In The Days Of Old.

"Bi" and Girls

Words by
HENRY M. BLOSSOM, Jr.

Music by
ALFRED G. ROBYN.

Moderato.

Piano.

It is strange what a change has come o-ver the world Since the days of
Walking back from the track where I lost all my stock, As I trudged the

long a-go. The dis-tinc-tion of cast is a thing of the
dust-y read I was pressed by a "jap" with a curt load of

past 'Tis a bank ac-count now you must show. To be
hay And his own indi-vid-u-al load. And he:

Copyright MCMIII by M. Witmark & Sons.
International Copyright Secured.
rude and to stare and to frequently swear, Is considered the
stopped and inquired: "Don't the walk make you tired?" And I answered him

thing in smart sets And I shudder to think that some
"Yes" with a smile. Then he said: "I must go but if

real ladies drink, And a few even smoke cigarettes. It was
walkings too slow I'd advise you to run for a while." It was

Con anima.
not like that in the olden days, Which have passed beyond recall In the
not like that in the olden days, Which have passed beyond recall In the
rare old, fair old golden days, It was not like that at all
rare old, fair old golden days, It was not like that at all

Then we all did just what we ought to do, Or if not we never told, I sigh in vain, to live again
Then the "rubes" all stood for the bun-co game And they bought the brick of gold, These "jays" were not so wise a lot

Fine
Fine.