

M6665
389

IF I ONLY HAD A DOLLAR OF MY OWN



EDWARD
LIGGETT



WORDS AND MUSIC BY
BOGERT & O'BRIEN
INTRODUCED WITH
GREAT SUCCESS BY THEM IN
**PRIMROSE & DOCKSTADERS
MINSTRELS**

PUBLISHED BY THE
**WHITNEY-WARNER
PUB. CO., DETROIT.**

Here's Another "Paradise Alley" Song

Words and Music by Writers of Hits.

"When the Factory Whistle blows."

Words by
ARTHUR J. LAMB.
Author of "A Bird in a Gilded Cage,"
"Asleep in the Deep," etc.

Waltz Song.

Music by
GEO. MAYWOOD SCHLEIFFARTH.
Composer of "DORIS."

REFRAIN.

When the fac - t'ry whis - tle blows, just at six o'

p a tempo

clock I will meet my Nel - lie at the cor - ner

of the 'block; She's the dear - est girl on earth,

ev - 'ry - bo - dy knows, And oh, my heart is hap - piest when the

fac - t'ry whistle blows. fac - t'ry whis - tle blows.

dim. e - rit

For Sale Wherever Music is Sold.

PUBLISHED BY

The Whitney-Warner Publishing Company,
DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

Don't fail to send for our Illustrated Catalogue.—FREE.

If I only had a Dollah of My Own.

Arr. by J. DEL VECHO.

Words & Music.
by BOGERT & O BRIEN

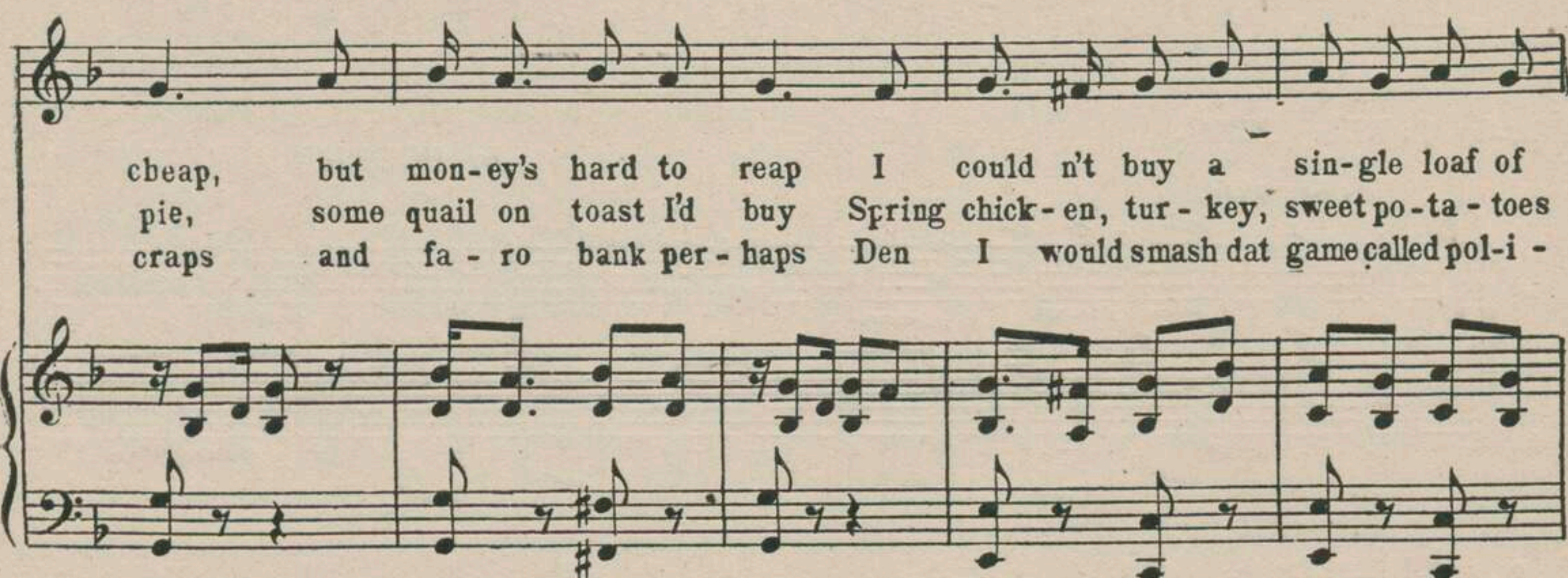
Moderato.

1. I've been think - ing of late of my most pe - cu - liar fate, I
2. This coon would sure - ly eat ev - ery kind of ten - der meat Like
3. I'd gam - ble all the while in a reg' - lar gam - bling style They'd

haven't got a place to lay my head _____ Most ev' - ry - thing am
pos - som, rab - bit and a tur - tle stew _____ Of course I'd have mince
have to in - vent some new games for me _____ I'd bust that game called

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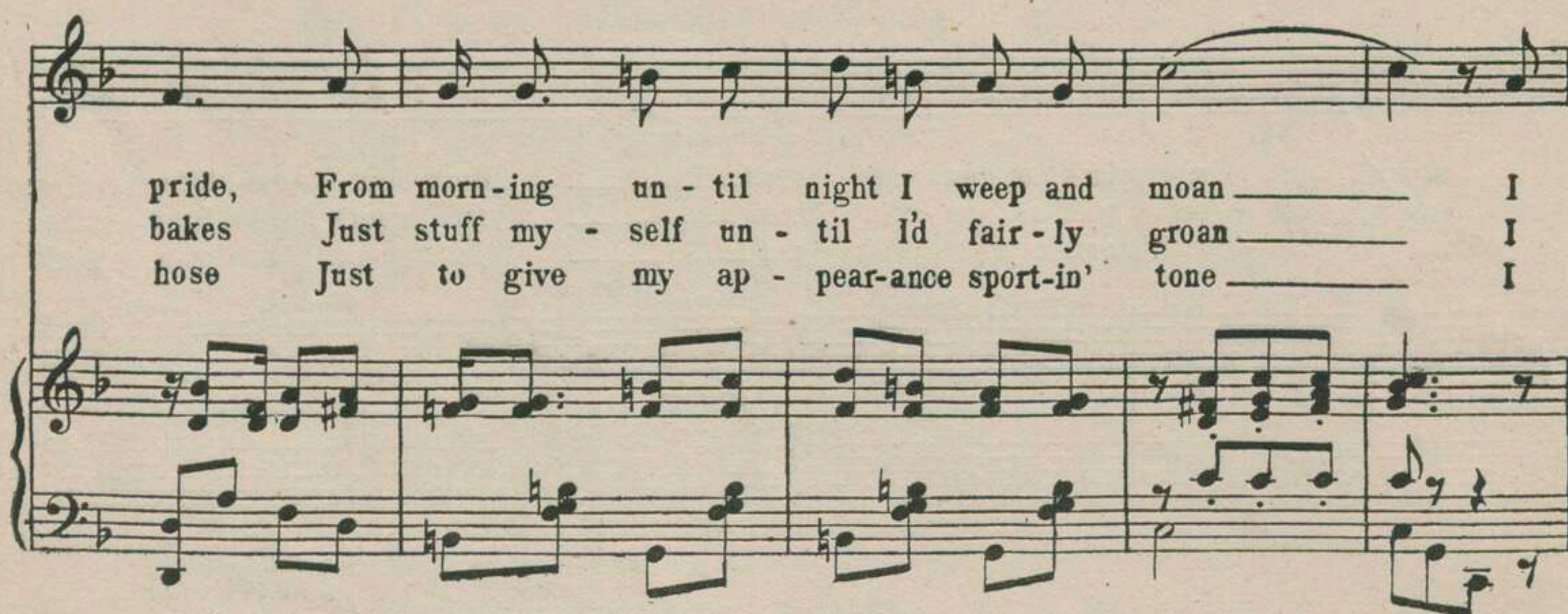
C. GRUNEWALD, 310 MAIN ST.
Pianos, Organs & Music, Houston, Texas.



cheap, but mon-ey's hard to reap I could n't buy a sin-gle loaf of
 pie, some quail on toast I'd buy Spring chick-en, tur-key, sweet po-ta-toes
 craps and fa-ro bank per-haps Den I would smash dat game called pol-i-



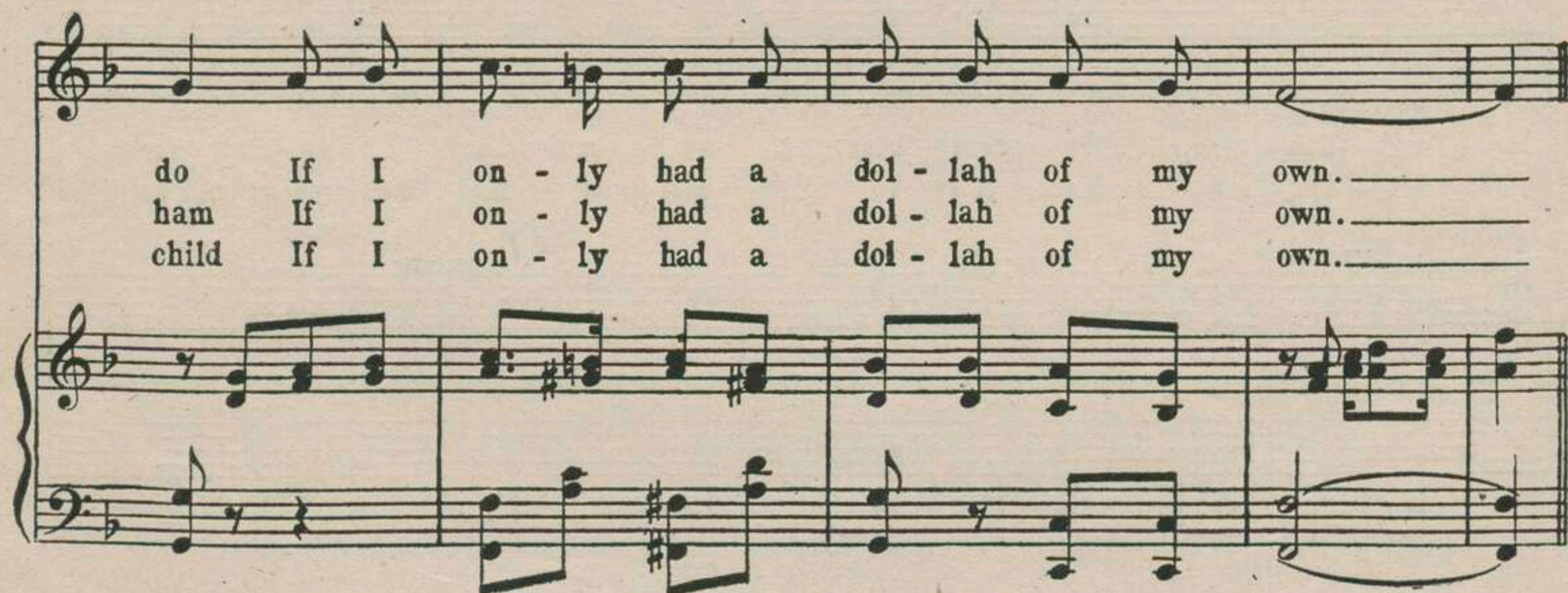
bread _____ I'm al-ways forced to hide, it hurts my Blue Grass
 too _____ For break-fast have wheat cakes, I'd go to all clam-
 cy _____ I'd wear de-loud-est clothes, tan shoes and fan-cy



pride, From morn-ing un-til night I weep and moan _____ I
 bakes Just stuff my-self un-til I'd fair-ly groan _____ I
 hose Just to give my ap-pear-ance sport-in' tone _____ I

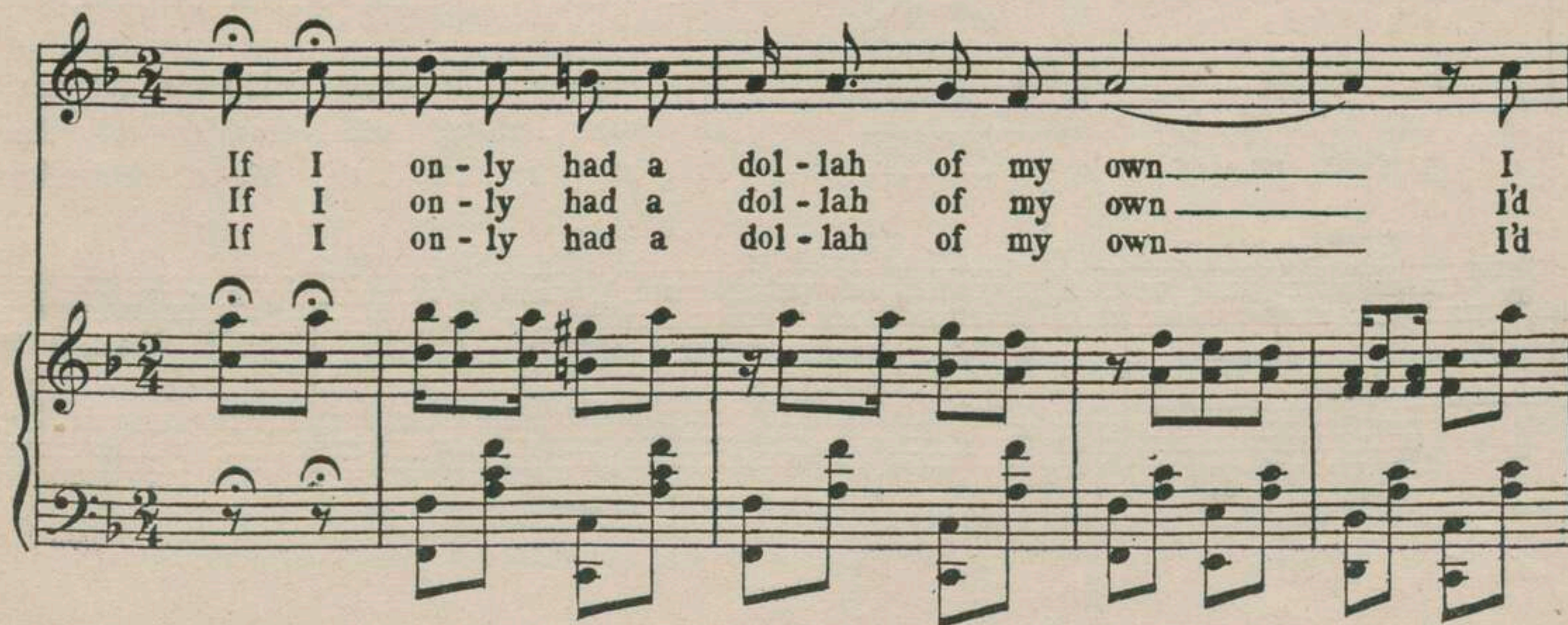


would n't feel so blue, and I'd know just what to
might try some roast lamb, but I'd ig - nore com - mon
know I would go wild, I'd act fool - ish as a

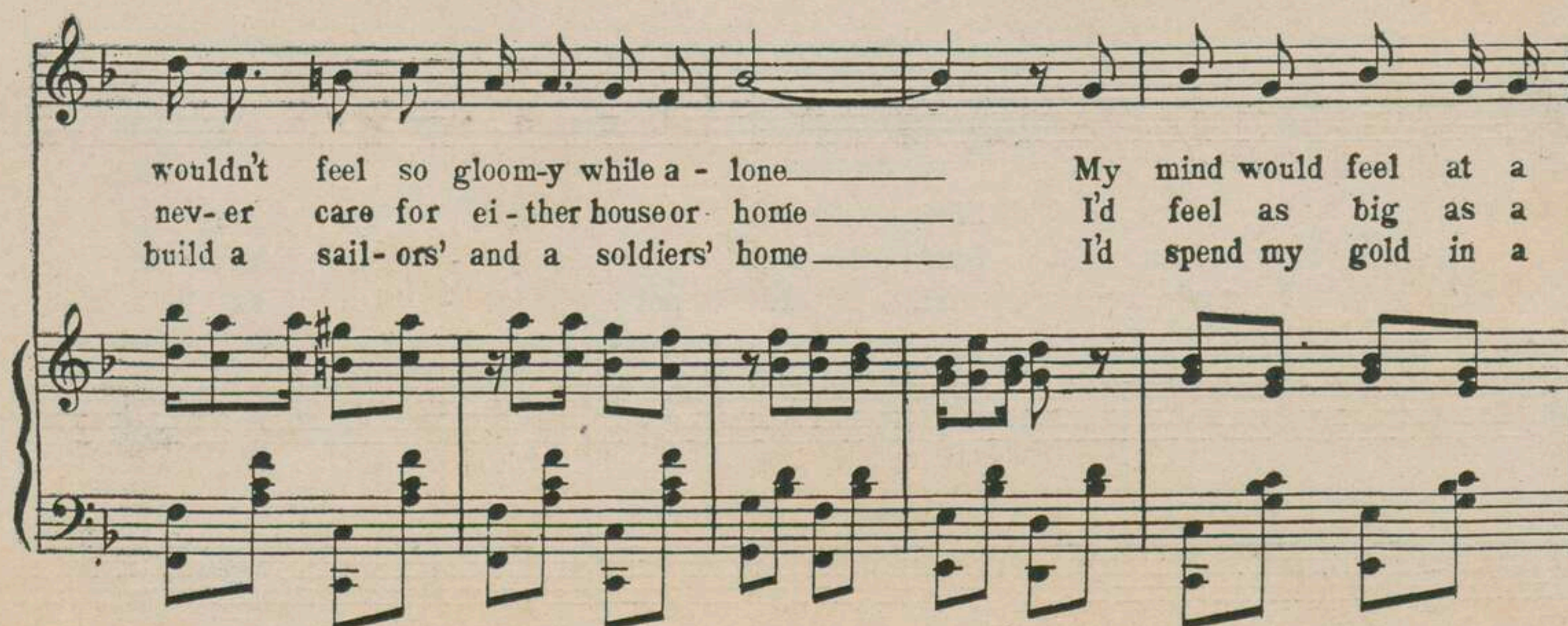


do If I on - ly had a dol - lah of my own. _____
ham If I on - ly had a dol - lah of my own. _____
child If I on - ly had a dol - lah of my own. _____

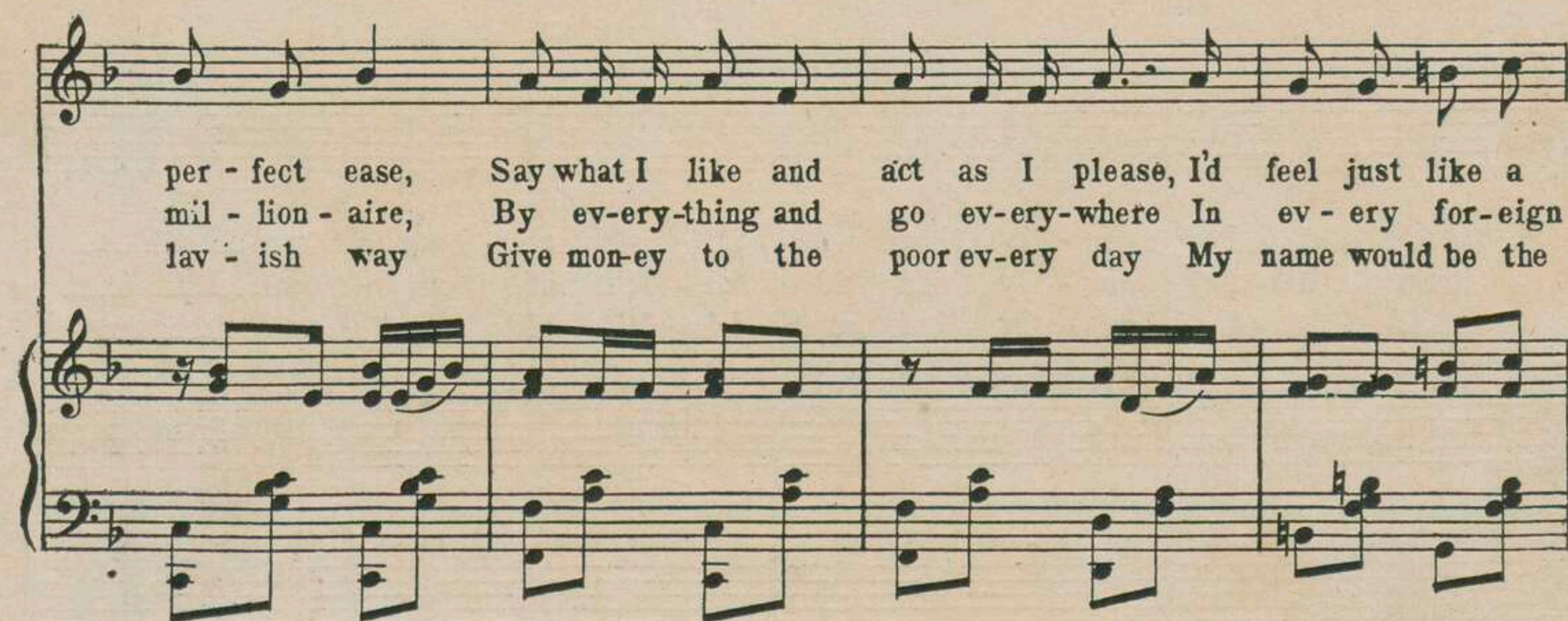
CHORUS.



If I on - ly had a dol - lah of my own. _____ I
If I on - ly had a dol - lah of my own. _____ I'd
If I on - ly had a dol - lah of my own. _____ I'd



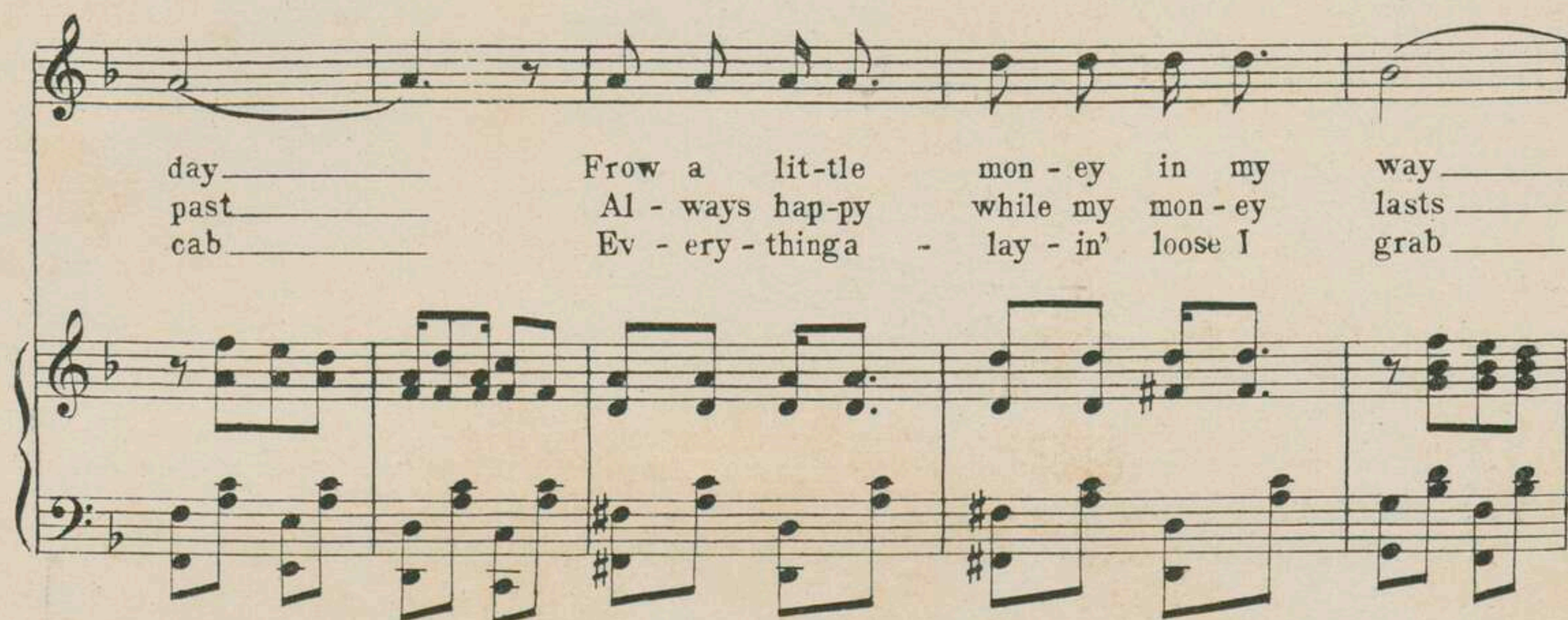
wouldn't feel so gloom-y while a - lone _____ My mind would feel at a
 nev-er care for ei-ther house or home _____ I'd feel as big as a
 build a sail-ors' and a soldiers' home _____ I'd spend my gold in a



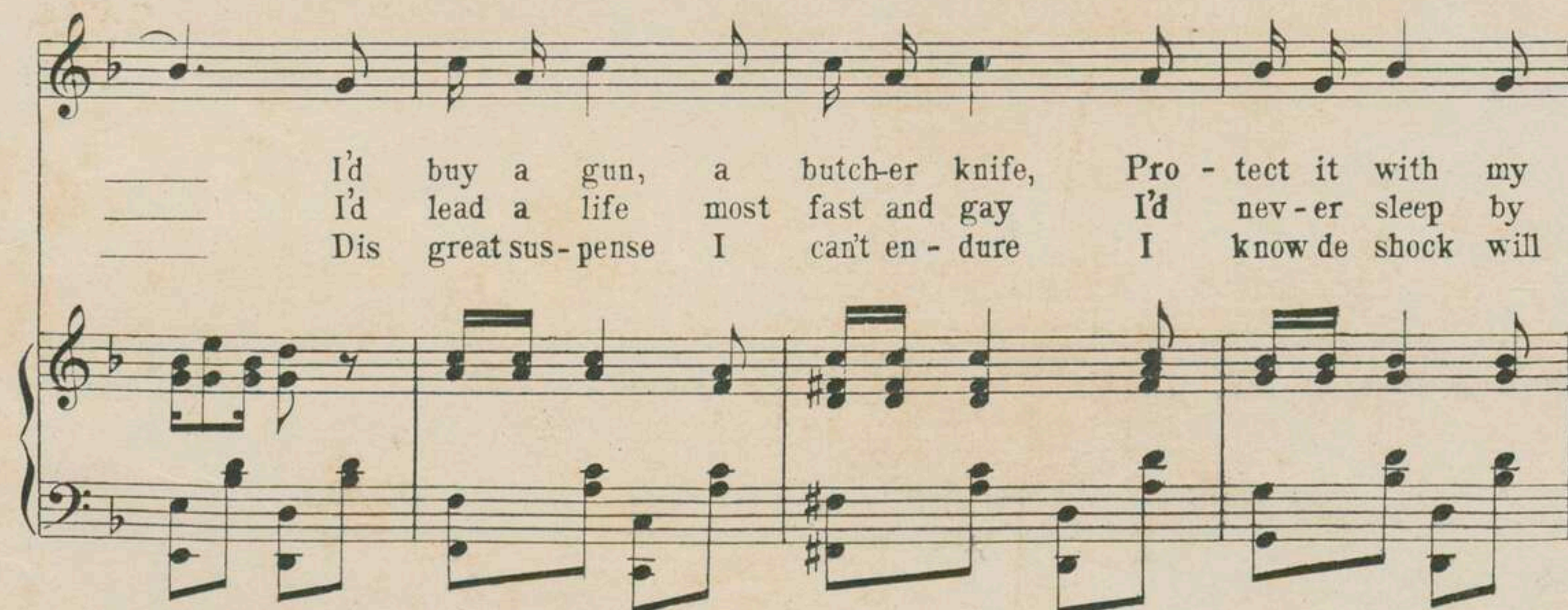
per - fect ease, Say what I like and act as I please, I'd feel just like a
 mil - lion - aire, By ev-ery-thing and go ev-ery-where In ev - ery for-eign
 lav - ish way Give mon-ey to the poor ev-ery day My name would be the



king up - on a throne _____ I hope good for - tune will some fut - ure.
 land I'd sure - ly roam _____ I'd soon for - get all troubles of the
 great-est ev - er known _____ I'd sure - ly have the lat - est horse-less



day _____ Frow a lit-tle mon - ey in my way _____
 past _____ Al - ways hap-py while my mon - ey lasts _____
 cab _____ Ev - ery - thinga - lay - in' loose I grab _____



_____ I'd buy a gun, a butch-er knife, Pro - tect it with my
 _____ I'd lead a life most fast and gay I'd nev - er sleep by
 _____ Dis great sus - pense I can't en - dure I know de shock will



ver - y life If I on - ly had a dol - lah of my own. _____
 night or day If I on - ly had a dol - lah of my own. _____
 kill me sure If I ev - er get a dol - lah of my own. _____



I DONT CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO ME NOW

WORDS AND MUSIC BY
ARTIE HALL
THE ORIGINAL
GEORGIA
COON SHOWER
PUBLISHED BY THE
WHITNEY-WARNER
PUBLISHING CO. DETROIT



THIS SONG WAS COMPOSED

BY

MISS ARTIE HALL

RAG ARRANGEMENT

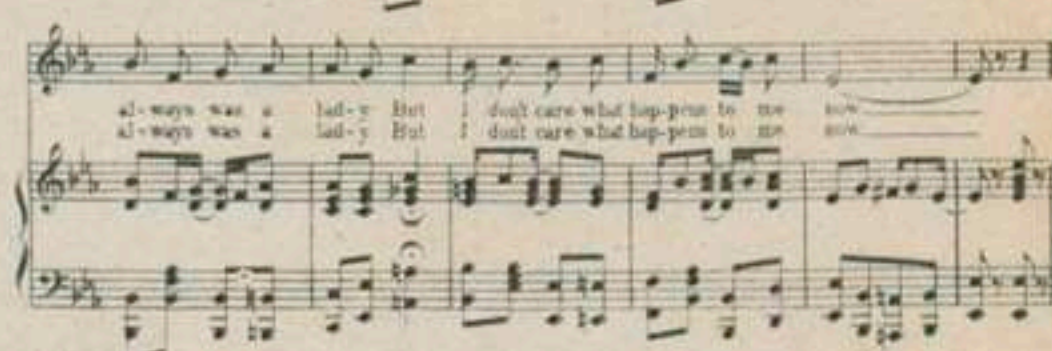
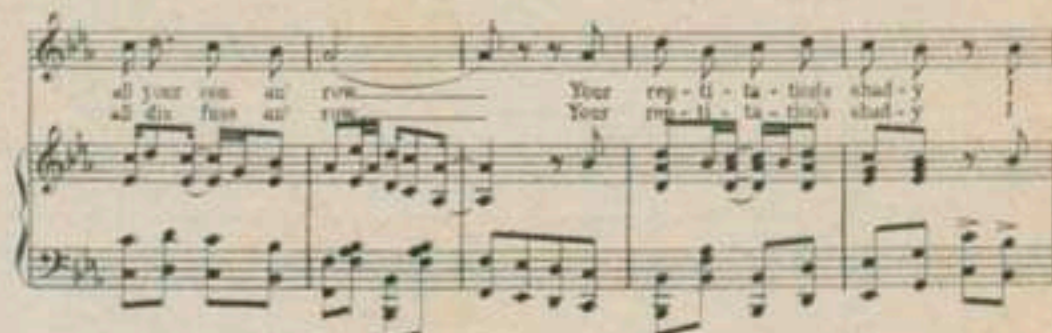
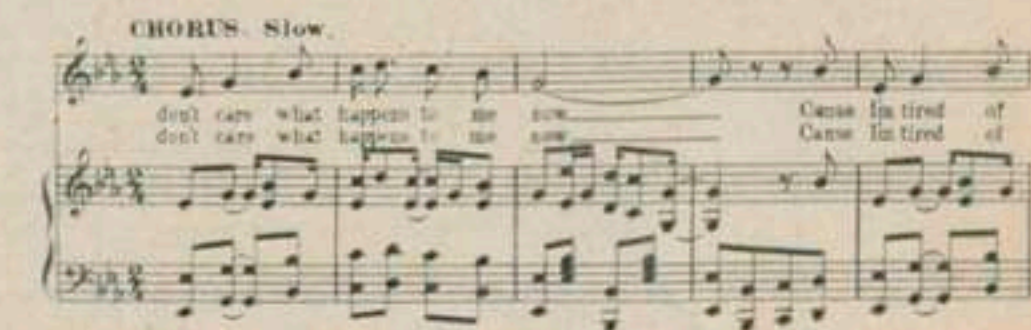
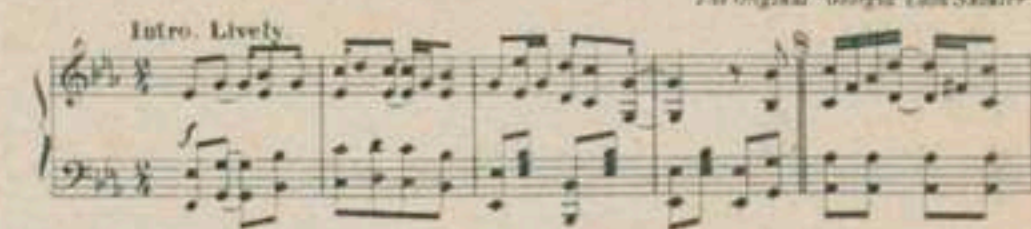
BY

ROBERT S. ROBERTS

THE WHITNEY-WARNER PUB. CO., DETROIT, MICH.
I DONT CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO ME NOW.

Written and composed by

MISS ARTIE HALL,
The Original "Georgia Coon Shouter"



RAVE YOU BETTER STAY HOME by HUGHY CANNON



Lina Lee:
A Southern Love Song.

Moderato.
Refrain.

She is my 'Li-na' Lee throughout Dix-ie to the sea—

There's none that's finer than love-ly 'Li-na'. No oth-er

maid I know can out-halt her beau-ty show. She is my

southern queen my love-ly, love-ly 'Li-na' Lee. She is my Lee—

Two leads "When the Factory Whistle Blows," By Arthur J. Lane and Geo. M. Robertson.

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The
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