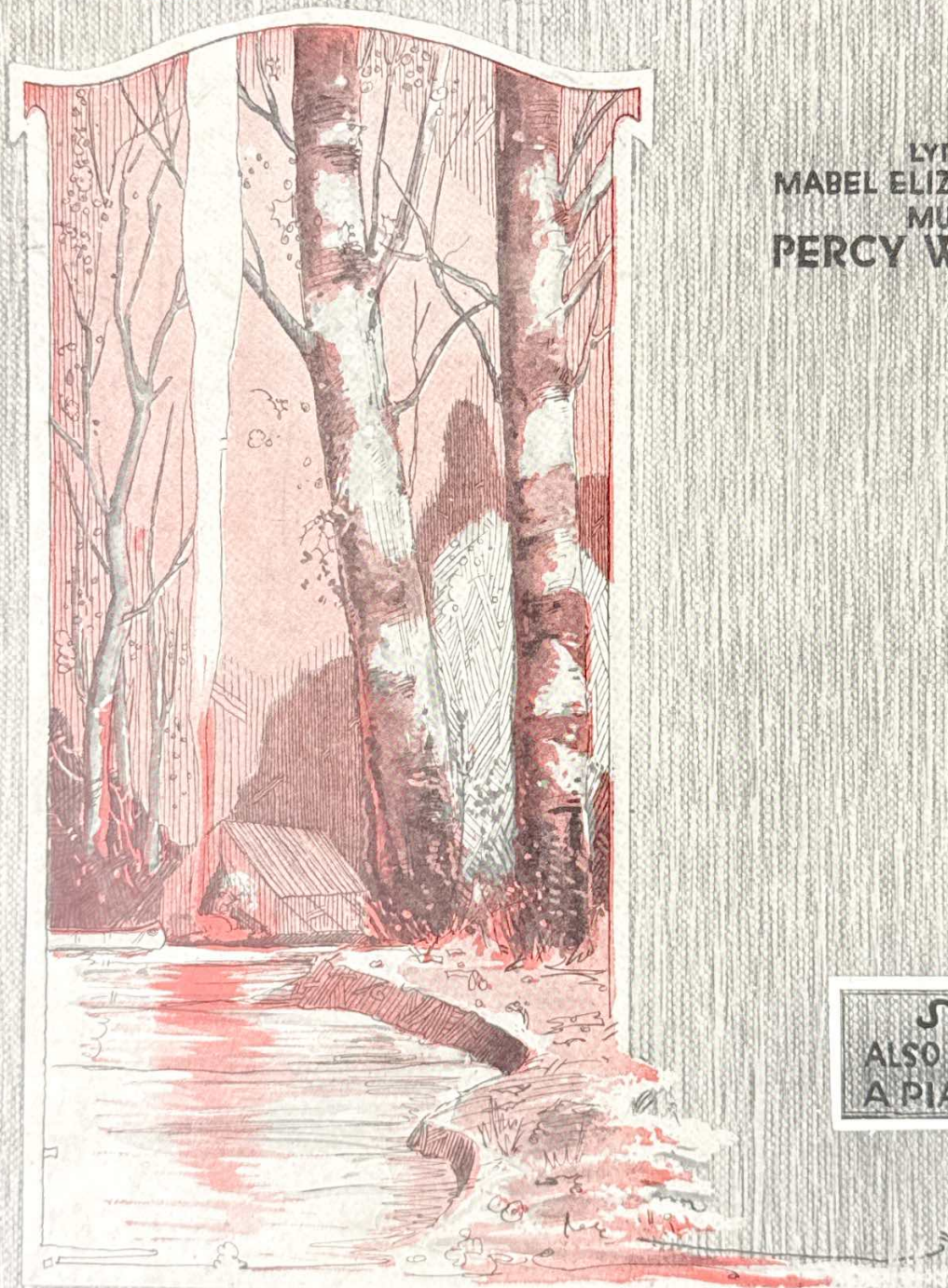


By The Campfire

LYRIC BY
MABEL ELIZABETH GIRLING
MUSIC BY
PERCY WENRICH



SONG
ALSO PUBLISHED AS
A PIANO SOLO



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Leo Feist, Inc., Feist Bld'g., New York

By The Camp Fire

Words by
MABEL ELIZABETH GIRLING

Music by
PERCY WENRICH

Moderato

Till ready

Piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the dynamic is 'mf'.

First system of the song. The vocal line begins with the lyrics: "Where the wa - ters kiss the si - lent shore, There's a lit - tle I can see the moon-light on your hair, Dart - ing flames are". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a moving bass line. The dynamic is marked 'p'.

Second system of the song. The vocal line continues with: "spot that I a - dore, When the eve - ning shad - ows fall, And the night winds flit - ting here and there, Light - ing up your beau - ty rare, In the fire - light's". The piano accompaniment features a crescendo marked 'cresc.' and a fermata over the final chord. The dynamic is marked 'cresc.'.

Third system of the song. The vocal line concludes with: "call; In a nook just un - der - neath the trees, glare; That is where I long to be with you,". The piano accompaniment features a decrescendo marked 'dim.' and a fermata over the final chord. The dynamic is marked 'dim.'.

This Composition may also
be had for your Talking
Machine or Player Piano

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Male or Mixed Voices 15¢
Band or Orchestra... 25¢

Where old na - ture sends a gen - tle breeze, I will build a camp-fire
Long to hear you tell me you'll be true, There be-neath the sum-mer

dear, Just to cheer, while you're near.
skies, Mag - ic lies, in your eyes.

poco rit.

Led. *

REFRAIN

Come where the camp-fire is gleam-ing, Come where the fire-flies are beam - ing,

mf

Down where the riv - er is stream - ing by, There I'll be

wait-ing for you, wait-ing where the flames are glow-ing, To tell you I a-dore you

un-der-neath the clear moon - light so bright; Come where my ban-jo is ring-ing,

sonore

Where sum-mer breezes are sing-ing, Down where the night owl is wing-ing, too;

I hear him call-ing you, Yes, the owl is call-ing you, Oh, my hon-ey,

Come by the camp fire, Come by the camp-fire bright. bright.

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