TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO
Sunset Brings Idle Dreams

Words by
EDGAR T. FARRAN.
Music by
M. JACOBS.

Mod to cantabile.

Far o'er the hills the sunset fades away,
It is hard to love, and only love in vain.

Far wakes idle dreams, sweetheart, oh thee,
For once upon a time at bet for us two we never met.

When hearts are broke they never close of day,
You gave your heart and hand in love to me,
Then love again.
The future holds but sorrow and regret.

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For sale by all dealers
By The Dear Old Village Mill Down In The Valley

Words by MONROE H. ROSENFELD.  
Music by GEO. VAN WAGHENEN.

Moderato quasi Andante

In happy dreams I see the days once dear to me, For
I see her standing there, a red rose in her hair, As

old remembered scenes come back again, The
in the days when we were sweethearts true, The

church upon the hill, the ivy-covered mill, The
birds were warbling clear and not a cloud was near, No

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silent brooklet winding o'er the plain; But sorrow or regret our young hearts knew; Be-

there's a face so bright that never leaves my sight, It side the willow tree, me-thinks she waits for me, Her

shines within my heart where'er I stray; In trusting love I know will never fail; I

all my dreams I hear a voice for-ev-er dear, That yearn to greet once more my sweet-heart, as of yore, Down

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calls me to my sweet-heart, far away
by the old village mill in the vale.

REFRAIN

By the dear old village mill down in the valley, Where the
roses seem to scent sweet summer's gale; There we parted long ago, Yet she

waits for me, I know, By the dear old village mill down in the vale.
TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO  
I Miss You Like The Roses Miss The Rain.

Words by 
WILL A. MAHONEY.

Music by 
HALSEY K. MOHR.

Moderato.

The poets tell a very pretty story, Mary Jane, How a
Now a summer day is ending and the sun sinks in the sky, The

blushing rose once loved a drop of rain, This
stream that turned the mill is all run dry, The

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The Tale of the Pretty Rose

Lyrics by BARTLEY COSTELLO

Composed by JOHN E. LOWITZ

Once in a garden a pretty rose grew
Wood by the Then with love's sun-shine beside her I knelt
My tears were

sun-shine and kissed by the dew
En-vied them both

Dew-drops the sweet flower felt
White of my rose

loved the rose too I wanted to win her some day
seemed then to melt Her blush grew as bright as of old

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