

Written expressly for, and inscribed to America's refined comedian  
MR. SOL SMITH RUSSELL  
of the "Edgewood Folks" Combination

# OSCAR DEAR!

+ (COMIC SONG) +

BY  
M. H. ROSENFELD.  
AUTHOR OF

The celebrated "WITCH WALTZES"  
The "LOST PICTURE" "CHIMES OF OLD VIRGINNY"  
"MY PET WITH GOLDEN HAIR" ETC.



F. W. HELMICK  
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# OSCAR, DEAR!

By M. H. ROSENFELD, Author of "The Lost Picture."

**ALLEGRO.**

1. I fell in love with a nice young man, Of vir - tues rich and  
 2. One eve - ning as we took a walk Up - on the crowd - ed  
 3. But this was ma - ny days a - go, When snow the win - ter

rare, Of stat - ure tall and ank - les slim, And long and curl - y  
 street, We stopped be - fore a win - dow bright, Linked arm in arm so  
 clad, And rec - ol - lec - tions of that time Has oft - en made me

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OSCAR POLKA MAZURKA." By Hermann. A very pleasing dancing piece which is fast becoming very popular. The title page contains an original cabinet size photograph of Oscar Wilde. Price, 50 Cents.



hair. neat. sad.      Æs - thet - ic to a great de - gree, In ac - tions sweet and  
I thought of noth - ing else but joy, Un - til, just at my  
For far a - cross the sea he's gone, And left my heart be -

mild, Sub - lime - ly lank and non - chal - ant, But just a lit - tle "wild."  
side, I felt a "some - thing" soft - ly creep, And gent - ly there a - bide.  
guiled, Yet, I shall ev - er love him true, Though he is "O, so wild."

SPOKEN.

1st verse. Not exactly wild in general, but somewhat resembling that which you'd call "fresh," and æsthetic in his freshness, and full of cheek; and at his side he wore a huge bunch of roses, and violets, and forget-me-nots, and sunflowers, and turnips, and lilies, and pinks and asters, and gracious knows what other hosts of sweet buds; and we would roam forth with one another and lunch and write poetry, and go to the theatre and the *soiree*, and—and—he would put his arm around my waist! [spoken slowly and with expression,] and he would call me his "flutterly, utterly, little 'all but' and lily love," and give me all sorts of "dilly-daffs and taffy-dills," and many other sorts of funny dills; yet all the time [with expression] his arm would stay just in the same place! Oh, you should have seen him blush when I gently removed it one day and said:

2d verse. Oh, dear, I felt so mortified, and on the public street, too. Just imagine my discomfiture! And then some vulgarly-minded little Arab passing by coolly said "Catch on, old gal;" and another wicked fellow actually stopped and tittered and stuttered to his companion, "S-s-s-say, Jim, d-d-do you get on to it; aint it g-g-great?" and other really horrid things, until nearly wild, I had to begin again:

3d verse. Well, perhaps, he will come again some day when I least expect him, and when the lilies bloom, and I shall receive him with open arms, though sister Ann says I'm to have plenty of pins in my belt, for it is indeed awfully annoying to have to sigh so often:

CHORUS.

VIVACE. Lively.

Os - car, dear, Os - car, dear! Take your hand a - way, sir; Some one might be look - ing, love,

Ped. Ped.

WE SAT BENEATH THE MAPLE ON THE HILL. Song and Chorus, by Gussie Davis. Price, 50 Cents. This is certainly one of the prettiest songs ever gotten up. Makes an elegant parlor song. The minstrels will sing it the coming season. It is easily arranged, so any child can play it on either organ or piano.



Take your hand a - way, sir, Os - car dear, Os - car dear, Take your hand a -

way, sir, Don't you see them look - ing, love? Take your hand a - way.

WALTZ REFRAIN.

Os - car, dear, . . . Os - car dear! . . . How flut - ter - ly, ut - ter - ly, flut - ter you

\* When singing small notes, omit ta! ta!

are. Os - car, dear, . . . Os - car, dear, . . . I think you are aw - ful - ly "wild," ta! ta!

WHERE THE GOLDEN LILIES CLUSTER. Song and Dance, by Walter Phoenix. Price, 40 cents. The present orders coming in for the above indicate that it will be just as popular as "Sweet Forget-me-not," by Bobby Newcomb.



# OSCAR, DEAR!

FOR

## MALE CHARACTERS

Supplemented by the Author, for America's favorite Motto Singer and Character Artist, TONY PASTOR.

By M. H. ROSENFELD.

I'll sing to you of a nice young man,  
Of virtues rich and rare,  
Of stature tall and ankles thin,  
And long and curly hair.

Æsthetic to a great degree,  
In actions sweet and mild,  
Sublimely lank and nonchalant,  
But just a little "wild."

—SPOKEN.—

Not exactly wild in general, but somewhat resembling that which you'd call "fresh," and æsthetic in his freshness, and full of cheek. And at his side he wore a huge bunch of roses, and violets, and asters, and sunflowers, and for-get-me-nots, and turnips, and lilies and pinks, and gracious knows what other host of sweet buds; and he had a girl with whom he would roam forth, and lunch, and write poetry, and go to the theatre and the *soiree* and—and— (slowly and with expression) occasionally *he would put his arm around her waist!* and he would call her his flutterly-utterly little "all But" and "lily love," and give her all sorts of dilly-daffs and taffey-dills, and many other sorts of funny "dills," *yet all the time his arm would stay just in the same place!* But, oh! didn't he blush when she removed it one day, and gently said:

—CHORUS.—

Oscar, dear, Oscar, dear!  
Take your hand away, sir,  
Some one might be looking, love,  
Take your hand away.

Oscar, dear, Oscar, dear!  
Take your hand away, sir,  
Don't you see them looking, love,  
Take your hand away.

—WALTZ REFRAIN.—

Oscar, dear, Oscar, dear!  
How flutterly utterly *flutter* you are,  
Oscar, dear, Oscar, dear!  
I think you are awfully wild!

One evening as they took a walk  
Upon the crowded street,  
They stopped before a window bright,  
Linked arm in arm so neat.

She thought of nothing else but joy,  
Until, just at her side,  
She felt a "something" softly creep  
And gently there abide.

—SPOKEN.—

And then she *did* feel mortified! And just imagine her predicament, when some vulgarly-minded little Arab passing by, coolly said: "Catch on, old gal;" and another wicked fellow actually stopped and tittered and stuttered to his companion: S-s-say, Jim, d-d-do you get on to it; aint it g-g-great!" and other real hard things until nearly "wild," the poor girl had to begin again.—CHORUS.

But this was many days ago  
When snow the winter clad,  
And recollections of that time  
Has often made her sad.

For far across the sea he's gone,  
And left her heart beguiled;  
Yet, I should think she loves him still,  
Though he is "O, so wild!"

—SPOKEN.—

Well, perhaps, he will come again some day, when she least expects him, and when the lilies bloom. And I hope she will receive him with open arms and have plenty of pins in her belt, for it must be "hawfully, ghastly, jolly, ye naw," to have her sigh so often.—CHORUS.

WHERE THE IVY GROWS SO GREEN. Song and Dance, by Walter Phoenix. Price 40 cents. This song is becoming very popular among all classes. Its sweetness of melody and simplicity give it a wide spread circulation; over 12,000 were sold the first three months.