

LADY ANGELINE

NOVELTY SONG



SUNG
WITH
GREAT SUCCESS
BY



50¢
/21-

WORDS BY
DAVE REED
WRITER OF "MY LADY DIXIE," "REED BIRD", Etc.
MUSIC BY
GEORGE CHRISTIE
COMPOSER OF "BABY, ROSE," "IF ALL MY DREAMS
WERE MADE OF GOLD I'D BUY THIS WORLD FOR YOU," Etc.,

M. WITMARK & SONS
NEW YORK - CHICAGO - SAN FRANCISCO - LONDON - PARIS

One of this Composer's Best Ballads.

Till The Sands Of The Desert Grow Cold.

Lyric by GEO. GRAFF Jr.
Published as follows
Solo, Four Keys—G, A to C. Bb, C to E. C, D to F. D, E to G. 60 cents each.
Duet, in Bb Soprano or Tenor D to G. Alto or Baritone C to Eb. In D, Soprano or Tenor E to G. Alto or Baritone C to B. 75¢ each.

Music by ERNEST R. BALL.

Tempo di Bolero.

The hot winds that come to thee, O'er des-ert sands all
The des-ert, a burn-ing sea, A bar-rier stands 'tween

go from me, I bid them to tell thee that I love thee,
thee and me, Or love, fast as light, I'd ha-sten to thee,

Speed-ing my soul to thee.—
Quench-ing my thirst in thee.—

Slower.

Hot sands burn-ing, Fire my veins with pas-sion bold,
Noon suns find me, Far be-yond the car-a-van,

Published and Copyrighted MCMXI by M. Witmark & Sons. 10 Witmark Building. New York.
CHICAGO. SAN FRANCISCO. LONDON. PARIS.

Complete Copies can be had wherever Music is sold or from the Publishers.

Lady Angeline.

Words by
DAVE REED.

Music by
GEORGE CHRISTIE.

Allegro moderato. *Sua ad lib.*

Oh my la - dy An - ge - line, She's the belle of Car - o -
'Neath the glim - mer of the moon, Ev - 'ry night we sit a -
Sua ad lib.

lin - a, My brain grows sim - ply de - lir - i - ous, When her big eyes
spoon - in', And both her two lit - tle chub - by arms 'round my neck she

look in - to mine, Oh to me she is di - vine,
 tries to en - twine, In the ros - y month of June, *See ad lib.*

— Not a la - dy could be fin - er, She is the pride and the joy of my
 — We will go a hon - ey moon - in', And I'll be tick - led to death to be

life, My An - ge - line from Car - o - line.
 back in Car - o - line, with An - ge - line.

Night am a fall - in; My heart's a call - in' For that girl I pine.
 My brain's a reel - in; Love is a steal - in' Up and down my spine.

CHORUS. Oh my la - dy An - ge - line, Yes my sweetest ba - by mine,

"My An - ge - line, Sweet ba - by mine, My love - ly

p-f

lol - ly - pop, My hon - ey drop like hon - ey - suck - le hang - in' on the vine, Her eyes di -

fz

Oh her love - ly eyes di - vine.

vine, Like stars do shine, Lord knows I love ev - ry lov - in' kiss,

From my lov - in' Miss La - dy An - ge - line. "My An - ge - line.

1. 2. *ffz D.S.*

A Song Destined to Enjoy Longevity.

Who Knows?

Published as follows

Solo, Four Keys—Bb, Bb to C, D, D to Eb, Eb, Eb to F, F, F to G. 60¢ each.

Duet Two Keys—Db Soprano or Tenor Eb to Gb, Contralto or Baritone Db to Eb.

Male, Female or Mixed Quartet 15¢ each.

Poem by
PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

Musical Setting by
ERNEST R. BALL.

Larghetto.

Thou art the soul of a sum-mer's day,

mf *p*

Con Pedale.

Thou art the breath of the rose; But the sum-mer is fled and the

rose is dead;— Where are they gone,— who knows, who— knows?

rit.

colla voce.

Thou art the blood of my heart of hearts, Thou art my soul's re -

f poco piu mosso. *dim.*

Published and Copyrighted MCMVIII by M. Witmark & Sons, 10 Witmark Building, New York.
CHICAGO —+— SAN FRANCISCO —+— LONDON —+— PARIS.

Complete Copies can be had wherever Music is sold or from the Publishers.