The Morning After The Night Before

Words by ED MORAN. Music by J. FRED HELF

In the "Wont go home un-till
When you're feel-ing blue and you're
morn-ing" club I took my third de-gree.
It's sad be-cause the world is run-ning
wrong You

jol-ly sport of the pro-per sort and made a hit with me
In join the club where the bub-bles bub, and sing their mer-ry
song You

Copyright 1910 by J. Fred Helf Company, 136 West 37th St., N.Y. City.
International Copyright Secured.
The Publishers reserve the right to the use of this music or melody for any mechanical Instrument.
All rights reserved.
Albert & Son, Australian agents, Sydney.
each cafe while the band would play we turned the night time
always think when you start to drink you're putting trouble

into day The line of march I travelled like a "vet" you
on the blink Your sorrow is a myth and no mistake, a

bet It's bully fun there's only one regret
fake It's champagne then but real pain when you wake

CHORUS

The morning after the night before Gee
The morning after the night before Gee

The Morning After &c. - 3