AFTER THE FIRST OF JULY

Sung by DAN COLEMAN

WORDS AND MUSIC BY THOS. S. ALLEN

PUBLISHED BY DAN COLEMAN MUSIC CO. NEW YORK, BOSTON, CHICAGO & SAN FRANCISCO
After the First of July

Tempo di Waltz

Words and Music by
THOS. S. ALLEN

They tell me they're going to close
Now mothers will tell you in
up all the bars, After the first of July,
The old soda fountain will
speaking of love, It's something that money can't buy,
But I'll say the same about
work overtime, For everything else will be dry,
When the clerk in the
whiskey and beer, Right after the first of July,
You remember what
drug store says "What will you have?"
I'm sure I don't know what I'll say,
But I'll
General Sherman once said, When they asked his opinion of war,
Well
feel like a fool, as I sit on a stool,
Eating an orange frappé
that's what I think, of those temperance drinks, I'll never take mine through a straw.

Copyright MCMXIX by Dan Coleman, Pub. Co.
Performing rights reserved only by permission of Dan Coleman
After the first of July, we'll be dry, you and I,
That old fishing trip that we thought was so great,
Will lack that familiar old bottle of beer;
We'll have to hang a cape on the growler,
And a fellow that's best thing to drink;
The fellows that voted prohibition,
They were getting their fond of his rye,
He'll run to the sink, when he longs for a drink,
After the first of July.

After the First etc. 2
"After the First of July"

Words and Music by Thos. S. Allen.

They tell me they're going to close up all the bars.
After the First of July.
The old soda fountain will work over time,
For everything else will be dry,
When the clerk in the drug store says "What will you have?"
I'm sure I don't know what I'll say,
But I'll feel like a fool, as I sit on a stool,
Eating an orange frappe.

:: :: CHORUS :: ::

After the First of July, We'll be dry,—You and I,
That old fishing trip that we thought was so great.
Will lack that familiar old bottle of bait,
We'll have to hang craps on the growler.
And a fellow that's fond of his rye,
He'll run to the sink, when he longs for a drink,
After the First of July.

Now Mothers will tell you in speaking of love.
It's something that money can't buy.
But I'll say the same about whiskey and beer.
Right after the First of July,
You remember what General Sherman once said.
When they asked his opinion of war.
Well that's what I think of those temperance drinks,
I'll never take mine through a straw.

:: :: CHORUS :: ::

After the First of July,—We'll be dry,—You and I.
The old influenza made lots of 'em think.
When doctors said "booze" was the best thing to drink.
The fellows that voted prohibition,
They were getting their grog on the sly.
But how in the h— are we going to keep well,
After the First of July.

:: :: CHORUS :: ::

After the First of July, Say Good bye to your rye.
The old maids will then "can" their favorite line.
The lips that touch liquor will never touch mine.
They'll change the "Ten nights in a bar-room."
And then Joe Morgan's daughter will cry.
"Oh Father dear Father" come home with me now.
It's After the First of July.