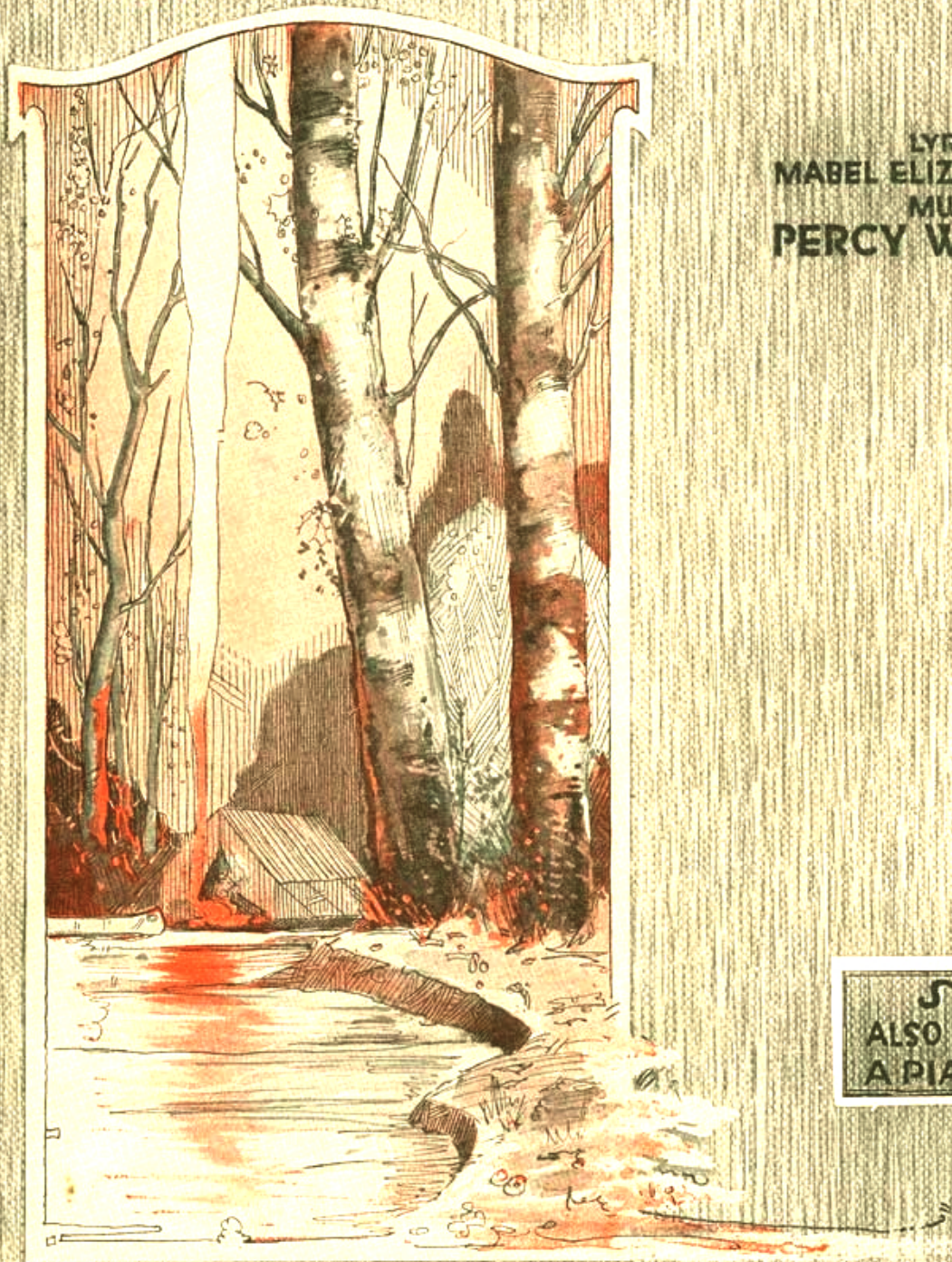


By The Campfire

LYRIC BY
MABEL ELIZABETH GIRLING
MUSIC BY
PERCY WENRICH



SONG
ALSO PUBLISHED AS
A PIANO SOLO



6

Leo Feist, Inc., Feist B'ld'g., New York

By The Camp Fire

Words by
MABEL ELIZABETH GIRLING

Music by
PERCY WENRICH

Moderato

Till ready

Piano introduction in G major, 4/4 time. The piece begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic, featuring a steady accompaniment in the left hand and a melodic line in the right hand. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The introduction concludes with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and the instruction 'Till ready'.

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

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

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

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking and a *Lead.* (Lead) marking with an asterisk.

call; In a nook just un - der-neath the trees,
glare; That is where I long to be with you,

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking.

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

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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.

REFRAIN

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

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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