



# Out of The Dusk To You

*Song with Violin and Cello Obligato*

*Words by*

Arthur J. Lamb

*Music by*

Dorothy Lee

*Composer of "One Fleeting Hour"*

PRICE 40 CENTS  
EXCEPT CANADA & FOREIGN

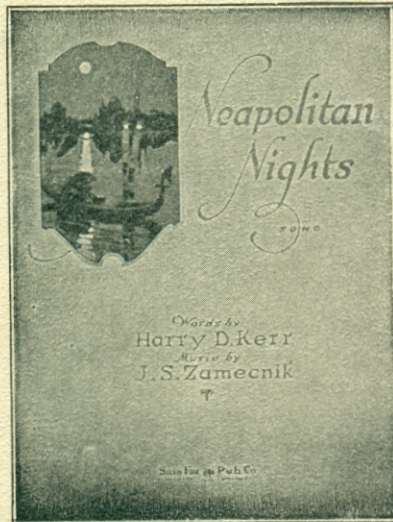
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The Enchanting Song Success

# NEAPOLITAN NIGHTS

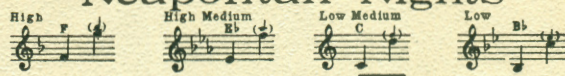


Twilight is falling in fair Italy,  
 Stars kiss the sky;  
 Night stealing near like a soft melody,  
 Bids day good-bye;  
 There as I lingered long,  
 Entered my heart this song:  
 Nights of romance in a world made of  
 dreams,  
 Always 'tis June;  
 Nights that entrance, and forever it  
 seems,  
 Hearts are in tune;  
 Softly my reverie  
 Whispers this melody:

**REFRAIN**

Oh, nights of splendor,  
 Your charms so tender  
 Make love surrender  
 Till stars are gone;  
 Oh, nights of laughter,  
 Though tears come after,  
 Love's regrets, love forgets  
 When comes the dawn.  
 Fair Naples sleeping,  
 A vigil keeping,  
 While stars are weeping  
 As they depart;  
 Dawn bells are pealing,  
 While night is stealing  
 To its nest, lulled to rest  
 Within my heart.

## Neapolitan Nights



Words by  
**HARRY D. KERR**

Music by  
**J. S. ZAMECNIK**

**REFRAIN**

*p dolce*

Oh, nights of splen - dor, — Your charms so ten - der — Make love sur -

rend - er — Till stars are gone; — Oh, nights of

laugh - ter, — Tho' tears come af - ter, — Love's re -

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# Out Of The Dusk To You

Here all alone I wait,  
Still the old dreams remain;  
Out of the years, filled with my tears,  
I search for you once again.  
Longing to press your lips,  
Pining for joys we knew;  
Lonely I stray, seeking the way  
Out of the dusk to you.

Here in the twilight gray,  
Love, don't you hear me call?  
Each sigh a tear, each day a year,  
Till you're again all in all.  
Out of the mists of pain  
Love sends its message true,  
Into the light, out of the night,  
Out of the dusk to you.

*Arthur J. Lamb.*



# Out Of The Dusk To You

Get This Song  
For Your Player Piano  
Or Talking Machine

High  $C$

Medium  $Bb$

Low  $Ab$

Words by  
**ARTHUR J. LAMB**

Music by  
**DOROTHY LE**

**Tenderly, with expression**

Here all a-lone I

wait, Still the old dreams re-main; Out of the years,

filled with my tears, I search for you once a-gain.

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Long - ing to press your lips, Pin - ing for joys we

knew; Lone - ly I stray, seek - ing the way

Out of the dusk to you.

*rit.* *a tempo* *f*



Here in the twi - light gray, Love, don't you hear me call?

Each sigh a tear, each day a year, Till you're a-gain all in all.

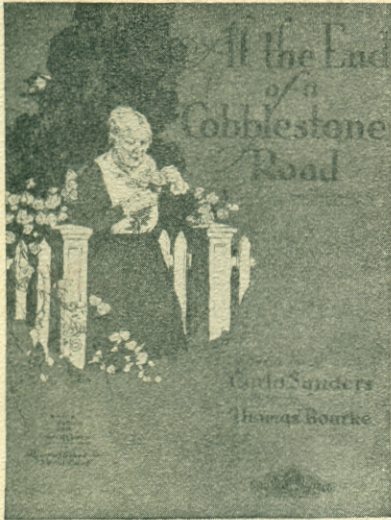
Out of the mists of pain Love sends its mes - sage true,

In - to the light, out of the night, Out of the dusk to you.



# *A Delightful Irish Ballad*

## At the End of a Cobblestone Road



It is many a day,  
 Since I travelled away,  
 From Ireland far over the sea,  
 But in all of my dreams,  
 I go back there it seems,  
 There's a voice that is calling to me:  
  
 Ev'ry thought that I send  
 Seems to start and to end,  
 In ould Ireland far over the foam,  
 Where the wild roses grow  
 That's where I long to go,  
 When I'm back, never more will I roam.

REFRAIN

Sure the place I love best,  
 Is a quaint little nest,  
 At the end of a cobblestone road,  
 By an old garden gate,  
 There is someone who'll wait,  
 For the day I'll be coming back home,  
 Tho' the gold's turned to silver from sorrow  
 and care  
 There is no one with her can compare,  
 When the sun goes to rest,  
 I'll go back to that nest,  
 At the end of a cobblestone road.

### At the End of a Cobblestone Road

Words by  
**CARLO SANDERS**

Music by  
**THOMAS BOURKE**

REFRAIN

Sure the place I love best, Is a quaint lit - tle nest, At the  
 end of a cob - ble - stone road, — By an old gar - den gate, There is  
 some - one who'll wait, For the day I'll be com - ing back home — Tho' the



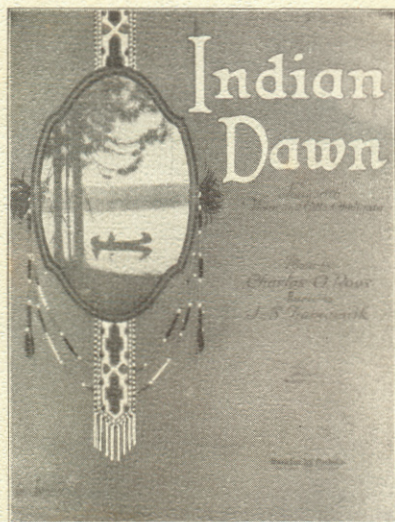
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# The Indian Love Song Creation

## “INDIAN DAWN”



Dawn wind sighs;  
Wild Bird waking;  
Paling stars—  
Day now breaking.

Sweet love song  
My flute calling;—  
O'er far hills  
Dawn light falling.

From thy lodge  
Smoke plume winging;—  
Soon you come  
Thru red willows singing.

From her lodge  
Wild Bird coming;—  
Hark, my heart!  
Hush, now, thy wild drumming!

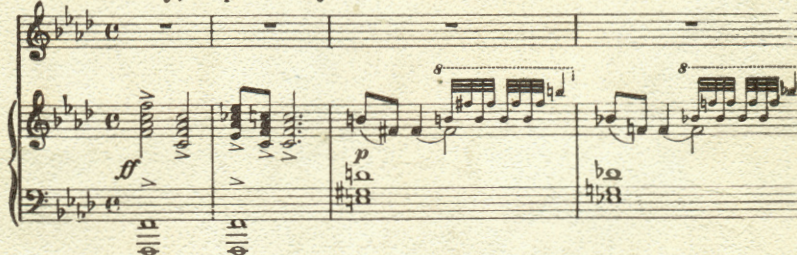
### INDIAN DAWN



Poem by  
CHARLES O. ROOS

Music by  
J. S. ZAMECNIK

Slowly, impressively



*expressively*

Dawn wind



sighs;— Wild Bird wak - ing;—



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