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**IN THE MUSICAL PLAY**

# SYBIL



LOVE MAY BE A MYSTERY.....	.60
WHEN CUPID CALLS (THE RAT-TAT-TAT SONG).....	.60
I LIKE THE BOYS.....	.60
LIFT YOUR EYES TO MINE.....	.60
THE COLONEL OF THE CRIMSON HUSSARS.....	.60
GOOD ADVICE.....	.60
LETTER DUET.....	.60
WITH MONEY YOU CAN'T GO WRONG.....	.60
GIRLS, YOU ARE SUCH WONDERFUL THINGS.....	.60
TWO CAN PLAY THAT GAME.....	.60
FOLLOWING THE DRUM.....	.60
VOCAL SCORE.....	2.00
WALTZ.....	.75
SELECTION.....	1.00

Music  
by  
**VICTOR  
JACOBI**

*Victor Jacoby*

**CHAPPELL & CO<sup>LD</sup>**  
41 East 34<sup>th</sup> St., NEW YORK  
LONDON TORONTO MELBOURNE  
347 Yonge St.

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By the composer of "The sunshine of your Smile"

# LAND OF THE LONG AGO

Song

Words by  
CHARLES KNIGHT.

Music by  
LILIAN RAY.

There is a land where - in our troth we - plight - ed.

*mp a tempo*

Hap - py the mem - ry of that gold - en day!

*Red. \**

Heart beat with heart; and souls were u - ni - ted,

*f p Red. \* Red. \* Red. \**

SM2932

# LOVE MAY BE A MYSTERY

## SONG

Words by  
HARRY GRAHAM

Music by  
VICTOR JACOBI

Andantino

*pp tranquillo*  
*con Ped.*

The  
From

*dim. rit.* *p a tempo* *espress*

(dreamily)

fire-light flick-ers warm and bright, The em-bers gleam and glow! They  
yon-der sil-ver sam-o-var, What clouds of steam a-rise! They

*pp*  
*dolcissimo*

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glow! they glow! See — how red they glow!  
 rise! they rise! Float - ing to the skies!

*Poco meno*

*8*

*ml.*

The si - lent world is draped in white, Where  
 More fu - gi - tive is Love by far, As

*a tempo*

*p*

(dreamily)  
 soft - ly falls the snow! The snow! the snow! Soft - ly falls the  
 from our grasp it flies! It flies! it flies! Far — a - way it

*Poco meno*

*8*

*pp dolcissimo*

*rall.*

*grazioso*

snow! My kiss, like a flame, Shall dye your cheeks red-  
flies! The fra-grance of Love, It scents the still night

*grazioso*

*p*

rose! My heart, all the same, Shall still be cold as win-ters  
air! A-round and a-bove, It sheds its per-fume ev-'ry-

*p*

*rit.*

snows! No lon-ger I swear, Your lips shall you with-hold! Your  
where! No lon-ger de-lay, But come a-way with me! Your

*p*

*a tempo*

*p*

High-ness, take care! — Your tea is sure-ly grow-ing cold! — Tho'  
High-ness, I pray! — Do you take su-gar in your tea? —

*rall.* *molto rit.* *mf*

Tempo di Valse lente, poco rubato

Love may be a mys-ter-y, — And tho' no-one can ev-er ex-  
plain it, We find that all through his-tor-y, — Men

*espress* *cresc.* *poco rit.*

have not loved in vain! — 'Tis well for poor hu-  
man-kind, — We find that all through his-tor-y, — Men

*p.* *espress*

have not loved in vain! — 'Tis well for poor hu-  
man-kind, — We find that all through his-tor-y, — Men

*espress* *quasi a tempo*

man - i - ty — That true love in their hearts should be found! — All

*p.* *allarg.* *rit.* *f*

Meno, quasi Largo *quasi a tempo* Poco più mosso

else, per - chance, is van - i - tyl — 'Tis love a - lone that makes the

*dim.* *p*

\* *Lento*

world — go round! — 'Tis well for poor hu - man - i - ty;

*pp*

— For Love a - lone en - dures: all else is van - i - tyl —

*colla voce* *rit.* *pp* *rall.* *D.C.*

A NEW WALTZ SONG SUCCESS by  
The Composer of "SYBIL"  
WALTZ OF MINE

Words by  
CLARENCE LUCAS

Music by  
VICTOR JACOBI

Refrain  
*lightly*

Waltz of mine \_\_\_\_\_ Make me

*tranquillo*

sad, \_\_\_\_\_ Make me glad! \_\_\_\_\_ Fill my

heart with smiles or tears. Love is made of

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