

# Beautiful, Beautiful Bed

New Version Written By  
Lawrence Grossmith

Written And Composed By  
C. W. Murphy and Dan Lipton

F. RAY GOMSTOCK PRESENTS

D7636  
1581

# NOBODY HOME

BOOK BY  
GUY BOLTON  
MUSIC BY  
JEROME KERN



MALCOLM  
STRAUSS  
1915.

## Vocal

Another Little Girl.....	60
Any Old Night (Is a wonderful Night).....	60
Nobody Home In Your Heart.....	60
The San Francisco Fair.....	60
You Know And I Know.....	60
That Wonderful Thing Called Love.....	60
Beautiful, Beautiful Bed.....	60
In Arcady.....	60
The Magic Melody.....	60
The Chaplin Walk.....	60
<small>Words and Music by Schuyler Greene Otto Motzon and Jerome Kern</small>	
You Don't Take A Sandwich To A Banquet.....	60
Wedding Bells Are Calling Me.....	60
<b>Instrumental</b>	
Selections.....	1.00
Nobody Home Cake Walk.....	60

T. B. HARMS  
AND  
FRANCIS DAY & HUNTER  
NEW YORK

THE BALLAD OF LOVE AND GLADNESS  
THE SUNSHINE OF YOUR SMILE

Words by  
Leonard Cooke.

Music by  
Lilian Ray.

Refrain.

*mf*  
Give me your smile, The love - light in your eyes,

*mf*

Life could not hold A fair - er Par - a - dise!

Give me the right To love you all the while, My world for ev - er, The

*ten.*

*ten.*

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# Beautiful Beautiful Bed.

3

New Version Written by  
LAWRENCE GROSSMITH

Written and Composed by  
C. W. MURPHY and  
DAN LIPTON.

Valse moderato.

Piano. *f*

I'm not going to do you a Tan - go I  
 Now Bed's al - ways been my pet stud - y I've  
 Now some peo - ple like beds of feath - er  
 Now if I had a mil - lion of mon - ey I

don't think I could if I tried. I'm  
 tried ev - 'ry sort on the earth!  
 Oth - ers pre - fer them of straw  
 don't think I'd paint the town red In

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not going to burst in - to po - et - ry, I'd  
 Fat beds, and thin - beds and twin beds; I  
 Some like a ei - der down shake - down —  
 stead of my buy - ing you din - ners I

rath - er com - mit su - i - cide. I don't want to  
 took to my bed from my birth My man called me  
 Some like them down on the floor What odds if you're  
 treat ev - 'ry one to a bed. For bed is an

sing "Tip - pe - ra - ry, On that sort of stuff you've been  
 ear - ly this morn - ing With tea or some stuff on a  
 stuck on the sub - way! You can roll your - self up in a  
 in - trest - ing stud - y, I mean if you're got one or

fed \_\_\_\_\_ And what ev - er I say must be truth - ful \_\_\_\_\_  
 tray, \_\_\_\_\_ I've for - got - ten the name that I called him \_\_\_\_\_  
 heap, \_\_\_\_\_ I've known peo - ple sleep while they're walk - ing \_\_\_\_\_  
 not, \_\_\_\_\_ Though most of the men that I know of \_\_\_\_\_

— 'Cause I ov - er lie in my bed. \_\_\_\_\_ In  
 — But he gath - ered that I meant to say. \_\_\_\_\_ It's  
 — And oth - ers who walk in their sleep. \_\_\_\_\_ A  
 — And the wo - men (God bless them) have got \_\_\_\_\_

Chorus.

Bed, Bed, beau - ti - ful Bed! Some where to  
 Bed, Bed, heav - en - ly Bed! Pull it all  
 Bed, Bed, glo - ri - ous Bed! It sticks to you  
 Bed, Bed, beau - ti - ful Bed! A ham - mock or

*p-f*

rest your poor head. \_\_\_\_\_ It's great there's no doubt of it,  
 ov - er your head. \_\_\_\_\_ — Wrap up your heels in it,  
 when all is fled. \_\_\_\_\_ — Ceil - ings may flop on you,  
 fan - cy bed - stead. \_\_\_\_\_ Just lie at your ease in it!

Ne - ver get out of it, Don't say good - bye to your  
 Have all your meals in it, Make a Ho - tel of your  
 Chim - ney pots drop on you, For heav - en's sake don't leave your  
 Do as you please in it! Lay down your life for your

bed! \_\_\_\_\_ Al - ways be kind to it Give your whole  
 bed! \_\_\_\_\_ Use your whole brain in it 'Fact en - ter -  
 bed! \_\_\_\_\_ Fry in it, freeze in it! Get "house - maids  
 bed! \_\_\_\_\_ If in the morn - ing you find when your

mind to it Do with - out "Bac - ca" or "Bread"  
 tain in it Don't mind if it's hard - er than lead  
 knees" in it What will you care when your dead Though your  
 yawn - ing an - oth - er strange foot there in - stead Don't

'Round the world car - ry it! Wor - ship it! mar - ry it!  
 Hop in it! Flop in it! Drop in it! Stop in it!  
 wife may de - sert you Don't let that hurt you So  
 shriek with a - larm It will do you no harm For it's

1 2  
 Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful bed! bed!  
 Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful bed! bed!  
 long as she leaves you the bed! bed!  
 on - ly the foot of the bed! bed!

THE CHARMING BALLAD SUCCESS OF THE SEASON

# THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE ME

Words by  
HERBERT REYNOLDS

Music by  
JEROME KERN.

Refrain. *Andante moderato.*

And when I told them — how beau-ti-ful you are  
And when I told them — how won-der-ful you are

— They did-n't be-lieve me! — They did-n't be-lieve me —  
— They did-n't be-lieve me! — They did-n't be-lieve me —

— Your lips, your eyes, your cheeks, your hair are in a  
— Your lips, your eyes, your cur-ly hair are in a

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