

SONG BOOK

OF THE ROCHESTER
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE



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of the Rochester
Chamber of Commerce



1919

Songs of Our Country

*"We join ourselves to no party that does not keep step
to the music of the Union."* —Rufus Choate.

Star Spangled Banner

1

B Flat

Oh, say, can you see
By the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed
At the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars
Thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched,
Were so gallantly streaming,
And the rockets' red glare,
The bombs bursting in air
Gave proof through the night
That our flag was still there.

Chorus

Oh! say, does the star-spangled banner yet
wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave?

America

2

Key F

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where our Fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
Let Freedom ring.
Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty!
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With Freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

3
B Flat

"America, the Beautiful"

Tune—Materna.

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountains majesties
Above the fruited plain;
America, America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From Sea to shining Sea.

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears:
America, America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From Sea to shining Sea."

4
Key F

God Save the King

God save our gracious King
Long live our noble King
God save our King
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save our King.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice
God save our King.

"Explain it as we may, a martial strain will urge a man into the front rank of battle sooner than an argument, and a fine anthem excite his devotion more certainly than a logical discourse."

—Tuckerman.

"The Marseillaise"

5
Key G

Ye sons of France, awake to glory,
Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives and grand-sires hoary:
Behold their tears, and hear their cries,
Behold their tears, and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling tyrants, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

Chorus

To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheathe!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On victory or death!

My Own United States

6
A Flat

I love every inch of her prairie land,
Each stone on her mountain side;
I love ev'ry drop of water clear,
That flows in her rivers wide;
I love ev'ry tree; ev'ry blade of grass,
Within Columbia's gates;
The queen of the earth is the land of my birth—
My own United States.

7
Key F

America Triumphant

Patriotic Anthem.

America, America, America triumphant!
 Braveland of pioneers!
 On mountain peak and prairie,
 Their winding trail appears.
 The wilderness is planted;
 The deserts bloom and sing;
 On coast and plain the cities
 Their smoky banners fling.

America triumphant!
 New shrine of pilgrim feet!
 The poor and lost and hunted,
 Before thine altars meet.
 From sword of czar and sultan,
 From ban of king and peer,
 To thee, o'er trackless waters,
 They come in hope and fear.

America, America, America triumphant!
 Dear homeland of the free!
 Thy sons have fought and fallen,
 To win release for thee.
 They broke the chains of empires;
 They smote the wrongs of state;
 And lies of law and custom,
 They blasted with their hate.

America triumphant!
 Grasp firm thy sword and shield!
 Nor yet have all thy foemen
 Been driven from the field.
 They lurk by forge and market,
 They hide in mine and mill;
 And bold with greed and conquest,
 They flout thy blessed will.

America, America, Triumphant thou shalt be!
Thy hills and vales shall echo
The shout of liberty!
Thy bards shall sing thy glory,
Thy prophets tell thy praise,
And all thy sons and daughters
Acclaim thy golden days.

America, America, Triumphant thou shalt be!
Triumphant, triumphant, triumphant, thou
shalt be!

(Repeat.)

Battle Hymn of the Republic

8

B Fla

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming
of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the
grapes of wrath are stor'd;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his ter-
rible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

Chorus

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory!
Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! His truth is march-
ing on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hun-
dred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening
dews and damps;
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim
and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on. (Refrain.)

9

Battle Cry of Freedom

A Flat Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally
once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!
We will rally from the hillside, we'll rally from
the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!
The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitor and up with the
stars!
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally
once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

We are springing to the call of our brothers
gone before,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!
And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million
freemen more,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!
The Union forever, hurrah, boys! hurrah,
etc.

*"Songs consecrate to truth and liberty."
—Shelley.*

Songs of the Chamber

*"For there is music wherever there is harmony, order
or proportion."*
—Browne.

The Chamber Pledge

10

Air—"Maryland."

Oh, C. of C., we pledge to thee
All our warmest loyalty.
Of Rochester we are so proud
Naught but praise will be allowed.
A treasure trove of loyalty
Of strength and strenuosity,
There is no place I'd rather be
Than Rochester and C. of C.

Songs of Rochester

*"Some chord in unison with what we hear,
Is touched within us and the heart replies."*
—Cowper.

The River Genesee

11
A Flat

Air—"Rebecca of Sunny Brook Farm."
Where the River Genesee
 (Where the River Genesee)
Winds its way down toward the sea,
 (Winds its way down toward the sea)
There is a town
 (There is a town)
A town that's Home, Sweet Home to me,
And no matter where I go,
 (Syracuse or Buffalo)
Every other place seems slow,
 (It's the finest place I know)
For it's so gay there,
I want to stay there,
In that good old Rochester town.

12

That Old Town of Mine

B Flat

You can talk about your towns from Maine to
'Frisco,
But me for my Old Town;
You can praise the peerless pike you always
miss so,
But my Town for mine;
Swear by the gods it's best,
For the sake of Auld Lang Syne,
But believe me when I say
There's only One Town—
That Old Town of Mine.

13

Rochester Will Set the Pace

A Flat

Air—"Dixie Eyes."

Rochester, Rochester,
Just good goods she's showing;
Everywhere goes her ware,
How this town's renown is
Growing, growing, growing, growing.
You can see quality
Dominates the place
And in every phase
A leader always,
Rochester will set the pace.

*"Alas for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them."*

—Oliver Wendell Holmes

Rochester

14

A Flat

Air—"Sweet Adeline."

R-O-C-H-

E-S-T-E-

R-O-C-H-

E-S-T-E-

R-O-C-H-

E-S-T-E-

ROCHESTER!

We sing to thee—

Our Rochester.

Chorus

Air—"Tammany."

Rochester! Rochester!

We are from that lively town—

Always up and never down—

Rochester! Rochester!

Do it, do it, do it (bang)

For Rochester!

*"All great songs from the first day when human lips
contrived syllables, have been sincere Songs."*

—Ruskin.

Popular Parodies

"A careless song with a little nonsense in it, now and then, does not misbecome a monarch."

—Horace Walpole.

15
G

Ev'ry Little Pleasure

Air—"Every Little Movement."

Ev'ry little pleasure has a war-tax of its own.
Ev'ry time you draw a breath you lick a stamp
and groan,
For ev'ry time—the warring nations
Make attacks—your Legislation
Makes a tax—upon your rations
And on ev'ry thing you own.
Ev'ry little bride must wear some post-age on
her brow.
O-therwise the law declares she can't be made
a frau.
Why ev'ry time—you want to marry,
Ev'ry time—at bar you tarry,
You must moist-en up and carry
Stamps on ev'rything you own.

Old Favorites

16
C

Stein Song

Give a Rouse, then, in the May time,
When the Spring is in the air;
Turn night time into day time,
With the sunlight of good cheer.

For it's always fair weather
When good fellows get together;
With a stein on the table
And a good song ringing clear.

(Repeat.)

Old Black Joe17
D

Gone are the days when my heart was young
and gay;
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields
away;
Gone from the earth to a better land, I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black
Joe!"

Chorus

I'm coming, I'm coming,
For my head is bending low,
I hear those gentle voices calling,
"Old Black Joe!"

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no
pain?
Why do I sigh that my friends come not
again?
Grieving for forms now departed long ago,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black
Joe!"

Jingle Bells18
C

Dashing through the snow, in a one-horse open
sleigh,
O'er the fields we go, laughing all the way.
Bells on bob-tail ring, making spirits bright,
What fun it is to ride and sing, a sleighing
song to-night.

Chorus

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way,
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open
sleigh.
Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way,
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open
sleigh.

19 **Carry Me Back to Old Virginny**

A Flat Carry me back to old Virginny,
 There's where the cotton and the corn and
 tatoes grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in the
 spring-time,
 There's where the old darkey's heart has
 long'd to go.
There's where I labored so hard for Old Massa
 Day after day in the fields of yellow corn.
No place on earth do I love more sincerely
 Than old Virginny, the State where I was
 born.

Chorus

Carry me back to old Virginny,
 There's where the cotton and the corn and
 tatoes grow.
There's where the birds warble sweet in the
 spring-time,
 There's where the old darkey's heart has
 long'd to go.

20 **Auld Lang Syne**

F Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?

Chorus

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes21
E Flat

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine ;
 Or leave a kiss within the cup,
 And I'll not ask for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
 Doth ask a gift divine ;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sip
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much hon'ring thee,
 As giving it a hope that then
 It could not withered be ;
 But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
 And sent it back to me ;
 Since when the fragrance it exhales
 Is not of itself, but thee.

When Johnny Comes Marching Home22
G
Minor

When Johnny comes marching home again,
 hurrah, hurrah !
 We'll give him a hearty welcome then, hurrah,
 hurrah !
 The men will cheer, and the boys will shout,
 And the ladies, they will all turn out,
 And we'll all feel gay, when Johnny comes
 marching home.

*"We sing as we march. Such songs we sing! All about
 coons and girls, parodies of hymns, parodies about
 Kaiser Bill, and sheer, unadulterated nonsense. We
 shall sing*

*'Where's yer girl?
 Ain't yer got none?'*

As we march to battle."

—Donald Hankey, in "A Student in Arms."

23

Juanita

E Flat Soft o'er the fountain, Ling'ring falls the
southern moon;
Far o'er the mountain, Breaks the day too
soon!
In thy dark eye's splendor, Where the warm
light loves to dwell,
Weary look, yet tender, speak their fond
farewell!

Nita! Juanita! Ask thy soul if we should
part!

Nita! Juanita! Lean thou on my heart.

When in thy dreaming, Moons like these shall
shine again,
And daylight beaming prove thy dreams are
vain,
Wilt thou not, relenting, for thy absent lover
sigh,
In thy heart consenting to a prayer gone by!

Nita! Juanita! Let me linger by the side!

Nita! Juanita! My my own fair bride!

24

Love's Old Sweet Song

E Flat Just a song at twilight, when the light are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and
go,
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes Love's old song.
Comes Love's old, sweet song.

Silver Threads**25**
A Flat

Darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow to-day ;
Life is fading fast away.
But my darling, you will be, will be,
Always young and fair to me ;
Yes! my darling, you will be
Always young and fair to me.

Chorus

Yes, my darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow to-day ;
Life is fading fast away.

When your hair is turning gray
And your cheeks no longer bright
With the roses of the May,
I will kiss your lips and say :
Yes, my darling, mine alone, alone,
You have never older grown ;
Yes, my darling, mine alone,
You have never older grown.

Present Day Songs

*"Let the singing singers
With vocal voices most vociferous
In sweet vociferation, out-vociferize
Even sound itself." —Henry Carey*

26

Keep the Home-Fires Burning

Key G

They were summoned from the hillside,
They were called in from the glen;
And the country found them ready
At the stirring call for men.
Let no tears add to their hardships,
As the soldiers march along;
And, altho' your heart is breaking,
Make it sing this cheery song.

Chorus

Keep the home-fires burning,
While your hearts are yearning;
Tho' your lads are far away,
They dream of home.
There's a silver lining
Thro' the dark cloud shining—
Turn the dark cloud inside-out,
Till the boys come home.

27

Pack Up Your Troubles

Key G

Chorus

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile;
While you've a lucifer to light your fag,
Smile, boys; that's the style.
What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while; so
Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile.

There's a Long, Long Trail28
A Flat

Nights are growing very lonely,
 Days are very long;
 I'm a-growing weary only
 List'ning for your song.
 Old remembrances are thronging
 Through my memory,
 Till it seems the world is full of dreams
 Just to call you back to me.

Chorus

There's a long, long trail a-winding
 Into the land of my dreams,
 Where the nightingales are singing
 And the white moon beams;
 There's a long, long night of waiting
 Until my dreams all come true,
 Till the day when I'll be going down
 That long, long trail with you.

The Sunshine of Your Smile29
E Flat

Dear face that holds so sweet a smile for me,
 Were you not mine, how dark the world would
 be!

I know no light above that could replace,
 Love's radiant sunshine in your dear, dear face.

Chorus

Give me your smile,
 The love-light in your eyes,
 Life could not hold a fairer Paradise!
 Give me the right to love you all the while,
 My world for ever,
 The sunshine of your smile.

*"A song will outlive all sermons in the memory."
 —Henry Giles.*

30

Hero Song

C

Come! Come! I love you only,
My heart is true,—
Come! Come! My life is lonely,
I long for you.
Come! Come! Naught can efface you.
My arms are aching now to embrace you.
Thou art divine!
Come! Come! I love you only,
Come, hero mine.

31

Mother Machree

D

There's a spot in me heart which no colleen
may own.
There's a depth to me soul never sounded or
known.
There's a place in my mem'ry, my life that you
fill,
No other can take it, no one ever will.

Chorus

Sure I love the dear silver that shines in your
hair,
And the brow that's all furrowed and wrinkled
with care.
I kiss the dear fingers so toil-worn for me.
Oh! God bless you and keep you, Mother
Machree.

*"The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more."
—Wordsworth.*

Hindustan

32

C

Hindustan,
 Where we stopped to rest our tired caravan,
 Hindustan,
 Where the painted peacock proudly spread his
 fan
 Hindustan,
 Where the purple sunbird flashed across the
 sand,
 Hindustan,
 When I met her and the world began.

Long Boy

33

He was just a long, lean country gink
 From 'way out West where th' hop-toads
 wink;
 He was six feet two in his stockin' feet,
 An' kept gettin' thinner th' more he'd eat.
 But he was as brave as he was thin,
 When th' war broke out he got right in.
 Unhitch'd his plow, put th' mule away,
 Then th' old folks heard him say:

Chorus

Good-bye, Ma! Good-bye, Pa!
 Good-bye Mule, with yer old hee-haw!
 I may not know what th' war's about,
 But, you bet, by gosh, I'll soon find out.
 An', O my sweetheart, don't you fear,
 I'll bring you a king for a souvenir;
 I'll bring you a Turk an' a Kaiser, too,
 An' that's about all one feller could do!

(Breakdown)

A Perfect Day

A Flat

When you come to the end of a perfect day,
 And you sit alone with your thoughts,
 While the chimes ring out with a carol gay,
 For the joy that the day has brought,
 Do you think what the end of a perfect day
 Can mean to a tired heart,
 When the sun goes down with a flaming ray
 And the dear friends have to part?

Well, this is the end of a perfect day
 Near the end of a journey too.
 And it leaves a thought that is big and strong
 With a wish that is kind and true.
 For memory has painted this perfect day
 With colors that never fade.
 And we find at the end of a perfect day
 The soul of a friend we've made.

*"There is no feeling, perhaps, except the extremes of
 fear and grief, that does not find relief in music,—that
 does not make a man sing or play better."*

—George Eliot.

*The fineness which a hymn or psalm affords,
 Is when the soul unto the lines accord."*

—Herbert.

*"Men, even when alone, lighten their labors by song,
 however rude it may be."*

—Quintilian.

I Want to Go Back to Michigan

35
G

I want to go back, I want to go back,
I want to go back to the farm,
Far away from harm,
With a milk-pail on my arm.
I miss the rooster, the one that use-ter
Wake me up at four A. M.
I think your great big city's very pretty,
Never-the-less, I want to be there,
I want to see there,
A certain some-one full of charm,
That's why I wish again,
I was in Michigan,
Down on the farm.

I'm on My Way to Mandalay

36

I'm on my way to Mandalay,
Among the shelt-ring palms I want to stray,
Oh, let me live and love for aye
In that Island for away.
I'm sentimental for my Oriental love,
So sweet and gentle, that's why,
I'm on my way to Mandalay,
I've come to say Good-bye.

Dear Old Pal of Mine

(Copyright, Ricordi Co.)

37
A Flat

Oh, how I want you, dear old pal of mine,
Each night and day I pray you're always mine.
Sweetheart may God bless you,
Angels' hands caress you,
While sweet dreams rest you, dear old pal of
mine.

38

Then You'll Know You're Home

B

Chorus

When you come to the turn where the home-
lights burn

Then you're close to home!

When you meet with a smile on that last long
mile

Then you're nearer home!

When a girl comes to greet you, who prayed
ev'ry day,

When you kiss the dear face of your old
mother gray;

When her arms steal around you and cares
pass away,

Then you'll know you're home.

39

The U. S. A. Forever

C

Tune—"Dixie."

Come, all who live in the U. S. A.,

Join in our song and sing to-day,

Work away, work away, for the land of the
free;

United, firm, with every state

To make a nation good and great,

Work away, work away, for the land of the
free.

Chorus

The U. S. A. forever, hurray! hurray!

The stars and stripes shall wave above

The great United States we love.

Hurray! Hurray! The U. S. A. forever!

Hurray! Hurray! The U. S. A. forever!

Words by A. S. Hibbard. Music by Dan Emmet.

Li'l Liza Jane

40

(Published by De Lachan-Sherman Clay & Co.)

D

I'se got a gal an' you got none,
Li'l Liza Jane,
I'se got a gal an' you got none,
Li'l Liza Jane,

Chorus

Oh Liza, Li'l Liza Jane.
Oh Liza, Li'l Liza Jane.
Come, my love, and live with me,
Li'l Liza Jane,
I will take good care uv thee,
Li'l Liza Jane.

The Last Long Mile

41

(Published by T. B. Harms.)

G

Oh, it's not the pack that you carry on your
back,
Nor the rifle on your shoulder,
Nor the five-inch crust of khaki-colored dust
That makes you feel your limbs are growing
older.
And it's not the hike on the hard turnpike
That wipes away your smile;
Nor the socks of sister's
That raise the blooming blisters;
It's the last, long mile.

42 The Rose of "No Man's Land"

E Flat There's a rose that grows on "No Man's
Land,"
And it's wonderful to see;
Though it's sprayed with tears, it will live for
years,
In my garden of memory.
It's the one red rose the soldier knows,
It's the work of the Master's hand;
'Mid the war's great curse stands the Red
Cross Nurse,
She's the rose of "No Man's Land."

MADELON

43 (I'll Be True to the Whole Regiment)

C O Madelon, you are the only one,
O Madelon, for you we'll carry-on
It's so long since we have seen a Miss
Won't you give us just a kiss?
But Madelon she takes it all in fun,
She laughs and says: "You see it can't be
done.
I would like but how can I consent
When I'm true to the whole regiment?"

44 Good Morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip

G

(Published by Leo Felst.)

Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip,
With your hair cut just as short as mine;
Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip,
You're surely looking fine.
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,
If the Camels don't get you,
The Fatimas must.
Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip,
With your hair cut just as short as,
Your hair cut just as short as,
Your hair cut just as short as mine.

Oh! How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning 45

Chorus

G

Oh! How I hate to get up in the morning,
 Oh! How I'd love to remain in bed;
 For the hardest blow of all is to hear the
 bugler call:
 You've got to get up, you've got to get up,
 You've got to get up this morning!
 Some day I'm going to murder the bugler,
 Some day they're going to find him dead;
 I'll amputate his reveille, and step upon it
 heavily,
 And spend the rest of my life in bed.

When the Great Red Dawn is Shining 46

B Flat

Tho' I am far beyond the ocean blue
 Each lonely hour my heart remembers you;
 Each tender look, each word I used to know
 Brings back to me the hours of long ago.

Chorus

When the great red dawn is shining,
 When the waiting hours are past,
 When the tears of night are ended,
 And I see the day at last;
 I shall come down the road of sunshine
 To a heart that is fond and true,
 When the great red dawn is shining,
 Back to home, back to love, and you.

47

Everybody's Happy Now

C

(Copyright, Kendis, Brockman.)

Everybody's happy, everybody's glad,
Everybody's cheerful from coast to coast,
Throughout the nation
There's a great big celebration,
Everybody's smiling, that we will allow,
Father, mother, sister, brother,
Even strangers hug each other,
Everybody's happy now.

48

The Soldiers' Perfect Day

A Flat

Carrie Jacobs Bond's New "Perfect Day."

They are coming home to the blare of bands,
To the proud applause and acclaim;
To the wreaths and songs and the yearning
hands,
And the hearts that are all aflame.
And we're waiting for those who with courage
high,
Went forth to the flaming fray;
When their ships come home
How our hearts will cry,
Here's the end of a perfect day.

They are coming home with the vict'ry won,
With the world made fairer and free,
And the lands that cringed 'neath lash and gun
They've restored to their liberty.
And the ones who sleep 'neath a far-off sod,
We will not forget—but pray
That we'll join them all at the throne of God,
At the end of some perfect day.

Till We Meet Again**49****A Flat**

Chorus

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu,
 When the clouds roll by I'll come to you.
 Then the skies will seem more blue,
 Down in lover's lane, my dearie,
 Wedding bells will ring so merrily,
 Ev'ry tear will be a memory,
 So wait and pray each night for me
 Till we meet again.

Smiles**50****A Flat**

(Copyright, Lee S. Roberts.)

There are smiles that make us happy,
 There are smiles that makes us blue
 There are smiles that steal away the teardrops
 As the sunbeams kiss away the dew ;
 There are smiles that have a tender meaning
 That the eyes of love alone can see,
 But the smiles that fill my life with sunshine
 Are the smiles that you give to me.

How You Gonna Keep 'Em**51**

How 'ya gon-na keep 'em, down on the farm,
 After they've seen Paree?
 How 'ya gon-na keep 'em away from Broad-
 way,
 Jazzin' a-roun'—and paintin' the town—
 How 'ya gon-na keep 'em away from harm?
 That's a mystery—
 They'll never want to see a rake or plow,
 And who the deuce can parlez-vous a cow,
 How 'ya gon-na keep 'em down on the farm
 After they've seen Paree?

ROCHESTER TIMES-UNION

