

# OVER THE ROCKIES

(DOWN FRISCO WAY)

Words by  
JACK YELLEN

*Hazel Patchen,  
10/17/20.*

Music by  
GEORGE L. COBB

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# OVER THE ROCKIES

(DOWN FRISCO WAY)

Words by  
JACK YELLEN

Published for Orchestra 10 Pts. & Pla. — 25¢

Music by  
GEORGE L. COBB

*Moderato*

*f*

Fris - co way, \_\_\_\_\_  
Some day soon, \_\_\_\_\_

*p*

**VAMP**

There I stray, \_\_\_\_\_ In sweet mem - o ry, \_\_\_\_\_ To the  
When its June, \_\_\_\_\_ I'll re - turn to you, \_\_\_\_\_ And my

land so dear to me; \_\_\_\_\_ I love you Fris - co way, \_\_\_\_\_ Night and  
dreams will all come true; \_\_\_\_\_ I'll find my Par - a - dise, \_\_\_\_\_ In your

Get  
this  
Num  
ber  
for  
Your  
Phon  
grap  
or  
Playe  
Plan

This Composition may also  
be had for your Talking Ma-  
chine or Player Piano.

day, ——— In my dreams for you I pine, Be-cause I left my heart be-hind.  
 eyes, ——— In that gold-en land we'll stay, To dream and love the live-long day

*rall.*

**CHORUS**

O-ver the Rock-ies, Down Fris-co way, ———

*pf*

When it is sun set. On old Oak-land Bay; ——— Some-one

prom-ised to wait— By the Gold-en Gate—Till I came to name the day, ———

O-ver the Rock-y moun-tains, Down Fris-co Way. ——— **1** Way. — **2**

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## DREAMY SLUMBER-TIME

Words by  
H. C. WEASNER

Melody adapted from the  
beautiful "Wood-Straps"  
Waltzes

Music by  
D. H. HAWTHORNE

Play slow, with expression

When the twilight shades  
softly come and go, Bring back fond memories of days of long ago,  
How I could not fancy, since I can't bear, Just a song in the night, A  
sing to me so dear When the night is still is sung and calling to its mate.

CHORUS

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## WHEN MOTHER SANG HUSH-A-BYE, O

H. C. WEASNER

## SOMEWHERE In Loveland with You

Words and Music  
By H. C. WEASNER

Published for Orlaneta  
in Piano and Phon. — 234

CHORUS (slowly)

Some - where, Some - where, Some-where in Love-land with  
you, Some-where where skies are ev - er blue There let me  
go hand in hand with you; Some - where, Some - where,  
O may my dreams all come true. In far off Love-land where love leads the

4

### CHORUS (Slowly and tenderly)

When moth - ers sang hush - a - bye, ba - by to me, 'Twas just an old fashioned  
sweet mel - o - dy, An - gels in heav - en ne'er sang such a strain,  
I'd give the world just to hear it a - gain. Hush - a - bye, Hush - a - bye

*p*

Tea \* Tea \* Tea \* Tea \* Tea \* Tea \*

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