

*Mabelle Renlon*

MR. GEO. W. LEDERER'S INTERNATIONAL PRODUCTION  
As produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, and the Casino, New York.

I Love my Love  
in the SPRINGTIME.

Sung with Immense Success by  
Miss MABELLE GILMAN in

# THE CASINO GIRL

Words by

## SYDNEY ROSENFELD

Music by

# LUDWIG ENGLANDER.

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# I love my Love in the Springtime.

Words by  
SYDNEY ROSENFIELD.

Music by  
LUDWIG ENGLANDER.

**Moderato.**

**VOICE.**

**PIANO.**

**Allegretto grazioso.**

Those lit - tle ten - der phras - es That

lov - ers know so well, In which to sing the prais - es Of

that mys - te - rious spell; Let those who doubt de - ride them, In  
 their su - preme con - ceit; But hearts that love, have  
 tried them, And none are half so sweet, And none are half so

**Tempo di Valse.**

sweet, And none are half so sweet..... I  
 rit.

love my love in the spring - time,..... And I love my love in the  
 fall,..... And in the gold - en sum - mer ..... I .....  
 love.... him best of all!..... Thro' all the chang - ing  
 sea - sons,..... I ..... vow by the stars a - bove,..... From sum - mer's

glow to win - ter's snow, I love my love! .....

*rit.*

Moderato.

2

Allegretto grazioso.

Give me no emp - ty to - ken Be -

p

- fore we two must part, Let those sweet words be spok - en That

p

lips learn from the heart; I want no words of learning To

waft me to the skies, But yearning heart to yearning, In

sim-ple truth re-plies, In sim-ple truth re-plies, In sim-ple truth re-

*Tempo di Valse.*

- plies:..... I love my love in the spring-time,..... And I love my  
*rit.*

love in the fall, ..... And in the gold - en sum - mer..... I....  
 love..... him best of all!..... Thro' all the chang - ing  
 sea - sons,..... I..... vow by the stars a - bove,..... From sum - mer's  
 glow to win - ter's snow, I love my love!

# E. ASCHERBERG & CO.'S NEW AND SUCCESSFUL SONGS.

## Piccaninny's Prayer.

WORDS BY  
FLORENCE HOLTON.

MUSIC BY  
JOSEPH FREDERICKS.

God bless my Mam-my an' guard her night an' day, God bless my Dad-dy, watch o'er him while I pray. Make ev'-ry-bo-dy hap-py In all dis world so fair An' sun am sinkin' gently in de west, An' soon I tink de moon will slyly peep; Den lay yo' bonnie head on mammy's breast, An' close yo' pretty eyes in peaceful sleep. But ere yo' go, jest fol' yo' tiny hands, An' whisper words to heaven sweet an' fair: Some day I spec you'll find its golden bands, So jes' say after mammy dis short pray'r. God bless my mammy, an' guard her night and day; God bless my daddy, watch o'er him while I pray; Make ev'rybody happy in all dis world so fair, An' bless my darlin' dolly—hear piccaninny's pray'r. Soft shadows hover o'er de evenin' sky, De mockin' bird am flyin' to her nest; De Mississippi ripples softly by— All nature's sinkin' gently into rest. Ma honey, tho' de night am dark an' drear, De golden morn will dawn again I know, An' mammy's piccaninny need not fear— De angels will protect her from all woe. God bless my mammy, &c.

## White Throat.

WORDS BY  
CLIFTON BINGHAM.

MUSIC BY  
GEORGE S. ASPINALL.

Rise up, rise up for the thorn's a-wake, And the lark is high in the blue, And white-throat down in the wood-land brake Is sing-ing a song for you. Rise up, rise up, for the thorn's awake, And the lark is high in the blue, And white-throat down in the woodland brake Is singing a song for you. And it's oh! to listen, and oh! to learn The joy of breeze and bud and burn, When the leaf is green, and the birds return To bid the snows adieu. Rise up, rise up, for a million throats Are telling the earth 'tis Spring, There's white-throat choosing his sweetest notes, A carol for you to sing.

For Winter is weary, Winter is long, But all the world is awake with song; There are melodies sweet the woods among, And life in ev'ry thing. Rise up, rise up, and enjoy the hours, For it cannot be always May, For the west wind says to the waking flow'r's There is sadness in delay. There is new life, new love ev'rywhere, For the grass is green and the skies are fair, And white-throat is singing to charm the care Of your heart, of mine, away.

## To-night.

WORDS BY  
F. E. WEATHERLEY.

MUSIC BY  
NAPOLEON ZARDO.

To-night in the hush of the ro-ses, you tell me you love me so, To-mor-row, to-mor-row you will leave me, and bid me for-get, for-get... To-night, in the hush of the roses, you tell me you love me so To-morrow you will leave me, and bid me forget—forget. But as long as my heart is beating, as long as the stars are bright, I shall think of you still for ever, and all that you say to-night. To-night you give me the roses, and kiss me a last adieu; To-morrow they all will wither, and I shall be gone from you; But as long as the world has roses, as long as love shall be, I shall think of to-night for ever, and all that you are to me. Then tell me again you love me, And give me your beating heart, Till here, in the hush of roses, I forget that we have to part. A! till I dream we shall love for ever, That to-morrow will never be; For to-night you are mine—mine only— To-night, my love—yes, you are mine, to-night!

## The World's Desire.

WORDS BY  
M. E. ROURKE.

MUSIC BY  
EDGARDO LEVI.

Largo. (molto espressivo)

Love is the pow'r that rules for ev - er; Love is the all con - sum-ing fire; cedendo un poco. rail.

Love is the faith that wear - ies nev - er; Love is the world's de - sire!

Have you not heard this heart's impatient beating, That bids you read these eyes that see but you? Have you not heard the whisp'ring wind repeating Your loving name in accents that you knew? Or must I tell you of the pow'r That rules my life through ev'ry hour, And wake your slumb'ring soul to see The joys that are for you and me?

Ah! Love is the pow'r that rules for ever; Love is the all-consuming fire; Love is the faith that wearies never— Love is the world's desire!

Turn not away, but hear me, I beseech you, For in your soul, I know, Love only sleeps, Until the light of love like mine shall reach you, To end the vigil that my fond heart keeps. Wake to this great and wondrous pow'r, That rules my life thro' ev'ry hour; Yes, wake your slumb'ring soul to see The joys that are for you and me!

Ah! Love is the pow'r that rules, &c.

## My Lodye's Garden.

(AN OLD SONG.)

WORDS BY  
BARONESS DE BERTOUCH.

MUSIC BY  
GUY D'HARDELOT.

*p* Tempo di Gavotta.

In her gar-den, cool and shadye, Walks each day my gen-tle la-dye At the stroke of noon, . . . . With her coif and silk-en kyr-te Broi-der'd

In her garden, cool and shadye, Live there eyes more true and tender? Walks each day my gentle lodye, Or a form so sweetly slender?

At the stroke of noon; Not on earth I ween,  
With her coif and silken kyrtle, All her roses bloom to greet her,  
Broidered o'er with rarest myrtle, Ev'ry tree bends down to meet her:  
Like her daintie shoon. Is she not their queen?

All the little birds adore her,  
All the breezes hu-h before her  
As she passeth by;  
And each night I pray to see her,  
Yet each day I fain would flee her—  
Faint of heart am I!

## Eternité.

WORDS BY  
MARG. GIRARD.

(English adaptation by RAYMOND ST. LEONARDS.)

MUSIC BY  
J. MASSENET.

*mf* Assez largement.

L'é-ter-ni - té! je l'ai com - pri - se; Le jour où dans mon âme é - pri - se, La - Is love a dream that naught can se - ver, A dream that lasts for aye and ev - er; A cres.

mour pur, ray - on - nant flam - bau, Vers vous, a fait . . . jail-lir . . . sa flam - me death-less sleep of per-fect peace? Is love a flame for ev - er burn - ing,

Is love a dream that naught can sever, Is death a sleep free from all sadness, A dream that lasts for aye and ever, Where, dreaming, we forget love's gladness? A deathless sleep of perfect peace? Or, in that trance of life hereafter, Is love a flame for ever burning? Shall we meet once more our earthly love Can the grave stop our hearts from yearning? And ever share those joys above Eternity! I fain would know. In heavenly gladness and peace?

O love, dear love! if we were parted, My spirit, sad and broken-hearted, Would find no rest in life eternal! If death is peace, then death can never Quench my love, which is thine for ever— Eternally thine, for evermore.

E. ASCHERBERG & CO., 46, BERNERS STREET, LONDON, W.

(Casino Girl)

# I love my love in the springtime

Lydney Rosenfeld

These little tender phrases That lovers know so well Give me known empty to - - knew Be - fore we to must well In which to sing the praises of That mys - te - rious part Let those sweet words be spok - en that lips learn from the spell Let those who doubt de - ride them, In their supreme heart I want no words of learn - ing to waft me to the ceit! But hearts that love have tried them and none are half so skies But yearn - ing heart to yearn - ing In sim - ple truth re - sweet And none are half so sweet And none are half so plies in sim - ple truth re - plies In sim - ple truth re - sweet I love my love in the springtime - - - - -  
plies - - - - -  
love my love in the fall - - - - - And in the gold - en summer - - - I love him best of all - - - - - Thro all the chang - ing sea - son - - - - - vow by the stars a - bove - - - From sum - mers glow to win - ters snow, I love my love - - - - -



(Casino Girl)  
from Opening Chorus.

