

Drifting

Song



HELEN E. EDDY

WORDS BY
Arthur J. Lamb

MUSIC BY
W.C. Polla

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DRIFTING

Words by
ARTHUR J. LAMB
Valse Lento

Music by
WILLIAM POLLA

Piano

mf

Where are we drift - ing, you and I? _____
 Dear, do not care 'tho shad - ows fall; _____

p

Drift - ing to - day 'neath a sun - ny sky? _____
 Love is our pi - lot, and love is all: _____

When life is young, _____ and love is new, _____ And
 Still in the dark _____ my voice you'll hear _____ And

noth - ing else mat - ters to me but you. _____
 then dear - ly whis - p'ring I love you dear. _____

rit.

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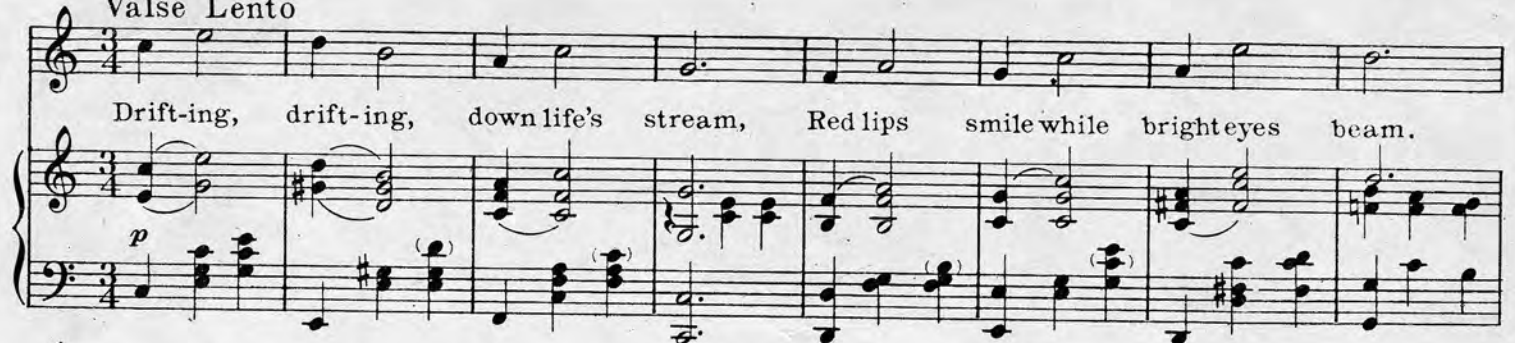
ASK FOR
PLAYER-ROL



ASK FOR
PHONOGRAPH
OF THE

Refrain
Valse Lento

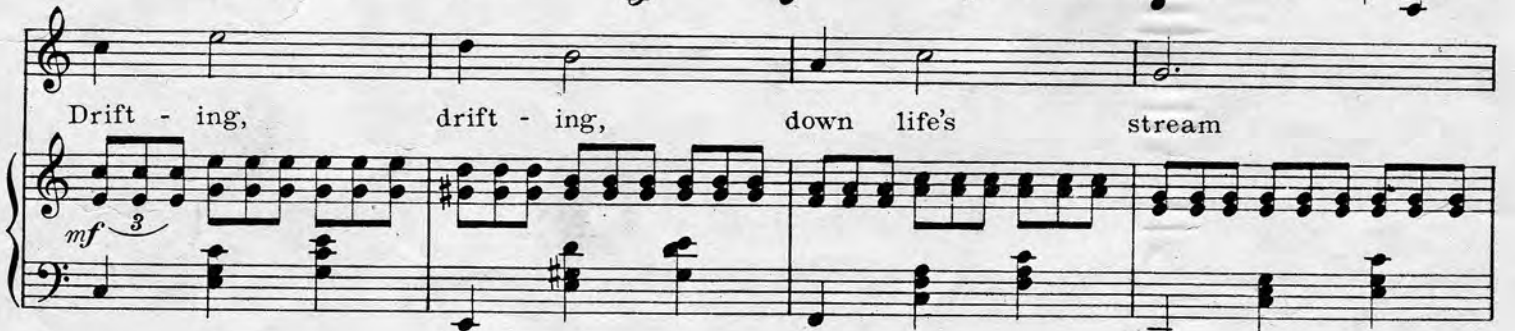
Drift-ing, drift-ing, down life's stream, Red lips smile while bright eyes beam.



I don't care where I drift to, If I'm on - ly drift-ing with you.



Drift - ing, drift - ing, down life's stream



Red lips smile while bright eyes beam.



I don't care where I drift to,

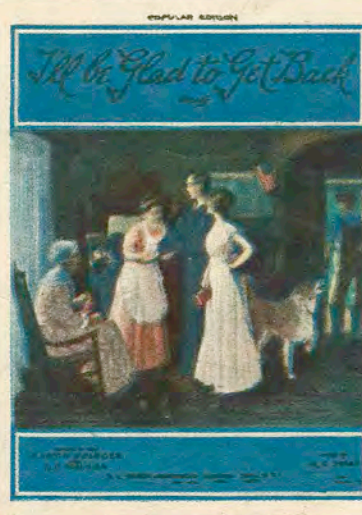


If I'm on - ly drift - ing with you.



THE
OF THIS

THE
RECORD



ASK FOR ALL OF THESE NUMBERS WHERE YOU BOUGHT THIS

Words by JEAN LEFAVRE Dear Heart Music by W. C. POLLA & WILLARD GOLDSMITH

Dear heart, are you true to me, — My heart yearns for
on - ly thee, — My soul knows no sun - shine, —

Words by ARTHUR J. LAMB My Castles In The Air Are Tumbling Down Music by W. C. POLLA

My cas-tles in the air are tum-bling tum-bling down. And that's be-cause you said you
can no longer care, My cas-tles in the air are tum-bling down, They were filled with

Words by JEAN LEFAVRE BUDDY Music by W. C. POLLA

Bud-dy, — I want you Bud-dy, my heart's lone - ly too,
Bud - dy — my pal, I miss you. There is noth - ing — I would - n't

Words by JEAN LEFAVRE Yo - San Music by W. C. POLLA

My gei-sha Yo - San, From Ja - pan, — I am so lone - ly, —
— I love you on - ly, — Come dear well sail a - - way from here — No more to

Words by LOUIS SEIFERT Why Do They Call Mama Poor Butterfly Music by W. C. POLLA

Dad - dy — dear please tell me why, they call ma - ma Poor But - ter - fly? She has no
wings, and but - ter - flies are paint-ed things with naught-y eyes. She's so sad since you're

Words by ELLA M. SMITH My Garden Of Love Music by W. C. POLLA

In my gar-den of love grew a flow'r, — a blos-som so won-drous and fair, — I
cherished it ev - 'ry hour, — And gave it ten-der-est care, — But in-to my

Words by MARTIN SWAUGER and R. A. WILSON I'll Be Glad To Get Back Music by W. C. POLLA

I'll be glad to get back to the lit - tle home town And the moth-er wait-ing pa-tient - ly
-ly Back to the street where my sweet Mar - guer - ite Night - ly

Words by JACK GARTLAND I Want A Dixie Sweetheart Music by W. C. POLLA

I want a Dix - ie sweet heart, With eyes so true and
blue; — She must be a mer - ry root - er. — For old Yan-kee