THERE ARE FAIRIES AT THE BOTTOM OF OUR GARDEN

SONG

WORDS BY
ROSE FYLEMAN

MUSIC BY
LIZA LEHMANN

Price 60 cents
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IN CANADA 50 CENTS
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CHAPPELL & CO LTD.
MELBOURNE LONDON SYDNEY

FOR THE COUNTRIES OF NORTH AMERICA
CHAPPELL-HARMS, INC.
NEW YORK

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PRINTED IN U.S.A.
John McCormack is featuring the Phenomenal song success entitled "ROSES OF PICARDY" and has recently recorded "Love's Garden Of Roses." Both songs are from the pen of Haydn Wood, consequently the following excerpts from his new song will interest all lovers of songs in English.

WONDERFUL WORLD OF ROMANCE

Words by
HAROLD SIMPSON

Music by
HAYDN WOOD

**SONG**

Introduction

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\[ mp \]

I'm dreaming of a land where days are always fair,
The silver nights bring soft delights and life holds naught of care;
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**REFRAIN**

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\[ mp \]

Wonderful world of romance! Land of my golden dreams, Where the hours go by On the wings of a sigh, And ever the love-light gleams;
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Nightingales sing to the moon,
Stars shining brightly above,
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In that wonderful world of romance, I am waiting for you, my love!
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There are Fairies at the Bottom of our Garden.

Song.

Words by
ROSE FYLEMAN.

Music by
LIZA LEHMAN.

Allegretto grazioso.

VOICE.

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden,
It's not so very, very far away,
You pass the gardner's shed and you just keep straight ahead;

PIANO.

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do so hope they've really come to stay. There's a little wood with moss in it and

poco calando

beetles And a little stream that quietly runs through; You

atempo

wouldn't think they'd dare to come merrymaking there. Well, they do—yes, they

atempo

do!

There are
fairies at the bottom of our garden,

They often have a dance on summer nights;
The butterflies and bees make a lovely little breeze And the rabbits stand about and hold the lights.

Did you know that they could sit up on the moonbeams And snatch a little star to make a fan,
dance away up there in the middle of the air? Well they can.
yes, they

Oh those

un poco rit. un poco rit.

fairies at the bottom of our garden, You cannot think how beautiful they are;

They all stand up and sing when the Fairy Queen and King Come
light-ly float-ing down up-on their car.

L.H.

Oh, the King is ve-ry proud and ve-ry

hand-some,

And the Queen now can you guess who that could be?

or: now can't you guess who that may be?

She's a

lit-tle girl all day, But at night she steals a-way. Well, it's ME-

colla voce

yes, it's ME!