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1906

# As the Nightingale Calls to its Mate, Madeline

Harry J Norton  
*Composer*

G. F Perkins  
*Lyricist*

Fisher  
*Illustrator*

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# AS THE NIGHTINGALE CALLS TO ITS MATE, MADELINE



WORDS BY  
G. F. PERKINS

MUSIC BY  
HARRY J. NORTON

5

VP016113  
1908  
AS

PUBLISHED BY  
HENRY KREY MUSIC CO.  
327 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON, MASS.

Fisher

# "In Life's Garden"

(Blooms No Fairer Flower Than You.)

MARIE A. HARRIS.

HARRY J. NORTON.

CHORUS. *rall.*

The crimson rose a-bloom in roy-al splen-dor With you sweet-heart in beauty scarcely

*a tempo*

vies, The vi-o-let with pet-als blue and ten-der Can nev-er match the az-ure of your

*a tempo*

eyes The li-ly on its stem so light and air-y Is

not more pure, more graceful, nor more true, You're more than all of these to me my

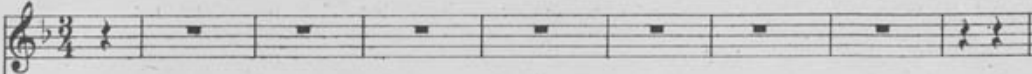
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# AS THE NIGHTINGALE CALLS TO ITS MATE, MADELINE.

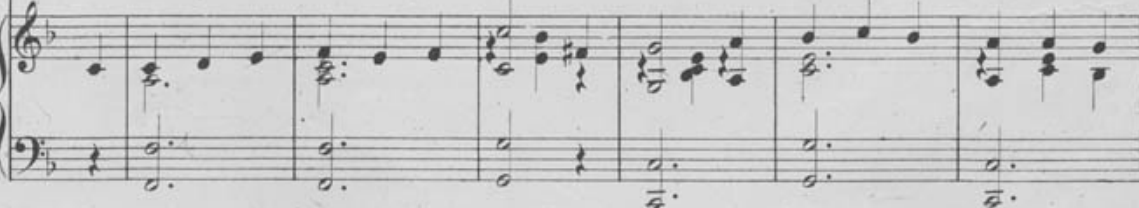
Words by G. F. PERKINS.

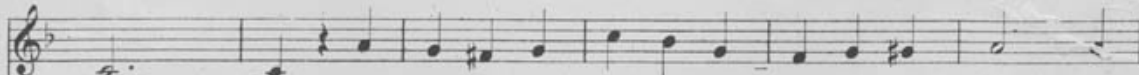
Music by HARRY J. NORTON.  
Composer of  
JUST BECAUSE IT REMINDS ME OF YOU,  
ONLY A WREATH OF ROSES.

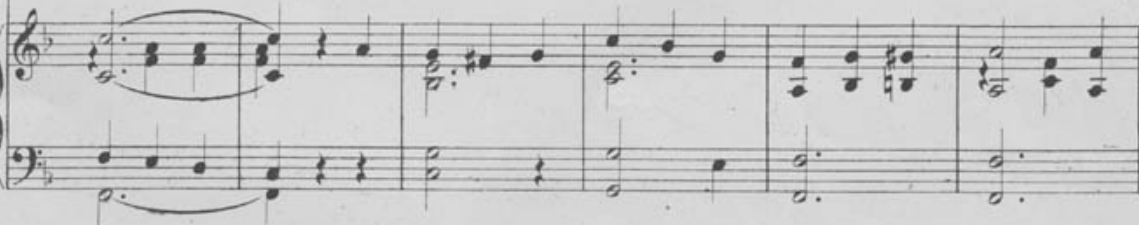
Voice. 

Piano. 

  
The birds have re - turnd from the sun - ny South The ros - es now bloom 'round the  
I wan - der a - lone thro' the sha - dy lane Be - cause it re - minds me of



  
door ——— The mead-ows are dot - ted with vi - o - lets blue Where  
you ——— And list to the song of the same rip - pling stream As



you and I pluck'd them of yore \_\_\_\_\_ You said you'd re - turn to me  
oft - en at twi - light we'd do \_\_\_\_\_ They don't seem the same to me

here sweetheart mine I promis'd your com-ing to wait \_\_\_\_\_ You said we would  
now as be - fore And lone-ly my heart as I wait \_\_\_\_\_ With - out you the

wed in the bright Summer time As the night-in-gale calls to its mate. \_\_\_\_\_  
song birds can thrill me no more As the night-in-gale calls to its mate. \_\_\_\_\_

### Chorus.

As the night-in-gale calls to its mate, Mad - e - line Aft - er the day steals a -

way \_\_\_\_\_ Brightly the twinkling stars for you do gleam, O'er

mead-ow lands where we did stray \_\_\_\_\_ 'Tis then my heart's call-ing and

long-ing so true, 'Tis then in the twilight I wait \_\_\_\_\_ The evening breeze

soft-ly is sighing of you, As the night-in-gale calls to its mate. \_\_\_\_\_

