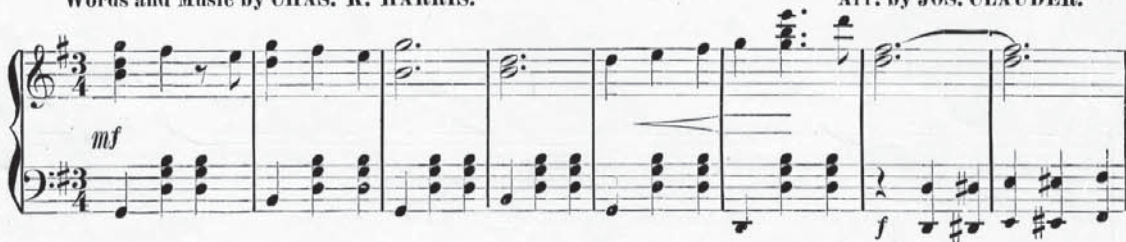


Words and Music by CHAS. K. HARRIS.

Arr. by JOS. CLAUDER.



1. Stand-ing a - lone in the door - way, grinds the old hand-or - gan man,  
 2. Time passed and still this wee maid - en, came to that spot ev - ery day,

Copyright, MDCCLXXVII, by CHAS. K. HARRIS.

The Organ-Grinder's Serenade.—5—1

FRED'K POLLWORTH & CO, MUSIC TYPOS, MILWAUKEE.

Buy a copy of Harris' latest and original Song, "DEAR COLLEGE CHUMS."

Turn-ing that shi - ny old han - dle, play-ing the best that he can;  
 Oh, how the old man's eyes glis - tened, and how that or - gan would play;

Not a soul stops, or will list - en, quick-ly they all pass the door;  
 But one day he missed this an - gel, poor man, his heart ached with pain;

He heaves a sigh as they go by, they've heard those tunes be - fore.  
 "Why don't she come, my lit - tle one?" he wait - ed all in vain.

Yet close by the pave - ment stands a lit - tle Miss,  
From a pret - ty cot - tage, just a-cross the street,

"Here's a pen - ny, please sir, play a tune for this;"  
There came forth a la - dy, face so sad and sweet;

Then the old man looks down at her, "Bless you, my sweet lit - tle maid,  
"Ba - by is long-ing to see you, come in, sir, don't be a - fraid,

If you will stay, don't run a - way, I'll play my ser - e - nade."  
 She's going to die, please sir, don't cry, Play her your ser - e - nade."

CHORUS.

"Af - ter the ball is o - ver," soft - ly the or - gan did play,

"Af - ter the dan - cers leav - ing," "Please Mis - ter come ev - ery day,"

“Creep, ba - by, creep, mam - ma will sure - ly catch you,

Creep, ba - by, creep, mam - ma is near to watch you,”

“While the mu - sic is play - ing,” was the next strain played;

1. Dear, old, sweet tunes, that were heard morn and noon, 'Twas an old ser - e - nade.  
 2. Dear, old, sweet tunes, soft - ly played in that room, 'Twas her last ser - e - nade.