

LET YOUR SMILE BE LIKE THE SUNSHINE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY H. C. WEASNER



PUBLISHED BY
PRINTED IN U. S. A.

H. C. WEASNER & CO.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Let Your Smile Be Like the Sunshine

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By H. C. WEASNER

When the eve-ning shades a - gain are soft - ly fall - ing, And I pon-der, as I
When the ros - es bloom a - gain in dear old Love - land, I'll be yearning, your re-

wan-der, Thru a gar - den where the row - es in their splen-dor, Bring dreams, dear, of
turn - ing, And the mock - ing birds are sing - ing in the wild - wood, Their songs just for

you; How a - gain in hap - py child - hood, We'll live a - gain in mem - ry land, -
you; While the Ves - per bells are ring - ing, The sweet - est mel - o - dy of all, -

How the rad-lance of your smile brought sun-shine Like a gold-en strand.
Then I dream a-gain of smiles that haunt me As the shad-ows fall.

CHORUS

Let your smile, dear, be like the sun-shine, Let it bright-en the way, — Like

ros-es In all their splen-dor, On a bright sum-mer day; Af-ter

clouds then will come the sun-shine, And the skies seem more blue, — 'Tis

then Love you'll find me watch-ing and wait-ing for you. Let your you.

TRY THESE NUMBERS OVER CAREFULLY

VIRGINIA LULLABY

By HYMON CHEIFFETZ

CHORUS *Dreamily*

Go to sleep my ba-by while I croon a-lone, Mamma's ba-by is so sweet and low, Close your ba-by eyes, Good-nite in the skies,

p-f

LONESOME

Music by
H. C. WEASNER

Words by
M. J. BRUNTER

CHORUS *slowly*

Some-one is long-ing to see your smile, Since you have gone a-way, Some-one is miss-ing your laugh-ter the while, Gladness has gone from the

p-mf

ARGENTINE

Tango Serenade

By
H. C. WEASNER

CHORUS *slowly*

In dear old Ar-gen-tine where the mil-lion-blossomed vines lie, There I know my love still waits for me, Wait-ing pa-tient-ly, In dreams when sleep-ness fall

p-f

ROCK-A-BYE LAND

By
H. C. WEASNER

CHORUS *slowly with expression*

Rock-a-bye ba-by come take my hand, I know a strand called Rock-a-bye Land, Chasing the sun-beams that lead the way, We'll go a-sail-ing down Rock-a-bye

mp slowly

Mother Dear Do You Hear Me Calling You?

Words and Music by
ARTHUR DREWY LARKIN

CHORUS *(with expression)*

Mother dear, do you hear me call-ing you, How the years, how the hours, fly past here so true? Mother an-gel so fair do you hear me up there, Ev-ry night when

p

CRADLE OF GOLD THE BEST LITTLE NEST OF ALL

Music by
H. C. WEASNER

Words by
PHIL VOEL

BUILT CHORUS

There's a dear lit-tle nest, where the sun goes to rest, On the crest of a hill far a-way, And a treasure I hold in a cradle of gold, Where I woke at the

For a way

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