

Sophie Weber



BURLESQUE SONGS

N^o1. P.S.D.

N^o3. TASSELS ON THE BOOTS.

N^o5. ALFRED PRINCE THE BANKER'S SON.



N^o2. UP IN A BALLOON.

N^o4. THE NEW MABEL WALTZ.

N^o6.

ST. LOUIS,

BALMER & WEBER 206 N. FIFTH STREET.

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R.P. STUDLEY & CO., ST. LOUIS.

THE LATEST AND BEST MUSIC,

BY FAVORITE AUTHORS.

A. C. EIMER,

The Favorite and Talented Composer.

DARLING JAMIE.....40.

Song and Chorus. Key of Ab. Mezzo Sopr. 3.

Brightly o'er the azure mountain
Casts the sun his ling'ring ray,
And the breezes in the valley
Sing to sleep the parting day.

LENA.....40.

Song and Chorus. Key of G. Soprano. 3
Gently onward roll bright streamlet
In thy silent course, and free.—

*Both very handsomely embellished, and an ornament
to any collection.*

MAUD MEDILL.....30.

Song and Chorus. Key of G. Soprano. 3.
Acacias soft are blooming
Where steals the silent wave,
And willows green are weeping.—
To guard thy verdant grave.

Willie by his Mother's Grave.....30.

Ballad. Key of C. Soprano. 4.
Oh! hear me, mother, hear my prayer;
Leave not thy Willie to despair.

There is a peculiar charm in Mr. Eimer's melodies, while his choruses add a pleasing variety not usually met with. His modulations are really fine, thus making his compositions attractive, as well for the musician as for the learner. His efforts have already attained great popularity, and we predict for these unparalleled success.

SERENADE A EMILIE, (Key of Bb. 4.).....50.

*Beautifully embellished, artistically composed, and
a favorite Piano Piece with medium Pianists.*

CASCADE MAZURKA, (Eb. 4).....45.

*One of the most elegant compositions issued for
some time. Its embellished title page is the theme of
general comment.*

E. LINWOOD,

The charming and most successful **BALLAD
WRITER** of our times.

DON'T BLUSH.....30

Song and Chorus. Key of C. M. S. 3.

WORDS BY ELMER RUAN COATES.

Love Me as of Yore.....30

Song and Chorus. Key of F. Sp. 3.

"Oh take me to your heart again,
Oh take me, I implore;
Forget the words that made us part,
And love me as of yore."

ALAS! HE DOES NOT COME, MOTHER...30

Song and Chorus. Bb. M. S. 3.

"Alas! he does not come, mother,
I weep and watch in vain."

We recommend these three Sentimental Ballads as really good, and advise amateurs to procure them without delay.

Gently Lord, O Gently lead us....40

Sacred Song and Trio. Ab. M. S. 3.

THE ROSY LIGHT IS DAWNING.....50

Sacred Song and Quartette. G. M. S. 3.

No fireside should be without these two favorite **Gems**. Wherever or whenever they are heard they are sure to please—in fact, we consider these some of the best compositions ever written. A fine illustrated title-page adorns them, as an additional attraction.

TASSELS ON THE BOOTS.

As Sung By Miss Sophie Worrell.

Arranged by

Chas. E. Pratt.

Moderato

PIANO.

I.V.'Twas at a Fancy Ball,... I met my charmer
2.V. I watch'd her up the stairs,... Where we to sup-per

fair.... 'Midst waltzing Swells and dashing Belles, The pretti - est dan- cer there. I
went,... Up - on those tas-sels on her boots, My soul was so in - tent. They

1911 = 3

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watch'd her while the mu-sic play'd The lat-est Waltz of "Coote's,"----- And
ask'd me to pro-pose a health, Said I here's one that suits,----- So

fell in love, no not with her, With the tas-sels on her Boots, Oh! yes
fill your glass-es up, and drink To the tas-sels on the boots, Oh! yes

rall.

CHORUS.

Spoken after 1 verse. Yes! through those little peepholes in that pretty white petticoat I could plainly see:
Spoken after 2 verse. I meant to drink the ladies health, but I could think of nothing but:

Those tas-sels on the Boots,----- A style I'm sure that suits----- Our

mf

west-ern girls with hair in curls, Those tas-sels on the Boots.-----

cres.

mf

ff FINE.

1911 = 3

3. v. I ask'd this girl "if I Might call," she said, "you may, But
 4. v. I call'd on her next day, And Cu - pids cru - el shoots Soon

p

tell me why you gaze up - on The ground in such a way. You're
 made me throw my - self be - fore. Those tas - sels on her boots. Now

sad per - haps, for life is full Of ve - ry bit - ter fruits;" "Oh
 when we're mar - ried, and we've got A lot of lit - tle toots, I'll

Dal Segno al Fine.

no," I said, "I'm look - ing at Those tas - sels on your boots.....
 make them, wheth - er boys or girls, Wear tas - sels on their boots.....

rall:

1911 = 3

Spoken after 3.verse. What is a more lovely sight, when you walk down Fifth street, than to look at -:
 Spoken after 4.verse. If I were twenty years older with a family annually in proportion, every one should wear those
 pretty, pretty, pretty -:

The Latest and Best Songs by Popular Authors.

GENTLY LORD, O! GENTLY LEAD US! Sacred Song and Trio.

E. LINWOOD.

Gent-ly Lord, O! gent-ly lead us Thro' this lone-ly vale of tears, Thro' the chan-ges thou'st de-creed us, Till our last great change ap-pears.

NORA NELL. Song and Chorus.

J. M. NORTH.

There's a cool and splash - ing foun - tain, From a rock its wa - -ters flow, How they
spar - kle in the sun - light As they mur - mur soft and low.

DARLING JAMIE. Song and Chorus.

A. C. EIMER.

Bright - ly o'er the a - zure moun - - tal Casts the sun its ling'r - ing ray,
And the breez - es in the val - ley, Sing to sleep the part - - ing day.

INDIA MAY. Song and Chorus.

H. S. THOMPSON.

In - di - a May, by the fire - fly's light, I stand In the old cot - tage door, And I've
wait - ed in vain for the wel - come good eve, As I heard it in days of yore.

BONNIE ANNIE DREW. Song and Chorus.

E. M. BOWMAN.

My love-ly pearl so beau-ti-ful, Sweet Min-nie, bright and fair, Af-fec-tion-ate and du - ti - ful, With curls of au-burn hair.

LENA. Song and Chorus.

A. C. EIMER.

Gent - ly on - ward roll bright stream-let, In thy si - lent course and free; Oh! I
love to hear thy murmur-ing wave - - lets flow un - to the sea.

LEND A HAND TO ONE ANOTHER. Song and Chorus.

FRED. WILSON.

Lend a hand to one an-oth-er, in the dai-ly toil of life, Should we meet a weak-er broth-er, Let us help him in the strife.

MY DARLING DWELLS OVER THE SEA! Song and Chorus.

J. M. NORTH.

Ov - - - er the sea dwells my dar - ling, In a cot by the wave girt - ed shore, But
love arch - es ov - er the dis - tance, And she dwells in my heart ev - er more.