All Through The Night

By

J. Will Callahan
Howard Shrop
Chas. Roy Cox

Flavie

High
Medium
Low.

30¢
"All Thru The Night"

By J. Will Callahan, Howard Stroup and Chas. Roy Cox.

Dying day, fades away,
Over the meadows the shadows play,
Cooing doves, making love,
Call from the trees above,
    Sweetheart,
I'm lonely now, and somehow,
Life is so dreary and blue,
Just as of yore I am dreaming once more,
All thru the night of you.

CHORUS
All thru the night I can hear you call,
Out of the past it seems,
All thru the night your footsteps I hear,
There on the path to dreams,
All thru the night I can see your face,
Up where the stars shine thru,
When twilight comes on, I dream 'til the dawn,
All thru the night of you.

Ev'rywhere, roses rare,
Breathing their perfume upon the air,
While the breeze, thru the trees,
Sings its sweet melodies,
    Still,
In the night winds song, something's wrong,
Something is missing it's true,
Nature it seems, knows its only sweet dreams,
All thru the night of you.
"All Thru The Night"

By J. WILL CALLAHAN

By HOWARD STROUP

CHAS. ROY COX

Valse Moderato

VOICE

Dying day Fades away
Ev'ry where Roses

Way O-ver the meadow the shadow play.
Rare Breath-ing their perfume upon the air.

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Coo- ing doves mak - ing love Call from the trees a
While the breeze thru the trees Sings its sweet mel - o -

bove Sweetheart I'm lone - ly now and some - how
dies Still in the night winds song some - thing's wrong

Life is so drear - y and blue ——— Just as of yore I am
Some thing is miss - ing its true ——— Na - ture it seems knows it's

dream - ing once more All thru the night of you.
on - ly sweet dreams All thru the night of you.
CHORUS

Dreamy

All thru the night I can hear you call Out of the past it seems

All thru the night your foot-steps I hear There on the path to dreams

All thru the night I can see your face Up where the stars shine thru When twi-light comes

on I dream'till the dawn all thru the night of you.
Just a dreamy fascinating melody that you're sure to love

"Dreamy Melody"

By two of America's best writers
Roy Charles & Lee Alberts

Published for high and low voices

In my dreams it seems that I can hear that melody of love—just a

Chorus

When I hear that dreamy melody, played so tenderly for me—

Then it brings me thoughts of roses rare, blooming every where, and it reminds me, of those

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