LIBRARY EDITION

STEPPING STONES

Words & Music by
LOUIS DRESHER

A. J. Stasny Music Co.
NEW YORK

6

THE KNAPP CO., INC., N. Y.

"Dream Girl"

A Lyric of Poetic Beauty and a melody that clings to the memory, easy to sing and hard to forget. A wonderful Dance Number.

Dream - girl you set me yearn - ing Your eyes are

mf-f

burn - ing With love di - vine. In

vain, dear, I try to greet you I long to

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STEPPING STONES

Words and Music by
LOUIS HERSCHER

Valse lento

Piano

f

Voice

Step - ping stones are like the steps that we climb, to reach some - thing
Step - ping stones will some - times lead us a - part, while we're build - ing

dim. *poco rit.* *pp* *mf*

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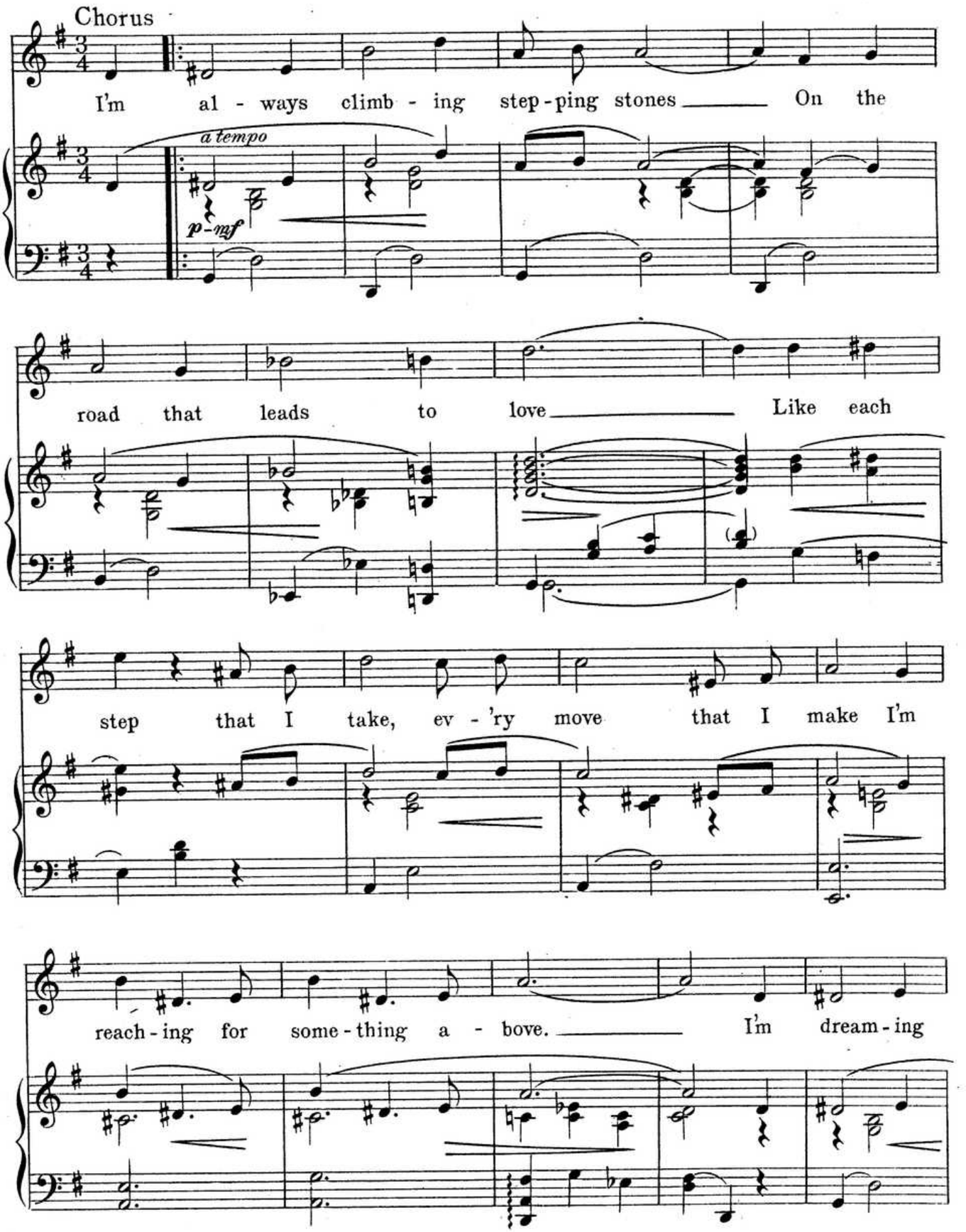
that we prize. And I al - ways find, As
cas - tles fair. For just like the joys, A

up - ward I climb, Good things are as high as the
child finds in toys, Each step that we take seems so

skies. The more that I try, dear, the high - er they
fair. The rich and the poor both are nev - er too

fly, dear and that makes me re - a - lize.
sure, and it seems each one gets their share.

cresc. *rall.* *dim.*


Chorus
I'm al - ways climb - ing step - ping stones On the
a tempo
p - mf
road that leads to love Like each
step that I take, ev - 'ry move that I make I'm
reach - ing for some - thing a - bove. I'm dream - ing

of an isle of gold Where the skies for

ev - er are blue. There are steps I re -

call, but the great - est of all was the step that made me

fall in love with you. I'm you.

1

2

rall.

dim.

pp

"All That I Want Is in Ireland"

A High-class Irish ballad. An inspiring melody with a lyrical setting woven around love and romance. The kind that tugs at the heart strings.

REFRAIN *Con moto*

Sham-rocks, the Shan-non, the Lakes of Kil-lar-ney, The green roll-ing hills and the val-leys be-tween I had to for-sake them, shure I could-n't take them I left them a-long with my I-rish col-leen. The

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"I'm Waiting for Tomorrow to Come"

A Beautiful Story told so melodiously that we promise you will never forget it.

I am wait - ing for to - mor - row to come, But to -

mor - row seems like years, All my dreams and schemes I

plan up - on, Fade a - way and dis - ap - pear. For-tune

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