

SM 4135

By The Camp Fire

Words by
MABEL ELIZABETH GIRLING

Music by
PERCY WENRICH

Moderato

p *Till ready* *mf*

Where the wa - ters kiss the si - lent shore, There's a lit - tle
I can see the moon - light on your hair, Dart - ing flames are

p

spot that I a - dore, When the eve - ning shad - ows fall, And the night winds
flit - ting here and there, Light - ing up your beau - ty rare, In the fire - light's

cresc.

call; In a nook just un - der - neath the trees,
glare; That is where I long to be with you,

dim.

This Composition may also be had for your Talking Machine or Player Piano

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London - Herman Darewski Music Pub. Co.

Also published for
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Band or Orchestra... 25¢

Where old na - ture sends a gen - tle breeze, I will build a camp - fire
 Long to hear you tell me you'll be true, There be - neath the sum - mer

dear, _____ Just to cheer, _____ while you're near. _____
 skies, _____ Mag - ic lies, _____ in your eyes. _____

poco rit.

REFRAIN

Come where the camp - fire is gleam - ing, Come where the fire - flies are beam - ing,

Down where the riv - er is stream - ing by, _____ There I'll be

wait-ing for you, wait-ing where the flames are glow-ing, — To tell you I a-dore you

un-der-neath the clear moon - light so bright; Come where my ban-jo is ring-ing,

sonore

Where sum-mer breezes are sing-ing, Down where the night owl is wing-ing, too;

I hear him call-ing you, — Yes, the owl is call-ing you, — Oh, my hon-ey,

Come by the camp-fire, Come by the camp-fire bright. bright.

1 2