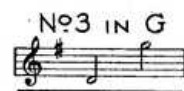
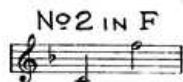
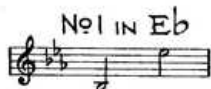


SUNG BY  
MR. REINALD WERRENRATH



COLLECTION  
No 2  
LYDIA B. RAHE

# THE HOUSE OF MEMORIES

SONG

WORDS BY

A. ST JOHN ADCOCK

( by permission of "The Pall Mall Gazette" )

MUSIC BY

FLORENCE AYLWARD

PRICE 50 CENTS

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# THE HOUSE OF MEMORIES.

Words by  
A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

SONG

Music by  
FLORENCE AYLWARD

*Andante.*

PIANO. *mp*

*very simply.*  
*mp*

There's a lit-tle house in a lit-tle street, A lit-tle way from the

*poco rit.*  
*p legato.*

sea, And oh! when I'm wea-ry of all the world, It's there that I fain would.

*cresc.*

be. For the world is full of sor-row and care, And the dark-ness lies be-

*cresc.*

*p*

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*ten.* *dim.* *rit.* *3* *ten. p rit.*  
 fore; And the lit-tle house is full of the dreams That were ours, but are ours no  
*ten.* *dim.* *colla voce.* *ten. p rit.*

*more.* *mf a tempo* *rit.* *mf a tempo* *rit.* *mf*  
 In the  
*mf a tempo* *rit.* *mf a tempo*

lit-tle street in the long a-go, In the lit-tle house by the sea, We—

*dim.* *p* *cresc.*  
 dream'd of the days that have had no dawn, Of the years that shall nev-er be. But  
*dim.* *p*

*con espress.*

you were young and I was young, And we dreamed and had no care And

*cresc.* *dolce.*

*Leg.* \* *Leg.* \*

dear - er and bet - ter than life has been Were the dreams that came to us

*dim.* *rit.*

*dim.* *colla voce.*

there. So\_ when I'm wea - ry of

*a little slower.* *mp*

*rit.* *mp a little slower.*

all the world, Of its sor - did hopes and its pain, I\_ think of the lit - tle

*cresc.* *cresc.*

*dim.* *cresc.*

house that was ours, And sigh to be there a-gain. 'Twere heav'n e-nough if we found our

*dim.* *cresc.*

*p*

dreams, And dreamed them a-gain may-be In the lit-tle house, in the

*p*

*rit.*

lit-tle street, A lit-tle way from the sea, In the lit-tle house,

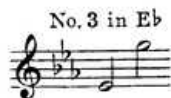
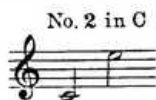
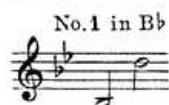
*rit.*

*p*

A lit-tle way from the sea.

*p* *rit.* *pp* *ppp*

# THE BALLAD SENSATION OF THE SEASON



## ONE LITTLE DREAM OF LOVE

SONG

Words by  
HAROLD SIMPSON

Music by  
WESTELL GORDON

### REFRAIN

*p*

One lit - tle dream of Par - a - dise, One lit - tle smile from

*cresc. molto*

lov - ing eyes, One lit - tle gold - en hour with you In the

*cresc. molto*

*p*

land where our dreams come true. One lit - tle place where laugh - ter lies, We

*p*

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*Nat. D. Ayers Latest and Greatest Success*  
**IF YOU WERE THE ONLY GIRL**

words by  
**CLIFFORD GREY**

music by  
**NAT. D. AYER**

Refrain *Piu moderato ed delicato*

If <sup>\*)</sup> You were the on-ly girl in the world, And {I} were the on-ly buy.

Noth- ing else would mat- ter in the world to- day- We could go on lov- ing in the same old way - A

Gar- den of E- den, Just made for two, With noth- ing to mar our joy

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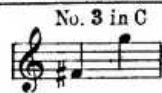
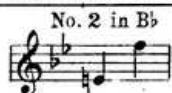
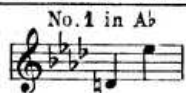
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*Brown Bird Singing*.....WOOD

*The World is Waiting for the Sunrise*. SEITZ  
*One Little Dream of Love*.....GORDON  
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# ANOTHER GEM FROM THE PEN OF THIS GIFTED COMPOSER



## In The Garden Of To-morrow

Words by  
GEO. GRAFFE Jr.

SONG

Music by  
JESSIE L. DEPPEN

### REFRAIN

In the gar-den of to - mor - row, Will the ros-es be more fair?—

Will we find re-lief from sor - row, Will there be more sunshine th - e - re?

For each love flow'r that will blos - som, Some will die and fade a - way.—

### REFRAIN

In the garden of to-morrow,  
Will the roses be more fair?  
Will we find relief from sorrow,  
Will there be more sunshine there?  
For each love flow'r that will blossom,  
Some will die and fade away.  
Oh! I'd so much rather,  
All my love flow'rs gather,  
From the garden of to-day.

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