The Latest Edition - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

THE LATEST EDITION.
Copyright, 1897, by T. S. Harms & Co.
Words by Barry B. Smith. Music by Ludwig Englander.

With favor you will greet us, for you will quickly guess,
'Tis our intent to represent the metropolitan press;
Each morn, each eve, you meet us with an expectant smile;
We air our views, we tell the news in metropolitan style.
You bear our names called ev'ry day from the Battery to up Harlem way:
Here's your World. Journal, Sun, Tribune, Times, Telegram, Post and Herald.
Oh, what would this world be without us,
Ev'ry one would surely have the blues,
If at the breakfast table you found you were unable
To have us tell you all the latest news.
There's one point of likeness about us, we all have the biggest circulation!
Then hip, hooray! for the greatest pow'r to-day:
The press is the trumpet of the nation!

Would you fain be an fait with the news of the day,
It is all in the latest edition;
All the queer goings on from the eve to the dawn,
You will find in the latest edition.
Some news that is naughty, some news that is nice,
A good deal of gossip, with humor to spice;
There a heap of good things at a very small price,
In the latest, the latest edition.

Chorus.
Then buy, buy, if you have the price, to please you will be our mission;
Here's the news you can gain, that we're going to thrash Spain,
It is all in the latest edition.

An American princess leaves prince, home and kid.
It will he in the latest edition.
She elopes with a gypsy who plays on a "fid,"
It will be in the latest edition.
You can read of the slugger who lives by his wits,
Who talks And writes letters but hates to wear mits:
Whether Bob will have Jim-jams or Jim will have Fitz,
You will see by the latest edition.

Chorus.
Then buy, buy, if you have the price, to please you will be our mission,
Will the Powers, to make peace, make a grease spot of Greece,
Well, you'll see in the latest edition.