DAISY BELL (BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO)-1892     ( ALL SONGS ARE   3/4   123  123)

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do.   I’m half cra - zy,     all for the love of you.

It won’t be a stylish marriage, I can’t af-ford a carriage.

But you’ll look sweet u-pon the seat of a bicycle built for two.

THE BAND PLAYED ON-1895

Casey would waltz with the strawberry blond, and the band played on.

He’d glide ‘cross the floor with the girl he a-dored, and the   band played on.

But his brain was so loaded, it nearly ex-ploded, the poor girl would shake with    a - larm.

He’d ne’er leave the girl with the strawberry curl, and the band played on.

SCHOOL DAYS-1907

School days, school days, dear old golden rule  days

Reading and writing and ‘rithmetic, taught to the tune of the hickory stick.

You were my queen in calico,  I was your bashful, barefoot beau,

And you wrote on my slate, “I love you so,” when we were a couple of kids.

YOU TELL ME YOUR DREAM-1908

You     had a dream, well,    I had one too.  I know mine’s best ‘cause it was     of     you.

Come, sweetheart, tell    me,    now is the time. You    tell me your dream, I’ll     tell you mine   (X2)
DAISY BELL (BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO)-1892
(ALL SONGS ARE 3/4 123 123)

F  Bb  F  C7  F  Dm  G7  C7
Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do. I’m half crazy, all for the love of you.

F  Bb  F
It won’t be a stylish marriage, I can’t afford a carriage.

C7  F  C7  F  C7  F
But you’ll look sweet upon the seat of a bicycle built for two.

THE BAND PLAYED ON-1895

F  FMA7  F6  F  C7
Casey would waltz with the strawberry blond, and the band played on.

Gm7  C7  Gm7  C7  F
He’d glide ‘cross the floor with the girl he adored, and the band played on.

C7  F7  Bb  D7  Gm
But his brain was so loaded, it nearly exploded, the poor girl would shake with alarm.

Bb  Bdim  F  Dm  G7  C7  F
He’d ne’er leave the girl with the strawberry curl, and the band played on.

SCHOOL DAYS-1907

F  C7  F  Ddim  Gm7  C7
School days, school days, dear old golden rule days

F
Reading and writing and ‘rithmetic, taught to the tune of the hickory stick.

D7  G7  C7  F  F7
You were my queen in calico, I was your bashful, barefoot beau,

Bb  Bdim  F  A7  Dm  G7  C7  F
And you wrote on my slate, “I love you so,” when we were a couple of kids.

YOU TELL ME YOUR DREAM-1908

F  E7  F  D7  G7  C7  F  C#7  C7
You had a dream, well, I had one too. I know mine’s best ‘cause it was of you.

F  E7  F  D7  G7  Bb  Bdim  F  D7  G7  C7  F
Come, sweetheart, tell me, now is the time. You tell me your dream, I’ll tell you mine (X2)