

# SHE MAY BE HAPPY WITH RICHES



*Sincerely yours  
Hattie Starr*

OR  
THIS IS A STORY  
FROM LIFE.

WORDS BY  
L.W. LEWIS.

MUSIC BY  
HATTIE STARR.

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*f marcato.*

*Andante.*

*mp*

Mid the splen.dor and the grandeur of dear old New York town, Ma - ny  
To a home of gold and glit - ter in dear old New York town, Near the

homes there are where sor - row the ag - ed heads bow down; And 'twas  
hum - ble cot of child.hood she oft had played a - round; As a



there for rank and wealth, my sis - ter whom we all a - dored, For -  
hand - some wife and moth - er her heart with pride does bound, No

sook poor Dad and Moth - er, and scorned my warn - ing word. Each  
rich - er home than Nel - lie's could far or wide be found. For -

*dim.*

morn - ing at the ta - ble now we see her va - cant chair, And we  
got, her hum - ble cot - tage where she first saw light of day, For -

*mf*

miss her pret - ty face so bright and fair, Oh the  
got, the dear old par - ents far a - way, But our

*f*

*She may be etc. 4.*



an - guish of poor moth - er I shall nev - er more for - get, As of  
 door is al - ways o - pen for the one we love so well, And dear

sis - ter Nell she speaks with fond re - gret.  
 moth - er of - ten says of sis - ter Nell:-

## CHORUS.

Waltz. *mp*

She may be hap - py with rich - es, For him, her love may be sin -

cere; I'm won - der - ing now what her thoughts are, If she

*She may be etc.A.*



thinks of her moth-er dear, And then with the deep-est e-

mo - tion; I press mother to my breast, As she rais-es her

sad eyes to heav - en, And in words of pray'r finds rest.

*After last verse and chorus.*  
 This is a sto-ry from life, This is a sto-ry from life.

She may be etc.



# AMPLY WORTH TRYING OVER.

## NO SWEETER WORDS WERE EVER SAID.

Words and Music by R. M. Stults.

*Refrain.*

*mp* No sweeter words were ever said To me they ever will seem new; — They banish sorrow, pain and dread Those little words, I love but you? —

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## BORN AT SEA, AND A SAILOR.

Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

*Refrain.*

*mf* Born at sea, and a sai - lor So he'll al - ways be — His on - ly home is on the foam, His cra - dle is the sea; —

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## "TAPS," or A DYING SOLDIER'S REQUEST.

Words by Wm. H. Gardner.  
Music by Felix Mc Glennon.

*Refrain.*

*mf*

1. The stars shone clear and sparkling, The snow was pure and white, — When sweet - ly from the bugles, "Taps" sounded through the
2. They soon were fond - ly dreaming, Of loved ones far a - way, — And peaceful was their slumber, Un - til the break of
3. They charged and brave - ly captured The en - e - my's re - doubt, — But, ah, their brav - est soldier, From earth was mus - tered

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## 'DEED YOU HAVEN'T TREATED ME RIGHT, HON'

Words and Music by Nathan Bivins.

*Refrain.*

*mf* 'Deed you hav - nt' treated me right, hon', 'Deed you hav - nt' treated me right! I give you all my money, And a

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## SMOKY SAM. (Cake Walk.)

S. M. Roberts.

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## AMERICAN VICTORY MARCH.

Chas. A. Ware.

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## M.A.C. MARCH and TWO-STEP.

R. M. Stults.

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## "PHILOPENA." TWO-STEP MARCH.

R. M. Stults.

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## FOND MEMORY WALTZES.

Richard L. Weaver.

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