

THE VIOLIN MY GREAT GRAND-DADDY MADE



The Violin My Great Grand-Daddy Made

Words by
ROGER LEWIS

Music by
ERNIE ERDMAN

Moderato

Vamp

In our fam - ly there has been for
Man - y times that Vi - o - lin' up -

man - y years a Vi - o - lin, It hangs in our front - room up - on the
on that wall just seems to grin, And says so soft and sweet - ly to its

wall; Now it's not much on looks or strings, but when it comes to
bow, As years roll on, the fash - ions change, the tunes to - day are

Mu - sic things, That fid - dle there has got it on them all.
 might - y strange.'Twas not this way a hun-dred years a - go.

— And tho' it's worn and old, it's worth its weight in gold.
 — I re - al - ize it too, the tunes to - day are new.

rit.

CHORUS

Not too fast p-f

My great grand - dad - dy, when he was a

lad - die, Played "Yan - kee Doo - dle came to town" up - on that Vi - o -

4

lin, And my own dad - dy's dad made my grand - mam - my

This system contains two staves. The top staff is for the voice, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The lyrics "lin, And my own dad - dy's dad made my grand - mam - my" are written below the notes. The bottom staff is for the piano, featuring a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. It consists of four measures of chords.

glad with "Way down south in the land of cot-ton," Best tune that he

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had; Now my dad takes that bow, And he syn - co - pates so

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soft and low a rag, a rag, I love to hear it

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played; Then he hands that fid - dle to me, And I play a Max - ixe

mel-o - dy, "Tia - da - da, tia - da - da, tia - da -

da, tia - da - da," On the Vi - o - lin my great grand-dad - dy

made. My made.

READ WHAT THE PAPERS SAY ABOUT "I DIDN'T RAISE MY BOY TO BE A SOLDIER"

It's Another "Tipperary" as Sure as You're Born

REPRINTED FROM THE "NEW YORK AMERICAN."

WILL WARD and his bouquet of girls are making the greatest hit of the year at the Alhambra Theatre in singing the great song success, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier."



The Pittsburgh Gazette-Times, Sunday, Jan. 17, 1915.

THIS SONG WOULD END THE WAR

Remarkable Work Suggesting Peace for All Nations.

A song has just been published, which, if adopted by various countries, would speedily put an end to international and foreign warfare. The song is entitled, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier!" and although only out a few days has proved the most startling hit New York has known in many years. Here is a part of the chorus:

I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier,
I brought him up to be my pride and joy,
Who dares to place a musket on his shoulder,
To shoot some other mother's darling boy?
Let nations arbitrate their future troubles,
It's time to lay the sword and gun away,
There'd be no war to-day, if mothers all would say,
I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier.

The song which portrays a mother's version of peace and happiness is a wonderful precept of parental wisdom and is the utterance of woman's unshakable love for her offspring, teaching a lesson that will go down the corridors of time with a beneficent warning against battle and bloodshed.

The song is of such a popular character that it is even being introduced in the public schools.

Buffalo Courier, Sunday, Jan. 17, 1915.

A SONG AIMED TO CHECK WARFARE

Expressions of An American Mother on Modern Conflicts.

A philanthropical New York man has just put out a song which is the mirror of a mother's heart. Eliminating the commercial element, he has, primarily issued it to render a national service, and, if possible, to end the horrors of warfare. Two clever writers, Al Bryan and A. Piantadosi, were engaged to construct the song. Here is a part of the chorus:

I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier,
I brought him up to be my pride and joy,
Who dares to place a musket on his shoulder,
To shoot some other mother's darling boy?
To shoot some other mother's darling boy?
Let nations arbitrate their future troubles,
It's time to lay the sword and gun away,
There'd be no war to-day, if mothers all would say,
I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier.

An American mother is speaking. With loyal instinct she breathes a sigh in the lines; "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier!" because she knoweth full well that a soldier's lot is to kill—or die. The beauty of the thought is so apparent and the music so skillfully woven that the song is achieving a popularity second to no other musical work written within a century.

The Times-Picayune, New Orleans, Sunday, Jan. 17, 1915.

NEW YORK'S LATEST SONG NOVELTY

Popular Eastern Work Which is Speeding Thro' the South.

Fathers, mothers, sons and daughters of Greater New York, are enthusing over a new song called, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier," which is said to be one of the most marked hits of years. The text of the song reflects the love of a mother who dares to rear her lad to shoulder a rifle and take the life of his fellowman. Following is part of the chorus:

I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier,
I brought him up to be my pride and joy,
Who dares to place a musket on his shoulder,
To shoot some other mother's darling boy?
To shoot some other mother's darling boy?
Let nations arbitrate their future troubles,
It's time to lay the sword and gun away,
There'd be no war to-day, if mothers all would say,
I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier.

The song has a fascinating swing with martial strains that cling unalteringly to the memory. Of all the modern songs with war themes thus far written, this work is the most foremost, because it possesses a heart interest so convincing as to cause it to live for generations as a worthy effort to frustrate war.

Several advance copies of the song reached New Orleans yesterday.

"I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier," a Keith Song Hit

PEACE

I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be A Soldier.

CHORDS

... did - a - moe my boy to be a soldier
... shoot some oth - er mother's darling boy
... don't - a - place a musk - et on his shoul - der
... shot some oth - er mother's darling boy

NELLIE V NICHOLS

SHELDON, if ever has a popular ballad won such instantaneous success as "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier" the war ballad that Nellie V. Nichols, the accomplished singing comedienne, is featuring at B. F. Keith's Royal Theatre, in the Bronx. Only a little more than a week old, it has created a furor in New York and is keeping to success in other cities. Audiences have demanded that it be sung over and over again until

it has become a very real feature in every sense of the word.

The song has all the sentiment that is required just at this time. There are few songs in which the words are so cleverly wedded to the music. They seem naturally to come together and can be sung with peculiar ease.

Certainly the people understand this after they have heard Miss Nichols sing it over. But the most

surprising thing is how easily those in the audience pick it up.

This song is the chart event of this reigning hit at the popular lyric temple of vaudeville. The personal magnetism of the singer and her infinite method of getting the most out of a song does this splendid trick. Nichols received an encore after each number and was allowed to depart after she had convinced the audience she had already occupied the stage several

minutes longer than is allotted for her act.

Clark and Hamilton, the English musical comedy stars, gave their first performance yesterday at the Grand Concert, while Harry Carroll, the boy composer of popular songs, rendered several of his latest compositions. Eva Condon and Jack Devoreaux and company presented a comedy sketch, while the 2nd Dragoons, the Lancers, the Buffalo, Bosch and McCurdy, the Fifilewest Troops and Carl Demarest concluded the bill.

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