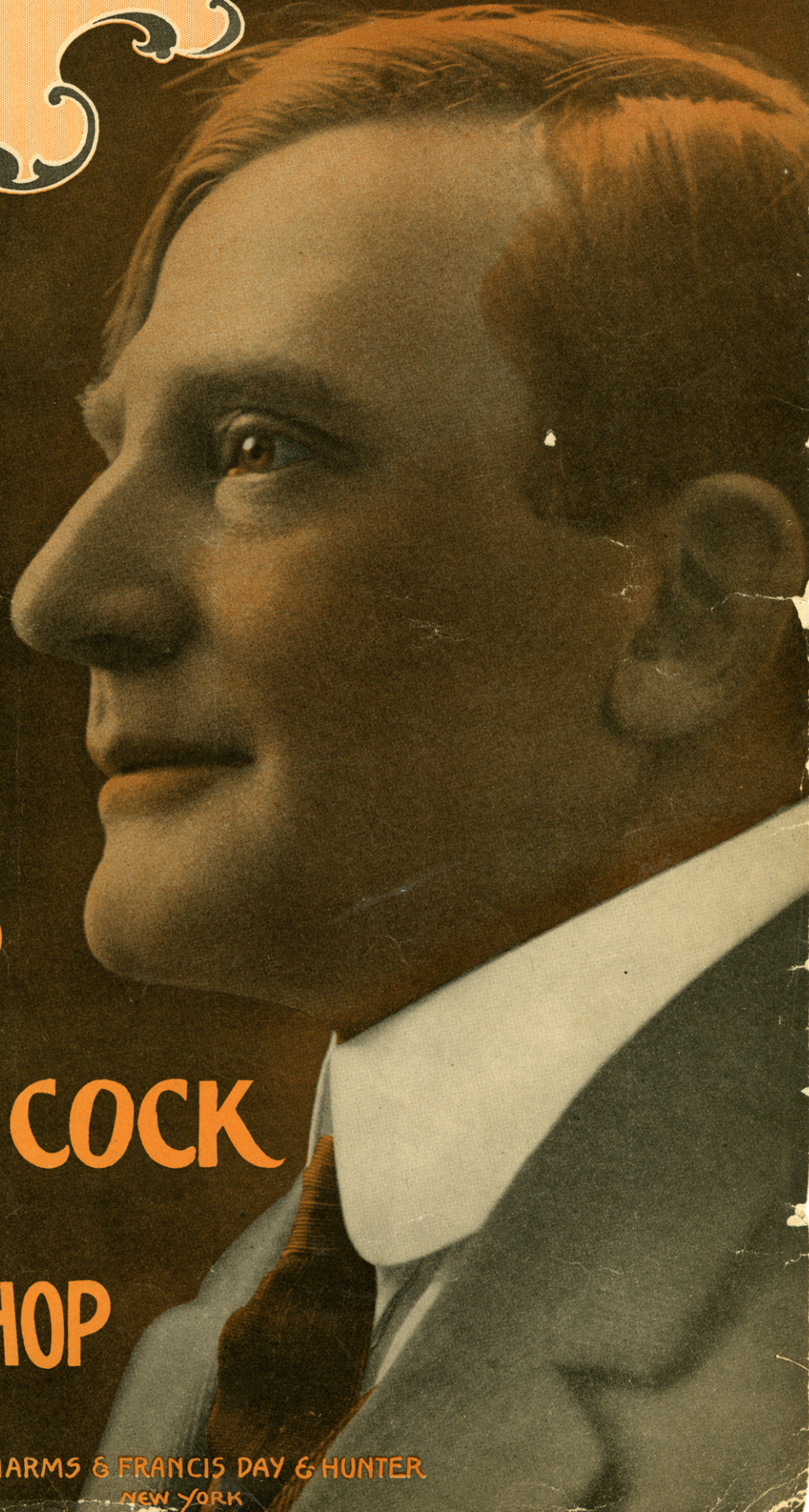
RAYMOND
HITCHCOCK

IN

The BEAUTY SHOP

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T-B-HARMS & FRANCIS DAY & HUNTER
NEW YORK



WHEN YOU'RE ALL DRESSED UP AND NO PLACE TO GO



SUNG BY
RAYMOND HITCHCOCK
IN
"THE BEAUTY SHOP"

WORDS BY
BENJAMIN HAPGOOD BURT
MUSIC BY
SILVIO HEIN

HARMS
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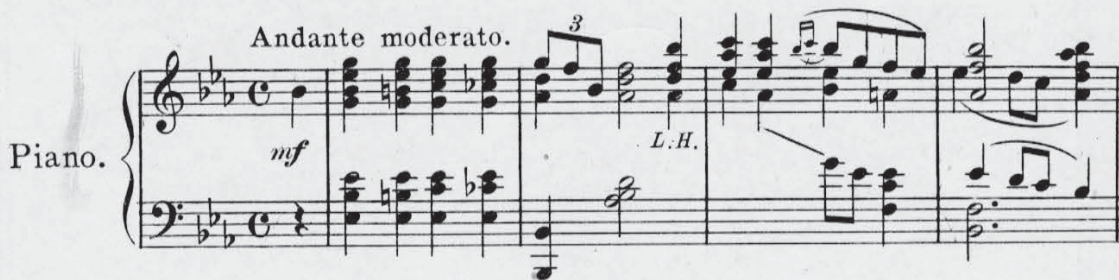
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When You're All Dressed Up And No Place To Go.

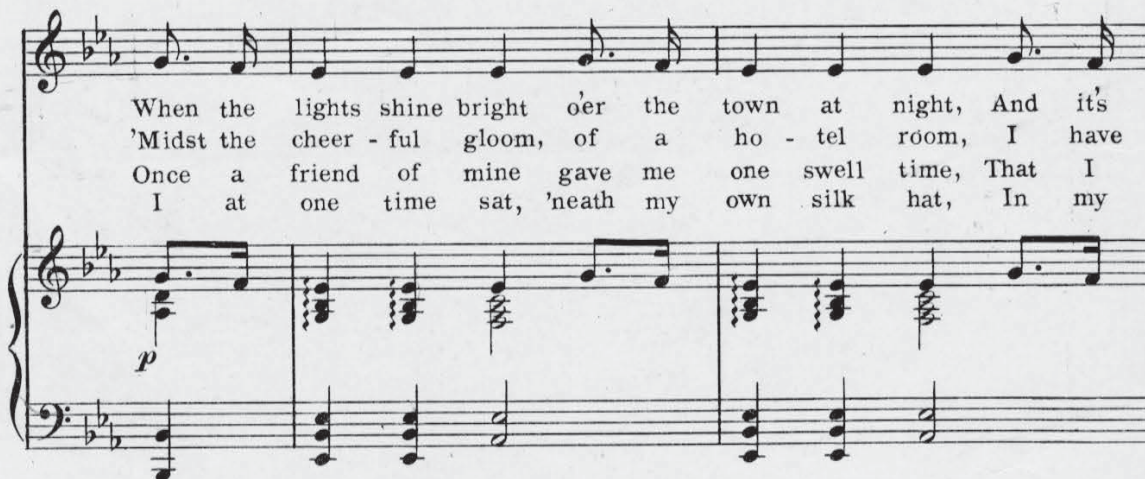
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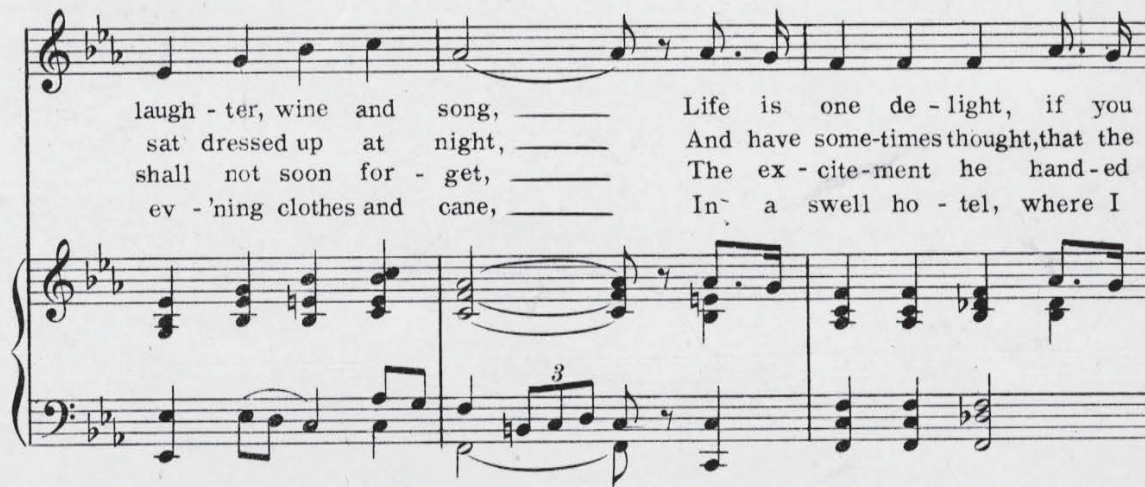
Piano. *mf* *Andante moderato.* *L.H.*



When the lights shine bright o'er the town at night, And it's
'Midst the cheer - ful gloom, of a ho - tel room, I have
Once a friend of mine gave me one swell time, That I
I at one time sat, 'neath my own silk hat, In my



laugh - ter, wine and song, ——— Life is one de - light, if you
sat dressed up at night, ——— And have some-times thought, that the
shall not soon for - get, ——— The ex - cite-ment he hand-ed
ev - 'ning clothes and cane, ——— In a swell ho - tel, where I



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stand in right, But it's H-ll, when you stand in
 clothes I've bought, Were to blame for my aw - ful
 out to me, Was a brand that you dont oft
 did not dwell, And hired them to page my

wrong. ——— Though your soul may cry for the life called high: And your
 plight. ——— Then I've looked a - gain at my man - ly frame, And re -
 get. ——— We went through Grant's Tomb in the af - ter - noon, Which was
 name. ——— It was mu - sic sweet, to my ears a treat, As my

coin you would glad - ly blow: ——— 'Tis a bit - ter cup to be
 marked to my - self quite low; ——— 'Tis a cru - el fate that a
 pleas - ure e - nough a - lone, ——— Then we went to call on his
 name they would loud - ly shout, ——— Till a large well - fed house de -

all dressed up, When you've no place at all to go. —
 fash - ion plate, Should have no place at all to go. —
 Un - cle Paul, Who was sick in the Sol - dier's home. —
 tect - ive said, I was in, but was just go - ing out. —

Refrain.

When you're all dressed up, an' no place to go, Life seems wea - ry,

dear - y and slow, My heart has ached and bled, For the

tears I've shed, When I'd no place to go, un - less I

went back to bed. I've had a sad, sad life, And when

ev - er I go, To that peace - ful spot, Where the

vi - o - lets grow, up - on a nice white stone will be

writ - ten be - low: "He was all dressed up but no place to go."

HARMS WORTHWHILE SONGS

MY DREAM GIRL

ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MELODIES BY THE IMMORTAL
VICTOR HERBERT

Refrain (doppio movimento)
Molto espressivo

My dream girl, oh, my one on - ly dream girl,
I'm wait - ing For I'll meet you I

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L'AMOUR-TOUJOURS-L'AMOUR

WORDS BY
CATHERINE CHISHOLM CUSHING

MUSIC BY
RUDOLPH FRIML

Refrain
Lento poco rubato

La - mour - tou-jours - La - mour - Love, now at last, you've
found me. Hold me and fold me al - way,

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A SPARKLING LITTLE MEXICAN SERENADE

ADELAI

WORDS BY
GEORGE ABBOT

MUSIC BY
J. S. CALLEJA

Refrain

Oh, A - de - lai, This night is bring - ing
joy to my heart, Love to my sing -

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