Humorous Song

JOSHUA

by

G. W. Chadwick

Medium Voice, in G

Boston: OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

New York: CHAS. H. DITSON & CO  Chicago: LYON & HEALY
JOSHUA

R. D. WARE

G. W. CHADWICK

(Original Key)

Allegro moderato

1. Josh-u-ah
2. But the

a was the son of Nun And he led the Hebrew band Out
Ca-naan-ites would not come out, And they would not let him in.

Which

from the hor-rid wil-der-ness In- to the Prom-ised Land. But
riled old Josh, the game old scout, And he got mad as sin.

So

*) pronounced: Josh-u-ah

Copyright MCXIX by Oliver Ditson Company
International Copyright Secured
73231-6
When he came to Jericho The Canaanites sat tight.

"It looks to me," says Josh, "By kid; "It's kinder mean," says Josh, "By

Verse 1  Verse 2

Gosh! As if there'd be a fight?
Gosh! But some-thin' must be did!

Chorus

So it's blow, blow, blow,
Blow on your old ram's
horn. Blow, blow, blow Though you blow from night till morn, For music savage breasts will soothe And make a soldier's path-way smooth If you blow, blow, blow, At your Jer-i-

cho In the same old way, As did Josh-u-a When he

72299·6
blew on his old ram's horn.

3. He sat him down before the gate, And blew on that old horn.
Ca - naan - ites they thought too And hoisted the white flag.

There blew and blew from morn till night And then from night till morn.
What no oth - er way they knew To stop that old wind - bag. "If
blow the mortar off the stones That made the mighty wall. "I
you will stop we'll let you in, And promise to be good? "That's

thought I could," says Josh, "By Gosh! I guess they're goin' to fall."
right, my boys," says Josh, "By Gosh! I kinder thought ye would."

**CHORUS**

So it's blow, blow, blow,
Blow on your old ram's

horn.

Blow, blow, blow,
Though you blow from night till
morn, For music savage breasts will soothe And make a soldier's
path-way smooth If you blow, blow, blow At your Jer-i-
cho In the same old way As did Josh-u-a When he
blew on his old ram's horn.
LOVE'S CAPTIVATING SONG

Dreaming Alone in the Twilight

Lyric by CARL CLEMSON  Music by HARTLEY MOORE

A DELIGHTFUL sentimental song with a brilliant melody which, once heard, can never be forgotten. Its old, true story that "absence makes the heart grow fonder" will keep this song on top of your pile of favorite music.

REFRAIN

Slowly and dreamily

Dreaming alone in the twilight,

Dreaming of you;

The long empty years brought tears and tears, But that can not make me cry.

Come to me now in my dream, Bid every grief go by.

HIGH, IN C  MEDIUM, IN A,  LOW, IN F

Price, Sixty Cents

VIOLIN AND CELLO OBBLIGATO

FOR SALE AT ALL MUSIC DEALERS