Do not forget the Old Days.

Words and Music by
JEAN C. HAVEZ.

CHORUS.

Do not forget the old days, The days of long ago.

Summer breeze that whispered soft and low,

Telling as sweet a story As the coo of the.

Rights for Public Performance reserved.
Copyright MCMVI by Lew Dockstader Pub. Co., N.Y.
Transfered 1904 to Lew Dockstader, Publisher.
Do Not Forget the Old Days

Tell me, sweetheart, why this sighing,
Tell me why this bitter tear,
Each cloud has its silver lining
Brighter days may bring good cheer.
In the night the darkest hours
Come before the break of day,
Think my, darling, of the sunshine,
When the clouds have passed away.

Chorus:
Do not forget the old days,
The days of long ago,
Do not forget the summer breeze
That whispered soft and low,
Telling as sweet a story,
As the coo of the tender dove,
Do not forget the olden days,
Do not forget, my love.
When the night is dark and stormy,
When the rain drops pitter down,
Sweetheart do not be so gloomy,
Do not wear a downcast frown;
Days may come and days may go, dear,
But our love remains the same;
Let this be a light to guide us,
Let me sing you once again:

Chorus:
Do not forget the old days,
The days of long ago,
Do not forget the summer breeze
That whispered soft and low,
Telling as sweet a story,
As the coo of the tender dove,
Do not forget the olden days,
Do not forget, my love.

They’re All Uncle Sammy’s Sons

I.
A grand old man, named Uncle Sam, once had four stalwart boys;
And those named North and South went forth to fight o’er an old black toy;
The East and West loved neither best, and would not interfere;
Columbus, fair, had a sister’s care and soothed them with her tears.

Refrain:
Now—The Son from the East and the Son from the West,
Keep time to the music to sing;
The Son from the North is marching abreast
With the Son from the South to-day,
Forgotten, at last, the strife of the past,
They stand, reunited, as one;
Sworn to be true, to the Red, White, and Blue;
For they’re all Uncle Sammy’s Sons.

II.
The tale is old, you’ve oft been told just how, at War’s alarms,
Each gallant son will rise as one, to bear up his Country’s arms.
Without a fear, with conscience clear, they’ll proudly march along.
In any land they will bravely stand together, right or wrong.

Refrain.

Brotherly Love

I.
I joined a secret society,
There’s no use to mention any names;
They said I’d make a good candidate,
And they all started wid the game;
They brought out a big, thick feather bed.
They tied it around my eyes;
I heard a big voice say, “Let her go!
Be careful, don’t lose the precious prize.”
Then all at once my feet left the floor,
They pulled me up high, then I fell;
When I got real mad, they pulled me up again.
They all laughed and then began to yell.

Chorus:
Oh, my! that’s brotherly love!
Great lights are shining way up above,
We try to show, and want you to know,
Just what we think of you when you go.
Oh, my! that’s brotherly love!
When you are down, they give you a shove,
You may have a doubt,
But stand up and shout,
Oh, my! that’s brotherly love!

II.
I never felt so dizzy before,
I seem to be wrong in my head;
I thought I saw all kinds of enemies,
And hundreds of demons painted red.
Then some one yelled out, “Lining on the goat!”
He must get the Golden Rule;
I felt something hit me forty times,
Am sure dat de goat was Maude, de Male.
They placed me at a table all set
Wild possum, spring chicken, quail and wine.
When they strapped my jaws
And tied my hands and feet,
I heard everybody’s voice but mine.

Chorus.

III.
They made me eat a whole bar of soap
And swallow a busy bubble bro.
They held raw onions over my eyes,
And Tomasso Sauce I drank like ten;
They filled both my shoes with horseradish juice,
My pockets were filled with tar;
They put some fly paper on my head,
They jammed it into a pickle jar;
They made me turn my face to do it,
My nose pressed against a carpet tack;
They told me to sing as loud as I could tell.
While they poured molasses down my back.

Chorus.

Never Count Your Chickens Till They’re Hatched

I.
Miss Liza Jackson couldn’t understand
Just why her name was advertised
As a “long lost heiress,” so she quickly run
To a lawyer man to get advice;
And when he told her that she might be heir
To millions, then she swelled with pride;
And promised him an auto when she got her share.
But, then, the lawyer just replied—

Chorus.

Never start to count up your chickens,
Judgin’ from the eggs in the nest;
Never try to figure out a long, long walk
Without a little time allowed to rest.
Never go to sell your potatoes
Till you see the vine a-growin’ in the patch.
Just leave it to nature, you may get a brood of ducks—
But never count their chickens till they’re hatched.

II.
She wouldn’t listen to the good advice,
As given by that lawyer man;
So she sold her potato stake to get the price,
And she started off to see her land.
A cemetery’s what it proved to be,
And Liza nearly died with fright;
She said, “While I’m a-livin’, none of that for me;
I guess that lawyer man was right.”

Chorus.