

“Old Timers” Waltz

The Bowery

Oh! The night that I struck New York
I went out for a quiet walk,
Folks who are “on to” the city say
Better by far that I took Broadway,
But I was out to enjoy the sights
There was the Bow'ry ablaze with lights,
I had one of the devil's own nights,
I'll never go there anymore.

The Bow'ry, the Bow'ry!
They say such things,
And they do strange things,
On the Bow'ry, the Bow'ry!
I'll never go there anymore!

East Side, West Side (The Sidewalks of New York)

East Side, West Side,
All around the town,
The kids sang Ring-around Rosie,
London Bridge is falling down.
Boys and girls together,
Me and Mamie O'Rourke,
We tripped the light fantastic
On the sidewalks of New York!

Sweet Rosie O'Grady

Sweet Rosie O'Grady,
My dear little Rose,
She's my steady lady,
Most everyone knows
And when we are married,
How happy we'll be;
I love sweet Rosie O'Grady,
And Rosie O'Grady, loves me.

Bicycle Built for Two (Daisy Bell)

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do!
I'm half crazy, all for the love of you!
It won't be a stylish marriage,
I can't afford a carriage,
But you'll look sweet upon the seat
Of a bicycle built for two!

Comrades

Comrades, comrades,
Ever since we were boys,
Sharing each other's sorrows,
Sharing each other's joys.
Comrades when manhood was dawning,
Faithful what e'er may betide,
When danger threatened,
My jolly old comrade was there by my side!

Little Annie Rooney

She's my sweetheart, I'm her beau,
She's my Annie, I'm her Joe,
Soon we'll marry, never to part,
Little Annie Rooney is my sweetheart!

She May Have Seen Better Days

She may have seen better days
When she was in her prime,
She may have seen better days
Once upon a time.
Though by the wayside she fell,
She may yet mend her ways,
Some poor old mother is waiting for her
Who has seen better days.

The Band Played On

Casey would waltz with a strawberry blonde,
And the band played on.
He'd glide 'cross the floor with the girl he adored,
And the band played on.
But his brain was so loaded it nearly exploded,
The poor girl would shake with alarm.
He'd ne'er leave the girl with the strawberry curls,
And the band played on.

After the Ball

After the ball is over,
After the break of morn,
After the dancers' leaving;
After the stars are gone;
Many a heart is aching,
If you could read them all;
Many the hopes that have vanished
After the ball.