THE LITTLE GOOD FOR NOTHING'S
GOOD FOR SOMETHING AFTER ALL

LYRIC BY
LOU. KLEIN

MUSIC BY
HARRY VON TILZER

SPECIALYPOSEDBY
LAURRETTETAYLOR
AMERICASGREATESTACTRESS
"The Little Good For Nothing’s Good For Something After All"

Words by LOU KLEIN

Music by HARRY VON TILZER

Piano:

Voice:

It's funny how a nick-name clung to little Mary Brown. They called her good-for-nothing in her hometown.

In her home-town they used to frown but now you'll hear them say:

As I knew our good-for-nothing would make us proud some day.

She grew up wherever she'd go they'd call her by that name.

But may be strange but still it's true how often you will find:

If she's good-for-nothing angels must be just the same.

One's we thought were angels turned out just the other kind.

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Chorus.

They al-ways called her lit-tle good-for-noth-ing Just be-cause like oth-er chil-dren she was

wild Tho’ she wasn’t all to blame Still she could’n’t bear the name that

clung to her since she was but a child But now she’s o-ver there, she joined the

Red Cross Giv-ing up her life at du-ty’s call And the ones that used to sneer are the

first ones now to cheer the lit-tle good-for-noth-ing’s good for some-thing af-ter all.
Our Big Sellers

BALLADS

THE LITTLE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING IS GOOD FOR SOMETHING, AFTER ALL
WHEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT ON BROADWAY
IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO THE U.S.A.,
AND THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND BUI THE LIBERTY BOND FOR THE BABY
I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'M GOING, BUT I'M ON MY WAY
JUST AS YOUR MOTHER WAS GIVE ME THE RIGHT TO LOVE YOU
LOVE WILL FIND THE WAY SOMETIMES
VULCAN
THERE'S SOMEONE MORE LONESOME THAN YOU
ON THE SOUTH SEA ISLE
YOU'LL ALWAYS BE THE SAME SWEET GIRL
THOUGH I HAD A BIT OF THE DEVIL IN ME (SHE HAD THE WAYS OF AN ANGEL)
DEAR OLD-FASHIONED IRISH SONGS IN DREAMY SPAIN
MY BEAUTIFUL CHATEAU OF LOVE LAST NIGHT WAS THE END OF THE WORLD YO SAN

NOVELTY SONGS

IN THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE
BRING BACK, BRING BACK, BRING BACK THE KAISER TO ME
AND THEN SHE'D KNIT, KNIT, KNIT
HE'S DOING HIS BIT FOR THE GIRLS STRIKE UP THE BAND, HERE COMES A SAILOR
THERE'S A MILLION REASONS WHY I SHOULDN'T KISS YOU SAYS I TO MYSELF, SAYS I
JUST THE KIND OF A GIRL YOU'D LOVE TO MAKE YOUR WIFE SOMEWHERE IN DIXIE
I'M A TWELVE O'CLOCK FELLOW IN A NINE O'CLOCK TOWN THERE'S A LITTLE BIT OF BOOTCH IN MARY DON'T SLAM THAT DOOR ON THE HOKO MOKO ISLE WITH HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS AND HIS POCKETS IN HIS PANTS SOMETIMES YOU GET A GOOD ONE AND SOMETIMES YOU DON'T CLOSE TO MY HEART THEY ALL HAD A FINGER IN THE PIE ROW, ROW, ROW ALL ALONE

NOVELTY KID SONGS

CROSS MY HEART AND HOPE TO DIE CONSTANTINOPLE ALL ABOARD FOR BLANKET BAY THEY ALWAYS PICK ON ME

INSTRUMENTAL NUMBERS

THE OLD TOWN PUMP (FOX-TROT) STOLEN SWEETS (WALTZ)

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