

Holding Hands

and
"You Don't Say Nothing At All."

Words by
JACK NORWORTH.

Music by
ALBERT VON TILZER.

Moderato.

INTRO.

f

8^{va}

Sit - ting in the par - lor,
Go to work next morn - ing,

Vamp till ready.

p

nine o' - clock at night, Spoon - ing with the girl you love;
feel - ing kind of blue, All you do is mope and sigh;

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Talk a-bout the wea-ther, Then turn down the light, Ev-'ry thing is qui-et up a-
Think a-bout your sweet-heart, Don't know what to do, Wishing for the time to hurry

bove.
by. Chairs keep mov-ing clo-ser till at last you find, There's
Call a-round that eve-ning, meet her at the door, You

room for both in-side the rock-ing chair; Heads are close to-geth-er,
both walk in the par-lor just the same; Both sit in the rocker

gir-lie does-n't mind, Rock-ing to and fro with-out a care.
as you did be-fore, Then com-mence to play the same old game.

poco rit.

CHORUS.

Hold-ing hands, hold-ing hands, You sigh, she sighs, you sit side by side, The

poco rit. *a tempo.*
moon looks on and then he tries to hide, 'Cause you are) Hold - ing

poco rit. *a tempo.*

hands, The clock is strik-ing twelve out in the hall, All the time you sit there

hold - ing hands, and you don't say noth - ing at all. all.

1. 2.