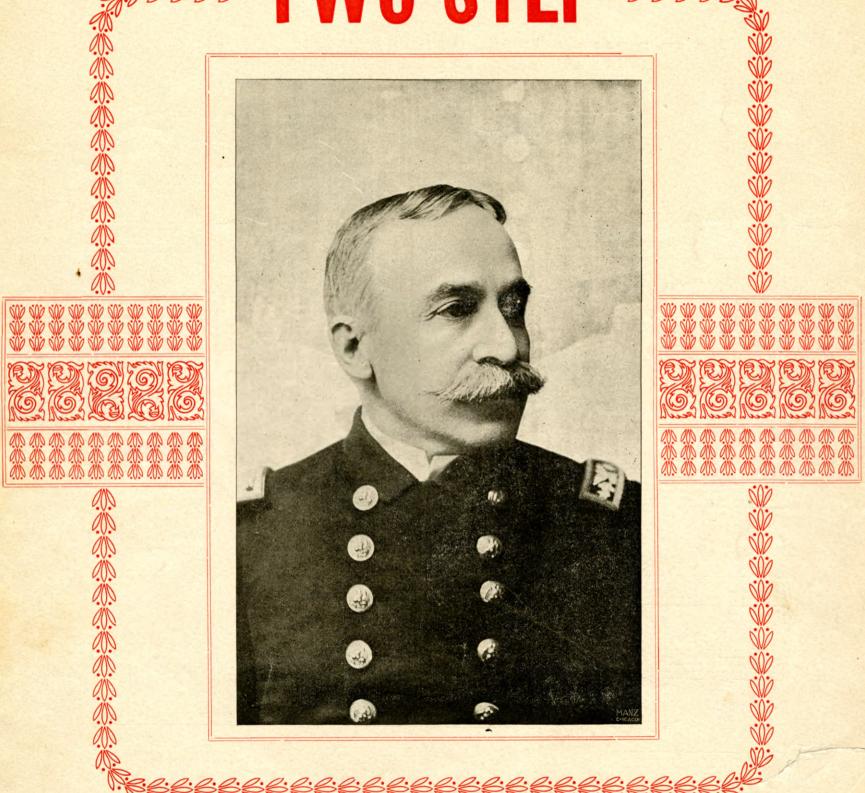
# "ADMIRAL DEWEY" MARCH TWO-STEP



Composed by ALVA VAN RIPER



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# "ADMIRAL DEWEY" MARCH TWO-STEP.

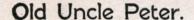








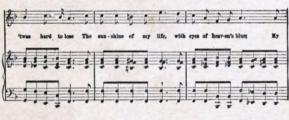
"Admiral Dewey" March Two-Step. 4.





# Only a Pair of Worn-Out Shoes.

Words by William Fisher Music by Thos. H. Northrud. 1 4 1 





# Only a Pair of Worn-Out Shoes

A crowd stood in a bar-room in a far-off western town, Boasting of the luck they'd had, as they drank their liquor down. Some talked of home and mother, and the girls they left behind, For they were miners everyone, and longed for gold to find. But at one table sat a man, his face was pale and thin; In his hands he held a package that a woman brought to him, And when his comrades with a laugh, cried, "what's the matter Ned?" He opened up the package, and to all his comrades said:

CHORUS.

Only a pair of baby's little shoes! Oh, how I loved her, lads! 'twas hard to lose The sunshine of my life, with eyes of heaven's blue; My precious little baby girl who wore these worn out shoes.

The bar-room was all silence, and those rough men hung their heads; Often they had heard him speak of his baby girl now dead; Each day he'd been expecting wife and child to come out west.

And therefore, I have no fear."

And therefore, I have no fear." She was watching for her papa from the early morn till late; Now what care I for wealth or gold?—all would I gladly lose Fer one sweet kiss from baby's lips, who wore the worn-out shoes.'

Try this on your Piano.

# DE BUGS AM IN DE CO'N

1. 3 1. 3 1. 3 1.



Oh, white folks stop and listen to me a little while, For I am broken hearted and forlo'n For de craps da am a failin' bekase it am too wet, But de wust of all, de bugs am in de co'n.

De oats dey looked so lubly, for dey were two feet high, But a hail storm lebeled dem all one fine mo'n And de tater bugs da feasted till der were no taters left, But de wust of all, de bugs am in de co'n.

The Title Page Bye-10, Bye-10, My Baby

Is worth the full price of the music, for it contains the pictures of over

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The face of each little tot as plain and clear as photographic art can make it.

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"Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay," Etc., Etc.

REGULAR PRICE 25 CENTS

# Father Is at the Wheel

Words and Music by L. E. WEST.

Price, 50 cents. Copyrighted 1897 by L. E. West.

A little boy stood on a vessel deck,
And the wild waves ran mountain high,
And all seemed lost in that dreadful storm,
For surely no help was nigh.
A passenger said to the little lad.
"No fear, no fear do you feel?"
The little lad answered, "I'm not afraid,
For father is at the wheel."

### CHOUS

"I'm not afraid tho' the lightning flash, I'm not afraid tho' the thunder crash; No matter to me tho' the wild waves dash, For father is at the wheel."

Ere morning had come the staunch vessel lay
In the harbor all safe and sound,
And all on board of that gallant ship
Were safe on the solid ground.
And long years rolled by, and the lad's sweet voice
Still rang in the stranger's ear,
"My father, my father is at the wheel,
And therefore, I have no fear."

# Bye-lo, Bye-lo, My Baby.

LULLABY SONG, WITH ORIGINAL YODLE.



paid on receipt of 50 cents.

Copyrighted 1897 by L. E. West.

Oh, the dear little babies we meet day by day, How their bright cherry faces can brighten our way! With their bright laughing eyes, and faces so sweet, With a dear little baby our home is complete.

When evening comes on and the sand-man draws near, Scattering sand in the bright eyes so dear, As over the cradle our vigils we keep,

And with this sweet lullaby sing baby to sleep.

# BRIDAL BELLS.

WALTZ











The following is what one of the eminent composers of Chicago says of "BRIDAL BELLS" WALTZ:

Cago says of "BRIDAL BELLS" WALTZ:

CHICAGO, ILL., April 23, 1897.

L. E. West, Esq., Rock Island, Ill.

DEAR SIR—I have looked over your Bridal Bells Waltz and find it neat, attractive and pleasing to the ear as well as the planist. It seems to me to be an echo of a celebration of a wedding and different parts call up to the mind's eye the happy couple leaving the church on their wedding trip. The chimes of the bells are aptly illustrated throughout, and altogether the BRIDAL BELLS WALTZ ought to please the lover of light music.

Yours truly, THEO. H. NORTHRUP.

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