



Creep, baby, creep.

Harris, Chas. K. (Charles Kassell), 1867-1930; Harris, Chas. K. (Charles Kassell), 1867-1930

Milwaukee, Wisconsin: Chas. K. Harris (207 Grand Ave.), 1890

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POPULAR SONGS

* * * BY * * *

Charles K. Harris.

HELLO, CENTRAL, HELLO!	40
KISS AND LET'S MAKE UP	50
SCHOOL BELLS, OR, WHEN BABY COMES FROM SCHOOL,	50
YOU 'LL NEVER KNOW	50
CREEP, BABY, CREEP	40
CAN HEARTS SO SOON FORGET?	40
ONLY A TANGLE OF GOLDEN CURLS	

MILWAUKEE, WIS.:

Chas. K. Harris & Co.,

207 GRAND AVENUE.



CREEP, BABY, CREEP.

Words and Music by CHAS. K. HARRIS.
INTRODUCTION.

Arranged by HERMANN SCHLOSS.

f *Tempo di Valse*

ff

Allegro scherzando

1. See our lit - tle ba - by creep-ing, How she tries to cross the floor
2. Now her lit - tle eyes are clos - ing, Ba - by's tired— gone to sleep

mf

When she hears her pa - pa's foot - steps, Know - ing he is at the door....
With a smile up - on her sweet face, Pret - ty dim - ples in her cheek....

How the lit - tle eyes now bright-en
Dream-ing of the com - ing mor - row, As she sees him stand-ing there,
When her lit - tle tod-dling feet,

mf

rit ad lib

Pa - pa sure - ly now will catch you, And will kiss your gold - en hair.....
Try to walk to her dear ma - ma, But our pet can on - ly creep.....

rit ad lib

Lit-tle hands to him out-stretch-ing, "Pa - pa, come and take your ba - by girl."
Dream, my pret - ty rose - bud, dream on, Sor - row ne'er shall touch your tender heart

And her ros - y lips so catch - ing, Ma - king pa - pa's fond heart thrill.
While your ma - ma's here to guide you, From the path - ways lone and dark.

With a cry he folds her to him,
For you are my on - ly treas-ure,
Nes - tles in his arms so close,
Life with-out you holds no charms.

Pa - pa's caught you, ba - by dar-ling, And it seems the ba - by knows.
Wake up, dar - ling, kiss your ma - ma, Let me hold you in my arms.

CHORUS.

Creep, Ba - by, creep..... Ma - ma will sure - ly

catch you; Creep, Ba - by, creep.....

Creep, Baby, Creep. 4-3

Musical score for a vocal piece with piano accompaniment. The score consists of four staves of music in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal part (Soprano) and piano part are on the top two staves, and the bass part is on the bottom staff.

Lyrics:

- Ma - ma is near to watch..... you, Creep,
- Ba - by, creep..... Creep to the breast that will
- love..... you, Hold you so tight, Ma - ma's de - light,
- Creep to me, Ba-ba, now creep. creep.....

Performance markings:

- sempre rit.* (repeatedly) over the third line of lyrics.
- colla voce.* (with voice) over the fourth line of lyrics.
- a tempo* (with tempo) over the piano accompaniment in the fourth line.
- con rep.* (with repeat) over the piano accompaniment in the fourth line.
- f* (forte) over the piano accompaniment in the fourth line.

FOUR NEW SONGS.

KISS AND LET'S MAKE UP!

(Copyright 1891.)

A Beautiful Descriptive Waltz Ballad with Mazurka Refrain.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

CHARLES K. HARRIS.

Two little playmates, a boy and a girl,
Were playing one day on the sands;
They had built up a house of pretty sea shells,
With no tools but their little brown hands;
At last it was finished, their work was well done,
And two little hearts were made glad,
When the boy, just for fun, gave a kick then did run,
And down came the house on the sands.

The girl, for a moment stood shocked and surprised,
Then tears to her pretty eyes came—
"I'll never forgive him," she sobbingly cried,
"Oh, how could my Jack be so mean!"
And when the lad saw his sweetheart in tears,
He manfully to her side came,
And throwing his arms around her dear form,
Said, "Kiss and let's make up again!"

Tempo di Mazur.

Kiss and let's make up, my dar-ling, Dry your tears, don't cry in vain,
For you know I love you dar-ling, Yes, I know I was to blame,
So you wish you'd never met me? Don't say that my lit - tle pet,
What would this life be with-out you? Kiss and let's make up.

HELLO CENTRAL, HELLO!

(Copyright 1891.)

A Great Descriptive Topical Waltz Song. Sung everywhere with
Great Success.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

CHARLES K. HARRIS.

One bright and pleasant evening, while sitting all alone,
A message came a- ringing from o'er the telephone,
I sprang up in a hurry, and answered back, "hello!"
When soft and clear, a voice so dear, came over the telephone:
"Where were you last night, Harry, why don't you keep your date?
You promise you would meet me, down by the old garden gate.
I think you are a trifler," then came a sob and moan,
"You'd better get another girl," came over the telephone.

"Hel - lo, cen - tral, hel - lo!" "Hel - lo".....
back came the an - swer to me,.... "Hel - lo,
cen - tral, hel - lo!" "Hel - lo" "I won - der who she can be."

SCHOOL BELLS, OR WHEN BABY COMES FROM SCHOOL.

(Copyright 1891.)

A Pretty and Catchy Home Song with Beautiful Waltz Chorus.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

CHARLES K. HARRIS.

School bells, schoo bells, how they ring!
Calling babes to school;
Hasten now my little darling,
Jump up from your stool,
Toddle quickly, do not stop, or you will be late—
Here's your book, your slate and apple and your little cake.
Now at last the home is quiet, and so dark and drear,
Baby's childish voice is silent, pattering feet not here,
School bells, school bells, how they ring! sounding out the rule,
That our home again will brighten when our baby comes from school.

Tempo di Valse.

Hark! I hear their voi - ces plain, They are com-ing down the lane,
How like bells their voi - ces sound, to their mother's ear,....
Ti - ny feet they pat - ring come, Laughing, sing - ing as they run,
Life is sun shine once a - gain, When ba - by comes from school.

YOU 'LL NEVER KNOW.

(Copyright 1891.)

One of the Prettiest Waltz Ballads Ever Written.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

CHARLES K. HARRIS.

A vision of beauty greets my eyes,
A girl with an angel face,
As she stands beneath the gleaming lights
With, Oh, such careless grace;
Lovers all crowd around her throne,
There is no place for me.—
As I stand in the midst of the mighty crowd,
I am thinking my love of thee;
You'll never know the pain I feel,
Gazing on your face bright,
You'll never know the dull heartache
Throbbing in me to-night;
I can't believe that you are false,—
Would you then have it so?
Though my heart may break to night,
You will never know.

Moderato.

You'll nev - er know, when my heart is sad, You'll nev - er know
that my love you had, If there be one, but one re - gret,
D.C.
You'll never know, you'll never know, Tho' my heart break you'll never know.

COMPLETE COPIES OF THE ABOVE FOR SALE AT ALL MUSIC STORES.