**“Sheik of Araby” 1921, by Harry B. Smith and Francis Wheeler, music by Ted Snider.**

Well, I'm the Sheik of Araby and your love belongs to me   
At night when you're asleep, into your tent I'll creep   
And the stars that shine above, they'll light our way to love   
You'll rule this land with me, I'm the Sheik of Araby, baby   
  
I'm a Sheik, not the freak but the Sheik of Araby   
And your love belongs to me   
At night when you're asleep, into baby, your tent I'll creep   
And the stars that shine above, they'll light our way to love   
You'll rule this land with me, I'm a Sheik, not the freak   
  
Oh, I'm the Sheik of Araby, and your love belongs to me   
At night when you're asleep, baby, into your tent I'll creep   
And the stars that shine above, they'll light our way to love   
You'll rule this land with me, I'm the Sheik of Araby

(Audio: Spike Jones and his City Slickers, Youtube:

https://youtu.be/i7dNXRZhGiI

**“The Love Nest” 1920, by Otto Harbach, music by Louis A. Hirsch**

Many builders there have been  
Since the world began;  
Palace, cottage, mansion, inn,  
They have built for man.  
Some were small and some were tall:  
Long or wide or low.  
But the best one of them all  
Jack built long ago.  
’Twas built in bygone days,  
Yet millions sing its praise.  
  
Just a love nest  
Cozy and warm,  
Like a dove nest  
Down on a farm.  
A veranda with some sort of clinging vine,  
Then a kitchen where some rambler roses twine.  
Then a small room,  
Tea set of blue;  
Best of all, room—  
Dream room for two.  
Better than a palace with a gilded dome,  
Is a love nest  
You can call home.  
  
Building houses still goes on  
Now as well as then.  
Ancient Jack and Jill are gone,  
Yet return again.  
Ever comes the question old:  
Shall we build for pride,  
Or shall brick and mortar hold  
Warmth and love inside?  
The answer you may know:  
Jack solved it long ago.

(Audio: John Steele, 1920 version on YouTube: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kgm6xrdLiqg>)

**“Ain’t We Got Fun” 1921, by Raymond B. Egan and Gus Kahn, music by Richard A. Whiting**

Bill collectors gather 'round and rather

Haunt the cottage next door

Men the grocer and butcher sent

Men who call for the rent

But within a happy chappy

And his bride of only a year

Seem to be so cheerful, here's an earful

Of the chatter you hear

Ev'ry morning, ev'ry evening

Ain't we got fun?

Not much money, Oh, but honey

Ain't we got fun?

The rent's unpaid dear

We haven't a bus

But smiles were made dear

For people like us

In the winter in the Summer

Don't we have fun

Times are bum and getting bummer

Still we have fun

There's nothing surer

The rich get rich and the poor get children

In the meantime, in between time

Ain't we got fun?

Just to make their trouble nearly double

Something happened last night

To their chimney a gray bird came

Mister Stork is his name

And I'll bet two pins, a pair of twins

Just happened in with the bird

Still they're very gay and merry

Just at dawning I heard

Ev'ry morning, ev'ry evening

Don't we have fun

Twins and cares, dear, come in pairs, dear

Don't we have fun

We've only started

As mommer and pop

Are we downhearted

I'll say that we're not

Landlords mad and getting madder

Ain't we got fun?

Times are so bad and getting badder

Still we have fun

There's nothing surer

The rich get rich and the poor get laid off

In the meantime, in between time

Ain't we got fun?

When the man who sold 'em carpets told 'em

He would take them away

They said, "Wonderful, here's our chance

Take them up and we'll dance"

And when burglars came and robbed them

Taking all their silver, they say

Hubby yelled, "We're famous, for they'll name us

In the pepers today

Night or daytime, it's all playtime

Ain't we got fun?

Hot or cold days, any old days

Ain't we got fun

If Wifey wishes

To go to a play

Don't wash the dishes

Just throw them away

Streetcar seats are awful narrow

Ain't we got fun?

They won't smash up our Pierce Arrow

We ain't got none

They've cut my wages

But my income tax will be so much smaller

When I'm laid off, I'll be paid off

Ain't we got fun?

(Audio: Van & Schenck, 1921 version, YouTube:   
<https://youtu.be/Z1AcnI0B2-o>

**“Three O’Clock in the Morning” 1922, by Theodora Morse, music by Julian Robledo**  
  
It's three o'clock in the morning

We've danced the whole night through

And daylight soon will be dawning

Just one more waltz with you

That melody so entrancing

Seems to be made for us two

I could just keep right on dancing forever dear with you

There goes the three o'clock chime, chiming, rhyming

My heart keeps beating in time

Sounds like an old sweet love tune

Say that there soon will be a honeymoon

It's three o'clock in the morning

We've danced the whole night through

And daylight soon will be dawning

Just one more waltz with you

That melody so entrancing

Seems to be made for us two

I could just keep right on dancing forever dear with you

(Audio: John McCormack version on YouTube: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PCQaZ0URnLA>)

**“Wedding March” 1842, by Felix Mendelssohn**

(Audio version on YouTube: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PCQaZ0URnLA>)

**“The Rosary” 1898, by Ethelbert Nevin**

The hours I spent with Thee, Dear Heart!   
Or, as a string of pearls to Thee,  
I count them over, every one apart,   
My rosary, my rosary . . .   
  
Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,   
To still a heart in absence wrung,   
I tell each bead unto the end,  
And there a cross is hung . . .   
  
O' memories that bless and burn,   
O' barren gain and bitter loss,  
I kiss each bead and strive at last to learn,   
To kiss the cross, Sweet Heart,   
To kiss the cross . . .   
  
I kiss each bead and strive at last to learn,   
To kiss the cross, Sweet Heart,   
To kiss the cross . . . ( to kiss the cross )

(Audio: Mario Lanza version on YouTube: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=s3WLVqw97J4>)