

**HIS ONE TUNE, AND  
A FEW OTHERS**

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His One Tune, and a Few Others by J. E. Sanford

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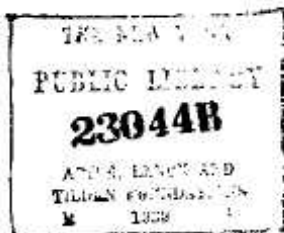
**His One Tune**  
and a few others

By  
**J. E. SANFORD**

*of Congleton, N.Y.*

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Fredonia, N. Y.

60



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By J. E. SANFORD  
Elizabeth, N. J.

**TO  
EDWARD DOE,  
THE BEST OFFICE BOY IN THE WORLD.**

**WQ R 19 FEB 36**





**Pietro is old and is bent and is gray.**

Decoration by EARL HORTER

## His One Tune

Pietro is old and is bent and is gray.  
A worn barrel organ he turns all the day.  
And one tune you hear every time you pass by,  
That old childhood favorite, sweet "Rockaby."

"Rockaby baby, on the treetop—"  
Into his cap the pennies now drop.  
"When the bough breaks the cradle will fall—"  
What tender visions those old notes recall.

Men who are busy with weighty affairs  
Pause for a moment forgetting their cares.  
Memory quickly goes back to the day  
Their own mother sang it her own loving way.

"Rockaby baby, mother is here—"  
Surely she is; you can see her face dear.  
"Angels of slumber, hovering nigh—"  
Pietro, there's gold in your old lullaby.

Pietro's one tune echoes on year to year;  
Poverty's gnawing he never need fear.  
Rivals may come with their ragtime more spry,  
But Pietro will win with his sweet lullaby.

"Rockaby baby"—memory's wings  
Take the man back as his money he flings.  
"Rockaby baby—" evening draws nigh—  
O, Pietro, once more with your old lullaby.

**Good Old U. S. A.**

We've South and North and West and East,  
And forty races to say the least;  
We fight and quarrel o'er petty things,  
And talk of anarchists, trusts and rings;  
But just one hint of our country's call,  
And the grand old flag is over all.

Let Europe sneer at our politics  
And call us a loose thrown bunch of sticks,  
To scatter widely when trouble nears.  
One crisis serves to dispel all fears;  
When moved to strike us, the foeman finds,  
The grand old flag is the tie that binds.

We've men from all the warring lands;  
'Twas said they never would join their hands;  
We've people here of all sects and creeds,  
But they'll stand as one for the country's needs  
And we don't believe that we soon can fall,  
When the grand old flag covers each and all.