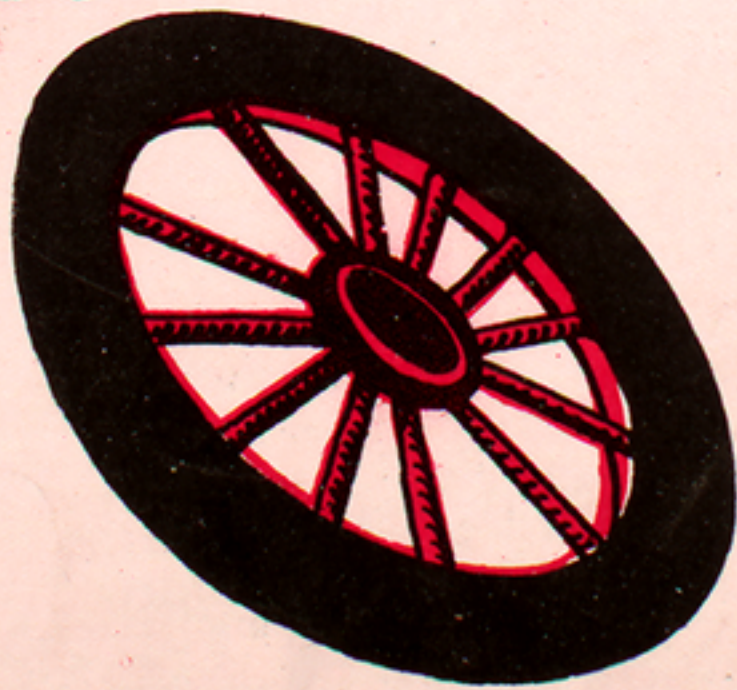


DEDICATED TO JUDGE KENESAW MOUNTAIN LANDIS

STANDARD OIL

"OILS WELL THAT ENDS WELL"
A GUSHER



5



WORDS BY
F.L.HILL
MUSIC BY
A.F.SCHEU

WRITER OF
DREAMING
JACK FROST
WHEN
SLEEPY SIDNEY
SMILING SADIE, &

HILL MUSIC PUBLISHING CO.
MERCANTILE-LIBRARY-BLDG-CIN'TI-O.

But who can tell now if you please,
Just how much oil twill take to grease
The track that causes things to slide
Around the bend or to the side?
We know there s "fingers in the pie"
This is a truth we can't deny;
There's others who will share the spoil
Of what is called the Standard Oil.

"John's" fortune is so very large
A corner off would fill a barge.
Could buy a city large or small,
And own the Rail Roads one and all.
Could stretch his twentys to the moon
And if the earth was one balloon
Could cover it with shining gold,
With millions more down in the hold.

He had a very winning "smile"
And many Rail Roads did beguile.
He said Ill give you something back
If only Standard Oil you'll pack.
Remember this is on the dead
(I think thats what the old man said)
And when they answered "You are on"
A friendly smile came over John.

When our good President had seen
That John D's plans were mighty mean
This freezing little fellows out
His "thinker" then began to doubt.
He said its time to blow the horn
And call the cows in from the corn
And sure enough he started in
To put him out, and will he win?

The rich old man was hard to find.
He knew they had an "ax to grind".
And when they found him O ho! ho!
All he would say was "I don't know."
Now you wont censure him for that.
It is not nice with Judge to chat.
Nor is it wisdom if you please
But "thank you" for the witness fees.

O "John" we feel so very bad,
To think when you was but a lad
So many schemes got in your head.
Why did you not play golf instead?
We fear you did not think of us;
You ve got us in an awful muss
We can't forgive you John for this
For things are terribly amiss!

Two nine two forty! 0! 0! 0! (29.240.000)
Was something awful dont you know!
But then you brought it on yourself
By laying too much on the shelf.
Now come dear John and sin no more
Bestow your shekels on the poor.
We know you've given much away
But "Uncle Sammy" wants his "pay."

Standard Oil.

Words by F. L. HILL.

Music by A. W. SCHEU.

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in common time. The music begins with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte). The melody in the treble clef features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass clef provides a steady accompaniment of chords and single notes.

Musical notation for the first line of the song. It includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a rest, followed by the lyrics "U - Now Some". The piano accompaniment continues from the introduction. A dynamic marking of *f* is present. The instruction *Till ready.* is written above the piano part.

Musical notation for the second line of the song. It includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "ni - ted States is all a flame They say that 'fel - ler' is to blame Or, 'Rock - e - fel - ler' is no fool For long a - go he went to school And States ap - pear to hold their breath, While oth - ers aim to cause the death Of". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

is that just the thing to say, When he has all the fines to pay, I'm
learned to read and write and spell, And some words looked like O - I - L. S -
this "Oil wa - gon" called a trust, Which sure - ly will be hard to bust. And

ritard.

sure I know how you'd fi - nance, If you could get "next" to the chance It's
T - A - N - D - A - R - D An - oth - er word he liked to see, They
if it busts I think they'll find The same old thing bob up be - hind. Yes

just as plain as A. B C. You'd do the same as "John - ny D."
looked so good to "John - ny D." He add - ed on the Come "pay" ny.
sure - ly we are in the toil Of ev - er last - ing Stan - dard Oil.

CHORUS.

Oil, oil, oil has got us in its toil, But

Ted - dy says the trusts have got to go; And

when this man be - hind Gets a thing set in his mind, You can

bet your bot - tom dol - lar 'twill be so.