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When The Major Plays Those Miner Melodies

By Wm. A. WILANDER
& HARRY De COSTA

C. H. Kirk

Moderately (Not fast)

In a

When the
drear-y lit-tle min-ing town,
I met a min-er there who took me down,
To where they
min-ers come up from be-low,
They can-not wait but right a-way they go,
Down to that
con-gre-gate,
Each night to cel-e-brate.
While there I
con-cer-t hall,
And you'll find one and all.
Just seem to

heard a lit-tle dark-ey play,
They called him Maj-or and I want to say,
have the great-est pleas-ure there,
The maj-or's mu-sic drives a-way there care.

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— Up—the i-vor—ies—his mel-o—dies,—just car—ried me a—
    way.
— Al—though he plays by ear—I’ve yet to hear—His e-qual an-y
    where.

REFRAIN

When the Maj—or plays those min—er mel-o—dies,— You ought to hear him,— How the

min—ers love those “Dog Gone” har-mo—nies.— They gath—er near him,— When he

stops they al—ways hol—ler for more, You hear the nick—els jin—gle all o-ver the floor.

He’s so won—der—ful, So won—der—ful that right out—side the door,— The chil—dren
of the town they gather round and keep, A-sway-ing with him, The donkeys feel so great they syncopate their tails, To keep in rhythm the whole com-
munity is upside down, You'd think that P. T. Barnum had his show in town, When the Major plays those minor melodies dies.

When the dies.

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