PEGGING ALONG

A SONG
By
OLEY SPEAKS

HighMediumLow

Price, 60 cents, net

G. SCHIRMER

New York · Boston
Pegging Along

Leslie Alan Taylor

Oley Speaks

Voice

Leisurely

Piano

pegging a-long, dear, Now right and now wrong, dear, And always the best I may do

Responds to the thought, dear, Contentment is sought, dear, By

Copyright, 1920, by G. Schirmer, Inc.

Printed in the U.S.A.
peeg-ling a-long just for you. To-day and to-mor-row, Thro'
joy or thro' sor-row, What-ev-er the sky I may view,

My creed and endeav-or Is summed up for-ev-er In peg-ging a-long, dear, for you.
Slower

And so, as I wept, dear, Those highways which end, dear, At last in the firmament blue, I’ll hum in my heart, dear. Till death us do part, dear, I’m pegging along, dear, for
you. And so, as I wend, dear. Those highways which end, dear. At last in the firmament blue, I'll hum in my heart, dear. Till death us do part, dear. In pegging a-long, dear, for you.
The Lane to Ballybree

A Taking Song With Any Audience
A Splendid Ballad With A Strong, Melodious Refrain
It Is Oley Speaks In His Most Delightful Mood

The Lane to Ballybree

Poem by Katharine Edelman

There's a little lane a winding, a crooked little lane,
A little winding lane that leads to Ballybree.
When the lark's song is heard it brings a welcome breeze.
And sweetly singing little birds are heard on bough and tree.

There's a little lane a winding, a crooked little lane,
A winding lane it is that leads to Ballybree.
That little lane to all a dreamer is a world of poetry.
To all a dreamer it is, for all is very dear and sweet.

There's a little lane a winding, a crooked little lane,
And there's a world not in the lane but in a winding lane.
There's new glory every morning—a joy that brightens glowing.
Oh! I'm going to in wandering the lane to Ballybree.

High Voice in D
Low Voice in B♭

Price, 66 cents, net

Published by
G. Schirmer, Inc.
3 E. 42nd Street, New York