

My Isle of Golden Dreams

SONG

*as introduced by the
Dolly Sisters
in the
Comstock, Elliott & Gest production
"OH, LOOK!"*

LYRIC BY
Gus Kahn
MUSIC BY
Walter Blaufuss



MY ISLE OF GOLDEN DREAMS

Lyric by
GUS KAHN

SONG

Music by
WALTER BLAUFUSS

Valse Lento

VOICE

PIANO

mf *8va loco* *mf* *8va loco* *dim.* *8va*

L.H. f *L.H. f* *L.H. f*

Slowly with expression

Out of the mist, lips I have kissed, call ten-der-ly — Out of the west,

p

hands I have pressed, Beck-on to me — O-ver the sea, wait-ing for me

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rit. e dim.

Lone-ly and blue — Some-bod-y sighs, some-bod-y cries, "I love you,

f *rit. e dim.*

a tempo

I love you! Drift-ing in dreams, drift-ing it seems, Back to the shore —

p a tempo

cresc.

Where hand in hand, o-ver the sand, We'll stroll once more — "Heart of my heart,

cresc.

poco *q* *poco* *dim. e rall.*

No more we'll part!" I hear her say — But with the dawn, my dream has gone a-stray. —

poco *a poco* *f* *dim. e rall.*

a tempo

I hear the voice of my land a - call ing me

f marcato
a tempo

it seems That fair Ha - wal - lan Is - land

f

My Isle of Gold - en dreams

p

Some-how I know, some - time I'll go, Back o'er the sea

p

Where all a-lone, some-one I've known, Waits pa-tient-ly

Lips I have kissed, Lips I have missed Whis-per it seems

cresc. *poco* *a poco*

come for a while, Back to your Isle of Dreams

rall. e dim.

CODA
a tempo

Thy Isle of Gold-en Dreams My Isle of Gold-en Dreams

rall. cresc.

mf marcato a tempo *p rall.* *cresc.* *fz*

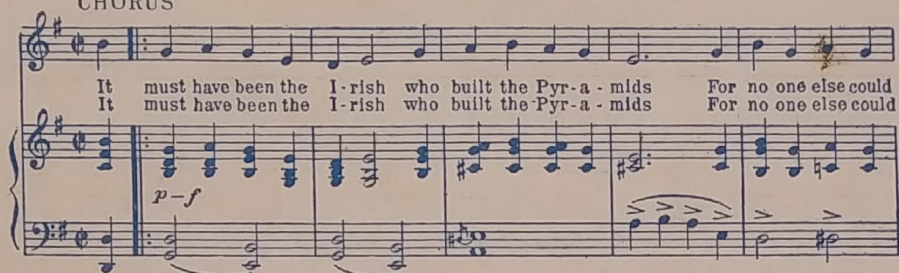
THE IRISH WERE EGYPTIANS LONG AGO

SONG

Lyric by
ALFRED BRYAN

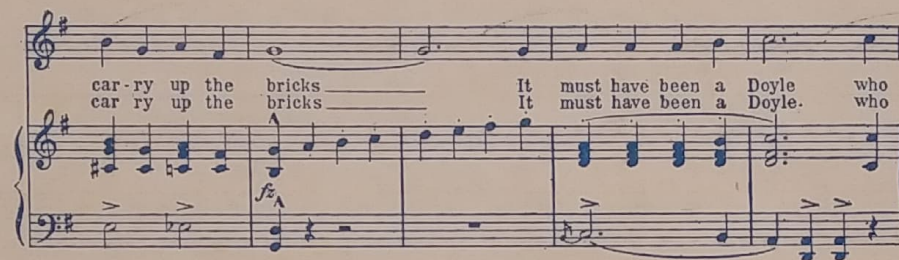
Music by
CHRIS SMITH

CHORUS



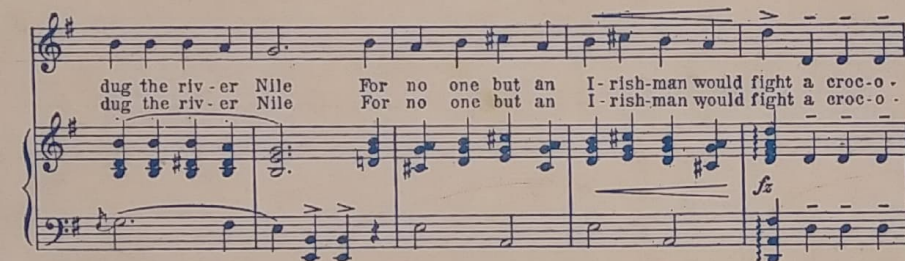
It must have been the I-rish who built the Pyr-a-mids For no one else could
It must have been the I-rish who built the Pyr-a-mids For no one else could

p-f



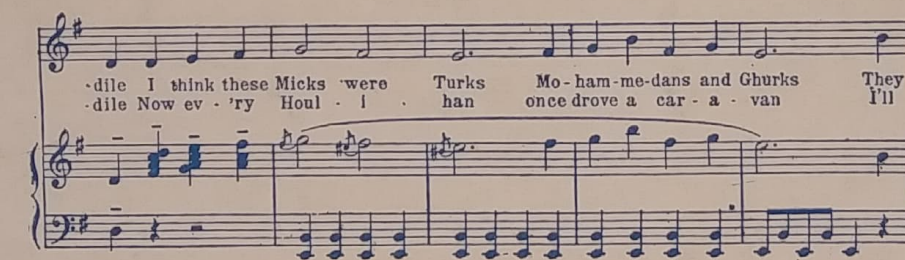
car-ry up the bricks It must have been a Doyle who
car ry up the bricks It must have been a Doyle. who

fz



dug the riv-er Nile For no one but an I-rish-man would fight a croc-o-
dug the riv-er Nile For no one but an I-rish-man would fight a croc-o-

fz



-dile I think these Micks were Turks Mo-ham-me-dans and Ghurks They
-dile Now ev-'ry Houl-I han once drove a car-a-van I'll

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