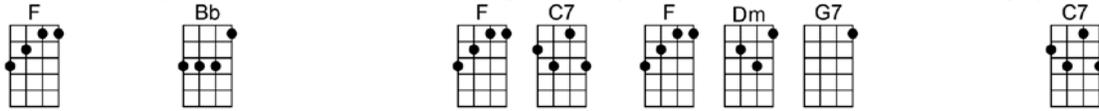


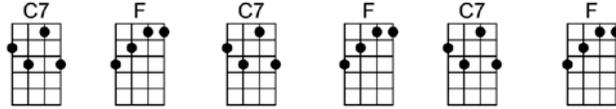
DAISY BELL (BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO)-1892 (ALL SONGS ARE 3/4 123 123) (BAR)



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

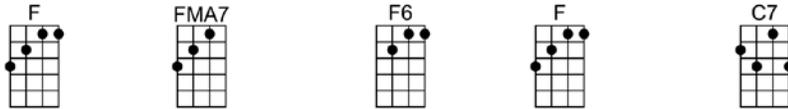


It won't be a stylish marriage, I can't af-ford a carriage.

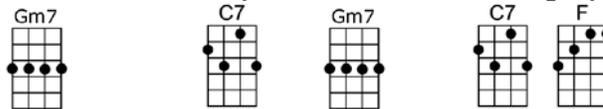


But you'll look sweet u-pon the seat of a bicycle built for two.

THE BAND PLAYED ON-1895



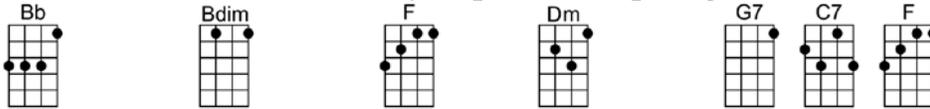
Casey would waltz with the strawberry blond, and the band played on.



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

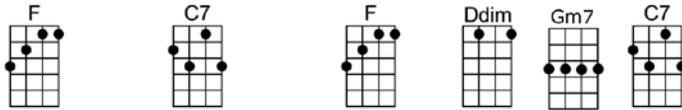


But his brain was so loaded, it nearly ex-ploded, the poor girl would shake with a - larm.

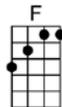


He'd ne'er leave the girl with the strawberry curl, and the band played on.

SCHOOL DAYS-1907



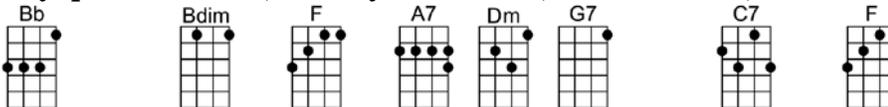
School days, school days, dear old golden rule days



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

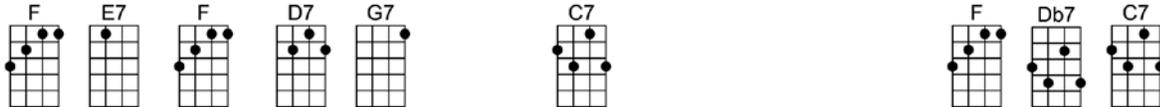


You were my queen in calico, I was your bashful, barefoot beau,

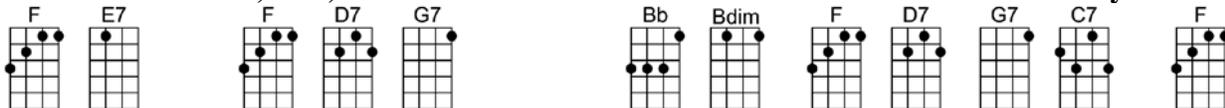


And you wrote on my slate, "I love you so," when we were a couple of kids.

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 cra - zy, all for the love of you.

F Bb F
It won't be a stylish marriage, I can't af-ford a carriage.

C7 F C7 F C7 F
But you'll look sweet u-pon 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 a-dored, and the band played on.

C7 F7 Bb D7 Gm
But his brain was so loaded, it nearly ex-ploded, the poor girl would shake with a - larm.

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)