ON THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK.

Third Lesson.

Well, will you con-tem-plate that Boy now?

Ain't he troub-le-some?

He must be some re-la-tion to An-tho-ny Com-stock.

You don't know who An-tho-ny Com-stock is?

Wait till you write a book!

Is the Boy go-ing to shoot those Round, Red Balls the Da-go has?

He is—if he dares!

But he fears the Cop!

So shines the Ma-jes-ty of the Law a-bove all things, lit-tle Chil-dren!

What are those Red things? Cher-ries?

Wrong, Eddy Rooney! The Boy is not George Wash-ing-ton.

They are Bal-loons! A Bal-loon is what your head feels like in the Morn-ing!

If the Boy hits the Bal-loons what will the Har-vest be?

They will go up like Sep-tem-ber wheat.

And the Boy?

He will go up for thir-ty days!

Then he will wish he were a Gen-tle, Mild, Lit-tle Girl.

No, Frankie Williams, you may not gwout!

L. M. G.

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CHORUS.

Sweet No - la Shan - non, No - la Shan-non as - thore,

Each day I see you I love you more;

Bright as the sun - shine, She's the girl I pre - fer,

rit.

She loves me dear - ly and I do love her.

rit.

Sweet Nola Shannon. 3—3.

Sweet Nola Shannon

Sung by Lila Sayne.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY W. R. WILLIAMS

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