

Jessie May Rider

# THE HOODLUM

WORDS BY SAM M. LEWIS & JOE YOUNG MUSIC BY HARRY RUBY



DEDICATED TO  
*MARY PICKFORD*  
IN  
"THE HOODLUM"  
HER SECOND PICTURE FROM HER OWN STUDIOS  
A First National Attraction



Waterson, Berlin & Snyder Co.  
STRANDED  
THEATRE BUILDING  
NEW YORK

Words by  
SAM M. LEWIS  
and JOE YOUNG

# THE HOODLUM

Music by  
HARRY RUBY

Piano

*Till ready*

Voice

Why did ev - 'ry - one call her "Hood - lum,"  
Ev - 'ry - one learned to love this Hood - lum,

Just be - cause she was wild I guess; In the heart of this lit - tle  
An - gels gave her a heart of gold; Sym - path - et - ic was lit - tle

Hood - lum, There was noth - ing but hap - pi - ness. In Heav - ens blue,  
Hood - lum, Spread - ing love - light where all was cold. The clouds of gray,

There's some - one who, Loves all the lil - ies and the wild - flow - ers too.  
Soon passed a - way, She scat - tered hap - pi - ness where - ev - er she'd stray.

Chorus

The Hood - lum, was the wild - est sort of a rose, That

*p-f*

ramb - led in - to the heart of all; Help - ing to drive the clouds a -

side, Where - ev - er sun - shine was de - nied. She had a gold - en smile that

lit up the world, Heav - en was in each gold - en curl; The Hood - lum, turned each

tear - drop in - to a smile, The sun - shine en - vied the Hood - lum girl. The girl.

1 2

D.S.