

SM 2488

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When You're All Dressed Up And No Place To Go.

Lyric by
BENJAMIN HAPGOOD BURT.

Music by
SILVIO HEIN.

Piano.

Andante moderato.

mf

L.H.

When the lights shine bright o'er the town at night, And it's
'Midst the cheer - ful gloom, of a ho - tel room, I have
Once a friend of mine gave me one swell time, That I
I at one time sat, 'neath my own silk hat, In my

laugh - ter, wine and song, ——— Life is one de - light, if you
sat dressed up at night, ——— And have some-times thought, that the
shall not soon for - get, ——— The ex - cite-ment he hand-ed
ev - 'ning clothes and cane, ——— In a swell ho - tel, where I

stand in right, But it's Hell, when you stand in
 clothes I've bought, Were to blame for my aw - ful
 out to me, Was a brand that you don't oft
 did not dwell, And hired them to page my

wrong. ——— Though your soul may cry for the life called high: And your
 plight. ——— Then I've looked a - gain at my man - ly frame, And re -
 get. ——— We went through Grant's Tomb in the af - ter - noon, Which was
 name. ——— It was mu - sic sweet, to my ears a treat, As my

coin you would glad - ly blow: ——— 'Tis a bit - ter cup to be
 marked to my - self quite low; ——— 'Tis a cru - el fate that a
 pleas - ure e - nough a - lone, ——— Then we went to call on his
 name they would loud - ly shout, ——— Till a large well - fed house de -

all dressed up, When you've no place at all to go. —
 fash - ion plate, Should have no place at all to go. —
 Un - cle Paul, Who was sick in the Sol - dier's home. —
 tect - ive said, I was in, but was just go - ing out. —

Refrain.

When you're all dressed up, an' no place to go, Life seems wea - ry,

dear - y and slow, My heart has ached and bled, For the

tears I've shed, When I'd no place to go, un - less I

went back to bed. I've had a sad, sad life, And when

ev - er I go, To that peace - ful spot, Where the

vi - o - lets grow, up - on a nice white stone will be

writ - ten be - low: "He was all dressed up but no place to go."