

Dreams



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LYRIC BY
ANDREW B. STERLING

MUSIC BY
HARRY VON TILZER



DREAMS

Words by
ANDREW B. STERLING

Music by
HARRY VON TILZER

Piano

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

(Slowly)

Night-time the moon is beam-ing
 Night-time my heart is sing-ing

The first vocal line is written on a single staff. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar texture to the introduction, supporting the vocal melody.

Night-time the world's a - sleep
 Night-time is filled with bliss

Dear - ie the stars are
 Dear - ie your arms are

The second vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment features some changes in chord structure to support the new lyrics.

gleam-ing and I am dream-ing while shad-ows creep Soft-ly
 cling-ing your lips are bring-ing your first love kiss Some-times

The third vocal line includes the lyrics 'Soft-ly' and 'Some-times'. The piano accompaniment becomes more active with sixteenth-note patterns in the right hand.

- your fair face beams
 - how real it seems

Night-time is filled with dreams.
 Night-time is filled with dreams.

The final vocal line concludes the piece with the repeated phrase 'Night-time is filled with dreams.' The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic resolution.

Chorus (*Slowly with feeling*)

Dreams of a moth-er for her ba - - by Dreams of a dad-dy for his

boy Dreams of a las-sie for her sweet - - heart and ev - 'ry

dream brings joy Cu - pid guides my ship of dreams for me dear

to the land of love where hearts are true Dreams but the sweet-est dreams are mine

dear Re - cause I am dream-ing of you. you.



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Our Big Sellers

BALLADS

THE LITTLE GOOD FOR NOTHING IS GOOD FOR SOMETHING AFTER ALL WHEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT ON BROADWAY IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO THE U.S.A., AND THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND BUY A LIBERTY BOND FOR THE BABY I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'M GOING, BUT I'M ON MY WAY JUST AS YOUR MOTHER WAS GIVE ME THE RIGHT TO LOVE YOU LOVE WILL FIND THE WAY SOMETIME YUKALOO THERE'S SOMEONE MORE LONESOME THAN YOU ON THE SOUTH SEA ISLE YOU'LL ALWAYS BE THE SAME SWEET GIRL THOUGH I HAD A BIT O' THE DIVIL IN ME (SHE HAD THE WAYS OF AN ANGEL) DEAR OLD FASHIONED IRISH SONGS IN DREAMY SPAIN MY BEAUTIFUL CHATEAU OF LOVE LAST NIGHT WAS THE END OF THE WORLD YO SAN

NOVELTY SONGS

IN THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE BRING BACK, BRING BACK, BRING BACK THE KAISER TO ME AND THEN SHE'D KNIT, KNIT, KNIT HE'S DOING HIS BIT FOR THE GIRLS SOME LITTLE SQUIRREL IS GOING TO GET SOME LITTLE NUT LISTEN TO THE KNOCKING AT THE KNITTING CLUB CLOSE YOUR EYES NOW, SLEEPY MOON IF SAMMY SIMPSON SHOOTS THE CHUTES, WHY SHOULDN'T HE SHOOT THE SHOTS WONDERFUL GIRL, GOOD NIGHT HELP! HELP! I'M SINKING IN A BEAUTIFUL OCEAN OF LOVE STRIKE UP THE BAND, HERE COMES A SAILOR THERE'S A MILLION REASONS WHY I SHOULDN'T KISS YOU SAYS I TO MYSELF, SAYS I JUST THE KIND OF A GIRL YOU'D LOVE TO MAKE YOUR WIFE SOMEWHERE IN DIXIE I'M A TWELVE O'CLOCK FELLOW IN A NINE O'CLOCK TOWN THERE'S A LITTLE BIT OF SCOTCH IN MARY DON'T SLAM THAT DOOR ON THE HOKO MOKO ISLE WITH HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS AND HIS POCKETS IN HIS PANTS SOMETIMES YOU GET A GOOD ONE AND SOMETIMES YOU DON'T WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN CLOSE TO MY HEART THEY ALL HAD A FINGER IN THE PIE ROW, ROW, ROW ALL ALONE BATTER UP (UNCLE SAM IS AT THE PLATE)

NOVELTY KID SONGS

CROSS MY HEART AND HOPE TO DIE CONSTANTINOPLE ALL ABOARD FOR BLANKET BAY THEY ALWAYS PICK ON ME

INSTRUMENTAL NUMBERS

THE OLD TOWN PUMP
STOLEN SWEETS

Somebody's Waiting For Someone

Words by
ANDREW B. STERLING

Music by
HARRY VON TILZER

Chorus

Some-bod-y's wait-ing for some-one in the house a-cross the way
Some-bod-y's wait-ing, watch-ing and wait-ing day
by day At night there's a light in the win-dow for

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The Pickaninnies Paradise.

Words by
SAM BIRLICHE

Music by
HAT OSBORNE

Chorus

You lay your shock-kinky head in a bed of pillows of white When you sleep tight
-the an-gels watch o-ver you ev-ry night The griddle cakes pop from the ground - With-out no-las-er all a-round - Old Uncle Joe is play-ing tunc-up on his old ban-jo The struts are all joint with gold I can

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