



## Kiss, and let's make up.

Harris, Chas. K. (Charles Kassell), 1867-1930; Harris, Chas. K.  
(Charles Kassell), 1867-1930  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin: Chas. K. Harris, 1891

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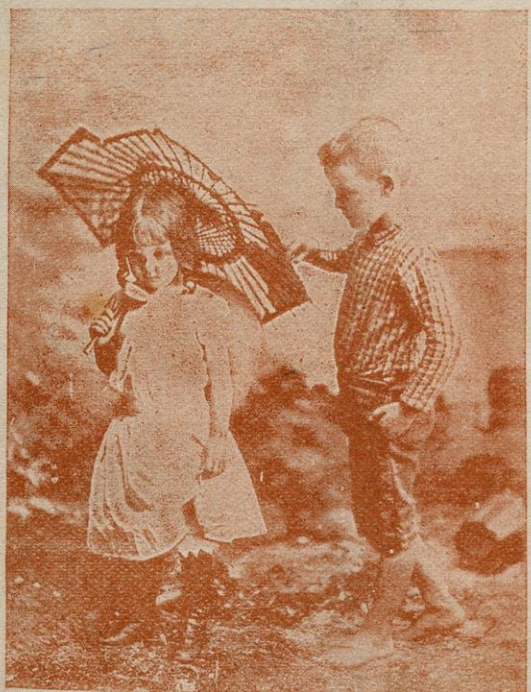
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Fannie Richardson.

Thirtieth Edition.

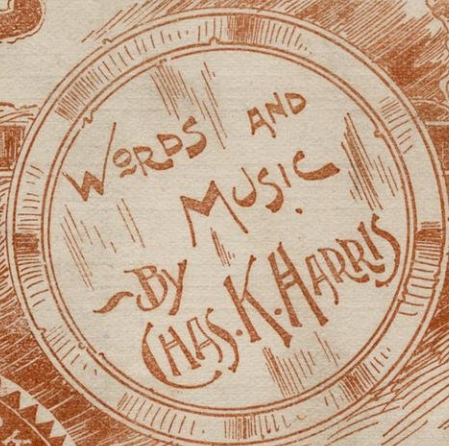


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THE POPULAR HIT.  
OF THE SEASON

# "KISS AND LET'S MAKE UP"

DESCRIPTIVE BALLAD.



5.  
MILWAUKEE, WIS.  
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CHAS. K. HARRIS



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# TRY THESE ON YOUR PIANO.

## HELLO CENTRAL, HELLO!

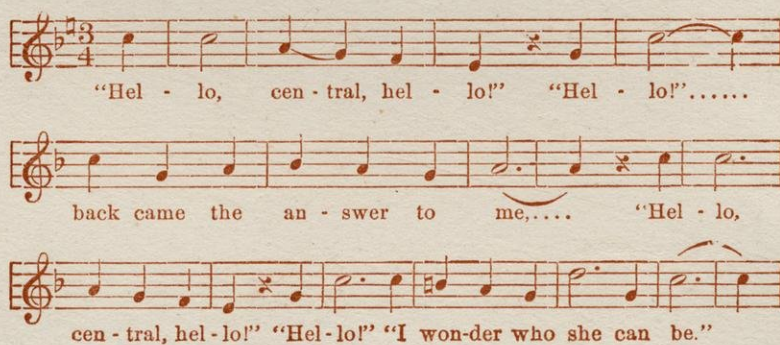
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A Great Descriptive Topical Waltz Song. Sung everywhere with  
Great Success.

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 trifter," then came a sob and moan,  
"You'd better get another girl," came over the telephone.



## YOU 'LL NEVER KNOW.

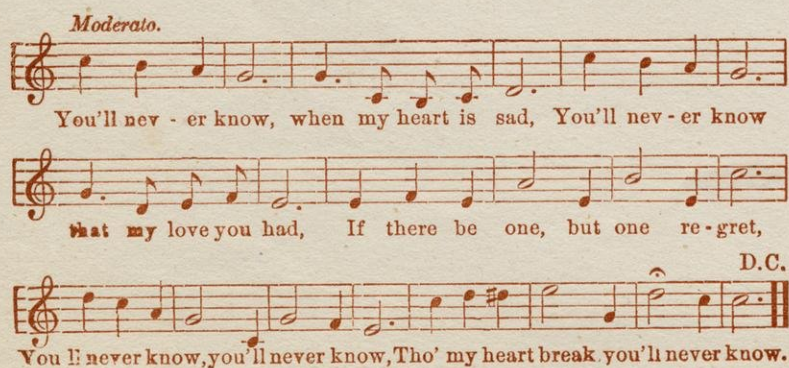
(Copyright 1891.)

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.



## ONLY A TANGLE OF GOLDEN CURLS.

Words and Music by  
Chorus.

CHAS. K. HARRIS.



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# KISS, AND LET'S MAKE UP.

Words and Music by

CHAS. K. HARRIS.

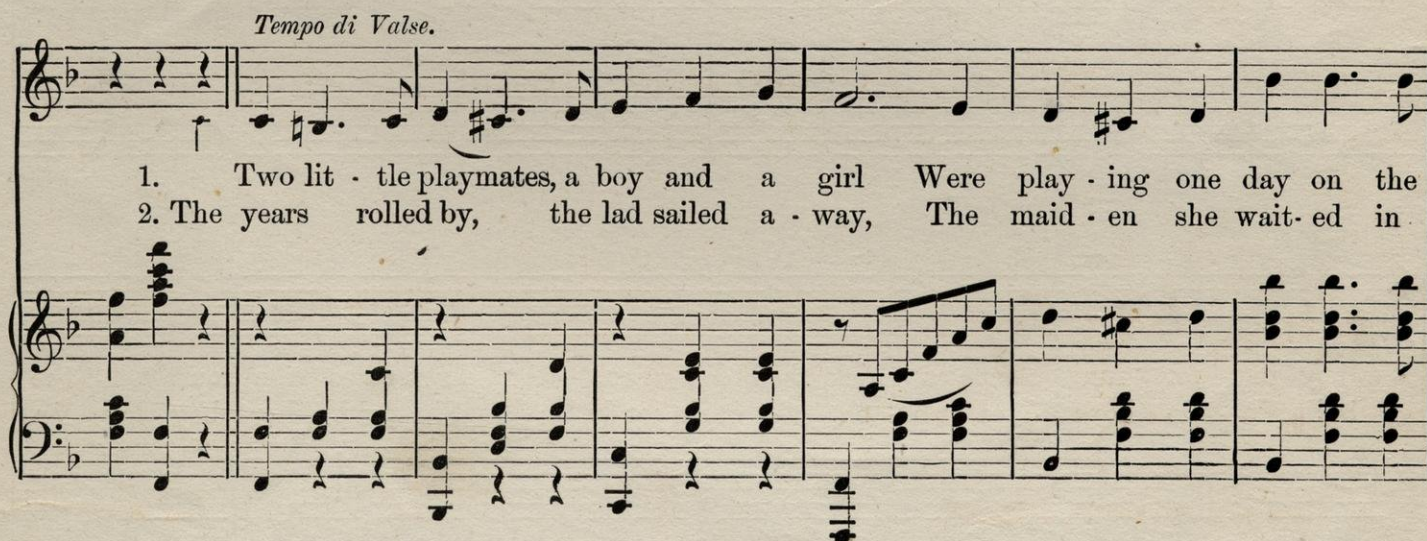
Arranged by FRANZ MAYR.

*Tempo di Mazur.*

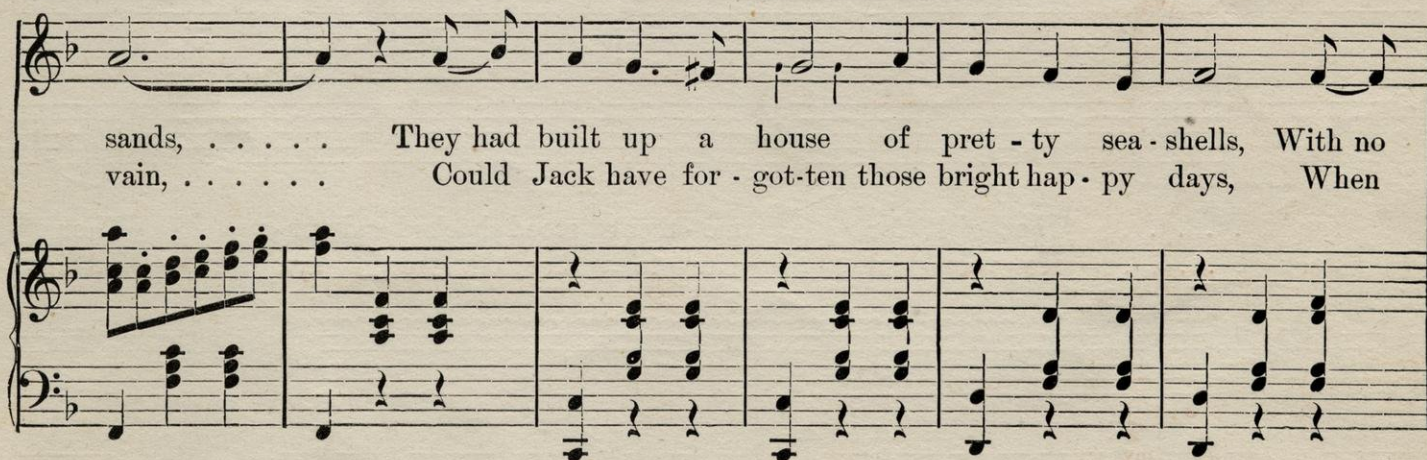


*Tempo di Valse.*

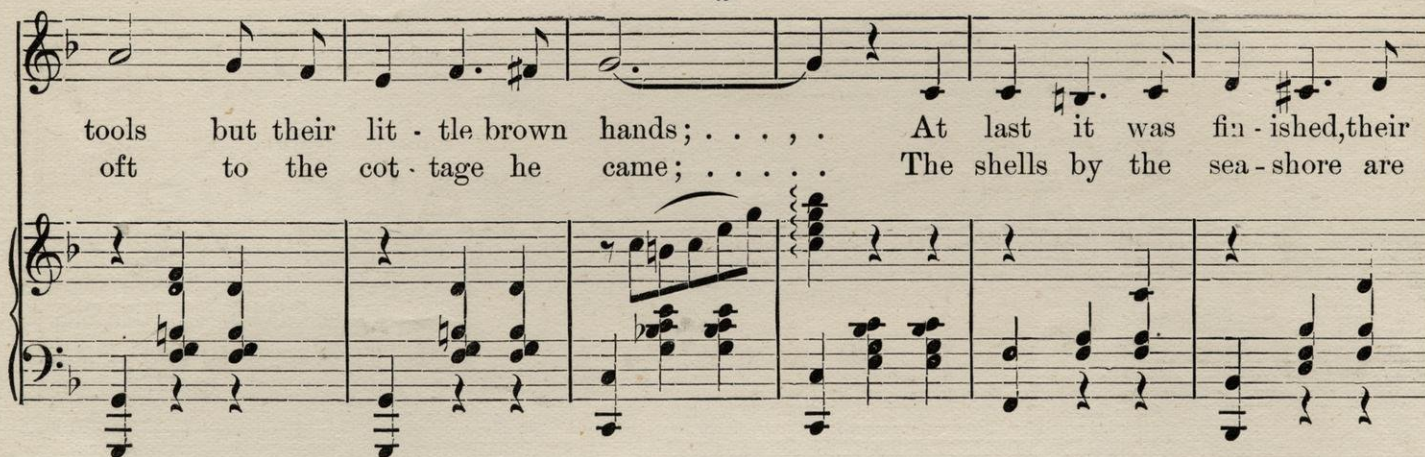
1. Two lit - tle playmates, a boy and a girl Were play - ing one day on the  
2. The years rolled by, the lad sailed a - way, The maid - en she wait - ed in



sands, . . . . . They had built up a house of pret - ty sea - shells, With no  
vain, . . . . . Could Jack have for - got - ten those bright hap - py days, When



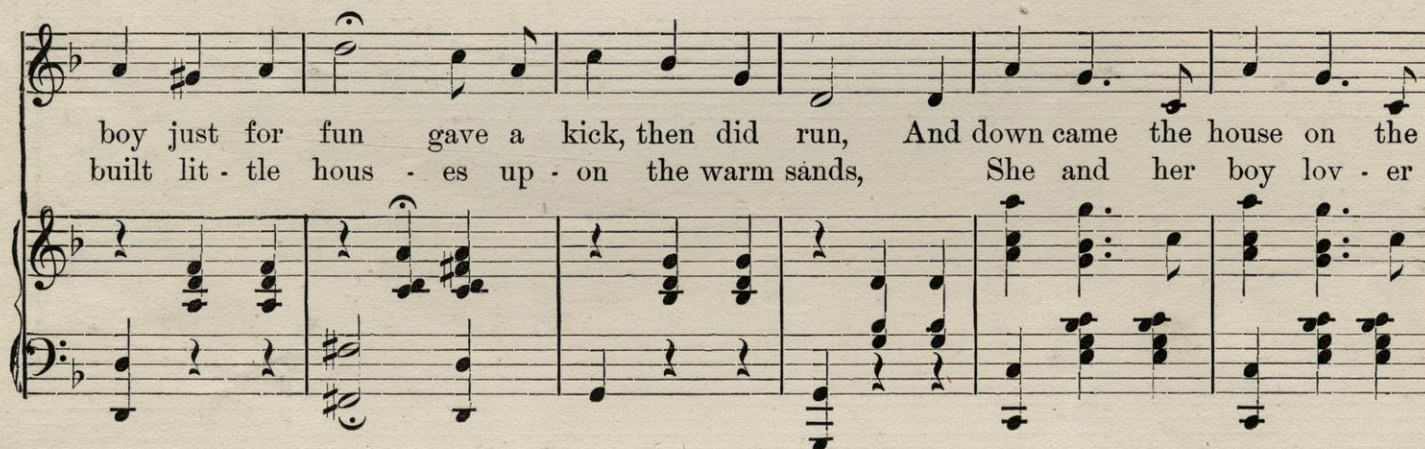




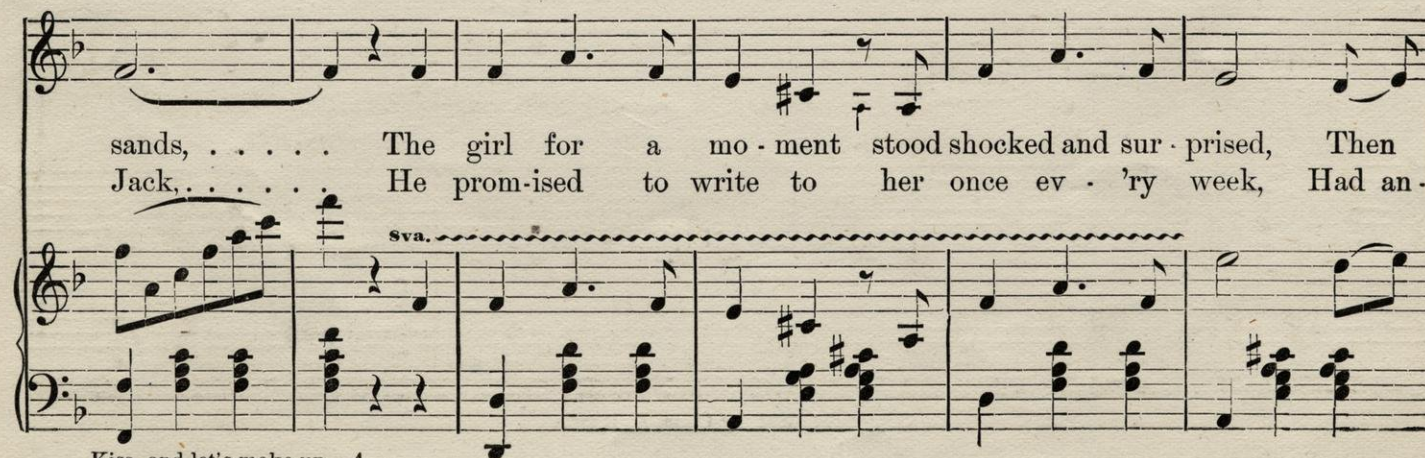
tools but their lit - tle brown hands; . . . . . At last it was fin - ished, their  
oft to the cot - tage he came; . . . . . The shells by the sea - shore are



work was well done, And two lit - tle hearts were made glad; . . . . . When the  
strewn all a - bout; Each one brings fond mem - o - ries back, . . . . . When they



boy just for fun gave a kick, then did run, And down came the house on the  
built lit - tle hous - es up - on the warm sands, She and her boy lov - er



sands, . . . . . The girl for a mo - ment stood shocked and sur - prised, Then  
Jack, . . . . . He prom - ised to write to her once ev - 'ry week, Had an -  
sva. ~~~~~



tears to her pret - ty eyes came . . . . . I'll nev - er for-give him, she  
oth - er fair face won his heart? . . . . . Or else had he tired of his

sob - bing - ly cried, Oh how could my Jack be so mean! And  
true coun - try lass, Was he sat - is - fied that they should part? But the

when the lad saw his sweet-heart in tears, He man - ful - ly to her side  
true hon - est fel-low was sail - ing back home, To the girl who was wait - ing in

came, . . . . . And throwing his arms a - round her dear form, said "Kiss and let's  
vain, . . . . . To hear his dear voice whisper low in her ear, "come Kiss and let's



*Tempo di Mazur.*

make up a - gain, . . . . . 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 wished you'd nev - er met me? Don't say that my lit - tle

pet, What would this life be with - out you? Kiss and let's make up."



# TRY THESE ON YOUR PIANO.

## CREEP, BABY, CREEP.

Words and Music by  
Chorus.

CHAS. K. HARRIS.



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PRICE 40 Cts.

## AFTER THE BALL.

Arr. by JOS. CLAUDE.  
CHORUS.

Words and Music by CHAS. K. HARRIS.



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## SCHOOL BELLS, OR WHEN BABY COMES FROM SCHOOL.

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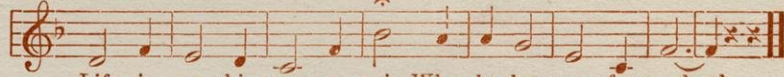
A Pretty and Catchy Home Song with Beautiful Waltz Chorus.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

CHARLES K. HARRIS.

School bells, school 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.



## MINNETTE POLKA.

Arr. by FRANK NELSON.  
8va.

Composed by MARIE F. McNABB.



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# TRY THESE ON YOUR PIANO.

## CAN HEARTS SO SOON FORGET?

Words and Music by  
Chorus.

CHAS. K. HARRIS.

Can hearts so soon for-get..... The love so rude-ly  
sha-ken? Are vows we made, my loved one,.... Dis-card-ed  
and for-sa-ken? Per-chance the past's a mem-ory,.. Per-

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## FALLEN BY THE WAYSIDE.

Words and Music by  
REFRAIN.

CHAS. K. HARRIS.

She has fall-en by the way-side, She has gone beyond re-  
call, There's no hand outstretched to save her, Not a  
friend, that she can call, Ev-ry door is closed a-

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## SLEEP, MY BABY BOY.

Words and Music by  
Chorus. Moderato.

E. A. PHELPS.

Bye, ba-by, my dar-ling, for moth-er is  
near,..... So ten-der-ly watch-ing thee, Sleep  
on, do not fear;..... Bye, ba-by, my dar-ling,

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