

SM 2012

# Down The Lane That Leads To Drowsy-Land.

Lyric by  
LEO. J. CURLEY.

Music by  
ERNEST R. BALL.

*Andante con moto.*

The piano introduction for the first system is written in 6/8 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The system concludes with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking.

The second system contains the first line of the vocal melody and its piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with the lyrics "There's a dear lit-tle land in a king-dom a-far, O'er the O, it's long, long a-go and the world's not the same, But my". The piano accompaniment is marked *p a tempo.* and continues the harmonic support from the previous system.

The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics "vale of the years gone by, Where life flows a-long like an heart's just as young to-day, And oft-times it seems once a-". The piano accompaniment maintains the harmonic structure.

The fourth system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line ends with the lyrics "old-sweet song, With- nev-er a care or sigh, It's a gain- in dreams, Fair-ies play in the same old way, I can". The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord and a fermata over the last few notes.

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realm, where the fair - ies at e - ven - tide fall, Steal  
 hear the re - frain of that lul - la - by strain, Steal

out 'neath the moon's soft glow, — And if chil - dren are wise, why they  
 soft in the twi - light glow, — And a voice that I love comes to

*rit.* *a tempo*

*rit.* *a tempo*

just close their eyes, Cud - dle up and a - way they go: —  
 me from a - bove, As on mem - o - ry's wings I go: —

*Ad.* \*

*Slowly.*

Down the lane that leads to drow - sy - land, Thro' the beau - ti - ful gar - den of  
 Thro' the fields where the red pop - py

*p*

dreams, — Where the soft winds whis - per lul - la-bies, And —  
dreams, —

noth - ing is just what it seems; When shad - ows are creep - ing and

flow'rs are a sleep - ing, Then fair - ies dance round hand in hand; — O there's

no oth - er place in the whole wide world, Like the lane that leads to drow - sy - land. — *rit.*