The Organ-Grinder's Serenade.

Words and Music by CHAS. K. HARRIS.

Arr. by JOS. CLAUDE.

1. Standing alone in the doorway, grinds the old hand-organ man,
2. Time passed and still this wee maiden, came to that spot every day,

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Turning that shiny old handle, playing the best that he can;
Oh, how the old man's eyes glistened, and how that organ would play;

Not a soul stops, or will listen, quickly they all pass the door;
But one day he missed this angel, poor man, his heart ached with pain;

He heaves a sigh as they go by, they've heard those tunes before.
"Why don't she come, my little one?" he waited all in vain.

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Yet close by the pavement stands a little Miss,
From a pretty cottage, just across the street,

"Here's a penny, please sir, play a tune for this;"
There came forth a lady, face so sad and sweet,

Then the old man looks down at her, "Bless you, my sweet little maid,
"Baby is longing to see you, come in, sir, don't be afraid,

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If you will stay, don't run away, I'll play my serenade.
She's going to die, please sir, don't cry, Play her your serenade.

CHORUS.

"After the ball is over," softly the organ did play,

"After the dancers leaving," "Please Mister come every day."

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“Creep, baby, creep, mamma will surely catch you,

Creep, baby, creep, mamma is near to watch you,"

"While the music is playing," was the next strain played;

1. Dear, old, sweet tunes, that were heard morn and noon, 'Twas an old serenade.
2. Dear, old, sweet tunes, softly played in that room, 'Twas her last serenade.

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