There Comes A Night.

Maestoso

BENJ. HAPGOOD BURT.

Ev-ery day, they say, has to have his day,
And a few bus-ty nights thrown.
If we only knew where we"trans-fer" to,
When we shuf-flie this earth-ly
When you vow that you, with the Bones are thro',
And you sit with the crowd at

in,

And if you ask me, he's a fool if he does at

sph-air.

We could then de-cide, on the road to ride, as we

night.

You are apt to think, its a crime to drink, and you

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get all that's coming to him: There are those who say, 'tis a
trav - el a - long down here: But as we don't know, where we're
pit - y your play-mates plight: But the Sel - zer sizz, has a

crime to play, we should all be in bed at nine: But the
going to go, there is really no need for fear. For it
cool - ing fiss, so you think you will try just one. For you

CHORUS

man who said, "we're a long time dead," hit the nail on the head for mine:
can't be very much warmer there, then the nights we have all had here: For there
don't feel well, so you touch the bell, and go home with an aw-ful 'rum.'

comes a night, when we all get 'tight,' and the wat - er wag-on is a
lone-some sight: No-bod-y cares if the landlord swears:

No-bod-y cares if they fall down stairs. We drink queer drinks, And we

think queer thinks: And the world seems made up of skating rinks: There

comes a night, when we all get "tigh" And I'm glad when it comes, aren't you?

There Comes A Night. 3.