

# Do not forget the Old Days.

Words and Music by  
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CHORUS.

Do not for - get the old days, The days of  
long a - go, Do not for get The  
Sum - mer breeze that whis - pered soft and low  
Tell - ing as sweet a sto ry As the coo of the

*rall.*

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of four systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are placed below the vocal line. The first system is labeled 'CHORUS.' and contains the lyrics 'Do not for - get the old days, The days of'. The second system contains 'long a - go, Do not for get The'. The third system contains 'Sum - mer breeze that whis - pered soft and low'. The fourth system contains 'Tell - ing as sweet a sto ry As the coo of the'. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand. A 'rall.' marking is present in the third system.

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## 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 patter 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

Norton & O'Hara.

### 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,  
Columbia, 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 gay;  
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 dis 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! dat'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 'fore you go.  
Oh, my! dat's brotherly love!  
When you are down, they give you a shove,  
You may have a doubt,  
But stand up and shout,  
Oh, my! dat's brotherly love!

### II.

I never felt so dizzy before,  
I seem to be wrong up in my head;  
I thought I saw all kinds of reptiles,  
And hundreds of demons painted red.  
Then some one yelled out, "Bring on the goat!"  
He must get de Golden Rule;  
I felt something hit me forty times,  
Am sure dat de goat was Maude, de Mule.  
They placed me at a table all set  
Wid possum, spring chicken, quail and whea.  
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 bumble bee,  
They held raw onions over my eyes,  
And Tomasco Sauce I drank like tea;  
They filled both my shoes wif bacon 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 de wall,  
My nose pressed against a carpet tack;  
They told me to sing as loud as I could yell,  
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 helress," so she quickly ran  
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 is to luck, 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 furniture 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.