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**There's Someone More Lonesome Than You**

Lou Klein

Harry Von Tilzer

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THERE'S SOMEONE MORE LONESOME THAN YOU

WORDS BY
Lou. Klein

MUSIC BY
Harry Von Tilzer
There's Someone More Lonesome Than You

Lyric by
LOU KLEIN

Music by
HARRY VON TILZER

Moderato

say you're feeling blue, You don't know what to do, And as each day goes by, It seems the same to you, Then picture in your mind, Someone you left behind, A simple country cottage, And if you're feeling sad. You say the world is wrong, The brook still sings its song, The meadow grass is green, Go back where you belong, And make her poor heart glad, She wants you mighty bad, Just think how long she's waiting, And if you're feeling sad. There's
CHORUS

Someone more lonesome than you, Someone with true eyes of blue,

Day by day she wanders through the wood, Dreaming of the love that once she knew, She's

waiting and sighing in vain For you promised you'd be true, While you're

living in the bright lights with the merry and the gay, There's a loving heart you've broken just to

pass the time away. And she is more lonesome, more lonesome than you. There's you.
There’s Someone More Lonesome
Than You

LYRICS BY LOU. KLEIN
MUSIC BY HARRY VON TILZER

This poem to be recited during the second chorus up to
the last line ("For she is more lonesome, more lonesome than
you") which is to be sung.

POEM

LONESOME, one little word but oh what it means—
A word that portrays a thousand sad scenes,
Picture, a dog and his master, whom no one could save,
As he sits there and whines o'er his master's grave.
Though he kicked him and beat him when it comes time to part,
Even a dog dies of a broken heart.

Picture some old mother all wrinkled and gray.
Her son's at the front fighting day by day;
Her poor heart grows weary, she's soon laid to rest
And God only knows it was from lonesomeness.

Take a lad who is lonely, in some lonesome town.
He does a great wrong, two old heads are bowed down,
A year or two passes, and the prodigal son
Returns, is forgiven, when all's said and done.

But put the poor girl in the lonesome lad's place,
The wrong's not her fault still her name's in disgrace,
Does someone forgive the prodigal girl?
No, they drag her down lower to the gut of the world.

Then they all wonder why she is walking along.
Selling her soul for the price of a song—
So think of the girl when you're lonesome and blue—
For she is more lonesome, more lonesome than you.