I'M WAITING FOR SHIPS THAT NEVER COME IN

SONG

WORDS BY
JACK YELLEN

MUSIC BY
A. OLMAN

Price 60¢
The Sunset Trail of Gold

ALLIC FOLAND CRISS

JAMES G. MACDERMID

Dear heart, the scenes of yester-day
Have vanished with the past,
For

like the rose of fragrance sweet
They could not always last,
But

Wanting You So

J. WILL CALLAHAN

LEE S. ROBERTS

There's a change in all nature since you went a-way,
Tho' the sky may be still just as blue,

There is something that's taken the joy from each day,
There's no use denying it's true;

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I'm Waiting For Ships That Never Come In

Words by J. YELENN

Music by A. OLMAN

Andante Moderato

They

These

say all the world is a stage,

Life is

beautiful dream ships of mine,

What a

only a drama of dreams;

It's at

wonderful treasure they hold!

If they

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That ever come in, What a prize I'll win: A
fate choos-es for us, it seems
love far more pre-cious than gold,

I'm just a dream-er whose dreams go a stray
And tho' my dream-ing may be all in vain A

call me the fool in the play.
dream-er I'll glad-ly re-main.

I'm Waiting For Ships That Never Come In 4
REFRAIN  Slowly

waiting for ships that never come in,

Watching and waiting in vain.

It seems that

Life's stormy sea holds nothing for me.

But broken dreams and shattered schemes.

With
each day of sorrow I love to pretend

One more tomorrow and waiting will end; I'm

waiting for ships that never come in, I wonder

where they can be. I'm be.
I’m Waiting for Ships That Never Come In

(Recitation by Jack Yellen)

Life is only a game of poker
And Happiness is the pot,
Fate deals you five cards in the cradle;
You play—if you like it or not.
Some get a pat hand to start with
And the game doesn’t seem on the square
When you look at your hand and discover
You were born without even a pair.
But there’s no use in kicking or squawking;
You pick up your cards and begin
To figure and plan and puzzle,
While Fate looks on with a grin.
Some take a chance at bluffing
And stake everything they’ve got
On a dinky little four-flush—
Sometimes it wins the pot.
Others will break up openers
To draw for a middle straight.
They know what a chance they’re taking,
And they learn their mistake too late.

(Pantomime as if welcoming imaginary ships approaching from the distance, while four bars of “dream” music are played.)

Some can’t help playing crooked
Against all good advice,
But they seldom get away with it—
In the end they pay the price.
The most of us play straight poker
But I tell you, boys, it’s hard,
When you’re there with both ends open
And you can’t draw the winning card.
Now, I’ve always been a loser,
It seems that I never can win;
And I’m just a Dreamer who’s waiting
For ships that never come in.
Why, look! What’s that in the distance,
Sailing across the sea?
My ships! My ships are coming
They’re sailing home to me.
With wealth and love and Happiness!
My sorrowing days have passed
It’s the end of watching and waiting—
My ships have come at last!

(During next four bars recite following slowly)

THEY’RE — SAILING — BY! — THOSE — ARE — NOT — MY — SHIPS!

(Finish with last four bars of chorus.)

won — der where they can be?

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When I'm With You

Sunshine lingers all the while when I'm with you,
Nothing matters if you smile... when I'm with you.

Sweetest visions come to stay, and I'm glad the live long day,
You just steal my heart away.

My Little Home On the Hill

There's a place that is dearer than all else to me,
My little home on the hill;
There's a place that is all heaven ever could be,
Abounding in peace and good will;
There's a sweetheart