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Every Little Bit Added to What You've Got Makes Just a Little Bit More

William Dillon

Lawrence Dillon

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EVERY LITTLE BIT ADDED TO WHAT YOU'VE GOT MAKES JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE.

L. Mae Stephenson



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5

By
WILLIAM A. DILLON BROS. (LAWRENCE M.)

Every Little Bit Added To What You've Got Makes Just A Little Bit More.

Words and Music by
(WILLIAM A.) DILLON BROS. (LAURENCE M.)

Moderato.

VOICE.

— When I was a boy my fa-ther
I followed fa-ther's teachings as a

said to me, Al-ways try to be a Car - neg - ie, —
good boy should, And it did me good, as he said it would, To

Save up ev - 'ry pen - ny, boy, that you may earn, And —
 day you see in me a man of wealth and rank I can

you may in turn — have — mon - ey to burn; — —
 turn — the crank — on the Na - tion - al Bank: — If

Nev - er spend your mon - ey for those fool - ish things, — Such as
 some - one does - n't wake me from this gol - den dream, — I'll —

buy - ing Au - to's and dia - mond rings, — Just keep on a push - ing 'till you've
 make the grand old Ea - gle scream, Thro' Dad's ad - vice o'er Mon - te Cris - to

forged a - head, You're a long time dead, he said:
I will shine, For the world is mine, in time:

CHORUS.

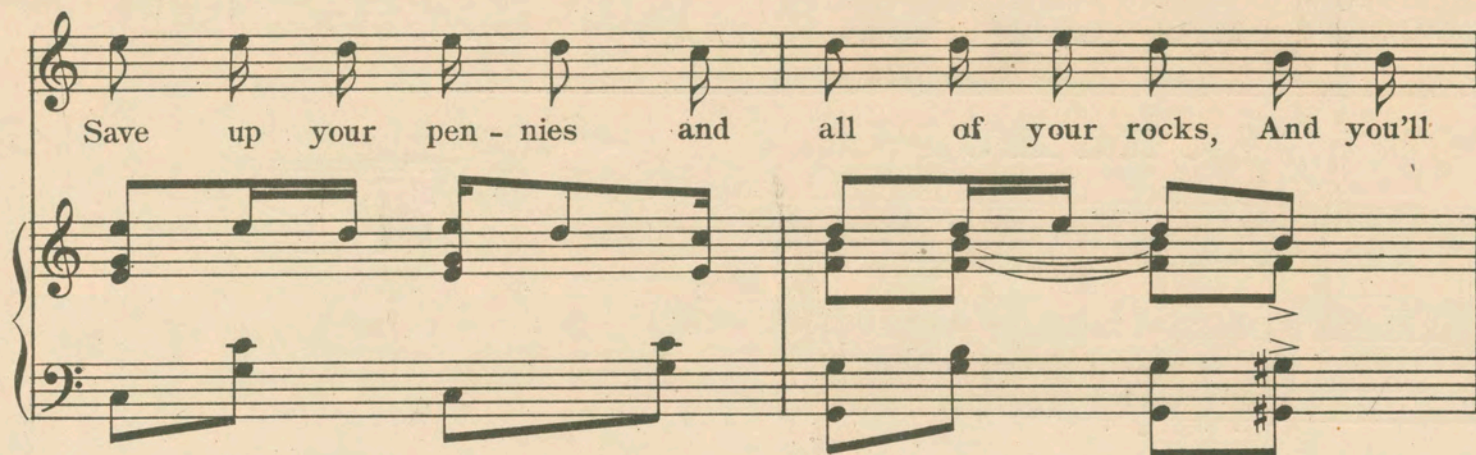
p-f

Ev' - ry lit - tle bit add - ed to what you've got

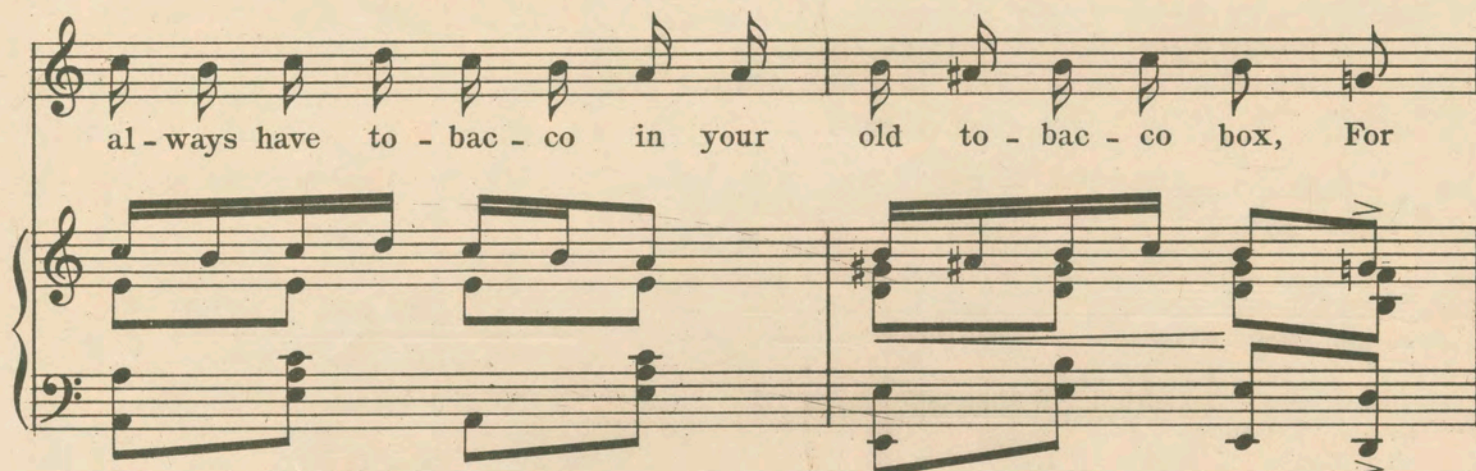
makes just a lit - tle bit more, ——— That's the les - son I

learned at school that two and — two make four, ———

Save up your pen - nies and all of your rocks, And you'll



al - ways have to - bac - co in your old to - bac - co box, For



ev' - ry lit - tle bit add - ed to what you've got,



makes just a lit - tle bit more. more.



TRY THIS OVER ON YOUR PIANO

'Neath the Old Acorn Tree, Sweet Estelle

CHORUS

Chorus.

'Neath the old a-corn tree, sweet Es-telle, I'll re-turn, love's old
sto-ry to tell. When the gold of the day turns to gray,
And you list to the old vil-lage bell, Let my
love in your heart ev-er dwell, You may know lit-tle girl all is
well, With a heart cv-er true, I'll re-turn dear to you, 'Neath the
old a-corn tree sweet Es-telle. Neath the telle.

p-f

rall. *a tempo.*

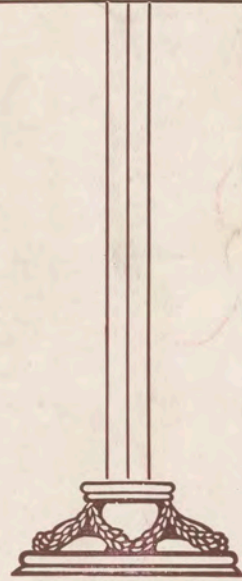
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Great Oaks from Little Acorns Grow.
ACORN Tree is a Tree.

'Neath the Old Acorn Tree,
Sweet Estelle That "Ballad Beautiful"

Is a "TREET" Is a "TREET"



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