When Twilight Comes
(I'm thinking of you)

A Song
with
Violin and Cello
Obbligato

Words by
Harold Horne

Music by
H. J. Tandler

HIGH  ★ MEDIUM  LOW
When Twilight Comes
I’m Thinking Of You

CELLO OBBLIGATO

(MEDIUM)

H. J. TANDLER

Moderately, but not too slow

Chorus

Copyright MCMXXVI by Pallma Music Publishers, Chicago, Ill.
International Copyright Secured
All Rights Reserved
Including public performance for profit.
The publisher reserves the right to the use of this copyrighted work upon the parts of instruments serving to reproduce it mechanically.
When Twilight Comes
I'm Thinking Of You

Words by
H. J. TANDLER and
HAROLD HORNE

Music by
H. J. TANDLER

Moderately, but not too slow

Once my heart was yearning just to know if a

Once I saw sweet love-light in your eyes, bringing

true love there would ever grow. Then you came into my

down to earth my paradise. And those memories of true

Copyright MCMXXVI by Pailma Music Publishers, Chicago, Ill.
International Copyright Secured All Rights Reserved

Including public performance for profit
The publisher reserves the right to the use of this copyrighted work upon the parts of instruments serving to reproduce it mechanically

Printed in U.S.A.
life one day, Stole my heart and took it far away far away.
hap-pi-ness, Leave me yearning for your sweet caress I confess.

CHORUS
Slowly
When twilight comes, I'm thinking of you, When twilight
fades, I'm dreaming of you, And all the beauty and magic of

a little faster gradually slower
love thrills my heart Just as it did 'ere we two had to

When Twilight Comes Medium 3
How I have tried to smile and forget

But memories come and cling to me yet. Each night I meet you and

kiss you, then lose you again; Love's twilight

dreams are in vain dreams are in vain.
To my friend John Donovan

A Broken Song

The poem by
MOIRA O'NEILL

The tune by
RUDOLPH G. KOPP

WHERE AM I FROM?
From the green hills of Erin.

HAVE I NO SONG THEN?
My songs are all sung.

WHAT O' MY LOVE?
'Tis alone I am far-in.
The Melody Ballad Success

"DAWN"

The night is long
And I wait alone.
But dawn will come
When your lips touch my own!

The night is dark
And the stars are gone.
Your dear lips call
And I know it is dawn!

REFRAIN
Love tells me, dear,
Morning in near;
Roses awaken that sleep in dew;
Far on the hill
Call the birds that were still;
Morning will come
And bring the sunlight—and you.

DAWN

Lyric by
ROSCOE GILMORE STOTT

Music by
FRED R. WEAVER

Gradually louder

Published
with
Violin and Cello
Obbligato

Pallma
Music Publishers

64 E. Jackson Blvd.
Chicago, Illinois
Senor Don Jose' Mojica

TENOR OF THE
CHICAGO CIVIC OPERA

Is Singing with Success

I LOVE YOU MORE
EACH DAY
THE SONG ETERNAL

Poem by
SARAH ROBERTS
WALLBAUM

Music by
ANNA HERING
SOVEREIGN

Published with Violin and Cello Obbligato

64 E. Jackson Blvd.
Music Publishers
Chicago, Illinois