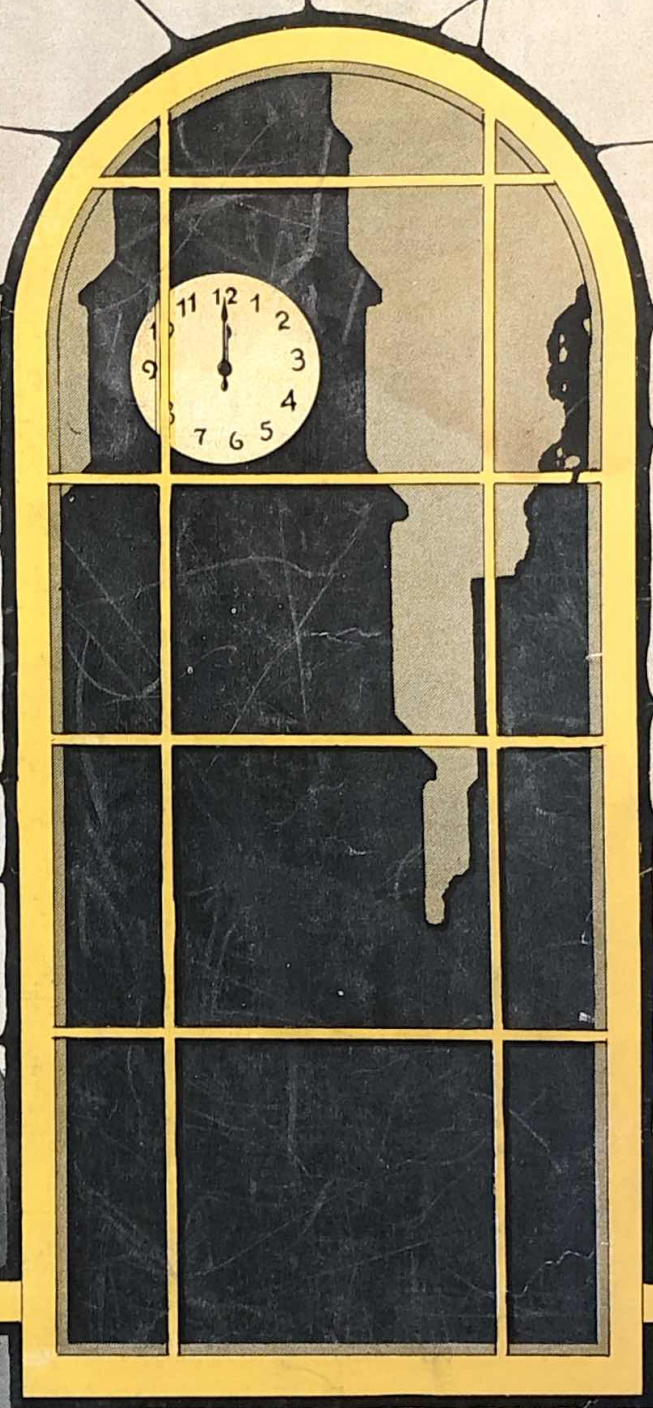
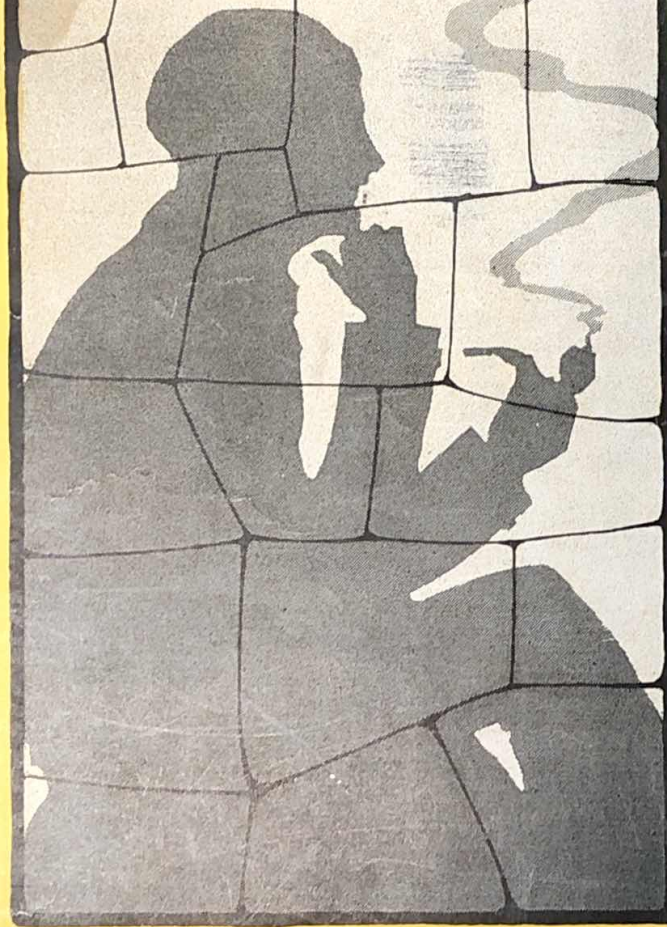


TWELVE O'CLOCK AT NIGHT

LYRIC by
BILLY ROSE
AND
HERMAN RUBY
MUSIC by
LOV HANDMAN



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NEW YORK

Twelve O'clock At Night

3

Words by
BILLY ROSE &
HERMAN RUBY

Music by
LOU HANDMAN

Moderato

Piano introduction in B-flat major, 4/4 time, marked Moderato. The piece begins with a treble clef staff containing a melodic line of eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass clef staff with a harmonic accompaniment of chords and single notes. Dynamics include a forte (f) marking at the beginning and a fortissimo (fz) marking towards the end.

VOICE

Vamp

I love the day - time and there's a good rea-son
Night-time seems end - less, toss-ing a-round in my

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first verse. The piano part features a vamp section with a series of chords in the right hand and a rhythmic bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include piano (p) and piano fortissimo (p^{ff}).

why; When I have plen-ty to do— I have no time to be blue—
bed, When dark-ness blankets my room, I know the mean-ing of gloom

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second verse. The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment style, featuring chords and a bass line. Dynamics include piano (p) and piano fortissimo (p^{ff}).

I love the eve - ning when I'm too bus - y to cry, — But when it's
Lone-some and friend - less, some-times I wish— I were dead, — I hate to

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the third verse. The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment style, featuring chords and a bass line. Dynamics include piano (p) and piano fortissimo (p^{ff}).

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time to pil - low my head, — That's the hour — that I dread. —
 hear the clock on the wall, — I'm so tir - ed of it all. —

CHORUS

Twelve o'clock at night — I'm heav-y heart - ed; — Twelve o'clock at night —

p.f

— when friends have part - ed. — Walk - ing home a - lone, — the streets are

emp - ty and bare; — There's no use hur - ry - ing home 'cause no one's waiting there, Who

l.h.

cares a-bout me! Climbing up the stairs, I feel so lone - some;

And the dusty chairs seem lonesome too. My poor heart aches for a glimpse of

Dad and Moth-er And my Sweet-ie back home, Twelve o' clock at night, when I

find my-self all a - lone. lone.