

THE SAN FRANCISCO FAIR

F. RAY GOMSTOCK PRESENTS

NOBODY HOME

BOOK BY
GUY BOLTON
MUSIC BY
JEROME KERN

K39
202



Vocal

Another Little Girl.....	60
Any Old Night (Is a wonderful Night).....	60
Nobody Home In Your Heart.....	60
The San Francisco Fair.....	60
You Know And I Know.....	60
That Wonderful Thing Called Love.....	60
Beautiful, Beautiful Bed.....	60
In Arcady.....	60
The Magic Melody.....	60
The Chaplin Walk.....	60
Words and Music by Schuyler Greene Otto Motson and Jerome Kern	
You Don't Take A Sandwich To A Banquet.....	60

Instrumental

Selections.....	1.00
Nobody Home Cake Walk.....	60

T. B. HARMS
AND
FRANCIS DAY & HUNTER
NEW YORK

THE BALLAD OF LOVE AND GLADNESS
THE SUNSHINE OF YOUR SMILE

Words by
Leonard Cooke.

Music by
Lilian Ray.

Refrain.

mf

Give me your smile, The love - light in your eyes,

mf

Life could not hold A fair - er Par - a - disel

ten.

Give me the right To love you all the while, My world for ev - er, The

ten.

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At That San Francisco Fair.

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Words by
SCHUYLER GREENE.

Music by
DABNEY & EUROPE
and
JEROME KERN.

Piano.

Voice.

Good - bye boys I'm on my way, — I'm leav - ing town to - day, —
Oh Con - duc - tor where's your pride? — Is this old en - gine tied, —

— For San Fran - cis - co; — On that Gold - en —
— Or what's the trou - ble? — We've all got our

West ex - press, — To that sun - car - essed, land I love the best, —
bag - gage checked, And un - less were wrecked, Mon - day we ex - pect, —

—Where hos-pi-tal-i-ty is more than free,— Just take a
 — To see those San Fran-cis-co cab-a-rets,— That lots of

tip from me— there'll be an ar— my, Of
 peo-ple praise— as high as Broad— way's, Well

friends to meet— us, wait-ing there to greet— us sure as
 if their jok-ers are such mirth pro-vok-ers there'll be

you're a-live,— When we ar-rive.— (Spoken.) Where?
 fun to spare,— When we get there.— (Spoken.) Where?

Refrain.

5

p-f

At that San Fran - cis - co Fair, take me there,

p-f

(Oh Mister.)

take me there, — Put me off at an - y - where,

I don't care, an - y - where, — In that dear old

(Just drop me.)

Gold - en State — Near that dear old Gold - en

Spoken (Don't stop me)

gate. _____ Mis - ter En - gin - eer, lis - ten, can't -

— you hear San Fran - - - cis - co call - ing to you?

Pull that throt-tle o - pen wide, let her ride,

(Just feel that)
let her ride, _____ Pull - man sway from side to

side let her slide, let her slide, — Hur-ry, hur-ry

(I warn you) here's my fare, — Try to stop me if you dare, — (dog -

gone you) — Hear those whist-les blow-ing, Ev'-ry-bo-dy's go-ing,

To that San Fran-cis-co Fair. Fair. —

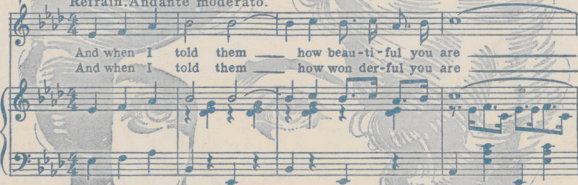
THE CHARMING BALLAD SUCCESS OF THE SEASON

THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE ME

Words by
HERBERT REYNOLDS

Music by
JEROME KERN.

Refrain. Andante moderato.



And when I told them — how beau-ti-ful you are
And when I told them — how won-der-ful you are



— They didn't be-lieve me! — They didn't be-lieve me
— They didn't be-lieve me! — They didn't be-lieve me



— Your lips, your eyes, your cheeks, your hair are in a
— Your lips, your eyes, your cur-ly hair are in a

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