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## My Love And The Lark

J. B. Boldi

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# My Love and the Lark



CHANSON BOHÉMIENNE

FAMOUS EUROPEAN SUCCESS

*by*

J. B. BOLDI

*Arranged*

FOR VOICE AND PIANO

*by*

CARL DEIS



Price, 50 cents  
(In U. S. A.)

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NEW YORK

# My Love and the Lark

## Chanson Bohémienne

Words by  
Lorraine Noel Finley\*

J. B. Boldi  
Arranged by Carl Deis

Tempo di Valzer lento

Voice

Piano

*mf*

Swal - lows, re - turn - ing, cir - cle the  
Deep night has fall - en; crick - ets and

tree - tops, While buds sprout ev - 'ry - where: \_\_\_\_\_  
frogs now Have end - ed ser - en - ades: \_\_\_\_\_

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Cro-cus and dog - wood throw out their blos - soms, And Spring\_ is thrill - ing the  
Owls' eyes are glint - ing; faint sil-ver moon-beams Have traced\_ their paths through the

air. \_\_\_\_\_ Ev-'ry snow-flake has melt - ed In the  
glades. \_\_\_\_\_ No more fire-flies are danc - ing, Mak-ing

wild rush-ing stream. — A lark \_\_\_\_\_ sings with my Be - lov-ed, — Wak-ing all the  
pat-terns of gold. . . . While stars, — fro - zen in their beau-ty, — Shine up-on your

*ritard.* *ten.* *a tempo*  
*f-p*

world from Win-ter's long dream. Ah! Joy fills the skies,  
 face, whose lips have turned cold. Ah! Once joy was mine,

*ritard.* *ten.*  
*f-p*  
*a tempo*

— For the lark and my love are sing - ing... Mel - o - dies  
 — For my love with the lark was sing - ing... Mel - o - dies

*poco rit.*

swell-ing With Spring's mes-sage well-ing In ten - der eyes.  
 tell-ing That Spring-time was dwell-ing In Love's dear shrine.

*poco rit.*  
*poco marcato*

*mf a tempo*

Spring glo - ri - fies \_\_\_\_\_ What the lark and my love \_\_\_\_\_ are  
 Spring glo - ri - fied \_\_\_\_\_ What the lark and my love \_\_\_\_\_ were

*a tempo*  
*mf*

*f*

sing - ing. Love-light is gleam - ing And sun - light is  
 sing - ing. Songs are re - main - ing, Though Spring-time is

*f*

*poco dim. e rit.*

stream - ing Through Spring's blue skies. \_\_\_\_\_  
 wan - ing, And love has died! \_\_\_\_\_

*poco dim. e rit.*

*D.C. for 2nd stanza*





# RUDOLF FRIML

## AMERICA'S LEADING COMPOSER OF LIGHT OPERA



Words by  
Otto Hauerbach

### "Love is like a firefly"

From the Comedy-Opera  
"The Firefly," by  
Rudolf Friml

Nina

Quasi gavotta

1-2. Love is like a fire-fly—That glimmers by, And dies while it is gleam-ing.

*molto rit.*

There-fore when you see it nigh,— You must be ver-y spry, Ev-er sly,

*rit.* *a tempo*

Nev-er shy. When with-in her twinkling eye— You see the

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### Giannina mia

Nina

From the Comedy-Opera  
"The Firefly," by  
Rudolf Friml

Words by  
Otto Hauerbach

*Allegro moderato* *accel.* *rit.* *allegro moderato*

1-2. For I a-dore, I a-dore you, Gian-ni-na mi-al More, more and

*accel.* *rit.* *p a tempo*

more, I a-dore you, Gian-ni-na mi-al Queens there have been, who in

*animato* *animato* *cresc.*

ag-es of old Shone more re-splendent with jew-els and gold.

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### Allah's Holiday

Otto Hauerbach

From the Musical Play "Katinka"

Rudolf Friml

#### REFRAIN

*Andantino*

Sounds of sil-ver cym-bal, Tam-bou-rine and tim-bal, Struck by fin-gers

nim-ble To some sweet lay, Pret-ty tunes are tink-ling.

*cresc.* *cresc.*

Tin-y feet are twink-ling, Breath of rose-heart sprinkling— 'Neath cool fountains

Extract from the score  
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### Sympathy

WALTZ-SONG

Otto Hauerbach

From the Comedy-Opera "The Firefly"

Rudolf Friml

#### REFRAIN

*a tempo*

You need sym-pa-thy, sym-pa-thy, just  
I need sym-pa-thy, sym-pa-thy, just

sym-pa-ty! You won't think I am free,  
sym-pa-ty! I won't think you are free,

*rit.* *a tempo*

You will not scold or say I am bold When I treat  
I will not scold nor say you are bold When you treat

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