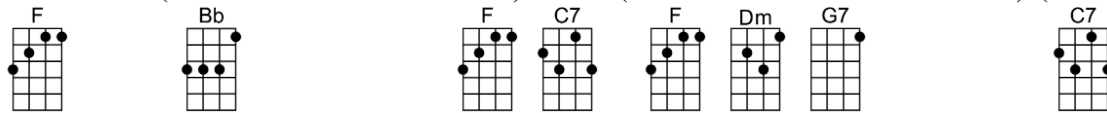
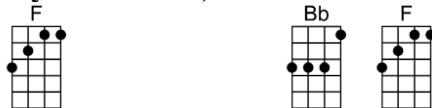


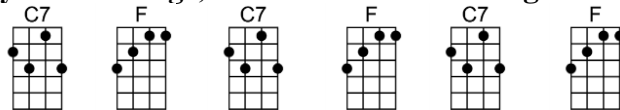
DAISY BELL (BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO)-1892 (ALL SONGS ARE 3/4 123 123) (BAR)



Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do. I'm half cra - zy, all for the love of you.

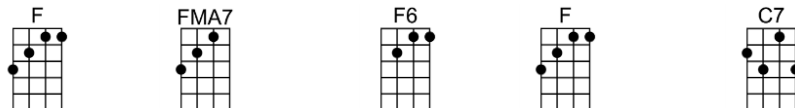


It won't be a stylish marriage, I can't af-ford a carriage.

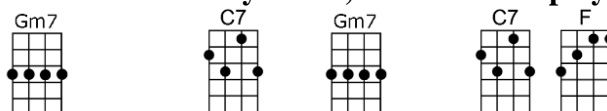


But you'll look sweet u-pon the seat of a bicycle built for two.

THE BAND PLAYED ON-1895



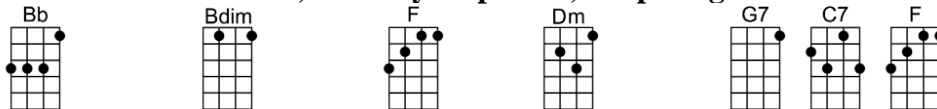
Casey would waltz with the strawberry blond, and the band played on.



He'd glide 'cross the floor with the girl he a-dored, and the band played on.

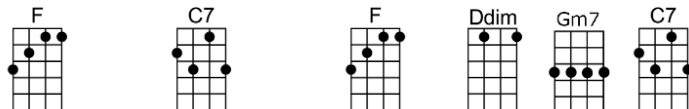


But his brain was so loaded, it nearly ex-ploded, the poor girl would shake with a - larm.

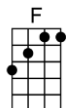


He'd ne'er leave the girl with the strawberry curl, and the band played on.

SCHOOL DAYS-1907



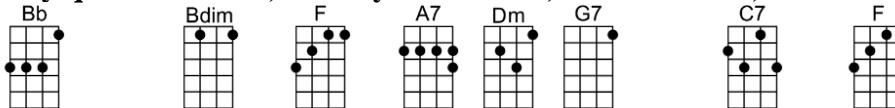
School days, school days, dear old golden rule days



Reading and writing and 'rithmetic, taught to the tune of the hickory stick.

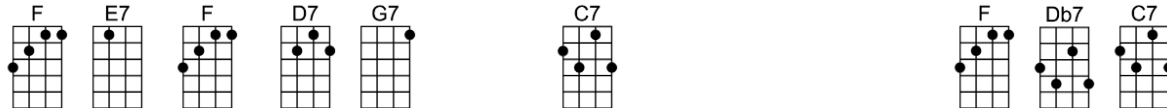


You were my queen in calico, I was your bashful, barefoot beau,

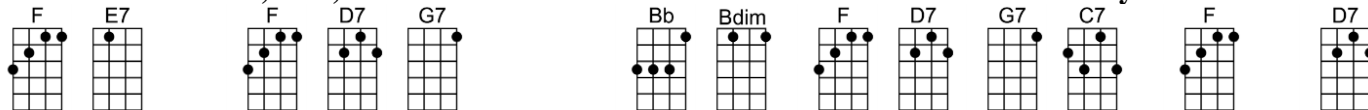


And you wrote on my slate, "I love you so," when we were a couple of kids.

YOU TELL ME YOUR DREAM-1908

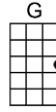
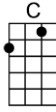
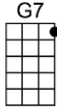
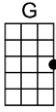


You had a dream, well, I had one too. I know mine's best 'cause it was of you.

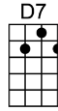
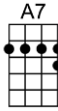
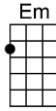


Come, sweetheart, tell me, now is the time. You tell me your dream, I'll tell you mine (X2)

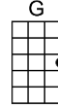
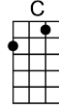
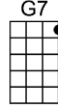
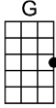
IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME_(BAR)-1902



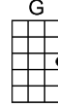
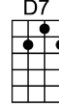
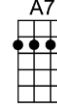
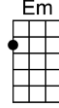
In the good old summertime, in the good old summer-time



Strolling through the shady lanes with your baby mine.

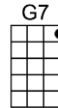
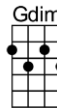
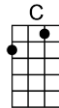
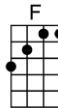
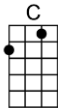


You hold her hand and she holds yours and that's a very good sig

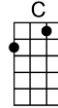
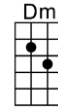
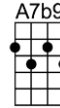
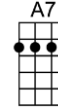


That she's your tootsie-wootsie in the good old summer-time.

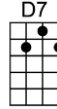
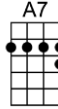
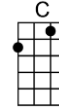
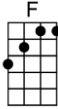
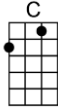
AFTER THE BALL_(BAR)-1891



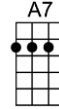
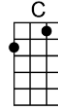
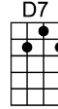
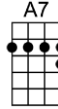
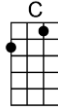
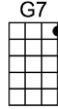
After the ball is over, after the break of morn.



After the dancers' leav - ing, after the stars are gone.

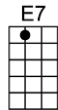
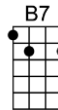
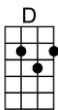


Many a heart is aching, if you could read them all.

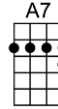
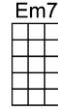
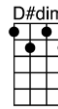
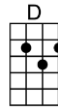
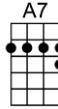
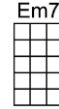
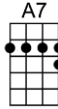


Many the hopes that have van - ished, af - ter the ball

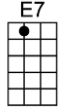
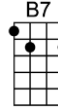
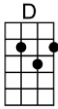
IN MY MERRY OLDSMOBILE_(BAR)-1905



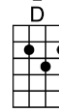
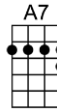
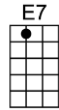
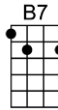
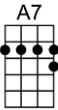
Come a-way with me, Lu-cille, in my merry Oldsmo-bile



Down the road of life we'll fly, automo-bubbling, you and I



To the church we'll swiftly steal, then our wedding bells will peal,



You can go as far as you like with me, in my merry Oldsmo-bile