THE ORIENTAL DANCE SENSATION

FATE

It Was Fate When I First Met You

FOX TROT BALLAD

By Byron Gay
Composer of THE VAMP

Introduced by Ted Lewis in the "Greenwich Village Follies"

M. Witmark & Sons
New York

PRINTED IN U.S.A.
IN A LITTLE TOWN NEAR BY

Lyric by
AMY ASHMORE CLARK

Solo, Three keys, C, (c to c) E♭, (b♭ to e♭) G, (g to g) – 40¢ postpaid
Duet, Two keys, E♭, Sopr. or Ten. and Cont. or Bari. (lead) G, Sopr. or Ten. (lead) and Cont. or Bari. 50¢ postpaid
Octavo, Male, Female, Mixed and Unchanged Voices 15¢ each postpaid

Music by
FLORENCE TURNER-HALEY

With Tenderness

In a lit-tle house on a lit-tle street, In a lit-tle town near

by,
Where the ros-es climb o'er the gar-den wall And you

JUST BEEN WONDERING

By IRENE Akerley-Canning

Solo, Three keys, C, (c to c) E♭, (b♭ to e♭) F, (f to g) – 40¢ postpaid
Duet, Two keys, C, Alto or Bari. (lead) and Sopr. or Ten. F, Sopr. or Ten. (lead) and Cont. or Bass 60¢ postpaid
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All Day Long

Slowly with much expression

Just been won-der-ing all day long What I'd do - if you were gone. S'pose I'd live on just the same,

Wishing you were back a-gain. Days would be end-less, noth-ing right,
FATE

It Was Fate When I First Met You

FOX TROT SONG

By BYRON GAY

Since the world began
Truth can never fail

It seems that man, no matter what his lot, he lays the blame on fate
It must prevail, in all we do we must be true or live a lie

Health his wealth his fame
Disgrace or shame, it's all the
Fate is all there is
It's your ideas, for what you
same. He lays the blame up - on his fate
think Is what you are, the same as I
All things small or what love com-
great mands
And Life — or death its fate.

1.  

2.  

Fate is all that I am My fate is the law a-

REFRAIN Passionately

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When fate seems wrong, it's a sham. The law that is real is love.
Fate is our love for each other, Love, as I learned from my mother;
Fate is a love that is true, So I knew it was fate when I first met you.
My you.
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Dusk—and the lights of home
Smile through the rain.
A thousand smiles for those that come
Homeward again.

What though the night be drear
With gloom and cold,
So that there be one voice to hear,
One hand to hold?

Here, by the winter fire,
Life is our own.
Here, out of sorrow and pain,
Here is our home.

Then let the wild world throng
To pump and pour;
And let us fill with love and song
The lamplit hour.

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CUTON—The lights of home
Solo, Tenor, Bass—such hymns for those that come
Homeward again.

SOLO—TENOR
Bass—such hymns for those that come
Homeward again.

SOLO—TENOR—BASS

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