

BUT OH!

*B. H. C. Brown
Toronto, Ont.*

WHAT A DIFFERENCE IN THE MORNING.



Another
Great Hit
"LILLY LALLY DILLY DALLY
OH! MY HEAD"
Price 40¢

COMIC SONG.

WORDS BY
HARRY MILLER.

MUSIC BY
FELIX Mc GLENNON.

40¢

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OH, WHAT A DIFFERENCE IN THE MORNING.

Words by HARRY MILLER.

Music by FELIX MC. GLENNON.

Andante.

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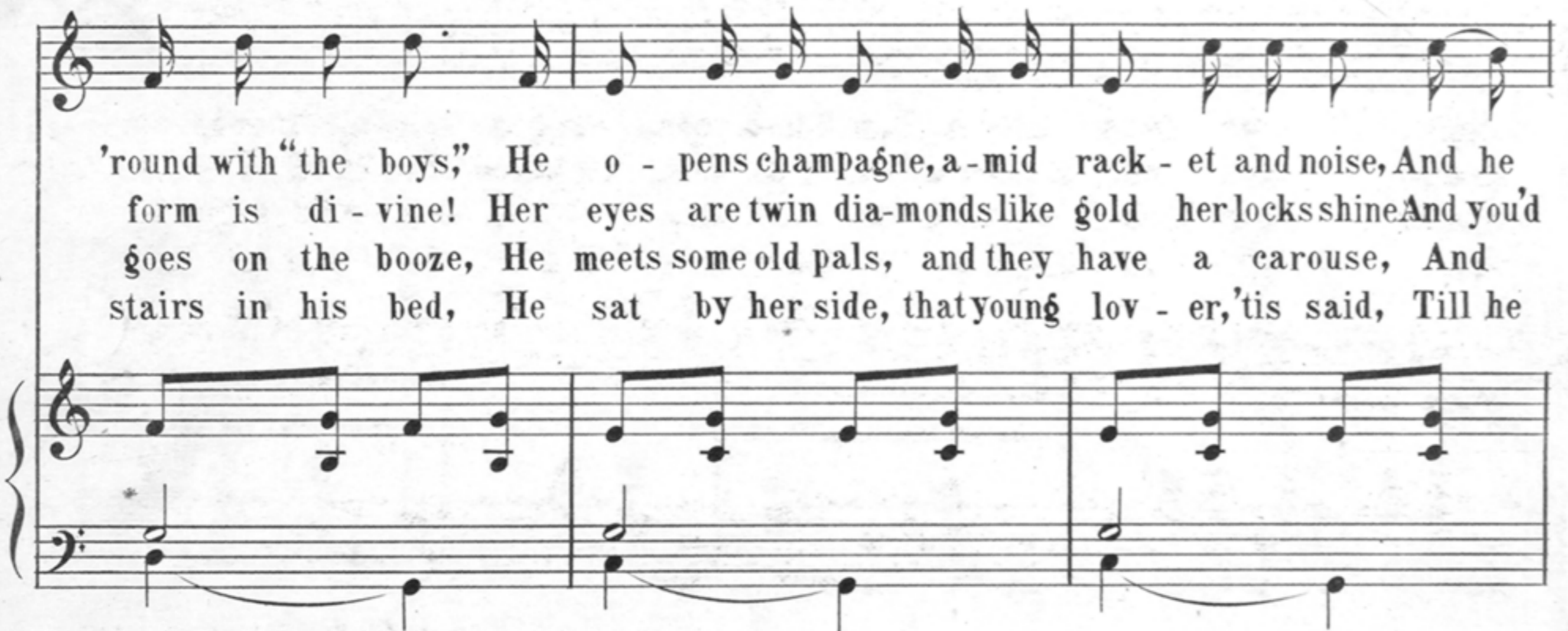
How fun - ny the va - ri - ous sights that ap - pear, At night, at
 You see, at a ball, a fair girl you ad - mire, At night, at
 And then there's the fri - vo - lous gay married man, At night, at
 A young man went court - ing his sweet - heart, so dear, At night, at

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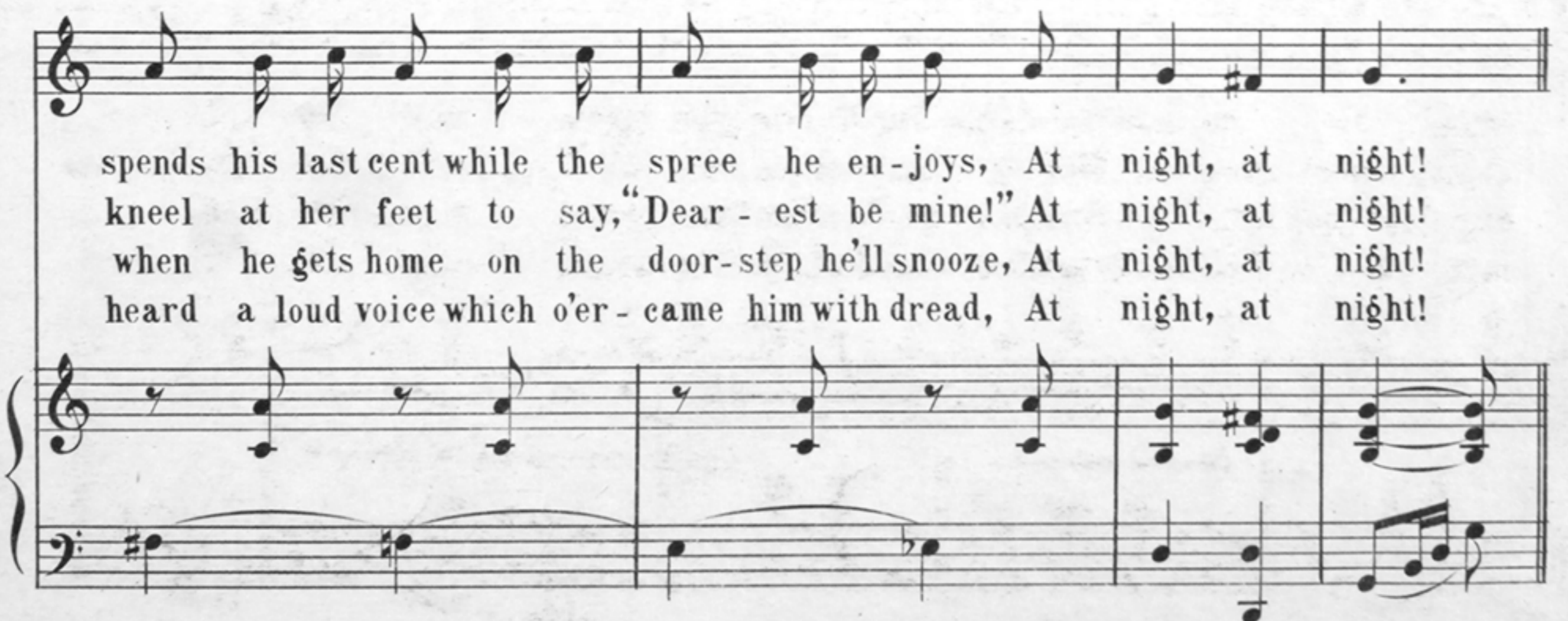
night! We seem to in - hab - it a dif - fer - ent sphere, At
 night! To gaze on her beau - ty you nev - er could tire, At
 night! To tell what he gets at is part of my plan, At
 night! He nev - er im - a - gin'd her old man was near, At



night, at night! We see a young fel - low go
 night, at night! Her face is per - fec - tion, her
 night, at night! With plen - ty of mon - ey, he
 night, at night! He thought he was safe - ly up



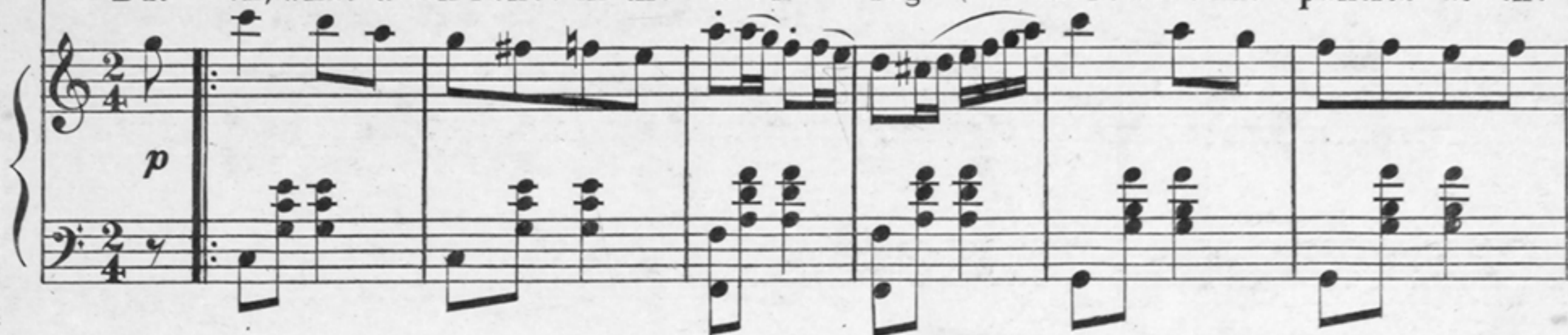
'round with "the boys," He o - pens champagne, a - mid rack - et and noise, And he
 form is di - vine! Her eyes are twin dia - monds like gold her locks shine And you'd
 goes on the booze, He meets some old pals, and they have a carouse, And
 stairs in his bed, He sat by her side, that young lov - er, 'tis said, Till he



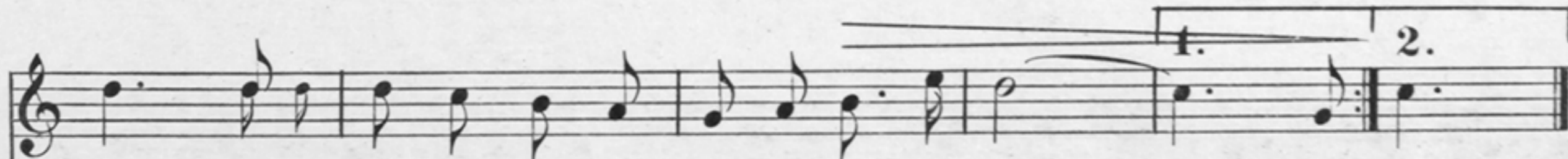
spends his last cent while the spree he en - joys, At night, at night!
 kneel at her feet to say, "Dear - est be mine!" At night, at night!
 when he gets home on the door - step he'll snooze, At night, at night!
 heard a loud voice which o'er - came him with dread, At night, at night!



But oh, what a diff'rence in the morn - ing! Then comes re-pentance at the
 But oh, what a diff'rence in the morn - ing! What al-ter - a - tions at the
 But oh, what a diff'rence in the morn - ing! Then comes re-pentance with the
 But oh, what a diff'rence in the morn - ing! Hurt were his "panties" at the



dawn - ing! With el - e - gant black eyes, And a head just twice its
 dawn - ing! The locks you thought so fair, They are dan-gling o'er a
 dawn - ing! Tho' he's ve - ry ve - ry dry, For a drink he'll vain - ly
 dawn - ing! A num-ber e leven boot, With his feel - ings did - n't



size, He in - terviews Judge Duf - fy, in the morn - ing! But ing!
 chair, Her form is like a hat-rack, in the morn - ing! But ing!
 cry, For his wife's been thro' his pockets, in the morn - ing! But ing!
 suit, And he took his breakfast standin', in the morn - ing! But ing!

