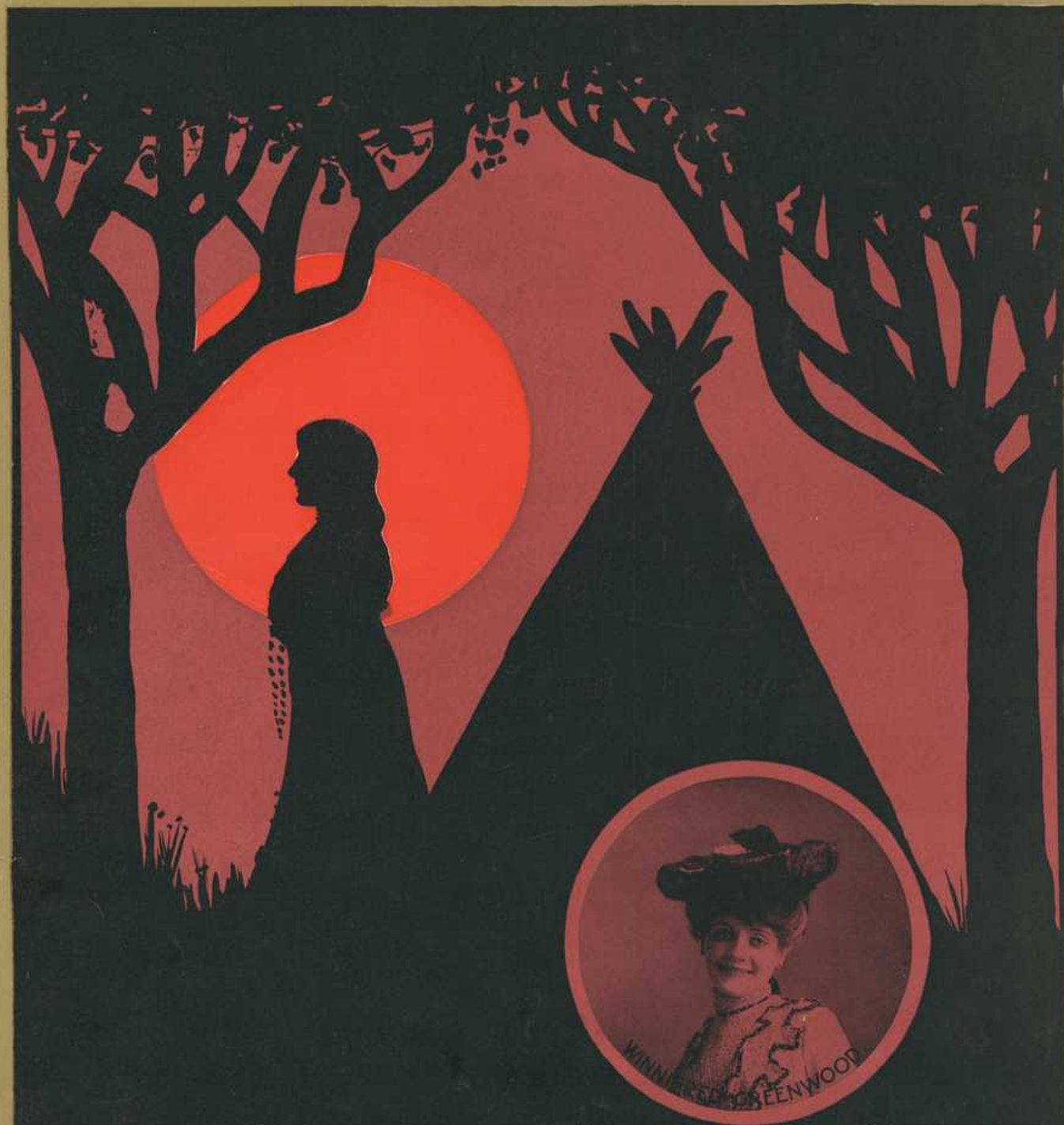


# MY WIGWAM QUEEN



Words By James O'Dea • Music By H.B. Blake • 5

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## The Songs We Used to Sing



Ballad, Beautiful in Sentiment and Melody, by the Composer of "Lazarre" Waltzes

## NEW SONGS

To-Night  
 Lenore, My Own Lenore  
 Under a Panama  
 The Sweetest Girl in Dixie  
 Colleen  
 Just enough for Two  
 The Arrival of the Gecks  
 Peaceful Henry (Song)  
 It Was the Dutch  
 When My Baby  
 Calls Me Honey

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### THE SONGS WE USED TO SING.

Words by James O'Dea.

Music by H. B. BLANKE.  
 Composer of "Lazarre" Waltzes

*Andante*

Through the trees the moon is beaming In the peaceful summer's night, O'er the  
 Does your fan-cy ev - er bring you, From your wander-ings a - far To the

fields of golden grain the dew de-scends, While of you, sweetheart, I'm dreaming, And I  
 flow 'ry path beside the old mill stream? Do you e'er re-call the moments When be-

see your smile so bright, Just as when we used to meet, dear love, as  
 neath the evening star, In the twi-light we both dreamed love's old sweet

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Fawn A-fraid the sweet Had a score of lov - ers sue - ing  
 by each flow-ry dale, By the swift-ly run - ning ri - ver

*mf*

But her heart she gave to a youth-ful brave Who  
 To his Fawn A - fraid he sang this ser - en - ade, This

night - ly sang this song when he came woo - ing.  
 lit - tle song that won her heart for - ev - er.

*rit.*

**CHORUS.**

Big chief me, lit - tle squaw you Pret - ty as a moon - beam

*f*



bright \_\_\_\_\_ You want-a me... and I want-a you, \_\_\_\_\_

That's just why I sing to - night! Big chief me, lit-tle squaw you,

*rit.* *a tempo*

*8basso.....*

Down a-mong the ce - dars green Say you'll go with me and tell me

that you'll be My own, my lit - tle wig - wam Queen. \_\_\_\_\_

*rit.* *a tempo*

The Sweetest Girl In Dixie

BOOK BY JAMES DEAN HUSIC BY W. ADAMS  
WHITNEY-WARNER 209 S. BURLINGAME ST. N.Y.C.



# My Alameda Rose

THE BEAUTIFUL BALLAD BY

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LYRIC BY

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## My Alameda Rose.

Words by RAYMOND W. PECK.

Music by ROBERT HOOD.

Now you'll hear him softly sing-  
For these words her heart is yearning.

My  
My

REFRAIN.

Al - a - me - da rose-bud, my Al - a - me - da pride, Oh

how I long to claim you, my sweetheart and my bride, And when the sun is sink-  
ing, with

soft and mel-low glows, Of you I'm surely think-  
ing, my Al - a - me - da Rose.

Lilly  
M  
1048  
base B3  
no 18